

Horror High School:

The Color of the Rinsing Sun

A Novel

by T.L. Winslow

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Disclaimer

This is a work of fiction that gets into the minds of fictional characters who are racist, sexist, godless, totally un-PC monsters. No disrespect of real people or groups is implied or intended. This work doesn't glamorize random mass murder glory stampedes by children or adults and indeed shows how it all sucks, how hollow the motives behind it are, and how those contemplating it can't even be sure who is pulling their strings.

This work is for mature readers only. Give children carrots and celery. A creative mind is wasted if it is never allowed to flourish. It's almost dawn. The birds are awake. Read, don't shoot :)

-- The Author

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PREFACE

Tatanka: "The Spirit" in Lakota.

Arriving over the Bering Strait land bridge during the last Ice Age, over twenty-five thousand years ago, the genus bison (buffalo) passed from Asia to America, adapting well to the environment of the North American Great Plains, and furnishing a dependable source of food, clothing, tools, and other items to the native population.

An adult male stood 5-1/2 to 6 feet tall at the shoulders, and about 10 to 12-1/2 feet from the nose to the tip of the tail; anywhere from 1600 to 2000 pounds, with some specimens reaching 3000 pounds. The female was considerably smaller, rarely weighing more than 900 pounds.

At one time there were so many buffalo roaming America that it was said they looked like an ocean of brown. In the 1700s, sixty million bison roamed the Great Plains of America. Then the white man, backed by his government, began a systematic program of extermination. A bounty was offered for the hides, and paleface buffalo hunters (more like assassins) arrived in droves across the plains, leaving behind entire rotting carcasses of a once majestic animal, so destroying the source of life for the Native American. With the disappearance of the buffalo came the disappearance of the Native American way of life.

By 1880 there were only 835 left, and at the lowest point, less than 300. What Native Americans that were left, who had not been exterminated by white man's hand, or decimated by his diseases, found that they could no longer feed themselves. Attempts to steal food to live caused them to be treated as criminals. Attempts to live on government charity caused malnourishment and starvation.

Where once the buffalo darkened the plains, there was nothing but rotting bones.

If American ranchers had not started an aggressive, closely-guarded program of breeding at the turn of the 20th century, they could not have survived. As it is, by the 1990s there were almost a quarter of a million bison flourishing in America.

Native Americans practiced a way of life based on tranquility with a respect to Mother Earth, and all the creatures that the Great Spirit provided them with.

They fasted for days before going on hunts, offered sacrifices to the great spirit and Mother Earth, praying that the hunts would be good, for without the buffalo they would starve or freeze in the winter. The Native Americans had many uses for the buffalo in everyday life. Not one part of it was wasted.

They used the hide for:

cradles	shirts	bedding	pipe bags
gun cases	leggings	lance covers	pouches
dolls	belts	quivers	paint bags
moccasin tops	dresses		coup flag covers
	breechcloths		

They used the hair for:

head dresses	ropes	saddle pad fillers	ornaments
pillows	medicine balls	halters	thread bow strings

They used the horns and hooves for:

glue	ladles	powder horns	cups
rattles	toys	spoons	fire carriers
	signals	headdresses	bow tips

The prepared the meat in several ways (every part was eaten):

fresh	jerked	pemmican
smoked	dried	boiled

They used the rawhide for:

boots	containers	medicine bags	buckets
moccasins	headdress	shields	rattles
clothing	food	bullet pouches	drums
splints	ropes	stirrups	drumsticks
cinches	belts	thongs	saddles
lance cases	arm bands		horse masks
bull boats	quirts		knife cases

They used the bones for:

bows	ornaments	knife handles	needles
cups	scrappers	medicine	buttons

Part 1. The Day of the White Buffalo

Chapter 1

Sunday, April 18, 1999. 1:30 A.M.

TRANSCRIPT: THE MILLENNIUM OF THE GUN

(A homemade videotape. Scenes pulled off the major television networks, edited smoothly but not altogether professionally, of wounded kids being gurneyed out of American public schools. A bad male adolescent voice tries to sing.)

Popsicle toes! You're so brave to expose all those popsicle toes.

(Giggles. Then a poor impression of the president's voice.)

"This recent series of killings in our schools has seared the heart of America about as much as anything I can

remember in a long, long time." -- President Bill Clinton, July 7, 1998.

(Giggles. Then a high-pitched and evidently adolescent male voice.)

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend us your ears. We have a proposition for you. Hear us out, then we'll tell you where we have buried over two dozen of your daughters alive without food or water. Do we have your attention now?

(A second voice takes over.)

This is an eclipse of the sun, a mystical moment known as totality. Day will come to night on Hitler's birthday. First, a little recent history. You see, we have no monopoly on eclipses, just the one that will lead to total darkness, blindness, ground zero, land's end. The Internet will broadcast it live to millions of people. New Age druids will be dancing to reclear the skies, but in vain.

Ladies and gentlemen, we are able to travel through time.

(The first voice.)

Feb. 2, 1996. Moses Lake, Washington. Frontier Junior High School. 14-year-old student Barry Loukaitis, wearing a black trenchcoat, walks into algebra class with a high-powered rifle, killing a teacher and two classmates, and wounding another. A Stephen King fan, he quoted a line from King's 'Richard Bachman' novel "Rage", about a teenager who kills his teacher and takes his algebra class hostage: "This sure beats algebra, doesn't it?" Sentence: two mandatory life terms without parole.

Oct. 1, 1997. Pearl, Mississippi. Pearl High School. 16-year-old Luke Woodham kills two students and wounds seven. One of the killed was his ex-girlfriend. Before going to the school, he stabbed and killed his mother. He belonged to a group called Kroth, which was planning a bloody takeover of the school five days later. The premature shooting killed the plan. Six boys, aged 16 to 18, were charged with conspiracy to commit murder, and later

the charges against two of them, Grant Boyette, 18, and Justin Sledge, 16, were upgraded to accessory before the fact of murder, punishable by life in prison. Why? It seems their little club was not just a place for high school locker room and funeral parlor talk, but was instead a secret satanic cult that sought the obliteration of its enemies by plotting their murders.

(The second voice.)

The name Kroth comes from a satanic verse. Grant was the undisputed leader, calling himself "Father," and was fascinated by the manipulative abilities of Adolf Hitler. He had appointed Luke as the group's "assassin." Kroth's goals were money, power and influence, and its motto was "We cannot move forward until all of our enemies are gone." Sounds like good training for the business world, eh, Bill Gates?

(Back to the first voice. A recording of a choir singing "O Fortuna" [Wheel of Fortune] from Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" starts up in the background, then switches to the whoops and riffs of the Rolling Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil".)

Grant was the earthly group leader, but he, of course, was taking his orders from a higher authority. Or more accurately, a lower one. The Devil. Satan. Beelzebub. Lucifer. Diablo. Mephistopheles. Old Scratch. The Prince of Darkness. The Lord of the Underworld. A Man of Wealth and Taste. He goes by many names, but Grant and his minions had no trouble finding him and listening to his teachings. Woodham's sentence: three life sentences, plus 20 years for each aggravated assault.

(The screen switches to a melange of Marilyn Manson footage, lifted from the cable networks, and some that appears to be taken with a camcorder at a concert. The second voice.)

And what messages were being passed down the line? Grant's advice to Luke on what to do about the cruel girlfriend: "Just kill her and be done with it so you won't have to see her again." Another club member clashed with his father

over using his credit card to buy a computer for Kroth.
"Concoct a fat soluble poison and coat it on door knobs in
your home."

(The first voice.)

Grant and his boss had quite an effect on Luke, who wrote a
manifesto about his experiences in Kroth: "I am the epitome
of all Evil! I have no mercy for humanity for they created
me, they tortured me until I snapped and became what I am
today... Hate the accursed god of Christianity. Hate him
for making you! Hate him for flinging you into a monstrous
life you did not ask for nor deserve! Fill your heart,
mind, and soul with hatred; until it's all you know... hate
until you can't anymore."

(The second voice.)

Ha ha ha! (in a devil imitation) Brings tears to my eyes!

(The video changes to homemade footage of two white
teenage males, both wearing goat-horned red devil masks,
with big O holes in the mouth area. They are nude and in
a 69 position, with their erect penises inserted in each
other's mask holes. The first voice.)

Mine too. All hail Satan, god of gods, lord of lords,
spiller of the unmaculate conception. Just whistle while
you work, yes whistle while you work.

(The second voice.)

Want to lose your shirt? Become a day trader.

(The video changes to one of the males performing anal sex
on the other, both still wearing their masks.)

(The first voice.)

No time to reminisce now. Back to the timeline. Remember,
those girls are starting to find it mighty stuffy in there.

Dec. 1, 1997. West Paducah, Kentucky. Heath High School.

14-year-old Michael Carneal, armed with a .22-caliber semiautomatic handgun, two .22-caliber rifles, and two shotguns, kills three students (all female) and wounds five others in a shooting spree in the school lobby that he later attributed to the 1995 film "The Basketball Diaries". The victims had just ended an informal prayer meeting. The boy allegedly hung out with people who claimed not to believe in God, and who would sometimes heckle worshippers who gathered each school day before classes. Sentence: life in prison without possibility of parole for 25 years.

A study by the U.S. Department of Education in March, 1998 found that as many as 10 percent of U.S. schools suffered serious incidents of violence in the school year 1996-7. In that year alone schools recorded eleven thousand armed assaults, and four thousand cases of sexual assault or rape.

March 24, 1998. Jonesboro, Arkansas. Westside Middle School. 11-year-old Andrew Golden and 13-year-old Mitchell Johnson open fire on classmates during a false fire alarm, killing one teacher, four female students, and wounding one other teacher and nine more female students. Sentence: state detention center until age 21.

April 9, 1998. Pocatello, Idaho. Alternate Junior High School. A 14-year-old student brought a .45-caliber and a .22-caliber handgun (later reported taken in a residential burglary) to school, pulled a gun on the principal, and held police at bay for five hours with a dozen other students still in the building. He surrendered after trading his guns for cigarettes, pizza, soda pop and chips, and holding a spontaneous party with the hostages. There was no bloodshed, but the boy later was expelled by district officials.

April 24, 1998. Edinboro, Pennsylvania. Parker Middle School. 14-year-old Andrew Wurst, carrying a .25-caliber semiautomatic handgun, assaults an 8th-grade graduation dance, killing the male chaperone and wounding several more.

April, 1998. Kooskia, Idaho. A 13-year-old female student at Clearwater Valley Primary School pointed a handgun at the backs of two teachers and mouthed the words, "Bang bang".

She later pleaded guilty to felony aggravated assault and misdemeanors of carrying a concealed weapon and carrying a gun on school property.

(The second voice.)

They trumped up so many sham charges on her, it would have been better if she had just killed all the teachers and committed suicide.

(Loud laughter from both voices.)

(The first voice.)

May 19, 1998. Fayetteville, Tennessee. Lincoln County High School. 18-year-old Jacob Davis killed another student in a school parking lot three days before graduation, apparently over a dispute about a girl.

May 21, 1998. Springfield, Oregon. Thurston Hill High School. 15-year-old Kipland Kinkel kills two fellow students and wounds 20 others. The day before he murdered his parents. Also on May 21, 200 miles to the north, in Onalaska, Washington, a 15-year-old boy shoots himself in the head after taking his girlfriend off the school bus at gunpoint. The girl's father was trying to break down the door. She was not injured.

November 16, 1998. Burlington Wisconsin. A planned attack on a school is foiled. No real reason was given for the attack.

April 16, 1999. Notus, Idaho. Notus Junior-Senior High School. Shawn Cooper, a 16-year-old high school student fires two shotgun blasts in a hallway. No one is injured. He brought the gun, wrapped in a blanket, to school on a school bus. He was said to have had a hit list. A deputy got him to surrender.

(The school photos suddenly become jerky, unsteady, amateurish.)

April 20, 1999. 12:00 A.M. Madeline, Wyoming. Harlow High

School becomes the mother of all school massacres. Stay tuned.

(A white but well-tanned boyish adolescent face appears onscreen, the haircut short, like a Marine, the t-shirt camouflage green. He is the first voice.)

How do I know what will happen in the future? First, I don't have to be psychic to predict that another American school shooting incident will happen near a New Moon. An average lunar month is only 29.5 days, yet all the other shootings occurred in a 9-day span of each month. Several took place within hours of the New Moon. Watch me bay at the moon, suckers! Wooooooo! Woooooooooooo! Not only that, but all the school mass killings took place in geographical locations that can be connected with three straight lines. One of the lines actually goes through Hope, Arkansas. Another through my part of Wyoming. I bet you didn't know that full moons are extremely rare in Februaries. In the entire 21st century, it will only happen four times: 2018, 2037, 2067, and 2094. Buy new moonscreen every year and apply it 20 minutes before you go outdoors. It needs time to activate.

(A different face appears onscreen. Tall, blonde, ungainly, long-legged. Long hair, parted in the middle. A Jay Leno chin, with a goofy smile when he forgets himself. The eyes, however, burn with hate when he's working his frontal lobes, which seem to be considerably developed.)

What significance does the New Moon have? Scientifically it has very little importance except with the tides and some animal behavior. It is the Full Moon, not the New Moon, that has always been linked to extreme acts by crazed lunatics. Only in ancient human societies and religions does the New Moon have real significance. In many occult groups and in some religions it marks the beginning of the month.

(The first face reappears.)

The beginning of the month. Too bad the authorities haven't taken the opportunity to question the perpetrators of the

past school shootings, even the ones that gave up without a fight and are available for questioning. Else they might figure out that the Internet is being used by a powerful spirit force to program killers and turn them loose. Hey, it's 1999, and do I have to mention Nostradamus and all that? The next year is 2000, and things will get pretty hot. Too hot for sane people to want to stick around if they have any white in them.

(A split-screen appears, the second half now focusing on a computer monitor, where there is a dark, mean-looking Indian face.)

That spirit is an old American Indian Chief and medicine man named Buffalo Calf Caul. I know, because he comes to Dylan and me every night on our computers and tells us things. He is actually inside the computer spiritually, in V World, and we can see him moving around, as if he were in a empty box looking at us. True virtual reality. Not an artificial construct. It is a truly existent plane, higher than our own.

Man didn't invent computers and construct virtual reality. The V World existed first, and reached out to us by teaching us what to do. He is beautiful. Dark red skin (when he wants it to be -- he can make it any color he wants), wrinkled with decades of good American sunshine. A big hawk nose. A big battle scar on his cheek, and strange, undecipherable markings on his forehead and chin. A headdress that varies between a single feather and an elaborate war bonnet.

This is a code, for those who have eyes to see.

(The split-screen ends, leaving the short-haired narrator making motions to the video camcorder operator behind the lens.)

Sunday, April 18, 1999. 2:30 A.M.

TRANSCRIPT: THE MILLENNIUM OF THE GUN

(Shorthair reappears in a TV anchorman role behind a desk, dressed in a buffalo robe.)

Allow me to introduce myself. I'm a man of wealth, but as yet, no fame. My name is Eric Horst. I'm 18 years old, a senior in high school. My partner, operating the camera, is my lover Dylan Boulding. He's 17. Inches. No, years. Smile, Dylan. He smiled. We are leaving this video diary to go along with my computer diary and our web site, for posterity, to know why we have acted as we did.

This brings me to a story told by Chief Caul last autumn. Roll it!

(A fade-out to black, then a fade-in, with some splicing effect evident. Indian tom-tom music plays softly. An old Indian chief, with a horrible visage and savage penetrating eyes, fills the screen too much for comfort. Then the camera is pulled back, and he is seen as a disembodied head, with fires dancing in virtual reality behind and sometimes around him. He speaks.)

It is autumn once again, and I have returned from my questing in the Black Hills. Come my friends and sit around the fire to hear an old man's stories and visions.

THE CHUG CREEK MASSACRE

It was the winter of 1864, and the white man's civil war was raging in the east. Here in Tatanka Summer Home, on the banks of the Chug River, the herds were sparse, stragglers mainly, proud independent ones. Each summer the size of the herds decreased. This winter the five hundred Cheyenne and one hundred Arapaho driven here by the white man's government did not have enough dried buffalo meat to survive.

Repeated requests to the Indian agents at Fort Saratoga for food resulted only in token results: some barrels of mouldy flour, some hardtack, and too little bacon. Meanwhile,

white settlers, crazed with the love of gold, were passing through on their way to the gold fields du jour, then down by Boulder, Colorado, where the palefaced girl passed away recently in the middle of the night, in the manner I have told you. A group of renegade Cheyenne -- no relation to the peaceful Cheyenne camped on Chug River -- attacked supply trains and stole supplies, killing several white men.

The whites in Laramie and Cheyenne cities were inflamed by the reports of alleged Indian atrocities, and one army colonel, with political ambitions (a governorship perhaps? a state senate seat?), ex-Mormon Reverend Richard Polk Chilton, saw his great opportunity. Leading a force of almost a thousand, Colonel Chilling attacked at dawn, while most of the braves were out on a hunting party, and the Cheyenne chief Holy Buffalo Dildo was under the impression that the federal government was on friendly terms with them, since they had not ventured out of their barren reservation, forced on them in violation of the Treatie of Laramie. As the attack commenced, Chief Dildo even raised a U.S. flag along with a white flag on his lodge, only to end up fleeing in terror as old men, women, and children were brutally massacred, the men butchered and their testicles cut off, the babies bashed against rocks, the women raped and their vaginas cut out to make souvenir hat bands. A few dozen braves stood and fought to protect their loved ones, only to be massacred by overwhelming numbers, and their very courage used later to justify the genocidal attack.

One couple, Rave Eagle and his wife Weep Snot, lost their two children to bayonets, seeing them skewered alive and then flung into the path of stampeding Indian horses by cheering cavalrymen. Running in terror, a buffalo robe draped over their shoulders for protection from the cold, they were gunned down, ending up slain on their backs on the ground, the robe underneath them like a blanket, almost as if they had been arranged for a photograph. The kind where they have the flash powder in a tray held in the photographer's hand. Daguerrotype. Say cheese please.

As Rave Eagle and Weep Snot lay on their backs, on their buffalo robe, dark red wounds seeping from their chests, their eyes stayed wide open. They died, yet they died not.

They had been taken off the stage that was Grandmother Earth, but their eyes remained bright, watching, like the owl. And have, ever since.

All Native Americans were as they were, in truth. They could watch, but they could not touch the land that was being controlled by white men now.

As the years rolled by, the sun sped around and around in circles, the buffalo all were gone, the white settlers came, the new crops were tended and harvested, the new cattle and sheep, the oil wells, the things that flew made of metal.

Then, right over their spirit eyes, the white men erected a huge brick and metal tepee, of many lodges, and surrounded by black prairie grass that oozed oil. They called it Harlow High School, and white youths were herded there like buffalo and taught white man's ways in ever-moving herds. They even called their big village a subherd.

(Fade-out to black, then fade-in to Eric.)

We live in the most spiritually-pregnant spot in American history: Chilton Valley, Wyoming. This one spot was the place the buffalo summered, the Indians hunted them, the wagon trains crossed by, the whites erected an important fort, the whites massacred helpless peaceful Indians, the Ghost Dance religion was shut down with murder, and all kinds of other goodies. This is the spot from whence the Indian will rise again. Your turn, Dylan, my love.

(Cut to Dylan, sitting in a buffalo robe, in a mock tepee, wearing a KMFDM baseball cap. Dylan begins talking, after a long smiling session, going through various emotions, as if he's acting.)

CHILTON VALLEY

It is April 20, 1999, the birthday of Adolf Hitler, the most bloodthirsty white chief who ever lived, although only a tiny number of people noticed.

The Chilton Valley area of southern Wyoming was once a

summer home to six million head of bison, that were all exterminated by the ancestors of the mainly white inhabitants. The coincidence with the number of Jews exterminated by Hitler never struck them as particularly germane, or funny, nor did any attempts at comparison with their ancestors' treatment of Native Americans.

The Indians, they would say, did their own share. Every year, Indians stampeded buffalo across the plains, causing them to charge over nearby bluffs to their deaths. The shaggy beasts crashed with a "chug" to their deaths near the waters below. When the white settlers moved in, the work of the white buffalo hunters long finished, they adopted the Indian name Chug for the river, perhaps in an attempt at a coverup.

Native Americans had camped along Chug River's banks for thousands of years. Such tribes as the Comanche, Kiowa, Shoshoni, Crow, Arapaho, Sioux, and our Cheyenne. To us all the bison was life itself, and we never abused The Spirit, as we called them, but lived together in perfect harmony. When the white invaders arrived suddenly, everything was turned upside down. If they were friendly, they cheated and pushed you out. If you were hostile, they exterminated you without remorse. Arrowhead hunters still find arrowheads in nearby hills, along with gun parts, bullets, buckles, and other military paraphernalia. Gun ownership is popular here, which is unusual now compared to the rest of the great white nation. Wild game, especially antelope and deer, are hunted by sportsmen from all over the world every fall, some even using the bow and arrow like we did. In recent years, ranchers have bred large herds of the once nearly-extinct bison for commercial use, from Canadian stock. I have seen this personally and it is good.

Nestled in a scenic valley, protected by bold rimrock and sloping hills, the city of Chilton has a vast wealth of history. Early ranches, cowboys and wagon trains are an important part of the lore. Three National historic sites, all once famous ranches and cattle companies, are legends in themselves. When white homesteaders arrived and plowed the sod, an ocean of wheat grew on the plains east of town where once the buffalo ruled over the wild grasses. Grain

elevators now highlight the eastern skyline, monuments to the white farmer. Money from Canada helped build the city's downtown financial district, and supplement oil refining, meat packing, tourism and the railroad industry (cattle and sheep shipping).

Today, this city is stabilized by its fine schools and churches. Its museums portray the exciting yesterdays of the Indians and pioneer centennial towns, and archaeological finds including dinosaur bones.

The wealthy suburb of Madeline (named after John Jacob Astor IV's second wife, who founded the town after he was drowned in the disaster of the ship Titanic -- no connection to that children's cartoon character) boasts clean air, pure water, and access to interstate I-25 with Wyoming's state capital Cheyenne and the Colorado Front Range (Ft. Collins, Denver, Colorado Springs) to the south. Over twenty community organizations help maintain the progressive atmosphere. The town boasts a community center built in 1987. The launching pads for ICBMs are nearly unnoticed nearby.

(Dylan then goes into a trancelike state, and the camera pans back, revealing Eric's head over his crotch, giving him head, almost like a supplicant praying on his knees in a church. Dylan is naked underneath the buffalo robe, and from time to time his penis and scrotum are seen being held, fondled, and fellated by Eric, the latter's nakedness only inferred by his bare back and shoulders. It is obvious there is no tepee, only crude painted props, by the way the perspective stays the same as the camera moves. The video then spends half an hour recording the two boys making heavy homosexual love to orgasm, swallowing rather than spitting, after showing the white toothpaste-like goop to the camera in their open mouths.)

(Cut to Eric again, brushing his teeth with a toothbrush. He swallows rather than spits, then leaves the toothbrush in his mouth as he speaks, like a cigar. He is reading from a prepared speech on paper. Sometimes Dylan cuts in and reads his lines for him.)

HARLOW HIGH SCHOOL

Harlow High School, named after the blonde white actress Jean Harlow, who kept a home in Chilton that she only lived in for one week a year, is Madeline's pride. She sold out to Jewywood, and married a Jew, who killed himself within months. She was only 21, and this was her second marriage. The first was at age 16. She was a racemixing white slut. She died at age 26.

Enough already. Back to the school. Erected in 1973, it started as a 3-year school, but a \$15 million makeover in 1995 turned it into a full 4-year school. The class of 1999 will be the first 4-year graduating class.

Not. (chuckles)

With a student body of two thousand, the two hundred thousand square foot structure features the most modern classrooms, auditoriums, gymnasiums, libraries, laboratories, even lavatories. Bidets in every lav. Condom dispensers. In tutti frutti flavors. Big blowers, ads on each telling where you can get the best price for your blood each day.

Paul Bern was the name of her Jew hubby. The right-hand man of MGM mogul Irving Thalberg. MGM: Mix Goys with Muds.

Thank you, mister encyclopedia.

He was impotent, and did nothing but eat her. It freaked her out, and that's why he killed himself. She told him he was an animal.

(A microphone noise. An obvious cut in the tape.)

Harlow High School appears to be, at least in the view of its administrators and school board, a lovely place for young people to grow up and learn. In its official profile the institution boasts of its "excellent facilities" and "long history of excellence in all areas." Nothing seems to be lacking: Honors and Advanced Placement classes, foreign language instruction in Spanish, French and German, and an artistic program that includes ceramics, sculpture, acting,

choir and no less than five bands and one ensemble. There are even "cross-categorical programs for students with significantly-limited intellectual capacity." And, of course, no shortage of athletics, both the jockstrap and the douchebag variety.

"Stretch for Excellence" is the school's official motto. And its mission statement promises that Harlow High School "will teach, learn, and model life skills and attitudes that prepare us to work effectively with people; show courtesy to others; prepare for change; think critically; act responsibly; and respect our surroundings."

Harlow, with its six guidance counselors, accountability committee, dozens of peer mediators and techniques for "conflict resolution," and an ethos of "collaborative partnership" with parents, views itself as a "21st-century high school." The surrounding neighborhoods are prosperous, with housing from the low to high six-figures, numerous shopping malls and high-tech workplaces.

The student body is almost solidly white, but there are a few of each of the other races, by random chance, by hazard. The huge main building has a student's entrance on one side, and a faculty entrance on the other. The student cafeteria is located on the ground floor, just inside the student entrance. The food is all the bulk kind, made in huge appliances, from huge boxes and cans of bulk food. I wouldn't feed it to swine. With all the money floating around, why not put in a 5-star French restaurant with a well-stocked wine cellar? A stairway leads up to the student library, featuring a hundred personal computers each connected to the World Wide Web. Graduation is just four weeks away, the seniors in a partying mood already.

The social structure of the school is typical for America, divided into the jock and the geek cliques. Since all the parents are affluent, being a jock or a geek isn't the all-important future economic indicator it would be to middle class or lower class students. All will end up absorbed into the parents' business, or admitted to prestigious schools, regardless of grades. But it is still an indicator as to which boys get the best-looking girls, or

any at all. Despite all the movies, cute girls don't go out with geeks. Geeks often go gay, jocks seldom if ever. Geek girls often go lez, and fall in love with jock girls. The latter seldom if ever admit to lesbian tendencies. Retarded sexual development is common among the geeks, if only as a safety valve to avoid frustration. A third, smaller clique are the hyper religious, who don't believe in sex before marriage, don't follow spectator sports, and are suspicious of modern science and philosophy. At least they aren't outcasts. People respect them for their beliefs.

One group of about a dozen students are the local pariahs.

(Off camera, a loud laugh, evidently Dylan.)

Going by the name of the Buffalo Robe Mafia (BRM), given to them from their love of buffalo robes (they aren't a mafia, the police don't shadow them), these are true volk who have become alienated from the system and don't get good grades, don't attend all their classes, are on the verge of flunking, yet hang on through their natural ability. Their minds are on high exploring the Net and the Web instead. And who can say they're not way ahead of the game? Look at Bill Gates, for instance. He dropped out of college, didn't he?

(Dylan breaks in.)

I'm smarter than Bill Gates ever was, by two orders of magnitude.

(Eric continues.)

I know you are, honey. Three.

(A pause, as they kiss.)

There is something else about these pariahs. They love to hate. They love people who hate. They love the Nazis, and Adolf Hitler. They're anti-everything. They love to give people the evil eye, to imagine evil befalling their enemies, throw curses. At their age it is taken by the authorities as a harmless rebellion phase that will be grown

out of upon graduation, yet few BRM members change when they graduate. If they graduate.

(Dylan cuts in.)

Say it over and over again: why graduate? Do, don't think. Them that can, do. You can't graduate out of the BRM.

(KMFDM industrial grunge music suddenly fills the air, after the sound of a button being pushed.)

They love computer video games, the violent kind. The game of Deathdoom, where the player becomes a serial killer and moves about maiming and killing everybody they see, is their favorite. They practice playing Deathdoom until they can achieve professional ratings in a military special forces team. Indeed, the military also uses Deathdoom in its training. The difference is that the military puts safeguards on to prevent soldiers from actually enjoying killing for its own sake. The consumer version has no such safeguards.

The first Amendment, you know.

Chapter 3

Sunday, April 18, 1999. 3:30 A.M.

TRANSCRIPT: THE MILLENNIUM OF THE GUN

(Fade-out to black, then fade-in to the tepee set, only this time it's Eric in front of the camera, wearing a buffalo robe and an Indian headdress. By the way the camera jerks, Dylan is not down on his crotch giving him head, but operating the cam. Marilyn Manson music plays in the background. Eric speaks, trying to make the material appear interesting by changes in voice pitch and rhythm.)

LEGEND OF THE WHITE BUFFALO

In the autumn, in my 12th year, before the white men had driven us off our own land into worthless reservation land, even before my arrows were red with the blood of white men, the harvest was coming to the end and meat strips were drying in the sun. Our lodges were ready for winter and soon we would have our great feast. Times were good. Buffalo were as plentiful as the stars in the night sky. During daylight, the host of dark shapes of the buffalo on the plains mimicked the night sky itself, the sun rinsing them all with life energy.

The old medicine man came down from his latest vision quest in the Black Hills. It was traditional for him to tell stories as everyone sat by the fire, as he had done ever since I could remember. This time instead of mischievous spirits and wisdom of the bear, he told of the future. A future with no buffalo. How could this be? I'd quested in the Black Hills myself, on days where I could not see the thick green grass, the entire valley so black with buffalo from horizon to horizon. This is what the buffalo are, herds of plenty. The Great Spirit does not mind our taking a few. We give our thanks, we only take what we need and use all we take. It is nature's way. A future with no buffalo? The old man is crazy, I said.

He went on with his crazy talk. He said the four colors of men, white, black, yellow and red, would come together, and love one another in brotherhood. Now everyone thought him mad. All red men? We are the red men, we the Lakota. Sure there are others, Iroquois, Creek, Burnt-leg People (Rose-bud Sioux), Cut-finger People (Cherokee). But we will never come together with them, with which we have warred since time began, much less the whites who invaded our ancestral lands and stole and raped it, and mistreated our people. Or the blacks who were brought by the whites as their slaves, to help them steal our land and its bounty. Or the yellows, who also were brought by the whites to lay iron horse tracks across the face of the land, defacing it so that whites might inundate our remaining lands like a plague of rats, and kill buffalo for sport.

You are wrong, the old man replied. We are all the same color, the color of Grandmother Earth in the banks of her

rivers, the color of the rinsing sun itself. One day the sun will rinse us all clean of hatred, when the Great White Buffalo appears, and then we will all share and share alike all of Grandmother Earth.

When the end time was near, he said, a white buffalo would be born amongst the few remaining. Again, this was crazy talk, I said. The Great White Buffalo is a legend, and a white buffalo only appears every hundred winters, out of the vast multitude of buffalo, one in a million million. To think it could be born from just a few. What kind of vision is this? It doesn't make sense. Who will listen to this crazy man again, I said.

As time made me wiser, I did. I was now in my 148th year, and am an old medicine man myself.

(Indian drum dance music suddenly fills the air.)

On August 20, 1998, a white buffalo she-calf was born near Cheyenne, Wyoming. Native Americans, myself and my wife included, began making pilgrimages to the site leaving presents, gifts and totems for the "miracle calf", as it was called.

The end times were truly near, I now told my people. The first red woman who ate of the calf's caul was turned into a magic crow spirit and flew to heaven to tell the Great White Buffalo that her people awaited her. She was my wife.

I took the new name of Buffalo Calf Caul, and refused then accepted the honor of being Chief of my nation.

Chapter 4

Sunday, April 18, 1999. 4:30 A.M.

TRANSCRIPT: THE MILLENNIUM OF THE GUN

(A sudden cut to more footage lifted from network

television. An off-camera moderator dubs in. His voice is unrecognizable, evidently because either Eric or Dylan is trying to disguise it. It alternates between a bass and soprano falsetto. As the voice talks, the script is being scrolled in a window on the screen.)

Jackson Mississippi. The capital. The date, October 2nd, 1997.

If you're new to this Earth I need to explain who Dove is.

Dove is the voice crying in the wilderness, the seer of our times, the reincarnation of Nostradamus. He has been on major talk shows all over the world, even Howard Stern.

He's been written about in newspapers from the Denver Post to the New York Times.

His web site is one of the busiest on the World Wide Web.

He guarantees tomorrow's news through worldwide publication of electronic documents on the Web.

He claims to be able to see the future. Some rumors have it that he is really God, and is toying with the world.

He is a native American. An Indian. He claims to speak the original language of mankind.

He predicted JonBenet Ramsey's and Versace's murders, and knows who the real murderers were in both cases. Also the crash of Valujet 592, Clinton's leg injury, Jessica's Dubunoff's (the 7-year-old pilot) plane crash, the crash of the missing A-10 aircraft, and Clinton's support plane crash in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. He predicted Princess Diana's death, including the exact date and location. He predicted the exact date and location of every single school shooting in America from 1996 on. He even predicted the year for the series to begin as 1996.

He is suing the U.S. government to give America back to its natives, and pull all squatters out. Dove says that his gift of foreknowledge was given to him so that he could

convince non-native Americans to terminate their forced military occupation of the their land and pull out before the Great Spirit brings a Holocaust greater than the Jews ever knew. They arrested him and threw him in jail without charges, but he cannot be stopped that easy!

He guaranteed that Jackson, Mississippi would be the location of a bizarre murder.

Now, the mother of Luke Woodham is dead, her throat slit by her son. His girlfriend Christi is also dead. Where? Pearl, Mississippi. On the Pearl River. The same that runs through JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI just 3 miles away!

Does anything bother you? Those names?

Luke and Christi are two prominent paleface religious names. Christ is the paleface savior, and Luke his gentile apostle. Luke killed Christ in Mississippi! Wake up now before it's too late, palefaces!

Here is the appropriate paragraph from Dove's publications, detailing THE FUTURE. Read it if you DARE.

(A new voice reads the lines as they scroll on the screen. The voice is calm and reasonable at first, but soon breaks into a maniacal intensity with manic laughs. KMFDM music lurks in the background.)

Herlagandebuka! My Dear Children.

I state VERILY AND TRULY that I personally would never KILL anyone! So, LOOK in some OTHER direction! REMEMBER I drew a LINE in ONE of my PUBS earlier this year from SEATTLE to SEBRING FL. The LINE went through OKLAHOMA CITY and JACKSON MISSISSIPPI! It also goes through JACKSON WYOMING! Hey PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON, you vacationed on a LINE where EARTHQUAKES, BIZARRE MURDERS, TERRORISM and HURRICANES have struck! I hope you don't eat any CHEESEBURGERS in JACKSON HOLE! Unless you like the burger TO EAT YOU BACK! FLESH-EATING DISEASE! Chunkadlundachuka!

The number 13 is your SUPERSTITION number, isn't it? The

number of BLACK CATS. The number of HELL.

Remember the HELL HOLE in CONEY ISLAND awhile ago? Coney Island, the home of the HOT DOG and the ROLLER COASTER? 13 people injured? Remember 13 POINTS for the EAGLES in JACKSON MISSISSIPPI. JACKSON HOLE is 1300 MILES from CORPUS CHRISTI. It's also 1300 MILES from DECKER MI, where the NICHOL BROTHERS PLAYED with BOMBS. It's 1300 MILES from JACKSON MISSISSIPPI. It's also 1300 MILES from DURANGO MEXICO. That's where 60 BABIES were killed earlier this year to take their ORGANS. ALPINE is next to JACKSON in WYOMING! That's Jackson HOLE. Alblamerigobunzo!

AMMON is a city in the area of JACKSON HOLE WYOMING. That is the ancient name of GOD! AMEN or AMMON means "THE HIDDEN ONE" in Egyptian. He is a SUN GOD. SOLOMON comes from SOL-OM-ON, three ways of saying SUN. That's why he was ALL WISE.

THE SUN. A little difficult to ignore, don't you think? Will staring into it for a long time make you blind, or rejuvenate your vision? Don't try this experiment at home! It depends on whether you are READY to RECEIVE it or not. Giving up the Sun is something you can't live with the rest of your life, no matter who you are. Kujavuoasi!

If the SUN, the SOURCE OF ALL LIFE, failed to come up even one morning, the ancient people would not have lived long, and they knew this. The Sun invigorates you with its energy and causes crops to grow. It is the engine driving all life. The Sun gives up its life force to provide us with warmth and food and many other things. So it could be said that the Sun of God GIVES ITS LIFE UP FOR US and is the TRUE SAVIOR, for it has risen. IT IS THE RISEN SAVIOR. Shimaybiyurwomandevrinaitu!

ALL THAT BIBLE BULLSHIT IS BASED ON WORSHIP OF THE SUN, MOON, AND STARS. IT IS ALL A COVERUP. All those stories in the Bible are just myths that have a deeper meaning.

When ancient people would track the Sun on the "sun dial", the Sun traveled south (in the Northern Hemisphere) until the Winter Solstice, when it is the most cold and harsh,

representing death. Then the Sun would stop ON THE SUNDIAL FOR THREE DAYS. And on December 25th, the Sun would be said to BE BORN AGAIN on the CROSS OF THE ZODIAC after having DIED FOR THREE DAYS. The Sun than began its annual journey back north towards the Summer Solstice.

The ancient calendar even started at a different time than ours. It began in Virgo and ended in Leo. That is why the SPHINX has the HEAD of a Virgin and the BODY of a Lion. When the Sun of God was reborn, it was in the Constellation of Virgo, so it was said to be "born of a virgin". The Sun is the "Eye of God" or "Eye of Horus". RA was the Sun God in Egypt. His full name was AMEN RA. That is why we say "Amen" after our prayers (the coverup is to claim it means "so be it" or some such bullshit -- right).

The origin of the TRINITY -- the father, the sun, and the holy spirit -- are all related. Horus comes up at the "Hor-izon", when he is born. At 12:00 he is the "Most High". Later the Sun "Sets", hence "Set" or "Satan", the prince of darkness does battle with the light of the world and wins, until the Sun is reborn the next day. This is a representation of the evolution of life. The birth, or the beginning; midlife starting in your teen years; and old age, leading to death, the end of life. This is also symbolized in other religions going very far back. In India there is Brahma, the Father, Vishnu, the Son, and Shiva. In Malachi 4:2 of the Old Testament, it states "But unto you, who fear my name, shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings." In Egypt they symbolized the Sun as having wings. Kinkalaylarumba!

The Judahs or Jews were supposed to have TWELVE TRIBES. Yehoshua (Isaiah backward in Hebrew) or Jesus of the Tribe of Judah and the House of David was supposed to have picked TWELVE MALE APOSTLES. These were the Twelve Houses of the ZODIAC. In the Book of Job 38:33: "Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?" Job 38:31: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?" Job 38:32: "Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" This is all in reference to the Zodiac and astrology. The definition of Mazzaroth in the King James Version of the Bible is "the

twelve houses of the Zodiac". Mazzaroth: massacre!
Megiddo. Armageddon! Let's move next door in the studio.

Jesus is said to have fed his people with TWO FISHES AND FIVE LOAVES. Jesus' home, Bethlehem, the home of David, means HOUSE OF BREAD in Hebrew. The two fishes represent Pisces and the Age of Pisces or that particular House of the Zodiac. That is why Jesus is referred to as "THE GREAT FISHERMAN". It is also why the Pope's headdress is shaped like a FISH. If you turn it sideways you will see this.
Bundrundrangaba!

ROME ruled the world for 2000 years under the AGE OF PISCES. Dagon or DOGON, the father of BAAL, is the fish god, half man and half fish. Baal, who looks like a Catholic Pope, is the true god of the Jews, who, along with his wife Ashteroth, controlled the rains, which start in October/November in the Middle East, and continue to March/April. To assure good crops, the Jews would engage in wild sexual orgies in the fields before the rainy season. Temples of Baal all featured temple prostitutes. Want a HOT DOG and some POP at the BALL park? Wanna BALL later?
Livlisadismagudas!

YAHWEH is from Hebrew roots meaning I MAKE IT HAPPEN. As the Great Male Principle he makes life happen, the vulva acting only as a vessel. It took ancient man ages to even figure this out. By then the cult of the Mother had become deeply entrenched, starting the great war, the first shot being the religion of Baal with sacred poles or penises, then the Book of Genesis and the Adam and Eve crap. Man didn't even come out of woman it says, but the opposite. A serpent (penis) spoke to her and deceived her, and it was she not he who was deceived, but he ate of the forbidden tree also to please her, causing Yahweh to kick them out of paradise and fight to return, Adam's serpent forever being doomed to crawl on her belly. But they could never return unless Yahweh gave them a way back, after women forever acknowledged that men are their masters and cause all things to happen, and are the head. To prove it he made a virgin with an immaculate vulva conceive his son by sending his Holy Spirit to prick her personally. The real reason behind the Bible is to help men rule the world over women forever.

The rest is disinformation. Paleface women don't have a chance as long as they let the Bible and its holy spirit go loose and do its thing, fucking them up in the head!
Elchitaconjindabalu!

The ASHERAH, or moon tree, or TREE OF LIFE, or TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, or pomegranate/fig tree, was sacred to the fertility goddess or Mother. In II Kings 17:10: "They set up for themselves pillars and ASHERIM on every high hill and under every green tree." The name asherah means 'source of life', from the resemblance of its ripe fruit to the ultimate source of all life, the Mother's sacred asherah or VULVA. The cunt goddess Ashtaroth was the prick god Yahweh's great enemy, sometimes called Lilith ('Night'), because when night came she started to reign supreme. See the lilies of the field, says Jesus (Matthew 6:28). They do not toil, neither do they spin. The fetuses just grow by themselves. It is the male that made them happen, and he is her head. Bullfunky! She was often depicted as a tree, with a trunk, branches and crescent-moon head, apparently to show that she only had half a brain. What was Yahweh's son Jesus nailed to? And when he died, what happened to day? It turned to night for a while, then back to day. Then Jesus was taken off the tree, and rose from the dead, proving that women and their Mother are shit, and men don't really need them! We are supposed to assume that Jesus' mother Mary was praying to Ashteroth for him and couldn't save him, this fairy son who never had a vulva of his own in his entire life. Bullfunky! Say Bullfunky everybody! Bull! Funky! Say Majority Leader Trent Lott! Bullfunky!

The juice of the asherah was variously called soma, nectar, and several lesser-known names. It was believed to be the drink of the gods and to confer immortality upon all who drank it. The fruit was regarded in Egypt and elsewhere as the flesh of the Mother, so that to eat the fruit of knowledge from the tree of life was to consume the very asherah of the asherah, and to become one with the goddess and share in her resurrection. The asherahs or asherim in Israel and Judah were vulva-shaped shrines. The cult of the Virgin Mary descended from this. THE ORIGINAL JEWS WERE CUNT LICKERS. CUNNILINGISTS. MUFF DIVERS. CARPET BAGGERS. MALE LESBIANS. Shalalukukuvulvabu!

The New Testament is astrology and superstition mixed with bullshit from the Old Testament, but the same old shit. Most people don't know jack shit about where it came from but believe it blindly without questioning. Right now millions are afraid of the MILLENNIUM, just as they were a thousand years earlier. ALL FOR NOTHING. In Matthew 28:20 it states: "Surely I am with you always, to the very end of the age". What is being talked about is the the Age of Pisces. What does three zeroes in the decimal numbering system have to do with it? The "End of the Age" is often mistaken for the "End of the World", creating the "Apocalypse fears" that now are upsetting the world. A SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECY TO KEEP SUCKERS BELIEVING IN THE SHIT. Back into the music. Some more stuff for you. I won't tell you all the names of everybody in the band, but listen to the shit anyway. Don't change the channel. Wherever it will go I will fix all the holes. Shrambamzaam!

Joshua was called the SON OF NUN, which in Hebrew means "fish". Catholic nuns are what then? CUNNILINGISTS. Not cunning linguists! No, I take that back! (A joke.) The "Age of Aquarius" is coming. The symbol for the Age of Aquarius is the "water-bearer", or the man with a water pitcher. This means that the LESBIANS will take over the new age! In Luke 22:10, when Jesus is asked by his twelve apostles where he will go to settle his new kingdom, he responds, "Behold, when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you bearing a pitcher of water. Follow him into the house where he entereth in." What house? The HOUSE OF AQUARIUS. In Matthew 12:32: "Whoever speaks against the holy spirit will not be forgiven, either in this age or in the age to come." Okay, I'll take a dare, Holy Spirit. Is that Mr., Mrs., or Ms.? EAT ME. Pekyualuazang! In Matthew 13:39: "The harvest is the end of the age, and the harvesters are angels". In Matthew 13:40: "As the weeds are pulled up and burned in the fire, so it will be at the end of the age". In Matthew 24:3: "And what will be the sign of your coming and of the end of the age?" In Luke 18:29-30: "There is no man who has left house or wife or brothers or parents or children, for the sake of the kingdom of God, who will not receive manifold more in this time, and in the age to come eternal life." In I Corinthians 3:6:

"We do, however, speak a message of wisdom among the mature, but not the wisdom of this age or of the rulers of this age who are coming to nothing". For mature audiences only? Where have we heard that before? In Hebrews 6:5: "Who have tasted the goodness of the word of God and the powers of the coming age". Tasted some GOOD WORD recently in this CUMMING AGE? And in Revelation 15:3: "Great and marvelous are you Lord God Almighty. Just and true are your ways, King of the Ages." The Sun, our Lord, is the King of the Ages and we are in the "End Times" and entering a "New Age".
Yahkschiitth!

LISTEN! THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR IN THIS REGARD, OF A "NEW AGE" OR THE "END TIMES"! The "PASSOVER" is the Sun passing over into the Winter Solstice from the Fall Equinox. This too was borrowed from the Hebrews who borrowed it from the Egyptians. Tagalagamangadundo!

Speaking of the mountain ranges along the Pacific rim, including in North America, VOLCANOES are a little difficult to ignore, especially if you happen to live by one and it erupts. Like SAINT HELENS. Hell. Helene. But what is the symbolism in volcanoes you are probably wondering? Well, just about everything. The volcano was considered the "womb of Mother Earth". It was a feminine symbol. There were even a volcano God and Goddess associated with it. Yahweh was the patriarchal name, but Yahwah was the name of a volcano diety and it was considered female. As a matter of fact, the PYRAMID in Egypt was a representation of the volcano. "PYRA" means FIRE. The Volcano God's name was "Volcanus". He was pictured to be at the center of the volcano, hammering metal like a metalsmith. The sparks from the hammer smashing the heavy metal are pictured as lightning. The sound is of thunder. The image is of Thor and his hammer with lightning bolts. Pure phallic power.

AMEN TO MUSHROOMS (particularly AMENITA MUSCARIA). Yes, these potent psychedelic little things were also quite a wonder, sprouting up in artwork, pottery designs, etc., all over the Middle East. Undulugabaugahurumba!

Where did they come from? The ancients had no scientific concept of spores, so a mushroom was considered a "virgin

birth". Also they noticed that mushrooms immediately came up after the rains and they would pick them in the early hours of the morning. This was the "MANNA FROM HEAVEN" that the Israelites would gather. The word "manna" means "what is it?". HELL YES! After consuming it you would probably be wondering "what is it?" as you were talking to God under psychedelic hallucinations (what they called inspiration).

British scholar John Allegro has authored one of the most interesting books of the 20th century on the origins and sources of our religions. It is called "The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross" and was published in 1970. Allegro was one of a team of researchers hired by the State of Israel and the British government to decipher the Dead Sea Scrolls, after they were discovered in the 1950s. Allegro was hired because he was a biblical scholar familiar with ALMOST EVERY SINGLE MAJOR LANGUAGE including SUMERIAN, EGYPTIAN, HEBREW, CUNEIFORM. His ultimate conclusion (and he was kicked off the team for his opinions) was that Jesus was a MUSHROOM consumed by the Essenes and covered up to keep the Roman authorities in the dark about their fertility cult's true roots. HE JUST SCRATCHED THE SURFACE OF A GIANT ICEBERG. I know for I speak all languages! I rule the world! If women ruled the world it'd be a better place. FOR THEM. Right, Jack and Rose Schitt? Halahalapfunkum!

Allegro claims that ancient people considered the rain similar to God's sperm in that it would fertilize the soil of Mother Earth and allow the crops to grow. FLY AGARIC! FLY! Shekabumbahagahumba!

If the rain was a source of "Heavenly Sperm", so their thinking went, then there must be a giant Penis in the sky producing this "Heavenly Sperm". Well, after it rained, mushrooms would grow, allowing worshippers to "talk to God" after eating them, or "taking the sacrament of the communion", and the mushroom looked like a human Penis growing up from the ground. So this, Allegro says, was to them the "Son of God come down in the flesh to show the way to himself". In short, CHRISTIANS ARE COCKSUCKERS! DICK LICKERS! CUM DRINKERS! Oigumboygashuey!

THE CHURCH IS ONLY AN INSTITUTION and a CORRUPT ONE at that.

The word "church" comes from the Goddess "Circe" (pronounced sir-see), which is where we get the words "circle" and "circus". She is known for getting men drunk on her wine and turning them into swine: what happens at Roman Catholic communion? In Scottish, it is pronounced "kirk". No one should dictate their view of god or religion on anyone else. This is how all REAL WARS develop. All wars are FOR PROFIT, for the winners to create an empire on Earth, a KINGDOM OF HEAVEN ON EARTH. The corrupt church officials BLESS THE TROOPS as they GO OUT TO KILL EACH OTHER. In one door, out the other, as far as they are concerned. ALL IN A CIRCLE. Dingdingdingdingdong!

The word "Papa" from which we get "Pope" means "DOOR". The Pope in religion is the DOOR to the MYSTERIES. The word "Cardinal" means "Hinge". Swiyabriandungalabama!

The DOME of the Roman Catholic Church, the Vatican, is also an important religious symbol. There is another dome in Washington D.C., on the Capital building, and we don't even question it. WHY NOT? The word comes from the Latin "Domas". Remember Doubting Thomas? He wanted to see the holes where they hung the bell in the dome. What do the initials D.C. stand for? Doubting Christ, dumbass! Thomas itself means Twin. Half and half. Plays both sides against the middle. Fence sitter. Smart! Not many like that. Only one in a dozen apostles or apostates. Daduguamandru!

Israel (Is-Ra-El): Isis (Moon), Ra (Sun), El (Saturn). Originally, there were 3 basic religions of astrology. The Lunar Cult (Moon), the Solar Cult (Sun), and the Stellar Cult (Saturn). The original Hebrew religion was based on the Lunar Cult and the moon, but went back to the Stellar Cult and the worship of El (Saturn), the god of the Caananites. The Christians were bringing back elements of the Solar Cult of the Sun. Remember that STAR TREK episode where they went back to 20th century America and it was run by palefaces but still ruled by ROME? The rebels were "worshippers of the Sun". At the end, they find out that they didn't worship the Sun, they worshipped the Son of God. What a joke. Get it? Remember Uhura's cocoa face light up with a shining coconut meat light at the very thought? Another victim. Time waits! But with a rhythm section!

Chonkalaekranduga! A woman would rather kill herself than see a child suffer.

That is why there is the ongoing dispute about the correct day of worship. The Hebrews worship on Saturday (Saturn) and the Christians worship on Sunday (Sun). It is very simple if you understand what the priesthood is hiding. If most people knew this they would never give their life blood to the Church. This is why for centuries the Church banned the reading of the Bible by the laity, for fear they would discover that the brand of religion they taught them was actually more pagan than scriptural. Even now Church officials brag that the very authority of the Church is proven by the fact that they could move the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday by fiat and get away with it, even changing the Ten Commandments to cover their tracks. People wanting copies of "the Ten Commandments" to be put in schools should realize there's more than one version floating around. Recently, a poll of Catholic priests found out that 64% of them couldn't even recite them all. Pee pee pee on your Christmas tree! Pipipionyorkkrizmastri!

Saturn is also the origin of "Satan" as well as "Santa" and his elves (El-ves). The word Satan is the same as Santa, with the letters transposed, rotated to the left. God's "Ang-els". The word H-ell comes from El. Satan and his Hell-ves. Angels are white, like anglos. All white people are from Hell. Takosasajazaftanimupactago!

Saturn though, was in the heavens. The word El means to rise up (El-evate). To El-ect someone is to put them into a godlike or higher position. When you get married, you put a ring on. The ring represents the rings around Saturn. This is also the reason for the round crowns worn by kings. This is also the source of the yarmulka, as worn by today's Jews. Saturn in Greek is Kronos, or Chaos. Saturday comes at the end of the week and is associated with Chaos. Why is it mainly Jews who are the founders of so-called modern Chaos Theory in Mathematics? Takes one to know one! Do you drive a Saturn, by any chance? Fly a Piper Saratoga? Jonjonkanudakazplazha!

And you PALEFACES call OUR Native American religions

horse-hockey! You can all go jump in a BIG LAKE! The ATLANTIC or PACIFIC for instance!

I'm looking for something. Bear with me, will you? Your paleface religion is now proven GUILTY BY SUSPICION, and so BY WHAT RIGHT do you SQUAT ON OUR LAND? STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT! STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT! STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT!

What does this have to do with AMMON WYOMING? Ammon was originally the chief god of THEBES, the god of the underworld, and when the foreign Hyksos were expelled from Egypt, Ammon rose to be called the king of the gods, being identified with the Sun god RA as AMMON-RA, and regarded as the personification of the mysterious creating and sustaining power of the universe. In the temple of AMMON 3000 years ago, SAL AMMONIAC was made out of CAMEL DUNG! That is the technical name of the type of chemical (ammonium nitrate) that was used in OKLAHOMA CITY for the bomb that partook of the creating and destroying power of the universe, uniting the power of the sun with the underworld! OKLAHOMA means RED SKINNED MAN. MAN OF THE EARTH. Oalmagamundi! So what do they call Jews sometimes? Hebes!

AMMON is a city in the area of JACKSON HOLE WYOMING. SNAKE river is in that area too! Where does a snake hide from the sun? In a HOLE. What is the name of that famous HOLE in Wyoming? JACKSON HOLE. Qwyosiyamorda!

CHUG river is in the AREA also, and MADELINE!

JOHN JACOB ASTOR founded a major trading post on the COLUMBIA or COLUMBINE river. The wife of his great-grandson J.J. Astor the Fourth was named MADELINE, and she was the very person who founded MADELINE WYOMING! Astor died on the TITANIC on the 15th of APRIL of 1912. The very next year the paleface Congress passed its income tax amendment, number 16. Forever after, each April 15th, each American faces his own little disaster, and is set back by a year. THIS IS JUST A TASTE OF WHAT'S TO COME, PALEFACES! YOU HAVE BEEN MARKED FOR OVER FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS! The entire week from April 13th to 20th has really been FUCK

PALEFACE WEEK. Make that the entire month! FROM MY HEART OF HEARTS I STAB AT THEE! Chigrintamagritafui! Speaking of hotties. Man can she crawl. Only trust your heart. I started as an impulse recording star, then I became a verb. The information you have been receiving from this channel has been brought to you courtesy of the Millennium Jazzy Festival and its great big Jazzy bear handing out honey sticks and collecting donations in a mall near you. Let's hear the money chug!

The CHUG river was the site where, for centuries, Native Americans stampeded BUFFALO to their deaths. A full-grown buffalo weighs a LITTLE LESS than a TON. In LITTLETON CO is a high school called COLUMBINE. The name columbine means DOVE in Latin. Black actor Yaphet Kotto once lived there with his family, but had to leave the town suddenly for fear of racial hostility. His wife, a voodoo priestess, sensed a COMING DOVE KILL. The name Yaphet Kotto means DOVE PRIEST in Swahili. Medulakrorico!

So, where will the next BIG EVENT come? LITTLETON or MADELINE?

AMAZING isn't it how NAMES and NUMBERS and LINES all ALIGN when the TIME is RIGHT. Yosotwaywuki! Rengetengeyerd!

REMEMBER my children how, on the 13th of APRIL I drew a LINE from L.A. to CORPUS CHRISTI. The line went through ALPINE TX. CATHEDRAL MOUNTAIN was knocked down with the GREATEST QUAKE in 60 years on the DAY I drew! It was 500 MILES from OKLAHOMA CITY and CORPUS CHRISTI! Didn't I predict that terrible hurricanes will plague Corpus Christi in the years to come? Watch it happen! I am omniscient! Shagazphontkreem!

The LINE from ALPINE TX to DECKER MI goes through OKLAHOMA CITY. I warned the media that the ALPHA BUILDING would GO BANG on APRIL 19TH. It DID! And they didn't believe me! Many palefaces suddenly became red skinned. Guwewahagila!

Now I'm warning you that SEVEN DAYS after April 13th, the BIGGEST SCHOOL MASSACRE IN HISTORY will happen in MADELINE WYOMING! As a revenge for the killing of the Native

Americans and their buffalo! As a revenge on the Astors, who destroyed fur-bearing animals for money! And all their customers! And all their descendants! That's YOU, paleface! But that is NOT ALL! This will also be a revenge for the killing of the Native Americans themselves! Their spirits will rise up from the ground and GET EVEN! This will NOT be a Day of the Dove, but a Day of Blood! But they will only massacre a thousand or two that day. Later they will massacre ALL non-Native Americans in the FINAL MASSACRE! So heed this warning, pack your bags, and GO BACK TO EUROPE, AFRICA, ASIA, or WHEREVER YOU CAME FROM. This property is being REPOSSESSED by its RIGHTFUL OWNERS. NOTICE IS SERVED and FORCE WILL BE USED to evict! Kwaywanyodoyasi!

(Satanic music comes on in the background.)

P.S. I will NOT reveal the YEAR that this school massacre will happen, only the date: April 20th. It's not because I don't know, but because I WANT it to WORK. Balanuhudunda!

The 20th century is the controlling power now.

Aglahrambadu!

Chapter 5

Sunday, April 18, 1999. 8:30 A.M.

TRANSCRIPT: THE MILLENNIUM OF THE GUN

(1930s Nazi Party marching songs come on in the background. A disguised voice continues.)

By the way, April 20th is the birthday of somebody you palefaces consider your greatest war chief of all time, a most cruel and bloodthirsty massacre monger.

(The music suddenly stops. The camcorder shows Eric and Dylan naked, on a waterbed.)

Eric: Anybody for a Dove bar?

(Eric produces a Dove ice cream bar and looks at it, turning it over.)

Dylan: Looks like a big fat black dick.

Eric: Yummy! NOT! Make mine pure vanilla.

(Eric tosses the Dove bar away like garbage.)

Dylan: I wonder if that nigger armpit odor comes out on their balls. Smells like a skunk stepped on a spider.

Eric: God gave the niggers that odor so that even blind white people would know the difference.

Dylan: And he gave them kinky hair so we'd know where to pour the lighter fluid, and black skin so they would be pre-crisped. And pre-puffed their lips to boot.

Eric: Like a marshmallow?

Dylan: Ha ha. Ready to toast and eat.

Eric: Please. You're in polite company.

Dylan: I mean they eat each other. Cannibalism.

Eric: I stand corrected.

Dylan: The niggers necklace each other in Africa every time they get a chance, don't they? Rubber tires and gasoline. God's gift to white folk.

Eric: Make mine Vaseline. And I'll have my hotdog raw, thank you. Raw but warm.

Dylan: We whites don't have that terrible nigger armpit odor, do we, honey? Come here and let me sniff yours.

Eric: And then will you suck my cock?

Dylan: Why not? Pull your fruit out of your loom and I'll take a dare.

(A new sound comes on, a stampeding noise. A painting of a high school hallway is held up to the camera. The white students are on their hands and knees, galloping, as if in a buffalo stampede. Most are fully clothed, but a few are in various states of undress, or have sexual parts showing, to indicate debauchery. At the end of the hallway is a closed door, with a sign on it reading "CHUG".)

Chapter 6

Sunday, April 18, 1999. 11:30 A.M.

TRANSCRIPT: THE MILLENNIUM OF THE GUN

(A finger shadow puppet, evidently of a moose. A voice imitating Bullwinkle the cartoon moose.)

Enie meanie chili beanie. The spirit is about to speak.

(Eric appears onscreen, dressed in a suit and tie and a squirrel cap. He stands up, turns around, moons the camera, and farts loud and long. He then pulls his pants back up, turns back around, and sits down again. The screen splits, and the smaller screen shows amateurish videos of the streets of Madeline, taken from a car. Eric speaks, in a falsetto squirrel-like voice.)

You don't see them leave. In this upper middle class suburbia, the executives, bankers, professionals, they move as unobtrusively as shadows on the roofs of the affluent houses. You might not even know if they have left, since their cars are most likely tightly garaged when in. The ones without school age children especially. They left deciduously. Thus deciduously did they make like a tree and leave.

(Dylan appears onscreen, dressed in a dark Star Wars t-shirt with a Darth Vader mask on. In the split-screen insert are amateurish color videos of the school library media center. The computer monitor screens seem to be suffering from a vertical hold problem. He is assuming a German or Austrian accent, like Arnold Schwarzenegger, while the Star Wars theme plays in the background, loud at first, then suddenly turned low.)

The chairs in the library are wood, with blue seat pads. Why don't they have chairs like that in every classroom? Hard chairs hurt my sexy ass. Sucks. Thus decidedly will we blow up a nest of hard chairs wherever we see one. Unless there's a nest of people to throw the bomb at. The life of a blows man. Cancel the dead men sitting, or cancel the sitting trees? I feel so much more for the trees.

(Dylan rips the mask off, then thrusts his face towards the camera lens, making some kind of indescribably manic face. Sudden cut to a bright but blank screen. A pause, with shuffling and microphone banging noises in the background.)

(Scenes from a Satanic church service of some kind. The naked participants are gathered around an altar. The shaky quality of the film indicates a homemade movie. Dylan's voice narrates. Marilyn Manson music plays in the background.)

The Church of Satan was formed on the last night of April 1966 (Walpurgisnacht) by brother Anton Szandor LaVey. On this night Dr. LaVey declared 1966 as Year One, the first year of Satan's rule -- Anno Satanas (in the year of Satan). This is the year 34 A.S. The voice crying in the wilderness, Tim McVeigh (real spelling v-e-y), having done his work, and the 3-year preaching career of the Messiah, us, having come to a conclusion, it is time for us to kill for the world's sins. We have come bringing not peace but a sword. Sing it, brother Brian Warner!

(Cut to a Marilyn Manson video, which plays for about five minutes. Then Dylan's voice.)

You are all slaves. Do you think for a moment that you can ever really say or do what you want? Try it. Yes, try it now. You can't. You fear punishment. You can't even dream without fear of punishment, even if it is your own infected hypodermic guilt making you look to religion, drugs or suicide as an escape.

(Eric.)

It dripped from the chandeliers. Yes, the air was thinner up on the avenue.

(Cut to Dylan, naked, covered in white greasepaint, with black short wig, dark mascara, fake eyelashes, thick red lipstick, a fake beauty mole, an earring in one nipple, and a hot water bottle and surgical glove over his penis. Dylan's voice.)

Modern TV, movies and music is nothing but a stimulant -- numb and safe, easy to sell, easy to digest and easy to forget. Like McDonald's hamburger crap. A billion morons served with mad cow disease. It's not even fit for mentally handicapped kindergartners, but it's fed into us like blood transfusions. We are all treated like soulless subhuman house pets until we are old enough to drive or buy cigarettes and beer, then we become taxpaying consumers and they pretend to give us an opinion on which commercial yeast infection treatments to shoplift. We are constantly shoveled milky mounds of unchallenging, moronic, impotent, diseased cum disguised as entertainment, but really only designed to lower our standards and make us passive and content to be dumbed-down and regimented into the consumer society until our preservative-saturated bodies sit in expensive, watertight coffins, unable to decompose.

Why do we swallow the things they feed us on MTV or Oprah Winfrey or Jerry Springer or Jay Leno or the MSN or CNN news? We have been conditioned to have low expectations and our standards have become for sale to the highest bidder. Our President is a lying, cheating puppet, and the American people love it, because he is handsome, well-groomed, and can sell. The illiterate ape jocks that

beat your ass in high school for being a "fag" grow up to sell you tuneless testosterone-soaked anthems of misogyny and pretend to be outsiders to a world that they were born to wear their Adidass-filgering uniforms in. And we buy it up, helplessly, for fear of punishment.

(Eric.)

Go John Elway! Go Terrell Davis! Go to hell!

(Dylan.)

Just look at the football jocks with their big grape-colored helmets performing a homosexual orgy on the field in disguises. If they aren't fruits, why do they cover their heads with fake fruit? Why do they give each other names like 'tight end', 'wide receiver', and 'make passes' at each other, if they're not all homos looking for love? And where do they learn homo love? From their daddies! Starting from the cradle usually. When they wait till mommy isn't around and then take out their big fat baby bottles and make them suck the warm milk out of them (chuckle).

(Eric.)

All the jocks' dads told them they were a hunka' burnin' love when they were jocks. Ptui! Where are they all going? To look for a fruitin' college fraternity? They're all just trash. Plain white ass fruit trash. Car salesmen in the making. A sin of weakness not of malice.

(Dylan.)

Sober up.

(Eric.)

I'm not drunk.

(Dylan, chuckling.)

I don't mean you. I mean them. Sober up, morons. Even Christ wouldn't kill himself for this pitiful America that

hides behind "Christian values" in order to exonerate its approved criminals when they remind the newsmen that they too, be-LIE-ve in god, Hell-elujah.

(The sound of a loud fart. Then Dylan's voice.)

The networks, record companies and movie studios are all afraid of what we have the power to become. Unlike them we have nothing to lose, and that's what makes us purer.

(Eric.)

It is time for their world to be destroyed. It is time for a new age, the Age of Horus. It is time for a new standard, a new canvas, and a new artist. We must forget this wasted generation and amputate it from our body before our minds waste away with it. Paint it, record it, write it down before they kill you with their slow poisonous stupidity. Make yourself heard. Then kill, kill, kill, before they kill you! There will be no punishment!

(Cut to the Buffalo Robe Mafia web page. Dylan's voice.)

This Internet is your middle finger to the universe. Don't let them break it while you're shoving it in their faces. Or up their asses.

(Eric's voice.)

Fuck their world. Let's make our own. Right, baby?

(Cut to a television screen displaying snow, from which a little girl's voice is shrieking and crying alternately for help and for mommy. Then a cut to a picture of Dylan's erect penis, as he masturbates, standing up, and suddenly spurts towards the camera lens. Laughing sounds.)

(Dylan's voice.)

"Come to mommy, dear. Time for your beast feeding."

(Eric's face, wearing a blue baby bonnet, bursts into the

lens, and he swirls his tongue around his lips hungrily.)

"Yum yum! Gimme some of that warm milk from your big yummy baby bottle!"

(Eric performs fellatio on Dylan, sucking his organ like a baby bottle. A closeup shot shows cotton balls stuck in his mouth to keep from leaking, as he sucks eagerly like a baby. The theme music from the TV series "Dallas" now plays in the background, mixed on top of Marilyn Manson music. Then they both begin singing, from a prerecorded tape that is mixed in.)

"The touch, the feel of cotton, the fabric of their lives."

(Eric finishes, then looks at the camera, opens his mouth, revealing sperm, and burps like a baby. He then swallows visibly, his Adam's apple working, and licks his lips, finally wiping them with the back of his hand, and licking that too. His baby bonnet has turned into an Indian war bonnet.)

"White is right!"

(Eric produces a sharp, evil-looking knife, grabs Dylan's flaccid organ, lifts it up to the root, and applies the knife to it, as if he's going to scalp it. Fade to black.)

(Dylan's voice.)

"Wait! What are you doing? That knife's real! Don't!"

(The scene reappears suddenly. Eric takes the knife and saws into the organ, severing it from his crotch. Blood spurts, covering his hand. Eric holds the organ up for the camera, like a trophy, whooping an Indian war cry. Dylan makes horrible noises, moans, cries, screams, as he holds his legs wide open, exposing a blood stain where his organ used to be. Eric's voice.)

"I guess you've got a pussy now, baby!"

(Dylan spreads his legs wider, as if he to show his new pussy. He then makes some feminine gestures, coyly flirting. He then starts laughing, as does Eric. The organ is then shown to be fake, rubber latex, as Eric holds it to the camera. Eric pulls up a package of french fries from McDonald's, pulls out a few, dips them in the blood, and pops them in his mouth.)

"Tangy! Catsup!"

(Dylan.)

"Tangy hell! That's ket-chup!"

(Dylan sucks on a finger as if it is quite tangy. Dylan is seen to be wearing panty hose that hide his real organ, which he produces with delight. Leaving the organ tight against the panty hose, he opens his legs wide again, and Eric pokes a french fry in the red splotch, then eats it, talking with his mouth full.)

"Are you on your period again, honey?"

(A bunch of comic antics, then fade out. Dylan's and Eric's heads now pop into the screen simultaneously. Eric is now wearing a blonde curly wig, white face powder, and thick hot pink lipstick. Their bodies are hidden behind a screen, and little doll bodies hang beneath their faces, one a nude male with a giant erect phallus, the other female with big busts, tiny waist, big hips, and a big hairy V-crotch. "Beautiful People" by Marilyn Manson plays in the background. They chant in unison with the singer, while the puppets dance. Then when the song ends, the screen falls, showing them in women's crotchless lingerie and high heels, and they continue to chant.)

"Marilyn Manroe!"

(The two then start kissing and making out, Eric raising one leg up in the air as Dylan reaches under it to support

it, and holds that pose. Eric's balls dangle for the camera lens, causing Dylan's eyebrows to arch in smiling comprehension. The scene slowly fades, with some Marilyn Manson music reaching a climax of sound. A pause. Some shuffling and mike noises.)

(Scenes from the Deathdoom video game are edited into the video. The room designs have been changed to resemble the library -- the blue and brown chairs, the many computer monitors on desks, the book stacks, etc. Eric and Dylan cut in on each other, vying to be the cleverest commentator. Vivid game sound effects accompany the action.)

Run, sucker! Oops! Your brains? Where did they go? You're a dummy with no back of your head anymore, hee hee. Weren't you once a jock who thought I was not as good as you? I feel so bad, I feel so bad. I never thought you would do me wrong, now you treat me like a dog and slobber in my face, hee hee.

Messy work, this. There's a cheerleader. Boom!

Cool, she just lost her ass.

Let me get right over her. Aim, one, two, boom! No cunt either.

Imagine that, jockers, your jock girl has no ass or cunt. But part of the latter is clinging to my cheek. Were you on your period, honey? I guess not, or I'd be seeing paper confetti flitting down by now. It's only the twentieth, right. You thought I was too good to get a piece of it, didn't ya? Well, I did! (laughter)

Boom, boom, boom, boom! Four shots, four hits, different targets. Three head shots, one in the back.

What? The dude wants more? He's moving? Okay, dude, take this! And this! And this! Let's try the pistol for a nice shot in the ear. Mmmm... Cauliflower ear.

There's a nigger! Run nigger, run! Run, rabbit! Run, coon! Blam! Got 'em! Bonus score!

There's another one! Boom! Extra bonus score!

(The action now moves to the school hallways.)

It's roundup time! Let's spook the herd! When you're ready, pardner!

(One of them tosses a bomb into the hallways. Immediately a herd of people run into the hallways from the classrooms, fleeing the shooters.)

Bang! Bang! Boom!

Blam! Bang! Boom!

Heifer at 1 o'clock! Check! Boom!

Bull at 11 o'clock! Roger! Bang!

Wish I had a damn machine gun!

Don't you know they're illegal? (laughter)

(The shooting goes on for minutes. The shooters now stalk the hallways, looking for game by kicking classroom doors open.)

Looks like a rat's nest, meine liebe. Fire in the hole!

(He tosses a bomb in a classroom. A single male exits out of the classroom.)

A teacher! Heil Hitler, professor! Sprechen Sie gut Deutsch? Whatsa matta, meatball, cat got your tongue? Here, let's clear your windpipe out. Bang!

What's that book he was carrying on the floor there?

(Cut to a picture of an algebra book, smeared with blood, being shoved into the field of view of the camera lens, by a gloved hand, in an almost surgical manner. The book is then laid on a blank surface.)

This sure beats algebra, doesn't it?

(The camera slowly zooms in, then freezes. Guts of some kind rain down, covering the book. Then an entire pizza is thrown on top of it.)

(Fade to black. Pause. Eric and Dylan appear together, standing in front of a compact red car in a garage, bent over, working, dressed in Buffalo Pizza's trademark red shirts and brown baseball caps, their buffalo robes laid neatly on the car's roof. They are breaking and smashing up glass to use as shrapnel in bombs, and storing it in big cardboard Buffalo Pizza boxes. Dylan stops and addresses the camera. He switches to a KMFDM baseball cap, putting it on backwards, assuming a smiling shopkeeper look.)

Have a nice day. We appreciate your business. Please tell your friends to order. We always deliver promptly right to your doorstep, nice and piping hot.

Chapter 7

Sunday, April 18, 1999. 8:30 P.M.

TRANSCRIPT: THE MILLENNIUM OF THE GUN

(The voice of an aged male Indian, apparently, but not visible onscreen. A time-lapse sequence of the sky over Madeline, showing clouds coming and going.)

Brave Eagle and Weeps Not kept their watch on Grandmother Earth, with the eyes of an owl, and the eyes of an eagle -- not able to touch her, for the time of the white man was not yet over, the white buffalo had not yet come. The rape of the land and the creatures brought bitter tears to their eyes, which they could not wipe. The construction of holes in the ground where titanic arrows were planted, aimed at the sky itself, brought fear and consternation

to their spirits. If the times had not been shortened, all life would surely have perished.

(A time-lapse sequence of photos showing Harlow High School being constructed.)

Then, right over their spirit bodies, the white men erected a huge brick and metal tepee, of many lodges, and surrounded by black prairie grass that oozed oil. They called it Harlow High School, and white youths were herded there like buffalo and taught white man's ways in ever-moving herds. No white man could see the millions of spirits of the People and the Spirit that lay with wide open eyes under their very feet.

(Cut to a video tape made for class, showing Eric and Dylan, in their buffalo robes, roaming the school, and shooting everybody in sight. They romp and roam like ecstatic hunters. The victims are obviously faking for the camera.)

But all could see two white spirits, still in the flesh, coming to avenge them all. Turning the tables. Our buffalo robes turned into a virgin megastore of death. Pipe bomb, anyone? Catch! On second though, don't. Thanks Caul. By the way, what do you know of a spirit named Kroth?

(Cut to a video of Dylan and Eric at a warehouse.)

Dylan and I met throwing newspapers for the Wyoming Pioneer Telegraph. Every morning at 2 a.m. in the warehouse, waiting for the big truck to arrive so we could get our bundles and take them to the tables to collate, fold, and bag. Somebody once said we looked like Hawkeye and Radar on M*A*S*H. Military air surgical hospital. Make that N*A*S*H. Newspaper automotive supply hospital. We get the papers hot from the front lines of news, from the meat grinder of the presses, begging for immediate attention. Then into the dollies, through triage, and out to our waiting vehicles.

Curious how both our dads wanted their sons to throw papers to make men of them. We were too young to drive, so they did, while we went through the routing list checking

addresses off and throwing. We used a set of colored pens to mark different types of subscriptions. For example, if they wanted Saturdays and Sundays only, we marked them in green. If they wanted all except Saturdays, we used purple. The Crayola brand color markers wouldn't work. They were too opaque. We needed to be able to read through the color and see the printing. So we used a junky Jap brand instead. When Dylan's father had to quit, mine volunteered to drive for us both. That made the route take two hours instead of just one. Dylan and I sweated together, threw together, and fell in love. We both had strong throwing arms. And strong sex drives. Soon we were sweating together in a sleeping bag in one or the other of our backyards.

(A still portrait of Dylan, retouched, in formal wear.)

"Thus deciduously." Those are the words of Dylan that caused me to fall in love with him. How can anybody understand? He was so smart, so brilliant, a genius actually. Deciduous is a Biology term for trees with leaves that fall in the autumn. "Thus deciduously did we proceed down the street." Get it? It awed me, his power with words. He was a poet. When I had had sex with him, and we were feeling great, I mentioned it to him, and he awed me even more by telling me how the word deciduous also means anything temporary that falls off, such as antlers. That the word can also mean short-lived. That there is another word "decidua" that refers to the membrane lining the uterus, that is cast-off at birth. We are all deciduous creatures, the product of decidua. Who could not love a poet with a cute butt and seven inches of tasty toy?

(A still pic of Eric and Dylan performing oral 69.)

"Embrace contradictions." Another saying I love him for. We would be puffing each other's peacepipes in oral 69 and embracing when he would say that. Only like this: contra-dick-shuns.

(Video showing Eric and Dylan in front of a computer, doing something. "Embraceable You" is playing in the background.)

Sad to say now, but we were at first nothing but harmless geeks. Into math, computers, and science. Into studying. We would actually spend time in each other's rooms without making love. The school system had brainwashed us that much. We soon gave up on the school curriculum, and went our own way, despite all consequences.

(Cut to video of the BRM, assembling for a group photo.)

It wasn't until the beginning of this school year that we finally joined the BRM. And it wasn't even called the BRM. We gave them their personality, after they gave us a focus for our hate. Dylan is taking Calculus already, and is the top math student in the school. Ask him about Lagrange and Legendre and he'll tell you. I don't take it, but I am in gym class with him. And psychology class. They say that people who are having mental problems take psychology to try and figure themselves out. Like the Kennedy Curse.

(Cut to shot of Dylan and Eric, armed with several guns, in their robes, standing in front of a car.)

We who are about to die salute you. We are ready to fall off the tree of life, after shaking that tree and taking as many other leaves with us as we can. The supervisor of the paper delivery was over forty. He had been doing that same job for over twenty years, seven days a week, good weather and bad. He was no poet. He will be there when he's fifty-five. He can show you his finger that was permanently damaged by frostbite in the bad winter of '87-'88. Oi!

(Cut to a video of busty babes playing volleyball at the beach.)

The one regret we have now is that we won't live to see what they come up with in video games. Or real games. We seriously tried pushing over our Bungeeball on our Young Entrepreneurs club at high school.

Entrepreneurs and manure, about the same thing. (chuckles)

Beautiful busty babes in thong bikinis jump over the edge

of a cliff wall, wearing bungee cords. At the same time, the referee throws the bungeeball over the cliff, attached to its own bungee.

There is a hoop at the top of the wall, and the idea is to get the ball through the hoop. The trouble is that there is no way for a player to shoot from the slack position of the cord, but must either climb, bounce, walk against the wall, using other team members, to get within shooting distance. Meanwhile, the other team tries to prevent this, and steal the ball.

The crowd would sit in a stadium down below on the plains, watching the giant screens, as the cameras zoom in on the wrestling near-nude amazons. Accidents do happen. The thongs come out of the cracks.

Or break completely.

(Cut to an xxx-rated video of two lesbians having sex on the beach on a beach towel, their bikinis around their waists or ankles.)

Some are a little bit -- no, a lot -- lez, and orgies do happen, chuckle. There would be a safety net for when the bungees break, hopefully often. Almost always the bikinis come off as the chicks bounce around in the nets. And then there's the all-male version, and the mixed gender version.

(Cut to live narration, with Eric and Dylan sitting side by side at a table. Eric is dressed up in a Marine uniform, Dylan is naked inside a buffalo robe. He has an erection and Eric is holding his thick upstanding stalk like a bottle of soda pop with one hand. The voice of Eric.)

They kicked us out for this suggestion, said we were sick. We suck, but we aren't sick. Good imaginations, too. Too bad we have no place in this world, and are checking out this very day. The caged bird sings with a fearful what? We won't ever allow the authorities to cage us. The Marines said I didn't have the right stuff, wasn't one of the few good men. I'll show them who's worthy.

(Dylan stands up, goes behind Eric, and encircles him with his robe lovingly. He opens the robe, showing Eric blowing his thick erect stalk, his cheeks puffing. The blowjob continues for minutes, until orgasm and the drinking of the ejaculate with much relish and fastidiousness, down to the last drop. Eric produces a checklist on paper and they both concern themselves with it closely. The voice of Eric.)

Thanks for the drink, mate.

Dylan: Oi!

Eric:

Let's check the op plan. Robe up, stock the robe with the ammo and bombs, double-check the weapons, lock and load. Take the parking lot first, then the cafeteria, then the main hallway, then blow out all the main exits to prevent escape, and began the systematic hunt mode. If they huddle into little herds, use a bomb to save ammo. If there are any heroes, show our utter superiority and humiliate them as well as exterminate them. Use psychological warfare techniques like we studied. The pipe bomb is a metal penis, with which we fuck people up. The computers in the library are not to be touched, Caul will be using them to host. He is our channel. We won't fail him. Caul rulez. When the mission is accomplished, we join him, and take our place. The few. The proud. The machines. The white buffalo stampede done Indian-style, Caul's way, just the way he showed us.

(They both stare straight into a computer monitor, which is out of synch with the camera and shows an unstable image. The voice of Eric.)

Well, Caul, I know you're listening, and tuning into my thoughts, from the V World. Record them for posterity, will ya? After the Apocalypse, they will be like a book of a new Bible, and I'll be an ancient prophet, like Elijah, Ezekiel, or Daniel.

Dylan: I told ya so, suckers!

Eric: Ahora llego. The time has come.

Dylan: Didn't you forget something?

Eric: But what about the buried girls?

Dylan: Oi! Popsicle toes are always froze.

(End of video tape.)

Chapter 8

Tuesday, April 20, 1999. 3:30 A.M.

COMPUTER ADDENDUM TO TAPE

(From Eric's computer, after decryption. It's not in text form, but is digital speech, in Eric's voice -- evidently recorded using a microphone hooked to the computer.)

I was there when the Great White Buffalo came to Madeline, to intervene in the affairs of men. Yah, man, I was there.

There, loaded for action like in that movie "The Matrix" that Dylan and I just saw. Those black trenchcoats were cool, but then, our buffalo robes were even cooler. And more Western.

We do mass murder the Wyoming way. No up against the fence you scarecrow shit. Like the buffalo hunters of yesteryear, run run run. Bam!

After we made love in a sleeping bag in my backyard, we got up, prayed to Satan our God, saluted Herr Hitler and congratulated him on another birthday, and he bussed our cheeks, and shook our hands, smelling of each other's sperm.

The good live smell of sperm. Out with the old, in with the new.

You too shall pass, Harlow High. We who are about to die salute you. Oi!

(A pause, a long sigh, tears, sobbing.)

The white race is in the balance. Violence is the most time-honored act of last resort. Our lives mean little in the great struggle to come. We have taken precautions for those who follow to revive us. If we don't stop this coverup, who will? We're sending a message.

(A rustling, bumping, scraping noise. Low whispers are traded just below intelligibility. Eric comes back on.)

Oh yes. One more thing. Why, if we want to send a message to the white race to kill all niggers and jocks and kykes, did we choose a school with virtually none of these parasites? Why not choose a school that is almost entirely parasites? The answer is because there isn't one close enough to pull the plan off. This isn't Denver, is it?

(From the background, Dylan's voice.)

Time to go bowling, Eric!

Eric: What's the topic in our psychology class today, honey?

Dylan: Abnormal psychology.

Chapter 9

Tuesday, April 20, 1999. 11:15 A.M. (approx.)

ADDITIONAL VIDEO TAPE FOUND IN ERIC'S CAR

(Eric appears onscreen, in a buffalo robe and a mask and gloves, sitting in the driver's seat of his car sideways, the car door open. He speaks to the camera.)

It's April on the Great Plains and the weather is dreary.
April showers bring May flowers. On graves.

Four guns, sixty-six and two-thirds bombs, and two hearts full of love and hate left their car parked and booby-trapped in the Harlow High School parking lot. The same car they had used to deliver newspapers and pizza, and make love in. It had now driven its last mile, taken them to their final destination, for their ascension into Valhalla, that must now be made on foot.

(Eric points to some wires on the door.)

It would now play sentry. The booby trap would be waiting for anybody who tried to desecrate it, even to move it. Rightfully it should stand there for all time as a monument to their work today.

(Scene switches to Dylan, standing outside the car, in the parking lot, as Eric, apparently still sitting, films him. Dylan, his face masked, speaks.)

They timed their raid to coincide with the lunch hour, with the maximum number of buffalo available to stampede and massacre. As they were circling to park, ready for fun, they noticed a large white buffalo standing beyond the cars and sports utility vehicles, in the not-so-green fields, nodding passively, even winking approvingly at them as they began their final approach to the school complex. Point over there, Eric! There it is!

(Eric pans the camera wildly, showing only a blur. There is no white buffalo. Or is there? Not enough time. He pans back. Bits and pieces of the school parking lot, the school, some students, all unsuspecting, unconcerned, ordinary. Dylan continues.)

The magnificent bearded, horned head looks on at the school as the hunters head for the concrete steps that surround it. Hear it? It's telling us to kill, kill them all!

Eric: It sounds more like a mating call to me.

Dylan: Excuse us as our eyes glaze over in an orgasmic trance.

(Dylan moves over to Eric and presents himself, and the latter pulls his trouser snake out of his pants and makes love to it one last time, through the hole in his mask. The camera is left in a position to just catch the meaning of all the kissing and moaning noises, but is not too graphic. His ejaculation is evident by the way he jerks, while Eric's adam's apple shows a gulping action. Eric takes his mouth away and wipes the mouth hole with the back of his hand.)

Dylan: My turn!

(Eric pulls his cock out and Dylan falls on it greedily, inserting it in his mask mouth hole, as Eric lays back across the front bucket seats. After awhile, Eric moans loudly, and Dylan makes loud slurping, gulping noises. Dylan pointedly does not wipe his mouth hole off. Dylan is acting to the camera, trying to face it and talk to it, while showing his eyes in a trance.)

Dylan: This is a good day to die.

Eric: Lock and load.

(The camera is left inside the car, in a position to film them as they start walking towards the school. First, they pose side by side up close, smiling pleasantly, as if it were a day at the park. The Jay Leno chin is exaggerated by the lens optics. Eric has a buffalo robe in his hands, and he turns towards the school and waves it up and down ceremoniously four times.)

Eric: The beautiful people. The beautiful people.

Dylan: The bold and the beautiful.

Eric: (shouting, as he throws the buffalo robe away and begins to back up) Fuck Harry Potter! Oprah [or Opal (inaudible)]...

(They then turn and walk briskly off, shooting at anybody

that presents a target of opportunity. The shots sound like popping noises.)

Part 2. Terror in Harlow High

Chapter 10

Tuesday, April 20, 1999. 11:05 A.M.

Skinheads. The school shrink asked me about skinheads. Who turned me in? I hate people who turn people into the authorities. They all have it in for us, the jock bastards.

Didn't I know they are an illegal underground? Do I want to lead a life of crime and violence? Damn that old broad was ugly. Who would want to get in her panties?

I know all about skinheads and such underground lifestyles, I told her. I have skinhead friends. I am a skinhead myself, actually, but I'm not neo-Nazi and not at all violent. As to crime, even NBA great Dennis Rodman once did some hard time for stealing watches, and he didn't turn out so bad. He makes as much money as some of the people in Madeline. What's he worth? A hundred million? Ptui! Bill Gates is worth a hundred billion. He must be the Antichrist, waiting for his cue. If not, what am I hanging onto life for? There's no hope left anymore. The millennium will bring horrors that made the past centuries seem like a wet dream.

I better get my tray and slide in line before the big crowd comes in. Too many times they start in on me. Like I'm a half-breed or something. Just because I'm different. A member of an outcast group.

Skinheads started back in 60s England but were originally not racist, quite the opposite. They listened to ska music

from Jamaica and hung out with Jamaicans at underground clubs. They were anti-punk, anti-hippie and mostly anti-government. They were pro-working class. Red suspenders and combat boots were their work uniforms. They often got lice so they shaved their heads. The rice they serve in this cafeteria reminds me of lice, especially when I see it moving out of the corner of my eye. No, that is the snake in my jeans.

In the 1970s came the second generation of skinheads. They were called "football hooligans" because they would go to football (soccer) games and get really violent. The British Nazi party began recruiting members from football games and so neo-Nazi skinheads were born. They loved to put steels toes on their combat boots to inflict maximum damage when kicking enemies, and red bootlaces (red signifying the blood shed for the Aryan master race), and called themselves soldiers of the Fourth Reich.

I'll take two cartons of milk today with my mystery meat and flat noodles and gravy. This is ridiculous. Maybe I should get in my car and head out to Bavarian Gasthaus for some genuine German wienerschnitzel and Riesling. I have my gold card on me. Or is it platinum? Never mind. It's heavy metal. The golden rule: he who has the gold rules. Our version: do unto others what they did to you. First, if at all possible.

They listen to Oi! music and their favorite movies are "Romper Stomper" (a good source, actually, it is about skinheads) and "A Clockwork Orange" (I love the sex gags in this one). I'd love to take one of these wealthy chicks in their fashion jeans and cut out the crotch with a pair of sheep shears with them still in them. Yummy, shepherd's hair pie. Like those three there. Why don't they look? They act like I don't exist. Aw... to hell with them.

Rape soda. That's what the purple can in front of one of them says. Is this the devil in me or is this the way it's supposed to be? That song just came to mind.

Artificially flavored. Flavored. Lavored. Lavoratory. Good place to rape somebody. She's holding it in her damn

hand, just begging for it. Rape me she is saying. Please. I am crying out for it. It's a signal. If she would just get up now and go to the lav, I'd follow her and take a chance of getting her in one of those stalls. Man my scare-or-dare juice is flowing now.

They won't even look my way. Like I stink and they can smell it without looking. Like their cunts don't stink. I saw them all last week at a rave, wired up on Ecstasy, and they know it. Just a year and half ago, in November of 1997, two skinheads murdered a West African immigrant in Denver, after taunting him, "Are you ready to die for being a nigger?" On a bus stop or something, right on the street. I bet he wished he had never left Africa. Not really. They must have had their pick of white Denver chicks.

I once drove all the way down to Denver just to sell some Lee's jeans that I stole. Too young to get a driver's license, but my face looked 21. Now I'm old enough, and my face looks at least 22. They have a store that buys them no questions asked, then ships them to Japan, where they sell for fabulous prices. But only Lee's jeans. They don't want Levi, Ward, Sears, or any junk, they said. They didn't raise eyebrows when I sold them two dozen brand-new ones. When they saw my expensive car.

What about designer jeans, I asked, to make them know just how rich I am. And how fickle, as if I had bought those jeans and changed my mind. Lost the receipt, couldn't take them back. Guess, Tommy Hilfiger, Calvin Klein? Keep them, they replied. You already paid too much. One pair sold by Gucci for thousands of dollars even comes with designer tears and holes. I know. I saw Cher on TV wearing them. Or was it Madonna? Never mind. My holes I design into my own jeans by hand for free. But then my daddy is only worth a little over a million, a virtual pauper for this area. But then this is Harlow High, named after, who else? Jean Harlow.

Ecstasy helps you stay awake all night while jerking your body around spasmodically in a ritualistic dance. The male tries to make his body move around like a big penis, the female like a big vagina. That's the real reason skinheads

caught on. In a rave, their head looks like the head of a penis. Even a female skinhead's. No, I think that would remind one more of a swollen clitoris, twitching wildly. Put the word wild before anything and it gives it a whole new context, doesn't it? If you lose your wildness, you lose your skinhead. I told that to the school shrink, to fuck her mind up. Like that nigger in Denver. He actually replied yes to that question.

Female. Context. Famale. Tamale. Context. Cotex. That's what a used cotex is, a tamale. Yummy. Salsa included. A tampax too. Bite-size. Finger food. Camale.

She married some creepy perverted Jew who made her do things to her that made her freak out. But then she was a race traitor. Even in the thirties a white had to sell his or her race out to advance in Hollywood. Jewywood. They made "Gone With the Wind" as a tribute to the final takeover, and millions of whites flocked to it, thinking just the opposite, since Mammy and Prissy were decoys to keep them from figuring it all out. But all the whites in the movie were just as much professional slaves to Jews as the blacks. That's how they would want it if they could have it: all whites and blacks their slaves, and liking it. After all, look at how they treat their movie star slaves, their idols. Forever after, Amerika's idols are slaves of Jews behind the scenes. I'd like to see it on every billboard in Amerika, the real truth, along with photos of the bastards with the puppet strings in their hands.

Look at that dumb electronic billboard up there on the wall. It's already outdated, talking about events that are scheduled for May. They won't even reopen this school again until September, if ever. I told Eric and Dylan not to shoot out that billboard, to leave a real message. In case they dug it out of the rubble.

Here's what I'd put on the billboard if I could: a glossary of terms for visitors to the new cemetery.

Goth. Adherents are fascinated with death, wear black clothes, and paint their fingernails dark colors and wear faggot pancake makeup. Goes back to before Tiny Tim.

Ravers. Frequenters of raves, all-night parties in secret locations known for the designer drugs consumed. The physical exertion demanded of all ensures that anybody over thirty who is crashing or trying to pass will be smoked out. At a lot of raves, 18 is the upper age limit anyway.

Straight Edges. They look like skinheads, but these clean-living kids crusade against alcohol, drugs, and animal products, not minorities. Why don't they get a life? Idea thieves!

Whiggers. White niggers. White kids who adopt the hip-hop dress, music, and speech of the niggers. Like Oz on TV's "Buffy the Vampire Slayer". Seth Green, I believe. Race traitor role model from Jewywood.

White Caps. A hate term for jocks, referring to their white baseball caps (usually sporting a college name). A veiled reference to red caps, the job niggers do best at train and bus stations. The crews of all the White Star Line of passenger ships (the Titanic, et al.) made white caps famous as headgear for rich white mens' whiggers.

420. Marijuana. Pot smokers dispute the term's origins. 420 is Los Angeles Police Dept. code for a pot bust. It is also tea time for pot smokers in Holland. April 20 is Amerikan National Pot Smoker's Day. All the clocks in the film "Pulp Fiction" are set to 4:20. Chong of Cheech and Chong was born at 4:20 on 4/20. Paul McCartney released "Band on the Run" on 4/20. Now the tail wags the dog. There is a movement to free all pot prisoners by the date of 4/20/2001, and many pot smokers make a habit of gathering round to smoke it at 4:20 a.m. and/or p.m. What a coincidence: April 20 is the birthday of Adolf Hitler. And guess what today is? Soon, 420 will have a whole new dimension, a new pedigree, a new entry in its dictionary entry. And the white caps and whiggers out there may never figure it out, but those in the know will no.

Mitsubishis. Nickname for the most potent brand of

Ecstasy, or MDMA, a drug popular in raves because it speeds you up, and lets you dance all night. It makes you lose your appetite, and affects your mood. Most say it makes them feel more in tune with other people. Others it makes anxious or even paranoid. The effects are strongest in the first two hours, but it stays in the body 2-4 days. The biggest danger is dehydration, when you dance and sweat and don't drink water to replace it (alcohol speeds dehydration). The tablets are often marked by three diamonds, in a spitting image of the Mitsubishi logo. Few not in on the joke appreciate the real meaning of those hypnotic Mitsubishi TV ads with the black and white format and the rushing-by images and the hip music. Other names for it are E's, Apples, Rhubarb and Custards, Doves, McDonalds, Playboys. Sometimes MDA or MDEA are sold as Ecstasy. Some say that overuse will lead to brain damage and mental health problems later in life. If a person wants to live late into life, that is.

In this school, Mitsubishis are for the least affluent, although their TV ads with the cool music rock and the black and white scenes of driving through a surrealistic world really rock. I'm talking about the cars. Dylan drives a BMW. Or is that Eric? Dylan. Old but it's the real thing. I have a Porsche. Good solid Nazi wheels, all. Made by good Jew slave labor, hee hee. I just thought, what would happen if Mitsubishi came out with the Mitsubishi Ecstasy. Most raves have a chill-out area in the front, for people who are getting into trouble. Anxious or paranoid. I saw Dylan once being led to the chill-out area by a bunch of self-appointed bouncers. I helped him chill-out, and drove him home. He went into a bout of deep depression, asking me to fuck him in the mouth with my German Luger. Passed down from my grandfather to my father to me, after he got it off a dead German in WWII somewhere in Italy. But that's another story. He meant he wanted me to kill him. I told him that if he wants to kill himself, why doesn't he take out a bunch of whiggers and white caps with him? "Ya!" he shouted. "Ya!" In his case, I should spell it with a J.

Duke Nukem. The first successful violent computer game, in which a foul-mouthed white vigilante rampages through Los Angeles strip clubs and alleys with guns and pipe

bombs, shooting everybody that pops up. To celebrate killings, Duke punts victims' heads through a goal post. Similar games: Doom, Quake, Dungeon Keeper, Tomb Raider.

I'd also put my phone number and ask chicks to call me for sex or a date. No, on second thought, nobody'd call except fags. I know because I already tried it, in a phone booth, and one did. He said he wanted to "take me out for a steak and then lick my dick". Oi! At least he liked me. Over the phone.

None of the chicks in this high school like me. The beautiful people, the beautiful pee-pal. Lucky I have a skinhead girlfriend, because I don't dig the gay life, like some of my pals. I don't care how much it stinks, I'd rather eat catfood than suck hot dog and have to worry about swallowing or spitting the cream sauce. You have to lower your nose so close to a dude's asshole. My dick is big and rock hard, and it rulez now. It's reserved exclusively for chicks. I love to have my skinhead chick suck it. She takes the bubble gum out of her mouth first, and carefully picks any lint or hair off it before going to work. She doesn't complain about my asshole. I heard chicks don't have as good a sense of smell as us guys. I never feel a tooth mark, and don't I just love the slurping and moaning noises she can make to turn me on. Imagine one dude grabbing another dude's butt cheeks and forcing his cock into his mouth harder. Then he cuts the cheese in his face. No thanks. Chicks don't fart. And we fart less when around them. And they can take it. Their sense of smell is less developed, so they can stand their own stink during their monthlies.

Funny. That's her name too. Monica. I pronounce it 'moan'-ica, not 'mon'-ica, and she doesn't correct me. We're buffalo robe lovers, because we often roam around naked except for our robes, and do it in public places when we think we can get away with it. Like perverts, flashers, only just for each other. That's real love. But then I also love to be sucked right out of my jeans, after she pulls the balls out so the skin won't get stuck in the zipper. Once she shaved my balls with shave cream and a Bic razor, then I shaved her cunt. When the hair started

growing back, it scratched like hell. Wouldn't recommend it. It took a pack of Bic razors actually. They will cut you if you don't replace them every few strokes. Damn sadistic Japs and their cutlery. They love to cut people up and make them bleed.

You know what real love is? Sitting behind me in the old antique bathtub in my parent's Victorian house, using a blackhead remover on my back. She swirls the hot water over a big blackhead, and uses the plunger to suck it dry, and shoot it out under the water. Sometimes it bleeds a little, but not from cutting, only the high pressure (it's all plastic). At least that's her words, "this is real love." Yes, it is. One day my back may be everclear, thanks to her. I can't do my own back, can I? At my age I have an oil problem with my pores, like most men. If I don't get stabbed in a mosh pit first. Then I'd have a scar.

I love doing 69 after getting out of the tub with her, on the old creaky bed. The old lady downstairs watches like a hawk for any signs of her sneaking up the back stairs, and humping her causes the bed to creak and give us away, but 69 doesn't. The sound of me lapping her clit and nibbling on her cunt lips never leaves the four walls and eight windows, anymore than the sounds of her slurping my cartilaginous hot dog and gulping the cream balls. Sometimes I have to tell her not to moan though. She lapses into it without reminders. I give her a little love slap.

Why does the entire business end of a cunt stick out from the back if not because it's made for cunny? Why does my entire lovestick curve upwards towards my belly if not so she can go down on it from the 69 position and fondle my nut bag as she uses her neck muscles to bob up and down and make it fall in love with her mouth? That's real love. Oi!

She is bi she tells me. I've never seen her do it with another girl, but she says she has, and that "it's okay compared to a boy, but stronger." That's real love, to tell me like it is like that. Maybe she'll do it with another woman while I watch and then let me join in. Could work. I've done it with Monica while Eric and Dylan did it with each other, in the same bed. It worked. They swallow, all

three of them. Like Herr Goering and his boyfriends. The obese motherfucker. Should have gotten some exercise, had a paper route or something. No, fathersucker. Vaterzucker. Heil! Zuck mein schwanz, esel! Suck my sausage, you jackass! Zuck or zug? I got a D in German. All Germans are sausage stuffers. Tell them that to make them blow up with rage. I should talk. I have a lot of German in me. I don't want to think about the rest. At least it's white. Dutch, actually. Same as German. The Party would accept it as Aryan.

Why do they say the Fourth Reich? Hitler had the Third Reich. The German Kaisers (Caesars) had the Second Reich. The First Reich was started by Charlemagne, way back in 800 A.D. It lasted until Napoleon, around 1806. A thousand-year Reich. That's what Hitler wanted too, but he didn't get it. Hitler pretended to be a Holy Roman Catholic, and the Church supported his regime, blessed his troops, looked the other way when he tried to finish the Jews off. Goering said the Reich would last ten thousand years. It lasted twelve. Yet they were more of a pagan cult, believing in mystic powers of life and death and eternity, and hence the power of pure will, straight from ancient Babylon, the mother of all such beliefs.

But then, the Aryans came out of that general area anyway, didn't they? The Roman Catholic Church married Babylon the Great early on, so that the Devil could subvert true Christianity from within -- lucky thing it worked so well. The Church helped keep the Jews down for almost two thousand years, God bless its soul.

So Hitler had it all figured out, and would have won had he not underestimated Amerika and its Jewish-influenced masses of ready-made race traitors. Clearly, the Fourth Reich must arise in Amerika, because if it doesn't take Amerika, it cannot last. Since the Jews, despite their influence, are only about three percent of the population, it should be possible, if a core of pure whites stays true, despite the race mixing pressure and the flood of muds into our borders. It's in the cards, the Fourth Reich, if we play our cards right. The white race will eventually wake up, just when the Jews and muds think they have won. Then they will make

up for lost time quickly, and clean their own house.

That rich chick in the designer jeans, she peeked at me and smiled, I swear it. Is it my buffalo robe or my handsome face or my cute butt? I always cut a small 'V' in my jeans leg, so you can peek at my snowy white underwear if you want, and see that I'm fastidiously clean. Helps to get chicks, I swear by it. That and stuffing a sock in your crotch. At least I send out the vibes that say I'm no fuckin' virgin wanting some chick to be my first. They all despite that. When I get old enough to live on my own, I'm going to get a penis enlargement operation. There's a doctor in Denver, many satisfied customers. Thicker and longer. Transplants fat into it somehow. Safe, no chance of cancer. When it comes to sexual sausage, fatter is better. Suck my good fat sausage, jackass. I want to stuff it in your mouth. Your bodily orifices. I'm a German sausage stuffer, see? It's in my genes. Dutch sausage. Deutsch. Weiss. Recht. I'm white and I'm right. Heil Hitler. Heil, heil, heil, heil, heil. Sieg heil. Hail victory.

The damn muds don't have to go to doctors. They are born with huge schlongs. All they think about are sex and crime. When they aren't dancing or playing basketball. They can't help themselves. They were born that way. A mud male without 8 girlfriends at the same time, including at least 1 white one, is a pee-wee freak. They have to breed like cockroaches to make up for all the deaths from crime at the other end of the conveyor belt. Pure evolution at work. When white or yellow people use their frontal lobes, it's just as if they are going dead as far as a mud is concerned. Time to pick their pocket or score on them.

A society based on people working with their frontal lobes would have no place for them. They're evolutionarily obsolete. But then, so is a cockroach. But there'll be cockroaches on this earth millions of years after humans are extinct. If only they'd stayed in Africa, where the animals could chase them around and gobble the super-breeders up to keep their numbers down. Now they have been let loose among us whites, and we are the ones chased around and gobbled up. If only I could get as much white pussy as a mud. Maybe

that's why I am prejudiced, hate them so much. Jealousy. And I accuse them of thinking with their penises.

No, it's more than that. They simply can't think higher thoughts at all. Abstract thoughts. Their genes are missing some cylinders. That leaves them free to think about sex all the time when they aren't thinking of larceny. Every stupid government program that promotes the muds and enhances their ability to breed totally fails to take account of that. The result will be a huge disaster. The Brits come over here and claim to be shocked by our 'racial problem'. That's funny. Give them a few more decades and they won't have to come over here. They'll have their own. It's not the problem of the whites, or of the muds. It's a problem of muds trying to live among whites and pretending they're equal partners. The shit will hit the fan. Splat. Man can't rule himself. That's the real problem. Ever since Hitler, the world has been living on borrowed time.

Oh for the good old days when Adolffy still had his chances. We wouldn't be overrun with mud races today. There's even some in this school. There won't be much longer, hee hee. We did the Indians, now we'll do you. And those damn jocks. White guys who degrade themselves to the level of the mud races, fraternize with them, treat them as equals. Over silly kids' games. Racial traitors. The mud races don't know any better, they never grow up, can never do anything adult or serious like whites can. The white jocks know better, but have sold out. Death to traitors. Eric and Dylan look so cute, so happy, as they suck each other's sausage in bunkbed style, 69 that is. I almost wish I had the guts to be gay. But I can't pass up pussy, no way. Different tastes in lunchmeat. Just the sight of a booty makes my mouth water. If only they didn't try to pussy whip you.

But if I was forced to shack up with another guy, and couldn't get pussy, I'd at least try to snack on cock, to get my rocks off and get by. I mean I'd let him snack on mine first, if he dared me, and only snack on his if he demanded it to pay for snacking on mine. I'm no chaste celibate, waiting to suck Christ off in paradise. This world is all there is. God is dead. Christ too. He won't

be around today. Never is, hee hee. Ask the Jews in Auschwitz, hee hee. Today work will make this school free, hee hee. I better stop before I break out laughing and give myself away. Everybody knows I don't talk to people now.

The chicks have left, and I didn't even see them leave. A bunch of jocks came in, and I didn't see that either. One of them is a mud. Oh Gawd, look at that apelike brain case. No superior intellect could fit into that cockroach's shell. What happened, nigger? God forget to give you a frontal lobe? Run and fetch me something, nigger, hee hee. Just stay away from our white women, ya hear? He didn't.

Sieg heil. Ja gut. I shouldn't be talking Deutsch way out here in the Wild West, should I? Eric and Dylan play cards sometimes during lunch hour, and throw the Nazi salute and shout "Heil!", and I swear the white kids don't know what they're saying. Today they won't be playing cards. Deutsch is pronounced "doitch", and that's why the Dutch people are really German. I'm a half Dutch boy whose ancestors came over and tamed the frontier. Adolf, Adolf Hitler, king of the wild frontier. Shot a gun off a grasshopper's knee, tamed his first coon before he was three. I heard once that he had relatives out here, Colorado or Wyoming. And even visited, travelled by train. He should have stayed. If he had converted the Amerikans, the Germans would have followed automatically. The Jews could never have converted the Amerikans and turned them into racial traitors if Adolf had started here, no matter how much money the Rothschilds had. (My dad was a racial traitor, going to Europe to kill his own race, while the Jews told them what to do and the niggers waited in the wings. He said he is sorry now, but at the time, was so brainwashed he thought it was the highest cause he could have given his life for.)

I wonder if he saw all the muds out in Denver and thought it hopeless. He probably didn't know how segregated Amerika is, how you see the muds when you're going through the train and bus stations, but once you're out in the white suburbs, you hardly ever spot one. Muds like to linger on the streets, that way they are ready to score a quick one on somebody, like they were bred to do in the jungle.

The muds like to huddle around train yards and stations. Get a job as a redcap. Like in that novel I just read, all is hazard, chance. The muds got a bad turn on the Wheel of Fortune. Blast it all. John Fowles, "The Magus", yes. Didn't read all of it, just the first three hundred pages. It was hard. French quotations all over. But I will finish it, this summer, when I have more time. By hazard. There are web sites that give the translations for you. Fowles is British like me, but he rulez. If he is a race traitor I will eat my shorts.

Did I say my shorts?

They're not perfectly clean, hee hee. He had this "Negro" come up suddenly in his novel. He spat in the white lead character's face. Good caption for the latter part of the 20th century. The Modern Library voted it the 93rd best novel of the century. All the more remarkable in that they hardly included any from the second half, other than this one. I bet that Negro turns out to have a huge cock. And the white women all suck it. They ripped the book off to make a Jewywood film a few years ago: "The Game", starring Michael Douglas and Sean Penn. Stole all of the book, even the part about waking up in a grave, according to the Fowles Fan Web Site. In the novel, it was a grove not a grave. Sick joke. Gave him no credit. Nil. Nada. None. And did he sue? I never heard. He'd probably lose anyway, since ideas can't be copyrighted, only their expressions. And if he won, the studio would claim they made zero profit, and he'd never collect a plug buffalo nickel.

How can a white woman suck a black cock? That's the most degrading, sickening thing I can imagine. Imagine a white woman wanting to get into Ike Turner's pants. Yet they're doing it, all over the place, judging from the web sites. Just thinking about it makes me hate and want to kill. If only the authorities would do it for me. They used to. It used to be illegal to mix races. Now it isn't. Only pedestrians are still considered a menace to society.

Take South Africa for instance. It was colonized by the Dutch, and they held out until the 1980s before the muds placed enough world pressure to make them crack. Most of it

from Amerika. Now what? The whites there can only stand so much before they do something desperate.

The authorities in Amerika are weakened by mud now, only a shadow of what they were even as recently as WWII. I wonder if they would be too dumb to shoot if we used mudders as human shields? Hmmp. Amerika is doomed to a muddy future. Muddy waters, very muddy. I hate mud. Like any bass fisherman. You feel a fish bite with your finger on the line, work your rod and reel and bring it in. After you get it on the boat, you club it so it won't jump back out. Amerika is plentifully stocked with good game of mudfish, hehe. If only the government would declare open season and pay for scalps and pelts like the good old days with the redskins. Not the current government. It's all racial traitors now. A few holdouts in the FBI, the military, the rank and file. The worst traitors are in the highest places. Makes me sick. Somebody should shoot them all.

Not the FBI. My dad is a retired FBI. I never give away his cover story, but I am proud of him. Eric would probably kill me if he knew. Dad's as racist as I am. J. Edgar Hoover was as racist as we are. He told me so. He told me not to express our views publicly because we're being watched and files are being kept. He even helped me get my education. That's what dads are for.

You can't publish anything against muds anymore, or in favor of our race, in major channels. You have to self-publish, vanity publish. They have the worst censorship now since Hitler. They don't burn books in big bonfires in the squares. It's more subtle, but just as sure. The entire publishing and entertainment establishment is run by Jews and race traitors, with a program to push race mixing on Amerika. If people won't do it voluntarily, they'll have the government use force one day. I hope that day never comes. I hope that if it does, I won't be here.

The human is the only species to have skin color differences. Clearly they make sense. Animals have pelt color differences, but the skin underneath is the same, and doesn't matter. That's why they're animals still. They can't evolve until they change like we did.

If they burn books, they'll soon be burning people. That was a line the Jews used to ridicule Nazis. They show a book bonfire scene, with Nazi banners, and then fade to a pit of smoldering starved Jew corpses. As if burning copies of Freud, Marx, Hegel, etc., to rid Germany of Marxism and Leninism, leads inevitably to it. Meanwhile they burn every copy of "Mein Kampf" they can get their hands on, along with all Nazi literature. And yes they are burning our people now, in the worst possible way. They are burning out the pure white blood lines through race mixing. It's time for some real fires, to purify those blood lines. Put a bounty on mud pelts, stack them up, pour the gasoline. Necklace the niggers, like they do to each other in Africa.

Funny how Hitler and Eva Braun were burned with gasoline after their suicides. In ashes we are all finally equal, even them. She wouldn't suck a black cock anymore than I would, Eva. How can they humiliate our race like that? One day Amerika will force very white person left to suck black cock at gunpoint, mark my words. Sing for your supper. No suckee, no food. This shit I just scarfed down will seem like Maine lobster with prime Angus beefsteak compared to the shit Amerikans will be forced to eat after the muds overrun the food supply and choke up the gene lines so there isn't enough high intelligence left to solve our problems anymore. Whites will become a minority, then ground down more viciously than they ever thought of doing to the muds. Muds don't bother with higher conscience, higher reasoning. Just point and shoot. Whites will have to suck their big black cocks to stay alive, and only so they can serve them as sex slaves.

Pelts. I wonder if Eric is really a descendant of John Jacob Astor the fur king like he claims? Said he traced out his genealogy on the Web using Mormon sites. Back in the 1700s, whites stuck together, worked for each other against the other races without question. None of this Jew bullshit about racial equality, or there not really being any races, all that scientific shit. People just knew. Race is. Astor arrived from Germany, cleaned this country's clock of wild pelts, and probably got his share of Indian savages too, and nobody complained. There were hardly any muds in

this country back then, just the nigger slaves in the South, picking shit. Pickaninnies they called them. You could shoot them like animals and it was nobody's business but your own, since they were your property. I'd like to visit the White House loaded for bear, and stick my face in the President's office, along with a full automatic.

Here's Johnny!

Well, I can't sit here forever with an empty tray. I do have a cookie left. Guess I'll stick it in my pocket and mosey out before the fun begins. Another good reason to move is that I just cut the cheese, and I don't want to be around when somebody smells it.

I never see Eric and Dylan in the cafeteria. I heard they like to eat under the stairs. I wonder if the cute chicks are standing outside the school. I don't tell people that I'm really 22. No I'm not. But I am 22 inside. An 18-year-old bod, a 22-year-old soul. Chicks who get to know me can't get enough of me. A slant-eyed chick even had a crush on me once. "Suck what?" said Yoko Ono to John, heheh. That's how she got those slanted eyes. From squinting, heh. I hate slant eyes. Like my dad. He had to fight them. He knows. The yellow peril. Just a matter of time. When the muds weaken us enough, they will swarm in.

I notice that I always cut the cheese in two phases. The first is right after I eat. My digestive enzymes don't work perfectly on the food, and that's what generates the quick gas that travels through my intestines at a hundred feet per second and cuts the first cheese. At least that gas isn't as foul-smelling, since its odor mainly comes from the residual shit lining my tubes as it rockets through on a free pass. A day later, the shit has moved all the way to the end, to the lower intestine, where it stacks up in the shit coil waiting to come out. Festering. That's how people get colon cancer. The shit contains every poison your system has extracted from the food and the air, festering.

The shit coil is right in front of your lower belly, right over your dick or pussy. The shit lies horizontally, right

across your belly, in a kind of pouch, waiting for you to evacuate it. Remember that next time you're having oral sex. I know because after I shit, I actually see a crease there, from the missing shit. That's why people in the Civil War who were shot in the belly knew they would die. I saw it on TV, how when they were shot they'd first rip their pants open to see. Dead corpses in the mud with their pants ripped open. No, they weren't checking to see if their balls had been shot off, hehe. Their shit was ruptured, and infected their blood. So they would die quick from infection in those days without antibiotics or even Listerine. Like that guy in the opening scene of the movie "Private Ryan". They showed his guts shot out, and how he was screaming one minute, frozen like a sick butcher's mould of hamburger in a display case the next.

So as the shit lies in the shit coil, it is free to fester slowly and emit puff after puff of gas, building up in the chamber there until it gains the necessary back pressure and blows out the tubes. The shit tube comes out the back. Back and down, like the workings under a sink. And this second phase gas is the most foul-smelling you can make. The really bad stuff. Ripe. That's why they call it cutting the cheese. Try eating shit and drinking piss for a sophisticated taste sensation. For the really, really rich.

I don't really know what speed the first phase gas travels through my tubes. I know somebody who could look it up for me. Maybe it goes a thousand miles an hour. No, that couldn't be right. That's faster than the speed of sound. You'd be ripped open with a sonic boom. How many feet in the intestinal tract anyway? Divine that by the amount of time taken and you get the speed in feet per second. Right now I just want to get out of this school, go home, and take a good shit. With the overhead fan on high.

I wonder if I should warn these animals. I could prevent this. I could get immunity, be a hero. Maybe get rich and famous. Richer. Five million for the rights to my exclusive ghost-written autobiography, like Monica Lewinsky. That's mon-ica, not moan-ica. Maybe get some top chicks. Models. Dump my chick like yesterday's shit. She'd understand. This is Amerika, the land of people on the

make. But then I love my race too much to stop this message from being sent today. The stupid white race, I never thought I'd say that. But they are. They are getting stupid. They have to be sent a message, woke up, have their bell rung. A massacre has a way about it. Kill the niggers and the jocks, and anybody who's on their side. The message will spread. The massacres will be many, from coast to coast. Whites will rise up and exterminate all the muds in a two week holocaust. Rubber tires and gasoline are God's gift to white man, hehe. Necklace them all. Add in the race traitors. Don't burn books, burn people, hehe. Bullets cost too much. They're just for the early stages. Then comes the gasoline and the fire. Thank you Satan! You alone are the one true God. You alone bring victory. I don't believe in God, but I believe in you. God won't preserve our white race.

Guess I'll empty my tray out and park it the same as always. Don't want to blow my cool, attract attention, do anything different. Soon these trays will be serving human body bits and blood to go, very soon. Look at the clock. Yes, very, very soon. Let's tighten that sphincter muscle and tippie-toe past the chicks without cutting any cheese.

What was that I heard? Me? No, the sweet sound of gunpowder doing its thing. Somewhere outside, judging from the sound. The dumb suckers in here didn't even recognize it. Don't know their school is being taken over while they moo like cows. I'm really going to shed a tear about them later. They don't want my ass, think it's not rich enough for them, stinks too much. I don't want theirs either, because I don't like dead rotting ass. Can't take it with 'em. It's I who are too good for them. Am too good. I yam alive.

It's a good day, moving right along. Rise and shine today, you have to get going if you want to be showing. Hum a few bars, suckers. You have -- let's see, hmmm -- maybe five minutes left. Have a nice life. I left you some nice surprises around the school, and one big surprise in the basement.

Chapter 11

Tuesday, April 20, 1999. 9:30 A.M.

I hate P.E. class, said Jack. All the jocks playing basketball with their pop-shot attitudes, all thick-skulled and thinking they're so god-damned tough. I'll show them fucking tough. Push me because I refuse to play, will ya? Oh, you're so, so tough... Just wait and see how tough I can be, faggots!

I always refuse to play with them, Jack said. I tell the coach my leg is sprained and fake a limp, so I get a safe spot on the sidelines, listening to my Discman and buzzing from the reefer I smoked before class. Oooh, don't wear out on me before class is over, said Jack. Sometimes the jocks tell me the teams are uneven and need me in, knowing all about my bullshit limping routine I throw at Coach Bratcher. I just laugh at them and say, "Yeah, right." And they don't understand why somebody could possibly not want to play sports. Imbeciles, I tell you, said Jack.

This big guy, Jake, really hates people who don't play sports and devote their entire lives to them. He thinks basketball is the greatest thing ever created in the history of mankind. Idiot. He is an 18-year-old junior and has a tattoo of Michael Jordan on his shoulder. Get that. A whigger with a tattoo of a nigger. I wonder if a nigger can get so black that tattoos don't show up. The artist fucked it up too, made him look like a bigger idiot than he already is.

Get those ears on Jordan. Looks like a fucking African elephant. He might as well have gotten a tattoo of Bob Saget's face with a heart around it. Fucking fag. Jack doesn't like Jake, said Jack. What's so important to racial evolution if a man can jump real high? So he can get fruit out of trees without a ladder? This is a reverse evolution, making a hero out of him, giving him big money to throw around, allowing him to breed like a cockroach.

Coach Bratcher won't let you on the basketball team if you have tattoos. He is a real uptight dick. Probably has an enlarged prostate and is impotent, if his big pot belly doesn't make it impossible to see or reach it. But I think it's funny in Jake's case. Just think, basketball is the whole point to his simple little life so he tattoos his basketball hero on his arm, and it keeps him off the team. Ha! What irony. Fucking loser. He takes the games in P.E. so seriously because he can't play on the school team. And if you fuck up his game, he'll kick your ass, Jack added.

Well, I always fuck up his game, but I don't give a shit about getting my ass kicked. Kicking my ass isn't going to kill me. However, kicking my ass might kill you. I hold grudges and don't take them lightly. I never get mad, I get even. That's the code of any mafia. On the court, I usually just stand there, not helping my team or anything, and just laugh at how serious the jocks take this game. They have no life at all. You got game, whigger? Get a life, I tell them. Are you a 7-foot nigger with size 21 shoes? Are you thinking of being drafted into the NBA right out of high school?

Sports are just an outlet to release their repressed homosexual desires. I swear all jocks are gay and just don't realize it. That's why they hang out naked in the shower together for five hours before every game, like the ancient Greeks. Fucking queers. Like Dick Buttkiss on NBC's "Hang Time". Should be "Hung Time". Now that's funny, Jack. Like Michael Du Cockkisser, the Democratic presidential candidate. The Democratic Party is where all the faggots like to hide, isn't it, asked Jack. Yes, Jack, it is, Jack replied. When Clinton moved into the White House, it became lesbianhomoland. Like "Hoop Dreams". Should be "Stoop Dreams". Stoop over and give me some booty.

Buzz is another kid who fucks up the basketball games in P.E. and pisses Jake off, but he doesn't come to class anymore. He is one of the Mormon kids (too many, but this hole used to be on the east-west plains route to their New Jerusalem in Salt Lake City) and started the Star Trek: Voyager Club two years ago. Your typical nerd. Well,

actually not. Most nerds are extremely smart and Buzz is a fucking retard. He hardly has the intelligence to tie his own shoes, even though he is white. If he wasn't such an annoying moron I'd feel sorry for the guy. Especially after what happened to him last month.

Coach Bratcher doesn't let anyone go to the bathroom during class. I'm responsible for this, actually, going every five minutes to take a hit from my dugout. But a month ago, Buzz really had to shit. You could see him squirming on the basketball court, holding his asshole shut, wishing the bell would ring, but Coach told him to hold it. And the stupid fucker was too scared to just ditch class and hit the toilet next door. I sure as hell would have, said Jack.

I don't know how he did it, but the pansy ass dropped a log in his own shorts, let it roll down his leg, and splat on the court. I was sitting on the sidelines listening to the Crucifucks when I saw it. Just lying there, and I swear there was steam coming off it. Those dumbass jocks didn't even notice, too into their homoerotic game. It had to have been sitting there for five or ten minutes before they realized the brown thing on the free-throw line was a piece of hot human shit.

They all stopped playing, staring at it like they found a dead baby in the woods. Well, except Jake. The thick-skulled motherfucker was too into his game, thinking that it was just his luck the court cleared. Going for an alley-oop, puckering his face with concentration and his Jordan tattoo gleaming against the gym lights, he plowed right onto Buzz's feces, sliding, smearing a foot-long line across the court, and tripping face-first into the pole.

I laughed my fucking ass off, just pointing at him to make him feel like an ass, and his friends were laughing at him too. I shouted, "You stepped in Buzz's shit!" Then he ran out of the gym, probably to cry like a bitch. Give the shit to the Democrats, and they'll either marry it, elect it to office, or fund a government program to recycle it, said Jack. Funny guy.

I shouldn't have told Jake whose shit it was, said Jack.

Buzz really got it the next day. Buzz and I are the only two who don't shower after P.E. class. I don't because I don't need to, and Buzz doesn't because he is scared.

Well, Jake got him back in the worst possible way. He didn't kick the kid's ass, like you would think. He grabbed him by the neck and stripped the clothes from him. His big jock friends helping, standing there naked with their disgusting circumcised schlongs exposed. They got Buzz completely nude, echoing screams and whines, and dragged him into the shower. I swear all jocks are gay and this proves my theory. The ancient Greeks were into nakedness, spas, jock sports, and were all fags. Imagine them forcing some religious Jew families to watch all day after they captured Jerusalem and desecrated their Holy of Holies. Alexander the Great kicked the Jews' butts. It is said that the Jewish priests showed him how their sacred writings predicted his rise hundreds of years earlier, and this baloney so impressed him he left Jerusalem standing. The boy conqueror had at least one other fault than lust for other boys: superstition. Weakness for the lies of priests.

That was the day that the white race lost the war to the Jews, but being so far back in time, few realize it, observed Jack sagely. Give the Jews a few centuries, Jack said, and they invent Jesus Christ, and totally mow the white race down with psychological warfare ever since. The American Revolt from Britain wasn't an accident. It was planned by the Jews to transplant an old system of government from Europe where they could use money to rule every white who had escaped their Rothschild rule there, then throw them at any white Europeans who tried to break free. Whites are the only race that doesn't think of itself as one. They think nothing of exterminating each other over silly dogmas and doctrines while the other races wait in the wings and laugh. Freedom: that's the one that is the current poison of choice. Whites will kill each other like vermin over the word freedom. Never mind that a world without whites isn't worth living in, no matter what the political system. Take this school for instance. There's maybe three black males in the student body, and every one of them has a choice white girlfriend, better than I or any

of my friends can get, Jack pined.

They're laughing at us, the blacks. They're brainwashing them from birth now. Sesame Street. Barney. Teletubbies. From Britain, yet. I once caught father listening to 60s classic rock, filled with blatant racemixing songs, stuff that makes me hate Britain more than anything. It was called the British Invasion back then. That song about black sugar, it being so nice or something. I like my sugar white, please. That nigger armpit odor is anything but sweet smelling, heh. Even deodorant won't kill it. They have the biggest laugh over getting themselves labelled as "minorities" when there's more blacks in Africa than whites in America and Britain. And look at the reproductive rate over in Africa. They breed like cockroaches when they get the chance. Everything from Africa does. Look at those African killer bees moving up from South America. They should never have brought those bees here. But then, it was probably just an accident, a fluke. Jack is sad.

The whites never should have brought the blacks over here to America. Even after they did, they should have sent them back to Africa. The costs would have been miniscule compared to the rewards. The American Civil War was planned and orchestrated by the Jews, setting white against white, as they played both ends against the middle, and destroyed the very principles the whites of four score and seven years earlier had fought for, in favor of a centralized dictatorship that manipulated the money supply to control everybody, as the Jesus Christ shit was poured down their throats to keep them from reorganizing along the lines of Alexander the Great and becoming great again, free of Jew rule. Meanwhile, the Jews feed whites from birth with racemixing propaganda, to destroy any remaining racial pride, confuse bloodlines, humiliate white males who have to see black cocks getting their white pussy. They then promote homosexuality, so white males will waste their seed, or get AIDS, and keep from reproducing. If this isn't stopped, all that will be left of the beautiful blonde white race will be those old statues of Alexander the Great. Oil of Olay won't turn mud skin white, hee hee.

Jesus Christ is never shown blonde and handsome and fit like

Alexander, or the Greek gods based on the white race. They left a lot of statues of them too. Zeus, Apollo, Poseidon, Mars. All pure white and blonde, sometimes brunette. But the cream of the white race in any case. Physical and mental specimens. Better than us Brits. The Jews would have gone nuts with jealousy, and worked overtime trying to end all that, subvert it, cover it up, make it passe. The Greeks believed in many gods, the Jews in only one. That was what made them different, even though they stole monotheism from the Zoroastrians. So, that became the point of attack. But Judaism couldn't itself recruit the whites, since it is the most racist religion in all history, used to justify murdering enemies in war while their God rode at the front of the troops in an Ark. So they needed an innovation, a son of God, a kind of renegade hippie punk skinhead Jew, like in a Tom Wolfe nonfiction book, with one foot in the gentile camp, who could be used to subvert "paganism", while the Jews themselves would be immune to conversion. Once converted to Christianity, teaching them to all become race traitors would be easy. "All are one in Christ". All except them, the Jews, because they rejected Christ supposedly, and exempted themselves from their own con game, said Jack.

Jack said... I don't know what Jack said, dammit. I need a toke on a roach about now. To clear my head. It's not that I'm addicted. I can quit anytime I want. I just don't want to quit. I want to keep high all the time. Especially today -- yes -- Jack said.

Jesus Christ is coming again. That's the dope that is the opiate of the masses, that keeps them down. How long can that Jew scam work? A thousand years? Two? Well, certainly not three. He was never here in the first place. He's a work of fiction. Even today, in the year 1999, when Jesus Christ hasn't come again, and by now you would think nobody would still be waiting, there's millions thinking he's coming next year. The more you try to blow that anti-life phantom out of your mind, the more space he finds to come back. More people should read Nietzsche. Madalyn Murray O'Hair. Nietzsche was right. I want to meet God so I can stick a dildo up Her transvestive ass and fuck that Jesus Christ shit out of Her. She jacked off on a rock and

had the human race, said Jack.

Christ was a transvestite too. His disciples were fags, and he kept them like a harem. They smoked magic mushrooms and he took them for walks on the wild side, in homosexual orgies that went on for days. They squirted so much semen they were literally walking on water, and turning water into wine, and feeding multitudes with their fish and buns. It's this secret that is behind the Greek Orthodox branch of the faith. What goes on in those Greek monasteries would make a skunk puke and a rat run. They hold young boys down in underground rooms of stone, and smack them with their boners, said Jack.

Hermaphrodite I mean. God. She is a hermaphrodite, and has a cock and a pussy at the same time, so She can fuck Herself. She jacked off on a rock and had the human race. Jesus Christ was Her only begotten Son. And look how he turned out. No wonder She had Herself fixed, and never had any more kids. She made Jesus suck Her dick and eat Her cunt, said Jack. Right. What a smell. The white flakes fell to earth as manna from heaven for the Jews to eat, Jack said.

Tom Wolfe. "The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test." What was that passage about Zoroaster, how he had his great illumination while high on some kind of sacred water? Haoma water. Same as soma, the great ancient drug of the original Aryans, the ones that came over the passes of what is now Afghanistan southward into the rich Indian subcontinent, around 1500 B.C., about the same time as Moses was supposedly starting the Bible. The word Arya means noble or hospitable, probably both at the same time. From the start they had to fight the indigenous mud people, the ones that to this day are purest in the south, and speak Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam, and shit like that. The Aryans kicked the shit out of the muds, proved their superiority, and got high on soma. They even devoted much of their sacred writings (Rig and Sama Vedas) to its praise. It was supposedly some kind of golden liquid, added Jack.

Now that Wolfe is a fairy if there ever was one. That silly suit and tie. Yet he's as Aryan as I am. Probably of

German extraction, not British. The original stock in Britain were curious gnomes that were no match for the invading Germanic tribes. You still see purer throwbacks, particularly in Wales. Tom Jones. Richard Burton had a touch. Boy were his legs skinny, in that Cleopatra movie. We all watched it on American Movie Channel a few Sundays ago. Had a bitchin' discussion, Jack said.

For some reason the Hindus quit using soma, and today the debate continues as to what it really was. Some think it was the mushroom Amanita muscaria (fly agaric). Others think it was Peganum harmala (Syrian rue). Others think it was simply alcohol.

The fly agaric theory makes sense. As the Aryans moved south into the Indus Valley, they left behind the prime habitats for Amanita muscaria, namely, woodlands, where it forms a symbiotic or "mycorrhizal" relationship with trees such as birch or pine. Birch trees are seldom seen on the hot Indian plains. They are restricted to fairly high elevations. That explains why they quit using it, said Jack.

The urine of somebody intoxicated on Amanita muscaria is also intoxicating (the liver only detoxifies about 15% of it), and that's why many fly agaric eaters are also urine drinkers. Not only that, but they chain-drink, one person drinking the urine of the next, up to five or six deep before the urine is no longer intoxicating. This practice is still seen in Siberia. The Hindu word amrita means water of life, and the Greeks stole it in the form ambrosia, the nectar of the gods, the golden shower. Mortals who eat it become immortal, said Jack. Is that why the Brits still love their steak and kidney pie, with a touch of the ole yeller piss stuff left on it, asked Jack.

The Christians stole more than that. Ask John Allegro, author of "The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross", a gas of a book. Confirmed my anti-Christian stance. We passed it around in Church of England choirboy practice. That church is so dead now they list the deceased as active to save face, said Jack. I pass it around at BRM meetings now. It's a paperback. Too deep for most of them, except maybe

Eric. He is into religious studies, Jack said.

Speaking of saving face.

They held Buzz down in the shower room. One sat on Buzz's gut with his bare hairy ass too close to his little dick, and Jake began smacking the crying kid with his boner. You could hear the clapping noises all the way to the back of the locker room, to where Coach Bratcher's office was. The dickhole knew what was going on, pretending he didn't notice. I heard he was a Roman Catholic, and hates Mormons. All Christians really hate each other, and live in constant tension, mouthing words of love and peace. That's why it will all ultimately die. Hate will finally win. It's a natural emotion, the basis of self-preservation.

I bet Jake beat off on the Buzz's face too. I didn't see him do it, but you know that homo did, or at least wanted to. If it was me, I would've bit the fucker's nuts off, then spit 'em in his face. On second thought, not. I'm not even the tiniest bit homo, and I don't want no nuts in my mouth, even for hate's sake. No, not me. I just can't even imagine what two faggots do with each other, and I don't even want to know. Buzz just cried, red marks all over his face from repeated penis-thwappings. It must've scarred him for life. Poor little fucker. He'll go gay now for sure. Like Bruce Vilanch, said Jack, off.

A penis doesn't really have a bone in it, just cartilage. Still, once tumescent, it can become as hard as if it did. I studied a little physics and when they got to the principles of hydraulics I brought this up, asking for the appropriate equations, and was sent to the principal's office, yeh. The science teacher got back at me for being an anarchist. He's a big man in the local Christian church, I forget which sect. He obviously doesn't know shit about science, else he'd be doing it instead of teaching it. Probably tried, and failed. I know for a fact that the average teacher's salary in this state is thirty-seven thousand dollars. That's what blue collar workers make. They can't even afford to live in the neighborhood they work in, Jack chuckled. The touch, the feel of cotton, the fabric of their lives. No wool, no buffalo robes. No

sheepskin seat covers in their BMWs and Porsches. I mean in their Toyotas and Hyundais.

A dick is much harder than any mushroom. Otherwise we'd have millions of mushroomsuckers running around after every rain, said Jack. Imagine sucking the cock of somebody who had just taken Amanita and then drinking his urine, said Jack. Freakin' Jesus and his twelve disciples, said Jack. I am the water and the life, said Jack. I am the resurrection, said Jack. Enough, Jack, enough. Piss on you, Jack. Calm down, I'm just trying to help you, said Jack. I'm outta here.

Science and information professionals make fifty, sixty, on up. Bill Gates makes more than that in interest in a second probably. He'll die today. I have a deal with Eric. I'll get back at him. Probably has prostrate problems and can't even raise the flag without Viagra, and can only afford one or two doses a month, yeh. He has what Bob Dole calls E.D. Erectile dysfunction. Limp dick syndrome, LDS. The name the Mormons give themselves. The Church of Jesus Christ of LDS, yeh. Christianity is anti-sex, said Jack offly awfully offally oafly ovulately ovably overly Annie Oakley. It saps sexual energy. Call the whole stinking religion LDS and be honest about it.

Jake had to get me back too. "Nobody laughs at me," he said between classes a few weeks ago. My reply was another laugh, and I said to him, "You're such a fucking queer. Why didn't you rape Buzz in the asshole too?"

He punched me after that. Felt like he broke my nose. Blood sprayed all the way to my knees. But I didn't throw back. Instead, I laughed louder, called him a pussy faggot, and he hit me a few times more. It hurt like a motherfucker later that day, but testosterone held it back for awhile. Security didn't break it up. They never do, the lazy asshole. He always just smokes cigarettes in the parking lot, explaining to the vice principal that he is looking for ditchers. I joined the BRM at first to get a bodyguard, just like in that movie with Chris Makepeace. I told them all later and they put him on our hit list. Jake the Snake will Bake, predicted Jack sternly and stoutly and studly and

stupidly and stupendously and stuporously and steadily and strenuously and studiously. As BRM, we don't talk to anybody at school now, but before, I was still known to wise-off occasionally, and got beat-up often.

The blood stained the sidewalk quick, while Jake gave me his pathetic evil eye. I gurgled through blood which leaked into my mouth, saying, "Why don't you just kill me? Then you can go to jail and butt-rape all the people you want forever."

Jake gave me another evil eye with that. He said, "Maybe I will." Then he walked away like he just scared me out of my wits. But I screamed, "Oh, noooo!" and laughed some more. Still, it was after this that I joined up with the BRM, out of a sort of need for protection, like I said. That, and the fact that they were the place for outcasts to go. And the fact that they are solidly white supremacist and most are into Satanism and free sex. Birds of a feather fuck together. At that time there were one or two fairly fuckable-looking chicks in the clique, and they would put out if you begged long enough. But you better be ready to rumble, and ball them hard and long, or they'll emasculate you forever, turn you gay. That was before Eric and Dylan joined up, and scared the chicks off, sighed Jack Off. One of them even got a chick girlfriend until she figured out he was using her to pass. Imagine that, an outcast trying to pass.

Another thing we did in the BRM was enjoy music, Oi! music. Oi! was a progression from punk, for skinheads who emerged after the two-tone ska revival, but wanted a harder edge of music. Oi! was the street level music for skinheads, never chart material and often too right (or left) wing for general acceptance. Still Oi! was never about rock and roll fame trips, or about making money with copyrighted discs (the record companies wouldn't consider it). Oi! fans were too young to remember their grandparents' 1969-daze so this was their skinhead music in the post-punk 80s and 90s. Oi! promotes skinhead pride and passion, and slams slacker anarchistic scruffy punks. (A skinhead takes pride in his appearance even if he looks a scruff to his mum.)

It was a brilliant move to combine skinhead with buffalo robe in one statement. I think it was Eric's idea. From no hair to total hair in one head's length. This was his only really genius idea. It's Dylan who is BRM's genius. Eric is its Fuehrer, its madman, the fledgling up-and-coming boss, the one who makes us dangerous. Being our newest members, they started as outcasts, but soon started making their move and gaining support. He and Dylan even took to growing hair after that, to show rank in the organization. Like some multi-star generals do in the army. Alexander the Great was a faggot, he always tells us. Oi!

I keep my buffalo robe in my locker during P.E. It gets all grubby if I sweat too much in it, and I don't like that. Not after paying a thousand bucks for it. Okay, the money is nothing, but I hate dirt and odor. Hate it. I use two different brands of deodorant, and three kinds of expensive soap ever day. I hate body stench. I once -- or more like a hundred times -- caught myself sniffing the smegma off my fingers after jacking off. This must be how blokes go gay. It smells like cheese, but there's something else -- sex hormones, pheromones. It becomes an acquired habit, nasty at first, then life just isn't quite so good without it I guess. Like beer. Maybe that's why jocks have to have pizza with their beer. I don't want to become a faggot, so I stop the problem at the source, with hygiene. Soap eliminates smegma completely, along with sweat and other bodily odors. With buffalo robes, this is a real test.

It's fucking punk rock plus plus to wear robes as a uniform, a statement of membership in an elite group. After all, what does everybody else wear? Leather jackets? Trenchcoats? Jeans? At a thousand dollars each, they can only dream of a buffalo robe, ha! If it's such a game, why does it seem so real? Like Monopoly, our American system is built on greed.

Punk is all about being different and buffalo robes are about as different as you can get. Imagine the blood of the wretched skinned buffalo, as we steal its coat. Sid Vicious would've been proud. There I go again, showing too much respect for my rich old sire. He is from Britain, and was a punk rocker himself, before he went American, legit, and

made his first million in Micro\$oft stock. They don't have buffaloes in Britain. They call them bison anyway. The junkie died anyway. Fuck him. He never heard of Oi! Vicious that is. Skrewdriver, Combat84, The Opressed, The Last Resort, The Crucifucks.

So I lied when I said I was a Brit. I know when I'm talking to you, Caul, you know all truth, so I guess I was lying to myself. I'm an American, and wouldn't hesitate to take up arms against the Brits at the drop of a bowler. America is for people trying to escape their heritage, and mine is one of the worst to have to escape from. Especially when I have to keep using the language, added Jack.

I lied. When I said I can't imagine what gays do with each other. I have had many dreams and fantasies of handling another boy's erect cock, and sniffing the smegma off my fingers. I can imagine putting it in my mouth, and enjoying it, with the right boy. I can imagine screwing his mouth, and doing the 69, as long as he was completely clean and washed, and used deodorants. I can't imagine fucking butt. That's nasty. What do they do after? Suck the shit off each other's dicks? Disgusting. That's too much. When they do that they might as well go back to being hetero. It makes me think I'm fucking going out of my mind. Why don't the damn dreams ever stop? That's why I hate jocks so much. They feed the dreams.

There, standing exposed in the locker room, in the showers. So white, some of them. So fair, as they say in Britain. Britain is known for its fags in the upper classes, "the hundred thousand scum that float on top". Punks, skinheads, all started in Britain. So, I can see why I hate fags so much. It's the only way to keep from becoming one. Maybe if the white race woke up, threw the Jews and Jesus Christ out, returned to the principles of ancient Greece, and reconquered the world in the name of the white race with a new Alexander, then being gay would be alright, and I could try it. In a Greek bath, starting with a young boy, taking his cock in hand, and then into my mouth. Why shouldn't every boy please a man, who fought to give him a world where it was safe to be white? After I was a fifty-something decorated general who had tired of pussy.

It's the Jews who pervert men into thinking they don't even want pussy, that being gay is a "lifestyle" and other shit. I wonder if even the Greeks turned gay until they had passed through Jewland and got their boom-boxes spun a few times. At least white men owned white pussy without question back then, and could always get all they wanted. Wasn't that sick the way O.J. Simpson the nawhite (nigger accepted as white) would grab blonde Nicole's crotch in front of white men and say "that's mine"? Someone should necklace that nigger, or cut his throat from ear to ear and stuff his dick and balls in his slit. But the Jews would hunt his killer down and make a spectacle of dehumanizing him. This is now, that was then. Tomorrow is still up for grabs. The Jews too shall pass. White men will control white pussy again, and keep it pregnant with white babies. Ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths pure, like Ivory soap. Then the gay stuff in its place would be safe to try. A real clean bath. Some chance, seeing how my race can't ever get it together, instead being set against itself at will like fools. Not that I ever take a bath in Ivory. It dries my skin out too much. I prefer Dove, a moisturizer bar.

Curious how anti-Nazi Britain was, when the ruling family of Britain were Germans, and together they could have ruled the world and the waves. Chalk it up to Jewish money. Rothschild. They pulled too many people's strings behind the scenes, made it impossible for them to support Hitler without being ruined. It was easier to go along with the program to beg America to join in against Hitler, and finance the war with their overseas money, while the Brits pretended to be poverty-stricken victims, suffering the V-2 rockets and other bullshit. Hitler should have invaded Britain when he had the chance, but he actually believed his own dogma in "Mein Kampf", that Britain and Germany should share the new world order together, the former's sea power with the latter's land power. They should have, but only after he invaded and chased the Rothschild types out. Probably would have fled to America, to join the Rockefellers. Oi! Slam dunk.

What did Baron von Rothschild say once? The time to buy is when blood is running in the streets.

John D. Rockefeller: The combination is here to stay.
Individualism has gone, never to return.

Oi!

I think all the punk, skinhead, and other dropout movements are really a disguised reaction to British failure to help their German brothers in WWII and shame at their parents selling them -- and Britain -- out. Sure they didn't love seeing Germans kicking the Frogs' butts out of France, smashing the Pollocks and Slavs. But what do I know? I'm no widely-read historian, like Hitler was. I get most of my history lessons out of my music, sung Jack. Like Skrewdriver.

Skrewdriver was the premier Oi! band of the late 80s and early 90s. A right wing white power message was increasingly present in their songs as they developed, making them one of the most controversial bands ever. Trouble is, you still can't buy their records in the shops. They are banned. Linked to the Blood and Honour Movement. The end came for them in 1993 when the lead singer Ian Stuart and a friend Bo both died in a car accident. Still, be you left or right wing you can't deny the strength of the songs or the passion of the band and its followers. Who was behind that accident, and made it look like an accident? There's no accidental death. Somebody had fun, said Jack.

They died. We all die. Everybody dies. Everybody now living will one day be dead. The rest is style, flair, technique, statement. Life is meaningless. Death is its meaning. You give the meaning to somebody else, or they will give it to you first. Last rat standing after the rat fight gets to fuck his brains out, said Jack.

Actually, I like the Crucifucks better than anything. I am listening to them right now, sitting here in P.E. with nothing else to do. Only one problem. Coach Bratcher saw me walking without my limp before class, and said he'd fail me if I didn't play today. But fuck him. There won't be any Coach Bratcher by tomorrow. Or Jake, or Brad, or Harley, or Isiah (a mud). Or Buzz (sorry, Buzz, but you're

too weak).

I promote the Crucifucks in an AOL chat room called "Oi! The Room." They are a fucking awesome band. Dylan and Eric like the message the band sends, but they hate the music. They are more into bands like Rammstein. And KMFDM (Kein Mitleid fur die Mehrheit), whose name translated is "No Pity for the Majority." Formed in France, headquartered in Germany, their "industrial" sound is influenced by the cold clanging sounds of factory floors, and their lyrics question life's meaning with images of violent resistance to the status quo and intense self-loathing. I dig on the message, but hate the music. Go figure. And dig this. They broke up in January. Their last CD, called "Adios", is scheduled for release today. If they only knew. Fuck Sascha Konietzko. He moved to Amerika. Chicago, Seattle.

But where we really disagree is in this "Gothic" or "Goth" shit, and bands like Marilyn Manson, Bauhaus, Sisters of Mercy, Death in June. I hate those faggot bands with a passion, and so do some other BRM members. Call it our biggest internal division. I guess we are in the minority, right now, but we're strong. I'd like to strangle Marilyn Manson with an enema bag and spew her filthy guts all over some Mormon temple. Sometimes those two guys piss me off, especially with their faggot Goth shit. Fingernail polish, pancake makeup, etc. They try to justify it by quoting Edgar Allen Poe. Who are they kidding? He didn't dress like a TV or a fairy. He didn't suck disgusting schlongs.

I hate fags, so I can't call Dylan and Eric friends. But then, the BRM is founded on hate, so more power to us all. I'll never call them Fuehrer. More like acquaintances. No, business partners. I like that. I respect them for some reasons. They have guts and good ideas, really good ideas, so that somewhat makes up for them being gay and disgusting me with kissy-facing and other faggot shit right in my presence. If they ever pull their dicks out hard in front of me, I might be tempted to pull a 9 MM and shoot them off. Bet Hitler would've put 'em both to death. Unless they were high-up in the Party, probably. There's a sign outside of L.A. that reads: "AIDS kills fags dead," and I think it's funny. Can't help myself. Sorry, comrades, but when the

pigs have you backed in a corner, don't call on me, call for AIDS. We all hate and want to kill. That's what makes us the BRM. Our parents raised us all wrong, yeh, it's all their fault not ours. So one day I'll kill mine. And yours too if you'll let me. Oi! And it will be as funny as hell.

Funny. Laughing. We BRM blokes have one well-developed sense of humour. I'm screaming out the words to a Crucifucks anthem called "Laws Against Laughing", my voice hidden under the pounding of the basketballs and the scampering of jock feet, miming without moving my lips much (I'm no toothpick size yellow-dick Jap faggot in a bar doing that karaoke shit.)

The lyrics are about how it's funny that some friends blew a factory up, for instance.

Blew up a factory. Funny. With a thousand people in it. How about a school? They treat us like products in a factory, molding us into good little future Micro\$oft employees. None of us in the BRM will touch a Microslop product even after we pirate it. It's full of hidden psychological warfare subroutines to make you into a good little Micro\$oft consumer. Scarred for life. Never mind about all the bugs, or that a competitor has a superior product. Transfer your tiny wallet into Micro\$oft's humongous bank account, Enter. All software should be free, and the source code open. My backpack is behind me, all heavy and loaded up with goodies. I have to keep them safe and still or they might not go off. I already banged 'em up on the drive over here. Arrived drenched in sweat. Had to take a shower before gym class, and another one after. Not really. I'll just pretend I'm going to take a shower after.

Blew up a factory. Start all over again. Sing it. "Start all over again. Start. All over again." Doris Day or somebody.

That reminds me of more Crucifucks lyrics. About how it would be funny to make some homemade bombs. Everything about hate is funny with them. I love the Crucifucks. No, I hate them. They make me wanna fight and blow the shit out of all these jock homos right here. Just kill and kill.

Like basketball players just shoot and shoot. And laugh because it's funny. What's the difference?

I skip to track twenty-four on my Discman, fast-forward to the crazy-shrieking vocalist's monologue near the end, with screeching, chaotic guitar distortion adding punctuation to his lyrics. The lyrics are about how the Native Americans and the wild animals will outlast this shithole that some people call civilization.

Shithole, yeh. We whiteys stole it from the Indians, then tried to destroy the evidence by turning it into a shithole. Compared to jocks, Indians look good. This one is for them. Hate will have its day. Hate will find a way.

Not that I like calling them Native Americans like Crucifuck does. We whites are the true native Americans. The mud races were just babysitting it for us until we needed it. Christopher Columbus called them Indians because he thought he had found a sea route to India. He was a fool in some ways, but smart in others. I saw his portrait once. Very blonde, almost Nordic. He might have been Nordic. He wasn't even Italian I heard. Not a drop of the swarthy Mediterranean race in him. Pure Nordic. But then there's a lot of Nordic Italians in the north, probably left over from some Germanic invasion in the days of the Roman Empire. He began exterminating the muds as soon as he got over there, like any true Aryan would, and making way for his own kind to immigrate and take over. It took from 1492 to 1892 to finish the job. How did he know that by 1992 his own race would be looking extermination in the eye, every time they turned on the telly or went to the cinema? He left this land to us. It's our land now to lose.

Is it hate we preach or love? How can you love your own kind without hating those who aren't of that kind? You have to make your stand, either hate or love, or both, but nobody can be neutral, or they're dead, said Jack. Like the Indians.

We whites are in many ways the new Indians, being systematically exterminated in our own land, without raising a finger to defend ourselves. I need to think about that

some more. There's something to that. I can bring it up at our next BRM meeting. If there is one, after the plan goes down, and we shake the world. Maybe our next meeting will be in prison. Maybe I will be turned into a faggot there at knifepoint, like in the stories. Not if I can stay with my buddies, stick together, fight together. Prison isn't so bad compared to the shithole called civilization. It's not really white man's civilization anymore, is it? Oi!

The one hope I've had recently is Bill Gates. He is as white as I am, and he has somehow found out how to become richer than any Jew in history. If he would just come out as our messiah, and use his power and wealth to aid our cause. He lives in the right place, the great northwest, home of the hardest core white supremacists left. He married white, had white kids. He is living proof that the white race should rule. Of course he is a businessman, and an organization man. His corporation has all kinds of policies favorable to homosexuals, racemixers, and so on, but then it has to get along with the government or they will shut it down and the money will stop pouring in. I'm sure he knows good and well that it's the whites in his company that make it great. This is the hope I have, the reason I want to stop this coverup, send a message. I hope he gets it. I don't want to make it explicit, because our enemies would pick up on it and then try to neutralize him, assassinate him maybe. It has to be subtle, and he is supposed to be the smartest person in the world. So here's to you, Bill. The shot heard round the world, or at least as far as Seattle. Our movement is so tired of being underfunded. I sure put up a good act, slamming Micro\$oft and all, yeh. O Bill One Can O Be, you are our only hope. Can Obey. Can O'Beans. Can Hope Be. That's better. You started out as Annakin Cyberwalker, now assume your destiny by our side. Not that that Star Wars crap is not anti-white like everything else Jewywood and Jew York produce and promote, including Star Trek. It is actually filmed in Britain, dammit all. No, I take it back. George Lucas started it out pure white, but Jewywood got to him later and made him put in token muds. But he's clearly on our team, not theirs, when it comes to race. If he can get by with it.

Come to think of it, Eric and Dylan are way ahead of me. They already know the white race is being threatened with Indianization. That's why they are going to wake them up today, by letting them see a glimpse of themselves as, not Indians, but buffalo. Then maybe the blinders will come off, yeh.

And come to think of it, nobody knows what Bill Gates believes. He is so adept at saying nothing to offend anyone. The secret of his business success. Who can knock it? Once he wants to become politically active, he can retire from business. If he turns out to be a race traitor, though, that could be the final blow. He has the money to turn World War III either way, especially if it's close. Not just with money, but with the power of information technology. WWII will be about race, I know that. Even then, he only has 40 percent of the stock. Who has the other 60 percent? Jews are good at getting whites to cancel each other out, and rule them as surely as if they were their zombies. If Bill comes out for the white race, then the Jews will turn the other Micro\$oft millionaires against him, and neutralize him. I hope not. I have to have hope. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. What time is it anyway?

Bill Gates. Imagine if he were a nigger. A faggot nigger, with a squeaky high falsetto voice, like Michael Jackson or Little Richard. "Money honey, bop shewop. If you want some money, come along with me!"

Jack? Jack has no rhythm. Indians, red men, yellow men, they all have no rhythm. That terrible Indian fire dance shit with the drums. That disgusting Chinese shit with the flutey noises. The Japs copied the Chinks, and there's no improvement. The Vietnamese too. The browns have that terrible mariachi shit. But they also got salsa. Probably because they have some black in them. Got to hand it to the blacks, they at least have rhythm. That's why the Hindu music isn't half bad. When we exterminate the nigger coons in Amerika we'll save the top 500 entertainers. After we clip their bags with removeable staples so they don't spread their nigger goop around without our permission, said Jack. That's mighty white of you Jack. And don't forget to save a

few athletes for weekend sportscasts, said Jack.

Not that most white jocks aren't as racist as I am. Awhile back a cute white chick came into the weight room with us. She wanted to listen to rap music, but the jocks had some '70s oldies rock station on, mainly white groups like the Bee Gees. When she kept bugging them, they called her a nigger lover, and suggested that she start having sex with niggers, and how it would feel to have a big black cock in her various orifices. They told her that they call it hip-hop because that's the sound niggers make as they're being dragged behind pickup trucks on chains. She reported them to the authorities, caused a stink. They denied her allegations, we backed them up with the code of silence, and the matter was dropped. It's just a matter of time before the jocks use a date rape drug on her, teach her to like it white. That's their right, as long as the nigs don't have her in their grip too hard.

She looks like a bleached blonde reject from a Brady Bunch remake casting call. Name's Dolly. Kind of pretty, but when she starts getting middle age spread her face will spread with it. Smells wonderful too. I got a whiff, I know. I like it but that doesn't make me want to marry it. A nigger would, in order to give her a brood of mulattoes, then abandon her and get her to sneak him some of her welfare checks. I'd like to turn her into a BRM chick, sucking my dick and taking it up her slick. I have enough meat to please a white woman, as long as she hasn't really had and enjoyed it black first. One time some spic mud left a graffiti on the weight room wall. It said "carne dura". It took awhile, but we found out that it means "hard meat". We can't decide if this was an insult to us whites, or a simple case of self promotion. I hope he wasn't just talking about muscles. Mine aren't big, but they are hard. And lean. I once saw a sign on a Mexican restaurant that said "carne asada". That means roast beef I think. I want to go in there, order some carne dura from some Mexican chick, and see what she does. If she says she doesn't have any I'll tell her that I do.

The Brady Bunch. Back in the days when pure white was legal on TV, and you could still go all day without seeing a mud.

If only they knew the coming horror. Pretty soon the nigs will be demanding that every new network TV show star a nig. At least they gave up trying to demand that nigs graduate at the top of their classes academically. That shit hit the fan when the valedictorians couldn't read their own diplomas. Everywhere they are in competition with others, they sink right to the bottom. Except sex with our white chicks, and sports, music. Anything using the body instead of the mind. Face it, racial equality has an insurmountable obstacle called racial reality.

Checking my watch... Time to go. I take my bag. Heavy but I have the strength to avoid suspicion that I am carrying something other than school books and notebooks. I leave. Coach Bratcher doesn't bother to notice. He is just looking for me to forget to limp. Limp dick syndrome. Can you imagine Jesus Christ faking a limp to get out of Greek gymnasium practice? Or faking a limp dick to get out of the bathhouse fun? I guess I been playing Jesus Christ and didn't realize it until now, yeh. Worked for him, worked for me. Stupid Jew bastard. "Pardon me, haven't we met?" Son of man: flaccid. Son of God: erect.

Yes, P.E. period is over, but the jocks always hang around a few more minutes. They don't want to leave. So I get to the shower room first, naturally. Everybody expects that. I am responsible for this side of the school, fixing it up so the jock fucks who play basketball at lunchtime will all go to pieces, their faggot dicks blown into shit along with their entire faggot bodies. This is not Disneyland, fuckers! This is Indian land! And you're the buffalo!

I set the timers and put a few pipe bombs in the vacant lockers -- open, but hidden above the frame. We got the timers at Radio Shack. Not at all difficult. All you need for a pipe bomb is a metal tube, gun powder, and a strong seal on both ends. And a lot of practice, and nerves, but hate smoothes them and soothes them, take it from a veteran. We assemble in Dylan's garage, right under his parents' noses. Dysfunctional family. Like all of us. We don't have anything to live for. I don't want to cry right here in the gym in front of jocks. However, most pipes are thick lead. You want them to be as thin as you can get, so the

explosion will throw millions of tiny pieces of shrapnel rather than large chunks. Eric refused my requests to scrape the pipes thinner. He said we didn't have enough time if we were to make the correct date, April 20 (Hitler's birthday), and to just pack nails, broken glass and BBs around them. Fuck him though. Sure, it's Hitler's birthday, but it's also Marijuana Day. I should be in my car, toking a spliff right now, not playing Jim Phelps. He said the bombs might not be as strong, but they're still going to blow away a hell of a lot of jocks' dicks off. He said, "Sooner's better, right?" And I agreed. I have to honor my word, don't I?

After my presents are taped into place, I'll head out of the building, into my car, and off to the rendezvous point, lip-synching the end of the Crucifucks' monologue out loud, even though I'm not playing my Discman anymore, so people will be sure to ignore me. Curious how the more you try to attract attention to yourself, the more people don't see you. Today, I'm God. My will be done on earth as it is in Hell. Here, listen to a few bars...

Didn't I tell you they had classical chops? Like the Leonard Bernstein score for West Side Story? I hope not. They don't. Crucifuck this whole damn school and its whole damn student body, Jack said. Today is the first day of the rest of your life. In Hell. As rich as you all are now, soon you will be too poor even to pay attention, said Jack Schitt. Jack Schitt Wilson.

Chapter 12

(Flashback. A group of students at Harlow High School in 1997 start a clique, which is at first popular, then ostracized. Wearing trenchcoats to school, they become known as the Trenchcoat Mafia, until the start of the 1999 school year, when Eric and Dylan join, and they switch to buffalo robes. A sample of their activities from 1997 until the start of their shooting spree in 1999: buying buffalo robes, attempts to buy guns, visits to wilderness areas,

computer and Internet experiences, parental experiences.)

"Come in! Join the party! There's some chips on the table."

"Throw another shrimp on the barbie, mate!"

Chapter 13

"Stretch for excellence!"

"Pretty girls aren't usually into that stuff!"

"Where's the hidden camera?"

"My phone's breaking up. Anybody got a spare battery?"

What's up with me this spring? As if you all wanted to know but I am going to tell you anyways.

"Anybody got any Tums? I got heartburn."

Teaching myself Spanish, yahoo. I hope to have mastered the art of small sentences before I take my Mexican holiday this summer. Cancun plus the Yucatan peninsula.

"Stop that crying, crybaby!"

Babysitting the evil ones. Still in diapers, but they rub up against pillows and ask about sex constantly.

Starting my Xena fan fic page soon. I was wondering if somebody would like to co-author with me. All the good plots I started thinking of are all used up. I'd think of something then the next day I'd read a story almost like it. Life sucks sometimes. But anybody tell me if you want to co-author sometime. Particularly if you're lesbian. I know the riddle but I don't know the answer yet. Of the Xena-Gabrielle thing that is.

What's up with all these anarchy symbols on my t-shirt? Well, I believe that the world is full of uncontrollable chaos. Just look at where we are now. There is no such thing as conformity as some of us wish. Don't mistake it for something that it isn't. For example I am not into the downfall of the government. I just think it should be heavily revised. I don't go around blowing up people's cars or burning down people's houses, although sometimes I wish I could. Look in the hallways now. Am I with those guys?

"They're killing jocks and preps!"

"Who says?"

"My brother. He's watching TV. That's what they said."

"There's no jocks or preps in here!" (scattered laughter)

Some of the people think that I stereotype when I say I dislike jocks and preps. I don't hate them first off. I just don't like them. I'm just saying that as general because I know quite a few jocks and preps who are very nice people but then there is that majority who wouldn't give me the time of day and would rather spit in my face than talk to me just because my hair is purple.

About religion. I think that we all have the right to our own opinions on where we came from. I'm not Christian, let me say that right off the bat. I know you are. Not you. You're Jewish. I'm not Satanist or Anarchist as I seem to give people the impression. I'm not going to say what I am because to a lot of people it is a shock and I get picked on a lot here at school and pretty much everywhere else because of it. I'm proud of who I am. I just don't want grief because of it, okay?

Some kids here really resent the caste system at this high school, where popular athletes are provided star status, doctor philias whizbang the third, dukes of the campus fiefdom, worship me as a god. There is a class structure here, perpetuated by students and tolerated by administrators, that favors major-sport athletes over common

students, perching them on a pedestal. Females don't even have a major sport, unless you count gymnastics and tennis. Like Steffi Graf. She lives in Heidelberg, Germany. I think she is a dyke. I'd like to try it with her. Her abs are like a washboard. Not an excess ounce of fat on her. We could live together and she could support me in style. And Mia Hamm. I'd like to try having sex with her. She can do anything with those legs.

"They're all dykes!"

Who said that? What a sexist remark. Where is he? There he is. A jock. Figures.

Take the captain of Harlow's football team, Lonnie Jerkoff, a handsome and smooth-talking junior jock who says he is already being courted by college recruiters from Stanford, Harvard, and Wyoming I think. He is also an accused stalker and prowler. He has spent most of the last month under a restraining order to keep him away from an ex-girlfriend, me. He has declined violence counseling, and his rich parents are hiring fancy lawyers to beat his criminal charges.

"If you have that much money what do you do with it, you know?"

He is accused of harassing, threatening, grabbing and throwing things at me, and I have even signed a document telling sheriff's deputies that I fear he poses an imminent danger to my safety.

Administrators suggested a solution to the problem: I can leave school now -- just weeks before graduation -- with no penalty, to avoid any contact with the football star, who is graduating with high honors. It would leave no mark on my record, they said.

His father, meanwhile, has told an assistant district attorney that his son is prepared to arm himself with letters of support from an assistant principal and several teachers at Harlow. They may not be aware that a sheriff's

deputy apprehended the asshole and drove him home after finding him prowling outside my house. They may not be aware that just a month ago the Sunday hero threw himself on the street, in front of my vehicle, crying and pounding on the pavement and promising suicide if I didn't put out for him. They might not be aware that a school staffer found the big nut intimidating me right in school in a lab room and escorted him outside. He didn't get the message.

Or possibly they know all that, and are in denial, from the top down.

"Another bomb went off!"

"They're going to kill us all!"

"No they won't! They don't know we're here!"

"The 911 line is busy all the time!"

"Try your parents."

"They're in Europe."

"What long distance carrier do you use?"

Water, water everywhere. All the sprinklers in the school are running. Now we're holed up in this music room, in the dark, while a bunch of boys shoot the school up like in the Wild West. We've been here for two hours, and are afraid to leave. The teacher is down with a big hole in his chest. We have different students applying pressure, but he's leaking like a sieve. We used to have lights. We showed him pictures of his family from his wallet. They're smeared with blood. He keeps babbling something about seeing white buffaloes.

Where are the cops? I'm not moving until they come and get us out of here.

I don't know the boys, and I do not condone their actions, but merely give them the respect that they also deserve for all the other good things they may have done in their lives.

It is not up to us to judge merely upon what someone is wearing, or what kind of music they listen to, or the color of their skin or any interest they may have. It is not our job. This is what keeps the seed of hate and distrust going. My views are simple. These boys obviously have problems, and have probably had them for a long time. No one listened. Obviously they gave enough signals of wanting or needing help. It is not up to us to blame solely the parents but society as a whole. Adults are the prime example our children are looking up to. We shouldn't dignify these boys' actions by holding them solely accountable. They're just boys with toys.

To add one more thing for thought. In life these boys were punished enough, or they wouldn't be this angry now. In death they will have no opportunity to defend their actions. So let it be. Let it go. We may not ever know all of the answers. But we do know one thing. Violence begets violence. They will pay their debt to society and go on, and so should we. It will remind us to listen to our young people. Will you listen when you are an adult? Luke 6:37 says: "Judge not, and you will not be judged; condemn not, and you will not be condemned; forgive, and you will be forgiven." I'm afraid. Someone hold me. Not you. A female. Lesbian.

"Fuck off, jerkoff! I said female. Look between your legs next time first."

Men. I hate men.

"I'm lesbian. Are you?"

No I think but I just have a real problem with the opposite sex anymore. I don't know where this feeling of complete utter malice came from or when I just don't like men. I had a problem with all my male teachers in my freshman year and hopefully I won't get any next year (unlikely I know). I got all bad grades in Math, Social Studies, and History, and those were all taught by men. Maybe, further along in my life, when I discover more about my sexuality I will realize that I am a lesbian but for the moment I'll just keep hating men. I do love the way you're holding me. This is more

like it.

Say, want to show me oral sex? It's harmless I know. The President did it. We might all be dead today, so why not try to find a little true joy? Whoops. I'm not wearing any panties.

"Now cut that crap out! You're making me sick!"

* * *

Welcome! Welcome! To the wonderful world of high school! The next stepping stone on your ultimate journey to adulthood and World Championship Wrestling! Gone are the youthful days of elementary and intermediate school. Farewell to naps, recesses and childhood games. You've just entered the new and exciting world of secondary school education, real serious academic study of the knowledge of humanity. Four (in most cases) wild and exciting years, chockful of fun and memories. These are the best years of your life! These are the years that you'll look back on with a smile. This is where you'll meet your life's love. This is where you'll determine on your life's work. This is where you'll lose your virginity.

What a load of crapola.

High school is neither a halcyon paradise nor a breeding ground of life happiness. It's not even a goal to look forward to -- really a hazard that must be endured, that society makes you suffer, makes it costly and painful to avoid. High school years are the root of more unpleasant memories and psyche-damaging experiences than any other time in a person's life with the possible exception of those who later are captured by Vietcong and put in tiger cages, or something comparable. Mundane life traumas like divorce, bankruptcy, cancer and killer floods pale in comparison to the years of mind-numbing educational hell you must submit yourself to in order to be declared a fit adult that can make minimum wage. What makes high school really odious is the plethora of double-faced liars and con artists who will try to trick you into thinking that this suffering and agony

somehow builds character -- and sell it to your children, along with contrived disinformation media propaganda such as "Welcome Back, Kotter", "Happy Days", "Head of the Class", or "Hang Time". Combine that with the romance novels that paint the "high school sweetheart" as the only one worth having.

You could cover twelve farm states with that shit. You don't want your high school sweetheart when you're forty. You want another 14-18 year old sweet young thing. But they've got you. That's now jail bait. You got immunity to keep you in the system until your brain was pickled to spec.

Such people will tell you that high school is a secondary education system designed to prepare the youth of today for the world of tomorrow. These are lies. Lies that fester in the mouths of jackals, vultures, hyenas, and spinster vice-principals. In reality, high school should be thought of as a holding pen, intended to keep minors from enjoying their carefree teen years. 'Secondary' is an overstatement: try 'Ninth-Rate'. It's the one time in your life where the government takes complete and utter responsibility for you, provided you don't wind up on welfare or get drafted and given a 100% disability discharge. What's really sick is that even the rich kids get herded into it by their rich brainwashed parents, despite all they learned, despite having a choice.

It wasn't always like this. Once upon a time in our nation's history there was no high school. Kids 14 to 18 were free to do as they pleased, which usually meant wandering aimlessly about the prairie, shooting at furry critters (or trying to fuck them), waiting for cable television to be invented so they could watch the porno channels, but mainly having wet, wild, indefatigable sex with a really young chick or stud, and being able to absorb tremendous quantities of drugs and shake off their effects at will. Not a very exciting existence, but a sufficient one nevertheless? More propaganda. These are literally the best years of your life, when you are at your sexual peak of prowess if you're male, and the most fuckable and eatable if you're female. There is never going to be a time that you will be so capable of utter, carefree rapture and joy, so

capable of being king or queen of the world, and that's precisely why the system considers you so dangerous and wants to pen you up as long as possible in asexually-designed shitholes, where sex and drugs are kept off your mind by every means known to science and superstition.

The government, exhibiting the same wisdom and logic that gave us the McCarthy hearings, the Japanese internment camps, the treaties with the Indians, Prohibition, and the Jim Crow and Blue laws, decided that high school should be mandatory. They filled volumes with pretended justifications, citing international economics, world trade balances, venereal disease, unemployment rates, and a myriad of other crap, all to hide the true motive, namely, to keep people from having fun without government interference, for fear that they will not want government interference later.

And so it was that high school came to be. The 14-18 age group, heretofore free as the wild beasts, were cruelly consigned to a stifling classroom to be kept out of sight and out of mind, while the authorities processed the 19-30 age group into body bags, loser jobs, psycho wards, or prison. To pacify the people with the guns, a 3-month vacation was declared each summer so the kids could be free to work on their family farms. So much for child labor laws.

The students' resentment grew, some turned into mass murderers, and America went down the toilet in permanent hypocrisy and despair. Now the Japanese own our land, the Middle East controls our oil, and the dollar is trounced by the Euro. Our pioneer ancestors laugh in their graves.

So now you have to go to high school. It's the law, just like you can't tear the tags off of mattresses, wiretap your own phone, or rebroadcast a baseball game without the express written consent of Major League Baseball (R).

High school is just another way-station in the process of government fucking up your life. Consider the following cycle: You're born. You go to school to learn things so you can get a job and pay taxes. You get a job and find out

you know nothing, except who's boss. You make some money. The government takes its hunk before you ever see it. You buy stuff with the pittance remaining. You enjoy the stuff -- hooray for America, a high point. It wears out or is consumed. After all, that's how you are told to make it in your own company, what they euphemistically call planned obsolescence -- keeps employment up. So you have to buy more stuff. But your growing family wants its stuff first. So you have to work for them for decades until you get them off your back long enough to come up for air. You now are ready to enjoy life. But before that can happen, your spouse divorces you and takes everything, plus the judge saddles you with lifetime alimony and child support orders. Not for your own kids. For her new ones, that she had past the age of forty using modern medical advances. You now are too old to find a job making as much as you did for decades, so you accept a menial, minimum wage job, that you're too old to do without excruciating pain and total exhaustion, like an Egyptian slave. You try to amass a retirement nest egg so you can retire and enjoy life in a boarding house. But too late. Your health fails, you end up in a cheap nursing home (cheap on the construction and amenities, not the cost) until your life savings are squandered, then you die. To summarize: birth, school, work, hard thankless life, prolonged degrading old age, and then you die. This is the sort of existential absurdity that high school life is the cornerstone of. (Sorry, never end a sentence with a preposition -- back to summer school.) Kafka should have written about a high school instead of a trial. Maybe he did and it was really an allegory. What was the Pink Floyd album "The Wall" about? I heard it was a soundtrack for the classic film "The Wizard of Oz", and you can play them in parallel for an eye-opener.

What will I get out of high school, you ask?

1. A diploma that will enable you to work in any fast food restaurant around the country (forget using it in another country, they'd wipe their ass with it and wrap the burritos for the discount counter).
2. Emotional scars that may take a lifetime to heal. Correction, that will never heal. They try to insure it.

Even your ghost will have scars that never heal.

3. A stunning realization that devoting the first eighteen years of your life solely to graduating from high school was probably the biggest waste of your life. Heck, they didn't even pay you minimum wage. Correction: was definitely the biggest waste of your life.

4. A face and voice like Carol Channing by age 60. Just kidding. The rest is dead serious. Who won the coin toss backstage, anyway?

5. A chance to act immature and do stupid things that you could never get away with in real life. Only high school students can tepee houses, urinate off roofs, and drink until they swim in a pool of their own vomit. If real adult-type people tried any of that they would get arrested, or whopped upside the head by cop's nightstick. Think of high school as your last free chance to act like a lobotomized cretin. This will add subtle meaning to your life. Zonk! Gotcha! Them things is for college students, the main carrot they hang out in front of your face, you jackasses! Go rent "Animal House" and return when done viewing it. In high school, you still have parents watching everything you do, whom you still have to live with, and who have to write excuses for the school authorities to save your ass. In high school, your greatest fear will be "having a mark on your record" that will "ruin your life", keep you from getting into the college of your "choice" (usually your parents' choice, not yours), keep you from winning that scholarship, yada yada yada. Dopes! Go to any major corporation, to the boardroom, and the guy running it dropped out of school to get where he is at. The Lord God Almighty has sent his children a message, yes, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, give me an axe, give me a machete, give me a 9mm machine gun, look in my eyes, I seen Charles Manson in his eyes.

Do the sound of drums make you feel religious, want to dance? You never graduated from high school. I may not either.

The sound of drums. That's what it sounded like today when

the shooting and explosions started. I saw my best friend get shot in the face before I ran in total terror. Now I'm hiding in the air ducts, trying to inch along without making enough noise to attract bullets or bombs. Even up here the mind of the authorities is seen at work. The ducts barely support my weight, obviously because they didn't want smart students to find a nice safe place to fuck right in their citadel of asexuality. If I fall through, then what? Broken leg? Shot in the face? Somehow I know I deserve this, but why does it have to be now? I had only a few weeks left till graduation. I was going to go to Yale Law School and run for president. Top ten in my graduating class. More important, father has Yale connections.

I'm qualified now, that's true. I have learned to climb like a monkey and crawl like a snake, all to sell my soul to the system that I hate. I'm not a real man, else I'd be out there with the freedom fighters shooting this concentration camp up. It would be interesting to pick their brains, find out what made them do it. No, they might convert me, like Patty Hearst. More likely they'd just shoot me in the face. If they found me, I'd rim their assholes, suck their dicks and drink their piss to save my pitiful soul from Gehenna for a shot at the dazzling opportunities ahead. Do you want it a little higher or lower, sir? I'm a piece of shit and know it.

O no!

What did I tell myself? Went right through the ceiling and landed on a desk in a classroom. No broken bones. My lucky day. Nobody here.

* * *

(In their own voices: The first half hour of the shooting spree, and the many small stories that make it up. The story of the teacher in the cafeteria. The teacher in the girl's lavatory.)

Chapter 14

Tuesday, April 20, 1999. 11:35 A.M.

If my people who are called by my name humble themselves, and pray and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin and heal their land. -- II Chronicles 7:14

That is the motto of our Harlow High School Prayer Club. We hold hands and lightly whisper it at the start of each prayer meeting. I joined it this year, after a summer spent changing my life. Until then, I was going the wrong way in life. I was going with the wrong crowd. Dressing provocatively. Wearing tight jeans, no bra. Smoking, drinking, doing a little dope. Going to raves, listening to evil music. Marilyn Manson. Wanting to have oral sex with men and women. Considering suicide. The devil was trying to lure me. Skipping classes and homework, getting poor grades, showing disrespect for my elders, my parents. The Ten Commandments. Honor your mother and father. Love thy neighbor. Your choice of friends has a heavy influence on you, on what you do and think. As a man thinketh so is he. I believe that. Get behind me, Satan! I never did have oral sex. I swear to myself. It's unnatural.

I'm in the school library now, for our lunch hour prayer meeting. We are very quiet, seated around the table, praying together. Me and my girlfriends. The only real friends I've ever had, other than my parents. They helped rescue me last summer from Satan. Turned my life around. If not for them, I might have had an abortion by now. No, I could never do that, even at my lowest point. Thou shalt not kill. No human being is illegal. I would be an unwed mother, have to drop out of school. Maybe I'd have contracted a venereal disease. The HIV virus. Who knows? I was on the downward slide, as my life was just beginning.

I want to save myself for my husband. After I marry him in the Lord. And have a Christian family. That is my purpose in life, and I want to fulfill it. My children will be brought up in the Lord, and I will show them the way to go by my personal example. My body is my temple, and I will

keep it clean and holy. I know boys give me the eyes, but I never return them. I will stay chaste until I meet my husband, and have a wedding ring on my finger. My parents are so proud of me. It is such a hard world to bring children up right in, they tell me. Your world will be bright now, they say, now that you have accepted Jesus into your heart and been baptized. Like they have.

If our world survives that is. Sometimes I wonder. So do my parents. The news is always so bad. So many wars all the time. The end times may be near, from what my Christian friends tell me. That's why I no longer use the Web. It's of Satan. A sign. Still, no one knows the exact hour or day, and one should live on, watching the signs, prepared for the worst but living each day to the fullest, just as our Lord did. I've never known sexual love, but I don't care if the world ends today. As long as I believe in Jesus I will have everlasting life. Be his bride in heaven. But as nice as that is, I would still like to know a man, experience childbirth and motherhood. So I will pray today that the world will not be judged quite yet. No, I will do as the Bible says. Let me see...

Will hear from heaven. Forgive their sin. Heal their land. Yes, our land needs healing. Our sins need forgiving. God will hear, if we humble ourselves. Pray. Seek His face. Turn from our wicked ways. In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I pray for you to heal our land. Amen.

What was that? Sounds like explosions. What could it be? Construction work? Fireworks? It's not that close to the fourth of July. Those aren't gunshots are they? The police? I don't hear any sirens. We're safe in here. School is the safest place we can be. There's the teacher up front. She's looking around, getting up, going to the door. She's always good at discipline. I remember well from my bad old days, how she made me feel too uncomfortable to try getting anything past her. Like that time I snuck that little bottle of whiskey in, and showed it to my girlfriends. One of those tiny bottles, like they serve in airplanes. We were all going to take a sip. But the teacher's looks made me close my purse back up. Our faces gave us away. And the giggling. If a teacher can see your

thoughts, imagine how God sees all.

Those are gunshots. Right outside the door. What's going on? I want to look.

"Everyone! Get down on the floor!"

That was the teacher shouting. Better do as she says.

More gunshots. What's going on? I have to peek. She's out of sight too. I think she's under her desk up front.

"I've got every student in this library down on the floor."

Sounds like the teacher is phoning somebody. Yes, she is under her desk.

Now I know it's gunshots. Five or six, close. Right outside the door. People in the door window, running.

"You guys just stay on the floor!"

"OK, I don't think I'm going to go out there. We're not going to that door. I've got the kids on the floor. I got all of the kids in the library on the floor here."

She's talking on the phone. Must be calling 911.

"In here!"

Who's voice is that? Sounds like a male student. Does he have a gun? I hear the door opening, sense a presence. Let me just peek. Yes, two males, with buffalo robes, and masks. I know those guys. They have a gang. One of them made a pass at me, before I was saved. He was cute, but bad. I wouldn't have said yes to him even if he were as cute as Johnny Dolan. Everybody shuns them now, and it's their fault.

"We're here! Come out! We want to see you!"

Not me. They don't see me. I won't peek anymore. Maybe

they'll leave. Funny funny funny. One way to force people not to shun you. Point guns at them. Don't their parents control them? Are they loaded? Somebody could get hurt. They should be in big trouble now, even with the masks. I hope they're expelled.

"All jocks stand up!"

I better hide myself better, get behind some chairs, scoot them around me closer. I hear other furniture being moved all over. I guess the others have the same idea. Those two at the table across the floor. Watch them. The police should be here soon. I know she called them.

"There's a nigger over here!"

Boom! Bang! Bang!

"Ha ha!"

"Look at this nigger's brain!"

"Awesome, man! I waited my whole life for this."

Bang!

"Ha ha!"

"Who's ready to die next?"

Die? They're killing people! I can't believe this is real. I want to look, but I can't. If they really killed him, I don't want to see. Where are the police? The other teachers? At least I'm white. They won't hurt me.

Boom!

A shotgun sounds different than a rifle. I can tell that much.

"Ha ha."

Why is there no more shooting? Are they moving through the

library? Am I hearing anymore? My ears are ringing. I can only hear my blood surging through tight tubes.

What is that sound? Like tinkling. They have metal objects under their robes. Grenades, guns. Cylinders.

"Peekaboo!"

Bang!

"Ha!"

Boom!

"Ha ha!"

Bang! Bang!

"Ha ha ha ha ha!"

The two across from me. A male and a female. White. Her, not him. He's Vietnamese I think. He's sprawled on top of her, protecting her. He's whispering to her. I can't hear.

Here one of them comes, right to them! He is going to shoot them! Please, Jesus, in your name I ask.

No, he glanced at them, and moved by.

Boom!

That was a bomb not a shotgun. I saw it blow up in somebody's hands as he was trying to throw it. Yes, he was white. Why doesn't somebody try to stop them? Jesus. I love you Jesus. Blessed be he or she who suffers persecution in your name. Hide not your light under a bushel, but be a light to the world.

I can't keep quiet anymore. I'm crying. This has to stop.

"God, please stop it!"

I said that.

He's coming to me.

Don't look at him. He's pointing that gun in my face now. Answer his question. Maybe he'll stop. Can't he see my eyes? The tears? This is wrong. His eyes are so dead.

He's talking to me.

"Do you believe in God?"

His eyes. Like a snake. Right at me. Don't look back.

He's waiting. I have to answer. He has a gun. His smile is like a snake's. Cold and big. Don't think of him. That's what he wants. Answer his question. The original serpent, who was Satan. Adam and Eve. The test.

Do I believe in God?

Why would he ask me that? Because he wants me to say yes, then kill me for it. If I don't answer, will that buy me time? What does the Bible say? Think fast. God, please show me the way. There it is, I can read it as if it were right in front of my eyes.

He who denies me, I will deny him before my Father.

If I deny God, I kill my eternal soul. If I affirm God, I face death now. I will never know what it is like to live, to make love with Johnny, have his children. I guess it will be Johnny. I need time to win him. I love him. I think he loves me too. But can I deny God for him? What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?

What was that text we were studying the other day? God was talking to me specially then. I remember it now, as if the Bible were open before me eyes.

Do not wonder, brethren, that the world hates you. We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love our brethren. He who does not love remains in

death. Anyone who hates his brother is a murderer, and you know that no murderer has eternal life abiding in him. -- 1 John 3:13-15

I know my life is in my hands, but I cannot hate my brother, however much he hates me. I do not hate. I am not a murderer. I do have eternal life abiding in me. I will trust in God. The Lord is my shepherd. He leadeth me through the valley of the shadow of death. I shall not want. Gain the world, lose your soul. I have conquered the world, sayeth the Lord.

"Yes, I do believe in God."

And I love you. Hear my thoughts. I know my voice has failed me. Please. I don't want you to die. Today you could be with me in paradise.

Bang!

"Why?"

Chapter 15

Tuesday, April 20, 1999. 11:55 A.M.

"There's a nigger over here!"

I woke up with a big headache this morning. So I took something strong, something that would work. I took Ecstasy on top of my usual Luvox that my shrink makes me take (my father pays for it, so why not). Then I smoke a joint and drank a Strawberries & Cream Ultra Slim-Fast. That cleared it up. Now I have a heady feeling like one of being an angel. That means a messenger of the gods. That picture of the big pink shaft of liquid penetrating a glass of pink liquid, leaving a splash cone -- that's a sexual come-on in advertising if I ever saw one. Hetero, unfortunately. All those fat women who never get any dick will buy it thinking that it will get a big pink cock in their new, slim pink

pussy for just six dollars a case.

Bang!

This buffalo hunting job is hard work, but it pays good. By the hide. By the tongue. Pink tongue. You shoot so many buffalo each day that one looks like the next, becomes just a number. Not even that. You remember only your own pain, how sore your thumb is getting, your knees, your wrists, your elbows, your feet. The taste of iron wedge bread and buffalo hump. The nights on the hard ground are made bearable only by the buffalo robe you rest your weary bones on. And what do you wipe your ass with out on the Great Plains? And then the smell of buffalo: you get so tired of it. Makes sucking my boyfriend's cock that much harder to swallow, along with his unwiped asshole. We cross our legs tightly to help.

Boom!

My feet. They hurt like hell. I feel like I'm walking on hot coals by the end of the day. They throb all evening. But the next day, it's back to work, no vacations. No wonder my feet never heal. It's a numbers game. They pay you for quantity not quality.

Bang! Bang!

Now what did I go and shoot that buffalo in the face for? I should have known better. I went and spoiled the tongue. It's sloppy work like that eats into the net at the end of the hunt, when they cut the paychecks. That's all you have to show at the end: your paycheck. If you make it to the end, what with all the mad Indians taking pot shots at you.

It's just a number. You wish you could cause it to magically become bigger, but you can't. You had your chance on the trail. It was all those thousand little mistakes, those little gaffes, little inefficiencies, that added up to big chunks taken out of your paycheck. Still, shooting a buffalo in the face makes a hell of a funny mess.

"Ha ha!"

"Look at this nigger's brain!"

Nigger? That was a nigger? Yes, that kind of buffalo is too black. It feels good to kill it because it's black. I hate nigger buffaloes. I can't stand the sight of them. They're ruining the buffalo herd with their nigger genes. They're all four-legged felons. Pretty soon you will never see a white buffalo again. No, those aren't money trophies. Those are done for the pure pleasure, the pure instinct. Count these as gifts to the Astor company. I get my pleasure upfront and personal.

"Awesome, man! I waited my whole life for this."

I got away with the Ramsey girl's murder. Got the parents framed for it. I can get away with anything. I am above the law. Above right and wrong itself. I'm the superman, the ubermensch. I'm god. I don't break the law, I make the law. Just like Adolf Hitler. He was short like me. A gun is the great equalizer.

Bang!

"Mmmmbwahaha ha!"

"Death to the jocks!"

"Heil!"

I meant to say Heil Hitler. But what for? Buffaloes don't speak English. Once we skin them, they're all just red meat.

But aren't these humans? Naw, that's not so. Look at the movie "The Wizard of Oz", for instance. Were the Cowardly Lion and the Tin Man humans? No, they were animals. The lion was an animal at least. The Tin Man was just a tin can. "I know I have a heart now, because it is breaking." Do these animals have hearts? Ask them. It's not murder if they volunteer. Not even animals. Bugs. Like in my favorite movie, "Starship Troopers". Or my other favorite, "Aliens". Don't waste your time on "Event Horizon". It

stars a mud who goes after white chicks, and besides there's not enough action.

"Who's ready to die next?"

Chapter 16

(In their own voices: The students in the air ducts. The student who begged for his life and was set free. The administration. The student with the fire extinguisher.)

Part 3. Seduction Into Evil

Weapons are tools of ill omen.

-- Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*, circa 500 B.C.

Chapter 17

Saturday, November 21, 1998. 3:30 P.M.

(Eric and Dylan at work in the latter's bedroom, in a spacious home with its own tennis court and swimming pool, where he has the latest PCs and modems, along with Internet access.)

Dylan: Turkey day is coming up. They're probably massacring millions of turkeys right now.

Eric: Tens of millions.

Dylan: Hundreds.

Eric: Oh the sweet sound of death.

Dylan: I can't hear anything.

Eric: Only their executioners can. At least they leave them alone.

Dylan: Who?

Eric: The damn authorities.

Dylan: Right. I know that the President always pardons one each year. It'll probably be on TV any day.

Eric: "I pardon you" (chuckle). Like in that Schindler's List.

Dylan: Yummy movie. Those were the days.

Eric: Right. Speaking of turkey day. Can I have your drumstick, tall boy?

Dylan: Be my guest. I'll just do a little surfing.

Click.

WYANDOT BUFFALO RANCH, ALCOTT, WYOMING

HUNTS FOR WILD AMERICAN BISON

Bison (American buffalo) live in wild herds in Arizona and Utah, as well as in various private ranches in Wyoming, Colorado, South Dakota, and elsewhere in the United States. In Arizona and Utah, permits are available by drawing only. If you believe you're lucky, go to Utah's Henry Mountain Range and wait for years playing the lottery, else try a private ranch like ours! The price is dirt cheap, and we accept all major credit cards. All needed gear and guns are available for rental right on the ranch.

Click.

INTERNET ARYAN GUN PRIMER: GUNS FOR ARYAN DUMMIES

Click.

This is a modified and expanded list of firearms for use with Nordic Menace's World of Hate game systems. Included are the firearms listed in the Neonatsea Player's Guide and many others. Some changes have been made to the statistics of a few guns. The Hatemaster is free to use whichever set of stats he prefers. The descriptions are generally the same as the Neonatsea Player's Guide, but some modifications and additional information has been added. All weapon descriptions are in alphabetical order under their respective weapon type.

Dylan: Look at all this info, Eric. All the basics we need for learning which guns to pick for killing. Ha ha. This Internet is great. AOL yet. Your dad let you have an account?

Eric: He has the account. He just gave me a screen name. Same difference. He gets the bills and the legal trouble.

Dylan: The Internet is one frontier that's still not under the Man's thumb, so we can get all the info we want without being hassled, as long as we can get around our rubes.

Eric: It probably won't last. Give it five years and it'll be as highly regulated as a school library for minors.

Dylan: Yah, and when you click on guns the system will check your age and only give you sites on toys, ha ha. Arrows with rubber tips, ha ha.

Eric: Guns that squirt water, ha. Kiss me.

Dylan: Ooh, you send me. Gimme some of that gum, dude.

Eric: Let's get back to work, Dyldo. Let's start with Colts. I love Colts. They tamed the West. Killed many mud men.

Dylan: With bows and arrows, yah. Damn good place to start.

Click.

o Colt Anaconda: This powerful magnum is primarily used for hunting and silhouette target shooting. It can also chamber special .45 caliber ammunition.

o Colt Detective Special: This is a small, lightweight revolver. It is easily concealable, is double-action and chambered in .38 special.

o Colt Diamondback: A very accurate, small caliber revolver. It is built Colt-tough, with adjustable sights. Great for small game hunting.

Eric: Are people considered small game?

Dylan: I don't know. I would.

Eric: Compared to a buffalo, yes.

Click.

o Colt King Cobra: A double-action revolver in a large caliber. Relatively small when compared to many other revolvers, it has a cobra-head motif on the left of the frame.

Dylan: That would be cool. Cobra-headed.

Eric: Yes, the snake that spits in your eye.

Dylan: I got one of those.

Eric: I know. I just kissed it dry.

Dylan: How does it taste?

Eric: The snake or the spit?

Dylan: Both.

Eric: Delicious. And mine?

Dylan: Salty. But delicious. What goes better with cold beer than your big pretzel?

Eric: That we agree on. Let's keep on our work, before we end up on the floor. (giggles from both)

Click.

o Colt Python: Similar to the Smith & Wesson M686 and also popular among police. Can chamber .38 special ammunition. It is being challenged in popularity by Colt's own less expensive King Cobra.

Dylan: I'll vote for the Colt Python. I like that name better.

Eric: I do too. A python is bigger than a cobra, right?

Dylan: Ha ha.

Eric: Now Dylan, let's not come to a decision before we have studied all the possibilities. We'll skip the Korths and the Llamas, also the Rossis and Rugers. Here we go. Smith and Wesson.

Dylan: Is that like Wesson Oil?

Eric: Quit talking dirty to me or we'll never get anything done.

Click.

o Smith & Wesson M19: Medium-sized revolver with Uncle Mike's Combat soft rubber grips. Comes in bright blue gun finish.

Eric: Who is Uncle Mike?

Dylan: I don't know, but I like soft rubber grips.

Eric: Especially when you're going up my back door.

Click.

o Smith & Wesson M29: This large powerful gun is similar in size and shape to the Ruger Redhawk. It too, is primarily a hunting weapon. It was made famous by the "Dirty Harry" movies.

o Smith & Wesson M36: Small 5-round revolver known as the "Chief's Special." Can be found with 3" or 2.5" barrels. It is double-action.

Dylan: So is my python.

Eric: You're telling me.

Click.

o Smith & Wesson M57: A revolver chambering the .41 round. Another concealable pistol, with a full 6 rounds of ammo, as opposed to the 5 rounds of many smaller pistols.

Dylan: For our job we need a gun with a high capacity magazine.

Eric: Yes, that's true.

Click.

o Smith & Wesson M60: A slightly larger version of the M36. It is double-action with a five round capacity.

o Smith & Wesson M610: Introduced in 1990, this revolver chambers the 10mm Auto. The bore is similar to .41 Magnum. The gun is built on the same N-frame as the M29.

_o Smith & Wesson M625: A target and silhouette pistol introduced in 1988. The .45 ACP round has similar power to other revolvers chambering the .45 Colt

ammunition._

o Smith & Wesson M629: The 629 Classic is similar in design to the M29. It is double action.

o Smith & Wesson M640: This small revolver, sometimes referred to as "the detective's special", is one of the most popular snubnose guns. It is hammerless, meaning the gun can hold no more than five bullets. Its barrel is two inches long.

o Smith & Wesson M686: A popular police magnum in the United States. It can also chamber special .38 caliber ammunition.

Dylan: Skip down to submachine guns.

Eric: Good idea, Johnson.

Click. _Click._ _Click._ _Click._ _Click._

Light Submachine Guns

o Beretta M12S: A small submachine gun with a forward grip and folding stock. It is used in many small armies and police forces around the world.

o Calico 960A: An innovative new design for subguns, this gun uses a top-feed helical magazine holding 50 to 100 rounds of ammunition. It has many attachments and upgrades available. The spent casings are ejected out the bottom and caught in a bag suspended underneath.

Eric: I wish my cock would do that.

Dylan: Be nice or I'll spank you.

Click.

_o Colt M635: This submachine gun looks very much like

an M-16, in fact 50% of their parts are interchangeable. It comes in many configurations and with various options._

o Goncz: A U.S.-made Uzi-like submachine gun, it is small and concealable and accepts flash suppressers and laser sights easily. It was made popular in the late eighties by being the favored weapon of the comic hero 'The Punisher'.

o Heckler & Koch MP-5: This popular German-made submachine gun is a mainstay of SWAT teams, counterterrorist forces like England's SAS, and even some U.S. Special Operations troops. The MP-5 is arguably the best SMG currently on the open market, known for its reliability and fast handling. It is heavily used by the U.S. Navy SEALs.

Eric: Make a note of that one.

Dylan: I don't know if we can get military weapons, Eric.

Eric: We can try.

Click.

o Heckler & Koch MP-5K: A smaller version of the MP-5, this SMG features a folding stock and a forward grip not found on the MP-5. It can use the same suppressers and sights as the larger MP-5. It is oftentimes called the PDW, or personal defense weapon.

o Ingram MAC-10: Extremely popular when first introduced, this submachine gun has since been surpassed by more recent guns. It comes with a folding stock. A flash suppresser and muzzle brake are also highly recommended. It is known for its ability to produce a "wall of lead", but its accuracy is notoriously awful. It can also be found in .32 ACP caliber.

o M56: An old Yugoslavian-made submachine gun. It has a folding stock and looks much like the old German "grease guns." It has a low rate of fire (around 600 rounds per minute), making it easy to control.

o Micro-Uzi: A very reliable and popular submachine gun, the micro is the smallest in its family. It also has the highest cyclic rate at about 1200 rounds per minute. Very concealable, almost small enough to palm.

Eric: Dat's the one I want.

Dylan: Okay okay. But there's more.

Click.

o Mini-SAF: A smaller version of the SAF, with a fixed forward grip and no stock. It strongly resembles the MP-5K, with straight clips.

o Mini-Uzi: The Israeli line of Uzis has become the best-known brand of submachine guns in the world, and includes not only Mini-Uzis and Uzis, but also Micro-Uzis and Uzis in other calibers. While the Mini-Uzi is not as popular a combat weapon as its larger brother, it has been carried by troops operating in tight confines.

Dylan: Oh, the Uzi is a Jew weapon. Forget I wanted it. I'm not going to be seen dead with a Jew gun.

Eric: See what jumping in too fast leads to? You read now.

Click.

o SAF: The issue weapon of the Chilean Army. It is based upon the SIG 550 rifle, but looks more like the MP-5. It has a translucent 30-round clip, folding stock, and can be fitted with a suppressor.

o Skorpion: A pistol-sized submachine gun, the Skorpion has been a mainstay of intelligence services and terrorists for 30 years. These Czech-made weapons are believed to be out of service, but are still popular in espionage novels.

o Spectre: An American-made submachine gun, the Spectre was considered by a number of SWAT forces but has yet to be adopted by many.

o Steyr AUG Para: This is a Steyr AUG chambered for the 9mm Parabellum round. It has the standard scope like all AUGs.

o TEC9: The TEC9 is a very cheap automatic pistol, and is easily converted to full auto. It is readily available in the United States, however, the reliability of such a weapon should be considered questionable.

Dylan: That one might be it. We can probably get it from a legal gun show locally and then convert it to full auto.

Eric: And then we can kill a herd or two in less time than it takes to make love.

Dylan: And now that I think about it, a cheap weapon is best, as long as it does the job. Harder to trace.

Eric: Yes, that's true. A lot more buyers. Sometimes being rich can work against you. What if it jams?

Dylan: We'll take a shotgun with us. Sawed off. And one or two more for backup.

Eric: Sawed off? I don't want my shotgun sawed off.

Dylan: A real shotgun you do. That way you can't miss.

Eric: Okay, you're right. As usual. You da Mareen.

Dylan: You are. (chuckle) A TEC9 it is.

Eric: Kiss me, baby. I think it's time to make love.

Dylan: Wait one. I see another page.

Click.

o TEC22: Called the Scorpion (not to be confused with the Czechoslovakian gun of similar name), the TEC22 is small and easily controlled, but not known for its reliability or durability.

o Type 64: An old Vietnam-era Chinese submachine gun. It is unusual because it is designed with silencer built on. It can fire full auto or single shots. It has a cyclic rate of 650 rounds per minute.

Eric: Stop it.

Dylan: If you insist. I'm yours.

Eric: Come here.

Dylan: Pssst!

Eric: What's that?

Dylan: I'm a cobra.

Eric: Aim for my mouth.

Dylan: Single shot or full auto?

Eric: Do we still have to stay in the closet when we go out? I hate hanging out with them chicks just to pass as straight.

Dylan: We do what we must, honey. We do what we must.

Chapter 18

Saturday, December 5, 1998. 12:25 A.M.

(Eric and Dylan at work in the latter's bedroom, hunched in front of a computer. Eric has a piece of pizza sticking out of his mouth, and Dylan is sitting beside and behind him, with his arms around him. On the well-used, sweaty bed is an open Buffalo Pizza box, with the figure of a large bull buffalo evident. Eric turns his head so that Dylan can put his mouth on the free end of some stringy cheese sticking out of his lips like a penis, and this results in an elaborate kissing and eating ceremony, lasting for a minute. When they are done, and their mouths are clear, they both face the computer monitor, where Dylan is holding the mouse with a free hand now. Eric mumbles something, twisting his head and smiling starry-eyed, as if in love.)

Dylan: Is not.

Eric: Is so.

Dylan: Is not so.

Eric: You're damn right it's so.

Dylan: Okay, genius. Show me.

(Eric takes the mouse away from Dylan, but ever-so gently and lovingly. They kiss on the lips. Dylan puts his arm around Eric more tightly, and his free arm drifts down to between his legs.)

Eric: Cool. Here's a site they didn't kill yet. On pipe bombs.

Dylan: See what's in it.

Click.

PIPE BOMBS

The pipe bomb is a very simple explosive device that can be made by just about anyone. Most pipe bombs are packed

with nails and-or glass shrapnel and a few types use a small amount of plastique as the explosive. Most of the damage caused by these items comes from the shrapnel rather than the explosion. Normally made out of a metal or plastic pipe that is sealed at both ends and range from 6 inches to a foot in length.

There are three types of pipe bombs.

Timer pipe bombs use a simple countdown timer to determine when they go off. They can be set from anywhere between 2 seconds and 999 minutes usually.

Detonator pipe bombs are equipped with a radio detonator within the tube itself. The radio detonator has a range of 0.5 to 2 kilometers. The crudest type of pipe bomb has a simple fuse strung out of one end of the pipe. Needless to say, the fuse type is very unreliable though simple to produce. A standard fuse burns away in 5 seconds.

Type	Damage	Conc	Weight	Availability	Street Index
Fuse	12S -2/m	4/6	.2	4/24 hours	1.0
Timer	12S -2/m	4/6	.4	6/48 hours	1.5
Detonator	12S -2/m	4/6	.6	8/96 hours	2.5

The concealability is for 6"/12" pipes. Each do the same damage, and cost the same. This is because the explosive type is different but has the same potency for the size of the bomb.

Dylan: Wait a minute. This isn't real. This is data for a damned game.

Eric: You're right. Uno momento, amigo.

Click.

METAL CONTAINER (PIPE) BOMBS

The classic pipe bomb is the best known example of a metal-contained explosive. Village anarchists take white-tipped matches and cut off the match heads. They pound one end of a pipe closed with a hammer, pour in the matches, and then pound the other end closed. This process often kills them, since it could very easily cause enough friction between the match heads to cause them to ignite and explode. By using pipe caps, the process is somewhat safer, and the less stupid anarchist would never use white-tipped matches in a bomb. Regular matches may still be ignited by friction, but it is far less likely than with "strike-anywhere" matches.

Dylan: What is the chemical formula for white-tipped match heads?

Eric: Phosphorus in some kind of oxide compound I should say.

Dylan: Right. I'll look it up later.

Click.

BUILDING A PIPE BOMB

Buy two pipe caps and threaded pipe. First, drill a hole in one pipe cap, and put a fuse in it so that it will not come out, and so powder will not escape during handling. The fuse would be at least 3/4" inch long inside the bomb. Screw the cap with the fuse in it on tightly, possibly putting a drop of super glue on it to hold it tight, then pour explosive powder in the bomb. To pack it tightly, take a large wad of tissue paper and, after filling the pipe to the very top, carefully pack the powder down, by using the paper as a ramrod tip, and pushing it with a pencil or other wide-ended object, until it will not move any further.

Eric: Dylan.

Dylan: Yes?

Eric: I heard once that the FBI plants phony bomb-making instructions on the Net to cause budding anarchists to fuckin' kill or maim themselves, and give themselves away to the authorities when they end up in a hospital.

Dylan: I heard that too. We'll just have to take the chance.

Eric: You're the boss in the science department.

Click.

Finally, screw the other pipe cap on, and glue it. The tissue paper will help prevent some of the powder from being caught in the threads of the pipe or pipe cap from being crushed and subject to friction, which might ignite the powder, causing an explosion during manufacture.

The metal caps are VERY difficult to drill holes in. It is much easier to drill a hole into the middle of the pipe BEFORE FILLING IT and place the fuse there.

This is one possible design. If, however, you do not have access to threaded pipe with endcaps, you could always use a piece of copper or aluminum pipe, since it is easily bent into a suitable position. A major problem with copper piping, however, is bending and folding it without tearing it. If too much force is used when folding and bending copper pipe, it will split along the fold. The safest method for making a pipe bomb out of copper or aluminum pipe is similar to the method with pipe and endcaps.

Eric: Dylan, you remember I told you I once studied the Bible?

Dylan: Yah.

Eric: There's a place in the Book of Daniel that talks

about a vision of a giant statue representing all the world rulers from the Egyptians onwards. The head is gold, representing the Babylonians. The chest and arms are silver, representing the Persians, who conquered them. The loins are copper, representing the Greeks, who conquered them. The legs are iron, representing the Romans, and the feet are iron mixed with clay, representing the present world, dominated by the struggle between democracies or clay and totalitarian regimes or iron."

Dylan: Thanks for the lesson. So, what's the point?

Eric: I don't know. The mention of copper brought it to mind.

Dylan: Click that topic there: Soft Metal Pipe Bombs.

Click.

PIPE BOMBS FROM SOFT METAL PIPES

First, you flatten one end of a copper or aluminum pipe carefully, making sure not to tear or rip the piping. Then, the flat end of the pipe should be folded over at least once, if this does not rip the pipe. A fuse hole should be drilled in the pipe near the now closed end, and the fuse should be inserted.

Next, you partially fill the casing with a low-order explosive, and pack it with a large wad of tissue paper. You then flatten and fold the other end of the pipe with a pair of pliers. If you are not too dumb, you will do this slowly, since the process of folding and bending metal gives off heat, which could set off the explosive.

Dylan: Click back to the main page.

Click.

Dylan: Click there: Cartridge Bombs.

Click.

CARBON DIOXIDE "PELLET GUN" OR SELTZER CARTRIDGES

A CO2 cartridge from a BB gun is another excellent package for a low-order explosive. It has one minor disadvantage: it is time-consuming to fill. But this can be rectified by widening the opening of the cartridge with a pointed tool. Then, all that would have to be done is to fill the CO2 cartridge with any low-order explosive, or any of the fast burning fuel-oxidizer mixtures, and insert a fuse. These devices are commonly known as "crater makers".

Hint: A CO2 cartridge is easiest to fill if you take a piece of paper and tape it around the opening to form a sort of funnel.

A CO2 cartridge also works well as a container for a thermite incendiary device, but it must be modified. The opening in the end must be widened, so that the ignition mixture, such as powdered magnesium, does not explode. The fuse will ignite the powdered magnesium, which, in turn, will ignite the thermite.

Dylan: I've got a lot of experience at widening an opening with my pointed tool.

Eric: I know, ha ha. Let's make some of these kind. They sound like what we're looking for.

Dylan: Click back to the search engine. See if there are any other sites on pipe bombs.

Click. _Click._ _Click._

DUKE'S PIPE BOMBS (IN THE VIDEO GAME DUKE NUKEM)

When used, Duke tosses the bomb out in front of him. Duke's thumb-activated detonator will appear -- there is no range for this, it can be set off anywhere! To blow

up the bomb, just press fire again. To use more than one pipe bomb at once, after the first one has been thrown, press the 'select weapon' button on the controller and Duke can now throw another bomb. Holding down the fire button for a longer period of time will cause the pipe bomb to travel further. Duke can carry a maximum of 50 pipe bombs.

Click. _Click._

BUYING EXPLOSIVES AND PROPELLANTS

Almost any city or town of reasonable size has a gun store and one or more pharmacies. These are two of the places that potential terrorists want to visit in order to purchase explosive material. All that one has to do is know something about the non-explosive uses of the materials. Black powder, for example, is used in firearms. It comes in varying grades, with each different grade being a slightly different size.

The grade of black powder depends on what the caliber of the gun that it is used in. A fine grade of powder could burn too fast in the wrong caliber weapon. The rule is: the smaller the grade, the faster the burn rate of the powder.

BLACK POWDER

Black powder is generally available in three grades. As stated before, the smaller the grade, the faster the powder burns. Burn rate is extremely important in bombs. Since an explosion is a rapid increase of gas volume in a confined environment, to make an explosion, a quick-burning powder is desirable. The three common grades of black powder are listed below, along with the usual bore width (caliber) of what they are used in. Generally, the fastest burning powder, the FFF grade, is most desirable. However, the other grades and uses are as follows:

Grade	Bore Width	Sample Uses
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F	.50 or greater	model cannon, some rifles
FF	.36 - .50	large pistols, small rifles
FFF	.36 or smaller	pistols, derringers

The FFF grade is the fastest burning, because the smaller grade has more surface area or burning surface exposed to the flame front. The larger grades also have uses which will be discussed later. The price range of black powder is about \$8 to \$9 per pound. The price is not affected by the grade, and so one saves time and work by buying the finest grade obtainable. The major problems with black powder are that it can be ignited accidentally by static electricity, and that it has a tendency to absorb moisture from the air. To safely crush it, a one would use a plastic spoon and a wooden salad bowl. Taking a small pile at a time, he or she would apply pressure to the powder through the spoon and rub it in a series of strokes or circles, but not too hard. It is fine enough to use when it is about as fine as flour. The fineness, however, is dependant on what type of device one wishes to make. Obviously it would be impractical to crush enough powder to fill a 1 foot by 4 inch radius pipe. Any adult can purchase black powder, since anyone can own black powder firearms in the United States.

Click.

PYRODEX

Pyrodex is a synthetic powder that is used like black powder. It comes in the same grades, but it is more expensive per pound. However, a one pound container of pyrodex contains more material by volume than a pound of black powder. It is much easier to crush to a very fine powder than black powder, and it is considerably safer and more reliable. This is because it will not be set off by static electricity, as black can be, and it is less inclined to absorb moisture. It costs about \$10 per pound. It can be crushed in the same manner as black powder, or it can be dissolved in boiling water and dried.

Click.

ROCKET ENGINE POWDER

One of the most exciting hobbies nowadays is model rocketry. Estes is the largest producer of model rocket kits and engines. Rocket engines are composed of a single large grain of propellant. This grain is surrounded by a fairly heavy cardboard tubing. One gets the propellant by slitting the tube lengthwise, and unwrapping it like a paper towel roll. When this is done, the gray fire clay at either end of the propellant grain must be removed. This is usually done gently with a plastic or brass knife. The material is exceptionally hard, and must be crushed to be used. By gripping the grain in the widest setting on a set of pliers, and putting the grain and powder in a plastic bag, the powder will not break apart and shatter all over. This should be done to all the large chunks of powder, and then it should be crushed like black powder. Rocket engines come in various sizes, ranging from 1/4 A - 2T to the incredibly powerful D engines. The larger the engine, the more expensive. D engines come in packages of three, and cost about \$5.00 per package. Rocket engines are perhaps the single most useful item sold in stores to a terrorist, since they can be used as-is, or can be cannibalized for their explosive powder.

Click.

RIFLE/SHOTGUN POWDER

Rifle powder and shotgun powder are really the same from a practical standpoint. They are both nitrocellulose based propellants. They will be referred to as gunpowder in all future references. Smokeless gunpowder is made by the action of concentrated nitric and sulfuric acid upon cotton or some other cellulose material. This material is then dissolved by solvents and then reformed in the desired grain size. When dealing with smokeless gunpowder, the grain size is not nearly as important as that of black powder. Both large and small grained smokeless powder burn fairly slowly compared to black

powder when unconfined, but when it is confined, gunpowder burns both hotter and with more gaseous expansion, producing more pressure. Therefore, the grinding process that is often necessary for other propellants is not necessary for smokeless powder. Powder costs about \$9.00 per pound. In most states any citizen with a valid driver's license can buy it, since there are currently few restrictions on rifles or shotguns in the U.S. There are now ID checks in many states when purchasing powder at a retail outlet. Mail-orders aren't subject to such checks. Rifle powder and pyrodex may be purchased by mail order, but UPS charges will be high, due to DOT regulations on packaging.

Click.

FLASH POWDER

Flash powder is a mixture of powdered aluminum metal and various oxidizers. It is extremely sensitive to heat or sparks, and should be treated with more care than black powder, with which it should NEVER be mixed. It is sold in small containers which must be mixed and shaken before use. It is very finely powdered, and is available in three speeds: fast, medium, and slow. The fast flash powder is the best for using in explosives or detonators.

It burns very rapidly, regardless of confinement or packing, with a hot white "flash", hence its name. It is fairly expensive, costing about \$11.00 for a small package. It is sold in magic shops and theater supply stores. Flash powder is often made with aluminum and/or magnesium. Zirconium metal is the main ingredient in flash bulbs for photography, but is too expensive to be used in most flash powder mixtures.

Click.

AMMONIUM NITRATE

Ammonium nitrate is a high explosive material that is often used as a commercial "safety explosive". It is very stable, and is difficult to ignite with a match. It

will only light if the glowing, red-hot part of a match is touching it. It is also difficult to detonate. It requires a large shockwave to cause it to go high-explosive. Commercially, it is sometimes mixed with a small amount of nitroglycerine to increase its sensitivity. Ammonium nitrate is used in "Instant Cold Paks", available in most drug stores. These consist of a plastic bag of water, surrounded by a second plastic bag containing the ammonium nitrate. To get the ammonium nitrate, simply cut off the top of the outside bag, remove the plastic bag of water, and save the ammonium nitrate in a well sealed, airtight container, since it is rather hydroscopic, i.e. it tends to absorb water from the air. It is also the main ingredient in many fertilizers. It is the cheapest and easiest way to make a big "blockbuster" bomb, such as was used in Oklahoma City.

Dylan: That's enough. I know what I have to do today.

Eric: You're so smart. I bet you absorbed all that information instantly.

Dylan: Ha ha. We make a great team, you and I.

Eric: I ace the classes and get all the grades, while you're the genius making history happen.

(Dylan begins kissing Eric on the back of the neck, and using his hands to explore his body.)

Eric: Mmmmm!

Chapter 19

Wednesday, March 10, 1999. 6:45 P.M.

Deathdoom: the most fun you can have in your bedroom alone.
Moms and dads! The perfect electronic babysitter.

You start it up, expectantly, like a john undoing the bra of a ho on a notell motel bed.

Unlike real hos, this doesn't disappoint. Immediately you see yourself, portrayed as a young, virile male, heavily-armed, and out for some blood fun. Slowly at first, to give you time to warm-up, enemies start to appear: soldiers, zombies, school children -- whatever you've selected or programmed in advance.

Everybody wants a ho who they think is so young she is still a virgin. There's no such thing. The pimp always breaks them in, and he's got the dirtiest dick in town. No matter how attractive they are when dressed, when you open up their diapers, one look at the infected diaper meat with flakes in the vagina will turn your stomach.

Blood has become so fouled-up with horrible viruses in these latter days of the earth that it is very scary, virtual suicide, to play with strange pussy anymore. A pussy literally leaks blood. One molecule of bad blood can destroy you. Video games are safe compared to that. It's nice to be so young that you don't need pussy enough to leave your bedroom, and even nicer to be able to develop a substitute release that can protect you for years, maybe for life. At least until you're too old to care, 40 or 45.

You aim and fire. Blood appears. They are wounded. Maybe they survive, and try to fire back. Maybe they don't survive, and die in front of you. Whew! One down, a hundred more to go.

They call them sprites. In the program, they are "objects" that are created, given life, and destroyed, by a generic program that considers them all to be nothing more than data for the program. I like that: nice, neat, soulless.

Some television show once told me that the brains of women are different than the brains of men. We see objects, they see relationships. We see a maze and can learn and memorize how to get out. They see a maze and fix on learning where everything in the maze is located, so they can develop a relationship with it, and often don't want to get out. No

wonder girls don't dig Deathdoom, or video games generally, other than Barbie's playhouse, and other such shit. They play with dolls, set up doll houses, dress the dolls -- adult dolls, baby dolls, dolls that wet and cry. It's sick. Nobody doing that shit can ever grow up and get over it completely, much less score high in life's Deathdoom matches. And life IZ a Deathdoom match, you can quote me on it. But you can't label women as inferior. No, that's not "PC": politically-correct. Fuck PC. I'll never bow down to a woman, no matter what the authorities do to me.

Now that I think about it, that was from the novel "The Magus" by John Fowles, the part about women seeing relationships and men seeing objects. I never read it, but another BRM member, Lord Jiminy, harps on it all the time. The part about the mazes was from television though. I watched it.

Deathdoom is really just a virtual maze, where enemies pop up and challenge your eyesight and reflexes. You work your way through the maze provided, usually a building, and kill everybody you encounter. Psychologically, it's really a form of intellectual rape. "Wham, bam, thank you maam!" Women hate rape because it is the indisputable proof that men are their masters, that men can open up a big bleeding gaping hole in them, enjoy fucking it, and leave them with a glob of white sperm gloop, along with a load of diseases, and a journey into the mommy mode that they didn't want, all for a moment's pleasure and release. They live their whole lives in fear of it, and when it comes, they suffer mentally forever after. It's great. Women want men to be "gentlemen", which means they won't rape them, or, even worse, that they will try to stop anybody who does, instead of helping and getting their turn. (Women often say they are "waiting for their knight in shining armor" -- the idea is that, in that armor, he can't rape them, but he can sure cut off the cock of anybody else who tries.)

The key to their mentality of dealing with the war of the sexes is to learn how to "pussy-whip" men -- use their pussy as a weapon against a man's head.

Women go to "finishing school" and learn how to pussy-whip

men all day. Men aren't usually welcome in finishing schools. Well, Deathdoom is the finishing school for my generation of males. And what a finishing school! What a school of diplomacy! What an education for a young man of the coming 21st century! It's PC because: 1) it's done on a PC (personal computer); 2) it's not rape, it's "killing", which, in all entertainment media, is more okay.

And it's, after all, a "game". Part of the entertainment industry. Protected by the Constitution. Even in countries other than America, somehow. Bottom line: money is being made, and he who has the gold rulez. The one time the Jews are good for something.

A game. It is fun to kill. More than fun. Pleasurable. A release of brain chemicals, like sex. You stalk victims, just like in sex. You focus in on a goal and go for it, just like in sex. The enemies are able to shoot you, but generally, they are less aggressive than you, and are therefore feminine.

Once a company programmed a game that let you actually hunt down and rape females, but they were hooted off the market by all the pressure groups. Fine. Boys will be taught to kill instead of fuck. In real life, they will have a problem knowing there's an option. The murdered girls can blame their mudders for that.

Speaking of fucking. There's more ways to get your rocks off than most heteros imagine.

When I reached 16 years and 9 months old, I was granted a learner's permit, and soon we left our dads behind and ran the paper route by ourselves. We would put the emergency lights on, and the cops would never bother us, knowing we were paper delivery guys. We could even run stop signs and red lights, as long as it was before 5 A.M. It was then that we learned the thrill of being above the law.

There was one house where the subscriber insisted that the paper be porched on the rear porch. It was on the side of this house that I first performed oral sex on Dylan. We had been joking, making eyes, touching. He had been suggesting

it, but not until I got back from behind that house did I find him, leaning against a tree, his hard stiffrock sticking out beautifully in the moonlight. I fell to my knees and gave head, and was delighted with his parfum, cologne probably. Very manly.

We didn't have time for him to do me then, but pretty soon we found time, and I showed it to him hard to express my love, and he knew all my responses, from A to Z: arousal, plateau, release, bliss. I felt like I hadn't known what I was doing when I did him after that, and I made it my job to learn how to do it from him, so that I gave him the same total fulfillment he gave me. Combined with the feeling of total bliss we got from the workout itself each morning, the daily sex made our lives zoom into the stratosphere of heaven on earth. It was then that I conceived the idea of both of us joining the Marines.

There was only one little problem: the Army's homophobia. People were being drummed out all the time after coming out.

Then there were the Bible-thumpers, especially at school. They would thump the Bible in our faces, telling us how God abhors homosexuality, and how we cannot be saved and live forever if we don't repent and stop. "God didn't make Adam and Adam," they taunt us. It was bad enough sometimes to make me want to cry, the holier-than-thou homo bashers.

Adam didn't ask for Eve either, if you check.

When I asked them how, if they preach love, they are so full of hate for us homos, they replied that they love us, they just hate what we do. "Go read the Bible," they always conclude. I have read it. And jacked off on it. And wiped my ass with it. And burned it. And smoked it with pot.

Thursday, March 11, 1999. 6:45 P.M.

The Bible. The beautiful Bible. I ain't got enough time to read the Bible. It would take me years to read the Bible, decades to master it. I tried once to find where the city of "Pella" was, after seeing it mentioned as the place Christians fled when Jerusalem was being sieged by the

Romans. "In Gilead". Fine. I found Gilead, but no Pella. Instead, I found an article blasting one Christian sect (the Jehovah's Witnesses and their Watchtower) for teaching that the 1st century Christians had a governing body, at first in Jerusalem, then in Pella (in the mountain strongholds), and that they were its heirs. This false belief, the writer pointed out, is nowhere in the scriptures. I wonder if there really was any Pella. And this is just one tiny little point. Imagine trying to read the entire Bible in less than fifty years, then figure out which of thousands of sects' interpretation is right, if any. Not for me, sorry. I want a life.

I then found that there was a real Pella, in Macedonia, where there are so many troubles with war today. It was the birthplace of Alexander the Great, in 356 B.C. He was personally taught by none other than Aristotle, and was said to have memorized all 15,693 lines of poetry in Homer's Iliad. He was a homosexual, like me, but he went both ways, and was religious and superstitious. He took a tiny army, less than 50,000 men, and went out from Macedonia and conquered the mighty Persians, who threw armies of half a million and a million men at him. He was a master of the phalanx method of fighting, which later was used by the Romans, in a more advanced form. They had this board game called Petteia, like chess but modeled after their style of battle. The Greeks that is. The Romans adopted it into a game called Latrunculi.

He captured Jerusalem without a fight, after the chief priest showed him in the Book of Daniel (chapters 8 and 11), supposedly written centuries before, that Greece "the goat" was prophesied to overthrow Media-Persia (the countries to the east of Mesopotamia) "the two-horned ram", along with details of Alexander's future life, such as that his line would fail, and his kingdom split up four ways. He then spared the city, whoop de doo. If he had just wasted it right then, we might have not had a Jesus Christ, and the Jews might not be running this world in circles now. In a sense, all world history after that has been an attempt to correct that mistake. The Book of Daniel was a fraud, manufactured as suited the Jewish priests' purposes, to manipulate people, and cover their own tracks. Alexander

was Aryan, white, and even back then the Semitic Jews were busy trying to undermine white rule.

No, far before that. It was way back when the Semitic Jews were in captivity in Babylon, around 539 B.C., to the Semitic Babylonians, and the Medes and Persians captured it in one night in October, or Tishri in the Jew calendar, as described in the Book of Daniel, by diverting the river Euphrates, which served as part of its defense, into a canal, and sloshing over the riverbed, entering its open, undefended gates during a night of revelry by the Baal and Ishtar-worshipping Babylonians. The shit about the handwriting on the wall in Daniel is all made-up hogwash, pure fiction, albeit pretty cute. As I read once, the opening of the gate of Ishtar to the Aryan conqueror Cyrus the Great ended 22 centuries of Semitic supremacy in that region, and is the true root cause of it all, I guess. Even today, the Jews are still split between Jehovah and Baal worshippers, both groups intent on taking over the world from Aryans, particularly America and Europe. Is it really the Jews per se, or the Semites that Aryans are in war with? The Semites, after all, have the Muslims in reserve, waiting on the wings so to speak.

But way back in Alexander's day he might have won it all for the Aryan race had not he met an untimely death. Rats. The good always die young.

Believe it or not, Alexander conquered the world in eight years, then died of -- would you believe it? -- malaria at 32 years and 8 months. And where, of all hellholes? In Babylon, the supposed paradise of Mesopotamia, the land between two rivers, where he wanted to build his capital and rule the world. That would have been rich. 32 years and 8 months. The same age Jesus died. The cover story is that Jesus changed from carpenter to messiah at the same age King David became king. But since he was a faggot -- all three were actually. Why else did they pull couches instead of chairs up to the table at the Last Supper? So Jesus' dicksiples could sip dick. Remember how he said this is my body eat it? He was a carpenter because he liked to drill holes with his hard tool. So, everybody knows faggots start having trouble getting laid by that age. Look at that damn bathhouse in Cheyenne, that's sporting a parking lot full of macho-looking vehicles all night. The Midtown. They're all

old fags. Hard-up. Waiting for one young fool to venture in, then they attack him like piranha. Thirty is the age of obsolescence for faggots. At least in the past, before modern miracle medicine. Therefore, might as well as buy it, they all think. They nailed him to a cross and fucked him to death. Jesus that is. Look at the hole in his side. Made by a Roman soldier with his big spear. Loved every minute of it. Jesus that is.

Now Alexander. His son Alexander IV and his other illegitimate son Heracles were assassinated within 14 years of his death in 323 B.C., and four of his generals split the empire between themselves, then fought it out for supremacy. The southern branch, founded by General Ptolemy I, lasted until 30 B.C., and the northern branch, founded by General Lysimachus, fell 34 years earlier, all to the Romans of course. This is all supposed to be predicted in Daniel too, in the prophecies of the king of the north and the king of the south. Just like the world-schemings Jews to center the Earth itself in Jerusalem.

The capital of the northern branch was Antioch in Syria, and the capital of the southern branch was Alexandria in Egypt. Antioch was where Paul began his preaching career, and where the first people called themselves Christians, or little Christs. Where does this Paul jerk come from? He was originally named Saul, and was a Jerusalem Jew, given the job of wiping out the followers of Christ. Very enviable job there. The name Paul means what? Small. A reference to his cock? After maybe a year of fun, he had a bad acid trip, gave up trying to get any after they laughed at his cock, and ended up leading the sex-denying Christian idiots, as the new twelfth apostle, replacing the traitor Judas. He might have been a plant by the Jewish high priests at first, a kind of double agent. But he definitely went over to them. Even when the old guard decided to pick another twelfth apostle, leaving him in the lurch. Peter, who denied Jesus three times before his cock crew, was let back in the fold I guess, so obviously the Christians would take anybody.

Paul and Peter. Small peter. Peter means rock, as in a rock-hard peter. Small but rock-hard peter. Wet, soft, and mushy pussy. Who? I draw a blank. Mary? What was the surname of Jesus' mother anyway? They didn't have surnames

back then, just street and tribe names, like skinheads do now. Mary Magdalene? Mary Nazarene? Mary Bethlehemene? All very suspicious. On second thought not. The whole Bible is a conspiracy against equality of the sexes, which is good. But it is also a conspiracy against the white race, which is bad. The Romans had taken over the world from the Greeks, but had adopted their learning, or rather adapted it, so this new movement led by Jew Paul and written in common or koine Greek, the universal language of the time, seems like an attempt to kill two birds with one stone, and finally undermine white rule of the world. It's also an attempt to push homosexuality on white men, but only after the right of muds to marry their white women away is secured. A kind of sleeper sucker punch, waiting for the right moment to come in for the knockout. And they disguise it with frequent railings against homosexuality.

I got it! Peter denied Christ thrice before the cock crew. Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I build my church. Upon thy rock-hard cock that came thrice in my face before the cock crew. What stamina. Or did he say that he was the rock upon which Peter would build his church? Oh yes. Before the cock crew twice in his rock-hard ass. He came in Jerusalem on an ass, didn't he? A she-ass. Crazy book. Every line a trap. The part that bugs me most is how they can get away with making up fiction, palm it off as fact, and boldly backdate it so as to make it appear to "prophecy". For instance, the whole story about Jehovah's prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah predicting Babylon's fall. And the whole Christ story itself. Clearly, the latter was invented after the Romans unexpectedly destroyed Jerusalem to silence the scheming Jews once and for all, as a form of insidious, crafty revenge. You have to hand it to the Jews. One thing they are is crafty. And they never forgive or forget. They love revenge. So, the entire story of Jesus Christ, and even of the early apostles, was backdated to 30 A.D. through sixty-something A.D., even though it was certainly invented after 70 A.D. The real witnesses had been killed and/or dispersed, so it would have been easy to manufacture history at will. I think over a million Jews died in the siege of Jerusalem alone. The holdouts in Masada numbered in the hundreds. A hundred years later, and nobody could refute it. The few Jews who manufactured and peddled the shit could easily portray their dead compatriots as having "rejected Jesus". Any real history

that was found in secular writings they could take care of as needed. Maybe some would seem to back their fiction up. If some didn't, they'd claim that that proves that the secular writer was anti-Christian, and was lying, thus proving the truth of the Christian fiction even more. When a crazed nut thinking he had seen Christ became Roman Emperor, it then became history. Believe or die. Constantine. That name sounds like some kind of suppository you stick up your anus. Christianity, Christ-insanity, a mental virus, cooked up by crafty Jews, and injected into the Aryan body politic, where it found few natural defenses and immunities, and eventually spread out of control and proved fatal.

Yes, the key characteristic of the Jews' god is his ability to predict history. That sets him apart from the other gods, so they claim. You can't handle the truth. The Jews are simply the best fiction writers around. Their god Yahweh makes it happen. Not. They make Yahweh happen. Backdating fiction and claiming it is history, and therefore inspired by an omniscient god, is sublime craftiness. Or lower-than-shit craftiness. Same thing when it comes to craftiness. That's why they prohibit graven images and stone idols. Shit written on stone can't be altered, rewritten. It might even be datable by scientific methods. Scripture on scrolls, on the other hand, that is more fluid, more suitable for the task at hand. Original scrolls can disappear. New scrolls can pop up. Prophets can be manufactured and backdated as real history unfolds. The Bible is therefore the greatest collection of lying scrolls in western history. The best of the worst. The champeens. A library of supreme lies. Now it's packaged as a product and stamped out by the millions and shot out all over the planet like viral spores. Like the whole western world is sick and sneezing it all over, spreading it. And all the prophets and saviors and gods and angels of the Jews could never invent the printing press or even paper. It took the Chinks to do that. No wonder the Chinks reject the shit whole-hog.

But then there's the secular history about Emperor Nero, who blamed Rome's burning on a sect of losers called Christians. He had a merry old time with them, indeed. Must have been a gas to round up those sorry-ass muthas and feed them to the lions, make some into human torches. Yet this was before the

destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. What a riddle wrapped in a mystery and surrounded by a slice of bacon we have there. And a toothpick through it all, ready to pop in my mouth. The Christian cult must have been a group of sorry-ass Jews who were busy manufacturing the Lost Gospel Book of Q, the Dead Sea Scrolls, the personal testament of Judah, and all kinds of other crap, in anticipation of the moment to add-in manufactured backdated history and foist a mental virus on the Aryan Romans and the entire Aryan world. When the time came, it was manufactured so fast it seemed to spring up like a mushroom in the rain, and could be quickly spread throughout the Roman empire with their common Greek written language and their great roads and ships by the crazed, maddened, lost dispersed Jews. Of course it rode on the back of their own Hebrew scriptures, the ones that claimed they were God's chosen people all along. Rode on their back like on an ass. But not into Jerusalem, out of it. Supersick. And the net result of it all is people like Howard Stern, ha ha. Ugly from centuries of inbreeding, yet as horny as a rat. The master race, ha. He has protection as he mounts the airwaves and spews racemixing propaganda at America like sneeze juice. All racemixing is helped by an attack on morality, of course. Not that I have any myself. But then I don't go spewing it across the nation either. I keep myself private. Not that I could go onto the mass media even if I wanted to. Too controlled by the Jews. The only thing left is the Internet, and they're closing in on it daily. And yet they're only three lousy percent of the population. They are truly crafty. I almost admire them and wish I was born one. I can't handle the truth myself sometimes. Howard is at least tolerant of homosexuality, even if he won't admit to being a closet fag.

What if the Bible really is the word of God, and was written before the events prophesied? What if Jesus really did walk the earth, and... Fuck it. Black is not white, and white is not black. Mankind didn't come out of a garden of Eden six thousand years ago, and didn't sin in the garden and get cursed, so there is no purpose to God sending his son down to redeem Adam's seed. Man got here through evolution, as did the Bible and all gods and religion. And all the races, breeds, and everything else. White is white, black is black. You can't handle the truth. People are awed by

Nature, and spontaneously imagine a father figure who made it all. The rest is their imagination. That is, if they don't imagine a mother figure who made it. If Christ really lived, he would have returned by now. That's the greatest proof of his phoniness anybody could ever want. Speed is god, time is the devil. Who said that? I forget, but it's right on. What will it take before mankind gets rid of this virus forever? Another two thousand years? Another ten thousand? Think of the trillions of man-hours wasted. Apparently sheer time is the one sure cure in the works. At this date, though, the virus is surely on the wane but still has millions of victims infected like hell. Even some homos still believe the shit. Supersick.

Way back then, people had no defenses against this virus, but at least those were the good old days, when whites ruled the world without the guilt-trip of Jesus Christ and Christianity. White skin was the badge, the ticket to superiority, like Harrison Ford makes his living from even today. Good white people were in charge even of Judea and Egypt: the Ptolemies. I love that old coin that shows Ptolemy Lagus (Ptolemy I) in profile: what a manly head, a noble brow, cool hair. No kinks in this man-god's mane, muds. Kiss his ass, muds of the world. You know he's white and he's right. He proclaimed himself pharaoh.

Egypt had always had problems with muds. They solved them by making them slaves, the way whites always do when left alone by Jews. After centuries of training, Egyptian muds make great manual laborers. The Islam religion arose because the mud hordes down there needed a pharaoh in the sky to bow down to, the days of the pharaohs on earth being over, and the rest is cotton candy. That's why Islam turns muds on, but leaves whites cold. I knew an Arab who worked as a newspaper carrier alongside Dylan and me. He was an amazing worker, handling three routes single-handedly in the same time as we handled our two. He showed us several labor-saving tricks, always saying that he didn't want to "work like a Chinese, doing the same work two or three times when one time would do." For instance, he'd never fold and bag his papers in the warehouse, and cart them out to this truck. He'd do the folding and bagging by his truck, saving the cart loading and unloading, as well as the trips. He

was dark, but he had enough white in him to be smart in saving energy. But not enough to get out of that terrible Islam slavery that sapped his mental energy the rest of the time. It wasn't lack of intelligence with him, just the use he put it to. It was Islamics who invented algebra. But they'll never escape the shackles of Allah, the Pharaoh in the Sky. Too bad. But back to the days of the Ptolemies.

Egypt by then was being ruined by the muds from Africa, brought in first to be slaves, but eventually doing what they couldn't help, namely, fucking the white girls, and mongrelizing the whole country. Look at them now. They look like white people trapped in black skins. The future American? I couldn't bear to see it. By the time Egypt had a mud pharaoh, it was over for it. Same thing in India. How long till America has a mud president? Why should I live to a hundred like Daniel did? He at least lived to see Jerusalem, which had been destroyed by the Babylonians in 607 B.C., finally begun to be rebuilt, after the Persians let the Jews return two years after taking Babylon in 539 B.C. One of many unbelievably dumb moves by Aryans to keep their worst enemies afloat. Since race mixing is hard to reverse, I have what to look forward to? Some black nigger coming up to me with a white woman on his arm and a string of muds trailing behind and saying, "Grandpa! Meet your grandkids!?" I can just imagine what Nicole Brown's family thought when she brought O.J. Simpson home for dinner. Oi!

The Indians must be laughing at us now. Not the American Indians, the Indian Indians. No, both of them. We moved into this new continent, exterminated the mud race natives, and were ready for a golden age of a pure white unlimited future, even shaking off the old European royalty system, enacting a Constitution where all white men are free and equal. But what do we do? Bring in a sling of Jews with us, and black mud slaves. Soon, we are at each other's throats over the muds, while the Jews wait in the wings and count their profits. Now we invite muds the world over to just move on in. In just another few hundred years, we will be blacker than India got in 3500 years. Some lesson we learned from history. And all the information was right there, in all our libraries. I guess that was what held it back. People hate hunkering down in libraries. But now we

have the Net, and anybody can get the information electronically from his own home, school, or office.

We owe it all to Alexander, the first Bill Gates, if I can use that name without insulting Alexander's memory.

Thanks to Alexander's love of learning, Ptolemy built the great library that we saw being burned in that movie "Cleopatra" starring Elizabeth Taylor. She was hyped as the world's most beautiful woman back then, but she doesn't do anything for me. Or Richard Burton either. They saved it, and it lasted centuries more before bigoted Christians destroyed it so that Christianity's pagan origins couldn't be traced. So, maybe they invented Pella in their phony gospels, so that they could trace their governing body to the same birthplace as Alexander the Great's.

Pella. Maker of fine windows. Windows. Bill Gates. Forget Bill Gates. He's no Alexander. And I doubt he is really a lover of learning. I don't do windows. Oi!

Funny how, after the Babylonians took Jerusalem in 607 B.C., and took the Jews captive, only to see them freed 70 years later in 537 B.C., after the Aryan Persians, who worshipped the first monotheist god Zoroaster or Zarathustra, many ended up in Egypt, and eventually formed a ghetto in Alexandria. One-third of its eight hundred thousand inhabitants. They were just like they are now even then, greedy gouging merchants and bankers, and built Alexandria's wealth to rival Rome's. Maybe the Jews in Alexandria invented the whole Christian religion -- after Jerusalem was destroyed for the final time by the Romans, and the rest of the troublemaking Jews dispersed over the known world in 70 A.D. -- as a way of striking back at the Roman Empire. The Romans didn't kill Jesus Christ. There never was any Jesus Christ. He was a made-up fictional character, a straw man, used by the inner core of Jews that manufactured and maintained the Bible to cause Rome to self-destruct through imagined guilt, just the way they handled all Aryans. How clever of the inventors of the story to make the high-ups of the Jews also look responsible -- a nice way to cover their tracks. Too bad it backfired centuries later when the Christians took over the Roman Empire, and started persecuting Jews for "murdering their Savior". But the Jews

were always known for a love-hate relationship with themselves.

Aristotle was a math genius, and the inventor of many engines of war. Dylan promised me he would study all of it and see if there was anything we could use.

Alexander's conquests are the reason that the entire New Testament was originally written in Greek. That was the universal language back then. Yes, power struggles are what drive real history, and religions are just a cover story thrown up as flak while they are jockeying around.

By the way, I found another real Pella -- in Iowa. It was the boyhood home of Wyatt Earp. He was real handy with guns. His parents fought on the wrong side in the Civil War, but were against freeing the slaves. He married a Jewess at age 60 and lived to age 80 in San Francisco.

In looking for Pella on the Net using a search engine, I did find "propellant", as in bombs. Thank you, Jesus! Seek and ye shall find. I'd rather enjoy some good homo sex and do something useful like kill, than jag my mind out on the Bible. My lover is a math and computer genius, and he too would rather go out with guns blazing than jag his mind out on "the rotting tree of computers", as he describes it.

"Everything in computers that is hot one day is obsolete two years later. Imagine spending my whole life jumping from one obsolete pile of crap to another, until I'm too old to keep up, then being unceremoniously shit-canned for younger people."

Imagine having to deliver newspapers when we are in our seventies. When we have back problems, arthritis. Worse, by then all newspapers will be made obsolete by the Net. So then what?

Computers and the promised information society are like the modern-day Bible and its promises, only there is no promise of eternal life, just quick riches, nerve and other physiological damage from pressure and overwork, and an early retirement if you are a winner. Get this: computers are supposed to give all a life of ease. Just look at its

savior: the nerd Bill Gates. He has more of a chance of getting into the kingdom of heaven than a camel does of getting through the eye of a needle. But he's so smart he might make a virtual camel that goes through a virtual needle, so I better shut up. The difference between him and a crooked money-raking TV evangelist is that he... I don't know what the difference is, actually.

We have the most beautiful same-sex relationship. He tells me everything. Like how he has a plan to put Bill Gates into bankruptcy and become the new richest man in the world, by developing brain implants that connect people to the Net. By having the patent on the operating system, he will force everybody in the world to pay him several thousand dollars, and sign an agreement never to do business with Microsoft again. Okay, he knows it's hopeless, and he doesn't fear death anymore than I do. It's a zero-sum game, he says. He has such a big vocabulary. How can I not love him?

Funny how the two most beautiful love stories in the Bible concern same-sex relationships: David's with Jonathan, and Ruth's with Naomi. No, make that three: God's relationship with Jesus and the Holy Ghost must be quite interesting, up in the white sheets.

The Bible is more clear concerning the spiritual and physical nature of the relationship of David (Israel's second king) and Jonathan (the son of Israel's first king, Saul, who was killed along with Saul by the Philistines on Mount Gilboa). For example: "The soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David" (1 Samuel 18:1). "Come, let us go out into the field" (1 Samuel 20:11). David even composed a song to Jonathan, saying, "Your love for me was wonderful, passing the love of women" (2 Samuel 1:26). Not that they didn't have wives and children. They might have been bi, so what? They were just obeying the command of God to "be fruitful and multiply."

The Bible is less clear concerning Ruth and Naomi, the first being a Moabitess, the latter a Jewess. In the short Book of Ruth, famine drove Naomi and her husband across the Jordan to the land of Moab with their two sons, who marry Ruth and Orpah. Both sons then died, along with the old

man, leaving the three wives childless and with nothing to do but eat each other. Ruth then inexplicably decides to give up paganism, become a Jewess, and go back to Judah with Naomi. Orpah (after which Oprah Winfrey takes her name, because her mother was given a list of Bible names but was probably too illiterate or dumb to know she was naming her after a pagan -- notice how she misspelled the name, the stupid dumb coon) decided to stay with the idol-worshippers in Moab. Ruth then gives herself to rich old man Boaz (brother-in-law marriage), who fathers her son, which Naomi then wet-nurses. Kind of a menage a trois. Three-way sex. What did Ruth and Naomi do all the time when Ruth's old man was not up to raising the Israeli flagpole? Perhaps the writer of Ruth (some say the prophet Samuel, who wrote about David and Jonathan) had as much difficulty comprehending the possibility of a physical relationship between women without men as Andrew Dice Clay would have, except when he was around.

What's really sick is that Ruth and Boaz lived in Bethlehem (House of Bread), 6 miles SSW of Jerusalem, and their son Obed was the father of Jesse, who was the father of David, who was Mary's (Jesus Christ's mother's) direct ancestor -- and he was born via parthenogenesis, without a human dick and balls, the Bible says. So Bethlehem must have been the Lesbos of ancient Israel. Beth, can I lick your ham? Can I heat your bread up in your house? Yummy. And kosher too.

The Bible-thumpers always beat us down with the Sodom and Gomorrah story. One even told me that the Dead Sea is the location of those cities, proving the Bible true. Funny how they don't read the Bible closely. Repeatedly the Bible defines the sin of Sodom, not as gay love, but as pride and inhospitality (e.g. Ezekiel 16:49). The condemnation of Sodom concerns homosexuality per se no more than the condemnation of rape concerns heterosexuality per se. Most other references to same-sex behaviour are in relation to temple prostitution. There is but one unambiguous condemnation of same-sex physical relations in the Old Testament, in the barbaric Book of Leviticus (Leviticus 18:22 et al.), right alongside the condemnation of the eating of pork (11:7). (Tell that to the residents of Austin, Minnesota, the Home of Spam, the pork by-products

snack.)

Maybe it is not homosexuality, but belief in the Bible, that is bad. Just what kind of God makes laws like these anyway? A few examples:

"If a man has intercourse with a man as with a woman, both commit an abomination. They must be put to death." -- Leviticus 20:33.

That's right. Catch two men in bed, and give them a criminal record, with a death sentence. The Philistines look good next to the Jews when you think about it, don't they? The Assyrians, the Persians and the Medes, all their enemies who conquered them. I wonder why?

"No woman may wear an article of man's clothing, nor may a man put on a woman's dress, for those who do are abominable to the Lord your God." -- Deuteronomy 22:4.

I guess that means transvestites are to be put to death too. Even Scots wearing kilts. Or a woman wearing a man's suit. The barbarity of these laws should make people puke, but often has just the opposite effect, causing them to gleefully call for homo bashing today, right here in 1999 America. The only way to talk sense into these Bible thumpers is to thump their Bibles right back at them, showing them that the Bible itself is barbaric, and none of its laws should be taken seriously today.

For example, here's a little broadside I downloaded from the Net somewhere, and keep saved on my disk:

Click.

1. WOMEN IZ DIRTY -- "When a woman has her discharge of blood, her impurity will last for seven days. Anyone who touches her will be unclean until evening." -- Leviticus 15:19.

2. WET DREAMS IZ DANGEROUS -- "When anyone has a discharge from his private parts, the discharge is ritually unclean. All bedding on which anyone with such

a discharge lies will be ritually unclean, and everything on which he sits will be unclean. Every earthenware bowl touched by the person must be broken." -- Leviticus 15:12.

3. THE MARINES IZ DAMNED -- "You are not to cut off the hair from your temples." -- Leviticus 20:27.

4. THE MARINES IZZ DOUBLE-DAMNED -- "You must not ... tattoo yourselves. I am the Lord." -- Leviticus 20:28.

5. PORTA-POTTIES IZ A SIN -- "You must have a sign outside the camp showing where you can withdraw to relieve yourself. As part of the equipment, you are to have trowel, and when you squat outside, you are to scrape a hole with it, then turn and cover your excrement." -- Deuteronomy 23:12-13.

6. THE NO JOHN BOBBITT RULE FOR JEWISH PRIESTS -- "No man whose testicles have been crushed or whose organ has been cut off may become a member of the assembly of the Lord." -- Deuteronomy 23:1. I wonder why this is? So that the action in the Holy of Holies can always be hot? All Jewish priests have to be hung, and cute too, like Rock Hudson (rock hardon).

Served him (John Bobbitt) right, sleeping with a man-hating woman, a mud, a spic, and leaving all the kitchenware unlocked. He should have been su-spic-ious. Why do spic women all wear long skirts? To hide the Shell No-Pest strips. Fifty-point trivia question: what was her name?

7. TELL THIS TO YOUR MORTGAGE OR CREDIT CARD COMPANY -- "You are not to extract interest on anything you lend to your fellow countryman." -- Deuteronomy 23:19.

This text, by the way, was used for centuries by Jews such as the Rothschilds (Red Shields) to make huge fortunes off of Christians through money-lending, because they weren't considered their fellow countrymen (snicker).

Unclick. Click back to my log book.

True Christians would -- and should -- tell you that Jesus Christ changed all of that when he died for our sins on the cross. Men no longer have to sacrifice two bullocks to the Lord and practice special bathing rites every time they touch their girlfriends who are having their period. Yet because it suits their own ignorance, some Christians will pick that anti-homosexual law out of the pages of laws that they've long since stopped abiding by and apply it to us.

It's also a sad and horrible irony that the one Biblical figure who is quoted least by conservative Christians is Christ himself. No doubt this is because much of Christ's teachings revolved around themes of love, charity, and forgiveness -- qualities that don't exactly embody the philosophy of loud-mouth stone-throwing Christians like Pat Buchanan, Jerry Falwell, et al.

Stone-throwing. Funny how the homophobic Bible-thumpers skip inconvenient parts of the Bible when it suits their purpose. Take this passage for instance. It's from the Gospel of John, ch. 8, v. 1-11, when Jesus was teaching in the temple of Jerusalem (that he predicted would fall). He was asked, "Teacher, this woman was caught in the very act of adultery. In the law Moses has laid down, such women are to be stoned. What do you say about it?" Jesus bent down and wrote with his finger on the ground. When they continued to press their question, he sat up straight and said, "Let whichever of you is free from sin cast the first stone at her." Of course none of them did, because they had all balled her eyes out themselves.

It is very selective use of scripture which makes it condemn same-sex relations while accepting in daily life practices much more frequently denounced. It was actually only in the 13th century that the by-then corrupt Mother Church of Catholicism developed homophobia. Look it up in John Boswell's "Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality" (1980).

But what about all the epistles of Paul, Timothy, James, et al.? Don't they repeatedly say that homos cannot enter the kingdom of heaven? Right, along with just about anybody and everybody you can think of. For instance, anybody who has

hetero sex outside of marriage. I'll skip that kingdom of heaven stuff myself, thank you. I just want to be left alone by Bible-thumpers, and to eliminate their influence on our society and its institutions and laws, for instance, the Marine Corps.

But all the Bible-thumpers draw the line in triumphantly categorizing all homosexuality as "sin". What is sin? Sin is basically a turning away from God. Thus any physical pursuit can be sin if you become preoccupied with it as an end of itself. Paul notes that the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness etc. (Galatians 5:22).

If you read Romans 1:18-32 which seems to condemn homosexuality, the unclean practices include a whole host of other things not related to sex, e.g., ill will, greed, envy murder, bickering, deceit, gossiping. These are all a consequence of a failure to acknowledge God. No, homosexuality is not a sin per se, I don't believe, in the context of the Bible.

Not that I believe in God or the Bible anyway.

"You shall have no other gods before me," says the Bible god. Well, I simply can't accept this barbaric, primitive tribal god and take it seriously -- the god or his bible. For instance, in the Book of Numbers, god struck some woman, Miriam I think, with leprosy for being jealous of Moses or some shit. Moses later talked god into reversing it. If there were a real God, how could he let the stain of the bible god impostor even exist all over this earth? He couldn't. Therefore, I shall have no gods at all.

Friday, March 12, 1999. 6:45 P.M.

Life is hard, and then you die. Your soul dies when you die. After death you know nothing. You cannot talk to the dead. They cannot talk to you. People can leave writings and videos that live on after them, or build monuments, or start schools, religions, companies, institutions, movements -- and that's about it. Those who live but a short time and found a movement that influences millions have lived more than those who live a long time and found nothing. Dylan

and I will found a movement that will be here long after every other now in existence is forgotten. And we will do it while brushing our teeth with each other's cream.

One night Dylan and I were out alone in a good (white) neighborhood, staring at a beautiful gibbous moon. Gibbous. Another of Dylan's words. It means rounded, bulging and protuberant; more than half showing; humpbacked.

"I love you more than the gibbous moon," he said.

After asking him to explain that word, I replied: "And I love you so much, why don't you hump me in my gibbous rear with your gibbous dick?"

Yes, I had advanced from kissing his love organ to willingly accepting it up my crack. I was a bugger, a sodomite. We did it like monkeys, like gibbons. I like to squeeze down my rectococcyx and shout, "Fuck me harder! Fuck me harder!" To feel his dick fucking mine from the inside out. To feel our two bags swinging down as one, in an erotic dance. The joy of totally giving myself to him is beyond words. Just as we men can never understand the feelings a woman has during pregnancy and childbirth, so women and straight men will never understand the feelings we homos have during anal sex. With him I was totally free to pursue happiness.

There was just one problem: the Bible again.

Gibbous. The Gibb brothers. The Brothers Gibb. That's the Bee Gees, the Beatles copycats. Andy and Maurice are the twins, and... I forget. But they are all faggots, homos, queers, sodomites. Buggers. Get it? Bee Gees -- buggers. They sing like women. They married some women to pass, as a cover. Unlike Elton John, they couldn't sell a record to the homophobic Beatles crowd if they came out. They'd become the Brothers Grimm, nailed to a fence like a scarecrow in Wyoming. Because of the Bible. (Paul McCartney is the homophobics' Jesus Christ. That's why John Lennon said the Beatles were more popular than Jesus Christ -- but nobody got it except me.)

The Bible sucks. So do I, but I at least admit it.

I know that the arguments we homos make up to make the Bible seem to tolerate us are all forced, strained, dishonest. I know that the Bible condemns all immoral and abominable acts. As amusing as it is to imagine God as an old white man bugging Jesus Christ, or two angels locked in oral 69, or Jesus doing it in camp with his twelve dicksuckles under a gibbous moon, I know the Bible promotes purity, and abhors perversion. The very last book of the Bible almost, Jude, fucks up homos every time they glance at it (verse 7): "... just as Sodom and Gomorrah and the surrounding cities, which likewise acted immorally and indulged in unnatural lust, serve as an example by undergoing a punishment of eternal fire."

I'll never get past 1 Corinthians 6:9, which says: "Do you not know that the unrighteous will not inherit the kingdom of God? Do not be deceived: neither the immoral, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor homosexuals (men who lay down with men), nor thieves, nor the greedy, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor robbers will inherit the kingdom of God."

Well, I just don't care. I want the Bible to not be true. I want there to be no god. I don't want in any kingdom of heaven. I don't want to be a Christian. I want to be free to do my thing.

I hope there is no god. All the smartest people and scientists know it is bunk. How could the Bible be true if there are millions of other intelligent life forms on other planets, in other galaxies? Man created god, not the other way around, and in his own image -- male image. The god they created reflected their own prejudices, that's all. In practice, those who are straight can easily use it to justify their lifestyles, and rub it in our faces, use it to ostracize us. It's a biological necessity that, over long ages, those who were heterosexuals had the children, passing all their tendency to be heterosexual, with any latent tendency to be homosexual riding along as a stowaway. Now that the world is overpopulated, and the life span goes beyond the age of bringing up a family, this biological necessity is irrelevant. Homosexuality is a learned (and highly pleasurable as well as highly addicting) behavior,

although the tendency to it probably has a genetic component.
But with the right person, and enough time, anybody can
learn to love same-sex relations, including Christians.

SO THERE GOD! IN YOUR FACE!

So even if there is a god, I hope the devil wins. He is for
freedom. He's Prometheus. He brought the knowledge of fire
to man. He's a man after my own heart, a man of wealth and
fame and taste. God, if he exists, is a wimp. He is for
all the lifestyles that are living hell, no fun. God's idea
of paradise is my idea of miserable hell. The devil has
been winning since human history began, no doubt, because
most people think like I do. So why should anything change
in my lifetime? Go, Satan, go!

Saturday, March 13, 1999. 4:45 P.M.

Which reminds me. Once, on the Internet, on a gay site, I
came upon a poetic description of the blowjob, so eloquent
that it still brings me to tears of joy. It is by an
anonymous author (whether by accident or design, I know
not), and I have it saved on my disk drive, where I call it
up frequently, and reread it. It should be held in the same
esteem as other poems about great experiences, such as "High
Flight", by Pilot Officer John Gillespie Magee Jr.

Compare:

HIGH FLIGHT

by Pilot Officer John Gillespie Magee Jr.

30,000 feet over England.

Killed in 1941 at age 19 serving with the RCAF.

Oh, I have slipped the surly
bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on
laughter-silvered wings:
Sunward I've climbed, and
joined the tumbling mirth

Of sun-split clouds -- and done
a hundred things
You have not dreamed of --
wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence:
hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind
along, and flung
My eager craft through footless
halls of air.
Up, the long, delirious,
burning blue
I've topped the windswept
heights with easy grace
Where once lark, or even eagle
flew --
And, while the silent lifting
mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity
of space,
Put out my hand and touched
the face of God.

With:

ODE TO A BLOWJOB

by Anon., date unknown (after the invention of shag carpeting)

I knelt before him, my knees cushioned by the soft shag carpet. He was utterly naked, his hard, hairy body completely open to my eyes and touch. His cock hung at rest over his balls, pointing downward... down to my eager and hungry mouth.

On my knees, in what was supposedly a subservient position -- that of the cocksucker as opposed to the cocksuckee -- I never felt more in control. On other nights and in other situations we could be, and indeed were, equals. As a lover, friend and partner I could not ask for much more. Tonight, though, was different. Tonight, while appearing to give myself utterly to him, I would, in fact, be wallowing in self-indulgent lust.

That -- that is the great secret of cocksucking. It is more blessed to give than receive.

Yesterday and tomorrow he was and would be my reason for living. Tonight he was just a cock -- this cock -- now faintly stirring with life in response to my simple kneeling before it while contemplating its beauty. It really was beautiful, I thought, as I took the time to examine it carefully. Much as I love my own cock and love to smell my smegma and dream about being able to suck myself off, I could never contort my body sufficiently to even examine it in this way, much less actually enjoy sucking it. God himself made us to suck one another, and to be sucked in return. Amen.

The head was soft to the touch, the way no other part of his body ever was. It looked like a helmet, with the mouthlike slit where the spike or plume would be. Now that tiny mouth was opening, speaking in small droplets of clear, sticky precum, that precious fluid that prepared the way for the glories yet to come.

Around the edge of the head was the tender meaty ridge that I so enjoyed nibbling on. A hotdog this definitely is not -- no company makes such a magnificent sausage. Or such a delicious one. No, the real thing only grows on real men. The head made a near-perfect ring, except for the break on the bottom, where the love button -- a tiny bead of cartilage -- is. I have one, he has one -- we all find out when learning to masturbate. The break formed an arrow seemingly molded into the flesh, pointing at the fount of his manly nectar.

His shaft, now lengthening as his hot blood rushed to engorge his tool, provided further visual delights. First was the reddish pink ring that was part of the head. A few teeth gently scraped along this surface at just the right moment could produce the most interesting reactions. It was very tender and always deserved to be treated with the utmost in tender loving care.

Beneath that was a dark brown ring that marked where his

foreskin had been cut off. There are some who prefer their cocks uncut, but not me. An uncut penis is like a theater before the houselights go down and the curtain has gone up. The fleshy pole before me instead seemed like a solo star turn, with all the footlights and spotlights geared to emphasizing this one point onstage.

Still lower was the pink flesh which led to the rest of his body. Even here there were signs of erotic delights to be followed, such as the dark, curly pubic hair which reached out to surround this magnificent member, like vines around a mighty tree.

But the body of the cock is the funnest part. Women have a hard time understanding that a cock wants to be treated badly to have fun. They think of sex as something soft, when we think of it as something hard. A cock loves to be pinched and squeezed, beaten, stroked, rubbed, fondled. It likes and wants to be abused. It tells you when it's had enough by cumming and detumescing, leaving only a shrunken, wrinkled nub dangling from the pubic triangle, safe and satisfied. That's because it's just a probe, a connector, a cable, to the real network of nerve endings going throughout the body. Especially in the legs. The biggest orgasms come from tension released in the legs.

His dark triangle was like a private garden. It had a fountain, it had tangled undergrowth, it had two boulders which offered unique vantage points, and it had paths leading away from the garden that held the promise of other exotic delights that might yet be discovered. Right now I examined those moss-covered boulders, the wrinkled, hairy skin sac which contained his balls. Even as I watched they were manufacturing that hot sweet cream that I would eventually allow him to shoot down my throat. That, however, would be in good time. I don't just suck cock for the taste of dog, I love to gobble the cream sauce -- excuse me but you bet I do.

Without my having touched him -- without having done anything more than simply let my eyes dance through the region of his groin -- he had become hard and aroused.

His flaccid nub had sprouted like a mushroom and stretched itself out to its full seven inches, magnificent in its erected state, like a boomerang in the way it curves upward, throbbing and twitching in anticipation of what I would do next.

Since my plan was to indulge each of my senses tonight, what I did next was press my face into his crotch, instantly becoming drunk from the heady scent of his masculinity. I could just smell the cream roasting in his nuts. The combination of sight and smell had their desired effect. I no longer was content to be the passive admirer with the eyes. I wanted this cock in my mouth, and I wanted it now. I wanted to lick some dick, to drink some cream of nuts, to get some manly nourishment. It was time for action.

My hand reached for his scrotal pouch and gently hefted it, as much for the feel as for a bit of misdirection. They were so heavy with the cream sauce of delight, fresh-roasted in the bag just for me, now, this moment. Truly, God made sex for the ultimate something to eat. As he focused his attention on his balls, I leaned forward and -- quick as a whip -- darted out my tongue to lick the quivering drop of precum that had formed at his cocktip. He shuddered aloud, as much from the surprise as from the sensation, and the sound of his gasp added to my sensory enjoyment of the situation. His cream was so clean and sweet. And slightly salty. Finger-lickin' good.

Precum. Like when you're licking a vanilla ice cream cone and some of it melts and you lick that off first. It seems that the more I swallow the more I have to have. It's like antacid, Milk of Magnesia. I can't sleep without some on my stomach, or I wake up and can't sleep until I have. Kind of like withdrawal symptoms. Yes, a man's cream is good. The manna of the gods. The drug of God. Soma. The forbidden fruit. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

I let go of his balls, and grasped his fleshy piston at the belly. Simultaneously this increased his excitement

as at last he got the firm contact that he craved, while it also served to calm him down, reminding him that tonight his sexually satisfaction was a happy by-product, not the reason, for my actions.

I examined the stiff dick in my hand. The blue veins pulsed with the blood that was forced into his cock to create the rock hard firmness I loved so much. I resisted an urge to play with it, to masturbate it to orgasm. Still holding it, I gently licked the underside of his pulsating tool, savoring both the taste and near swoon that welcomed my ministrations. This is manly love. There's just no substitute. I'll never 'get' women who just want to lick pussy.

Crouching down between his muscular thighs, I opened my mouth wide, to take his hot nuts into my mouth. Gently, ever so gently, I sucked on them, spurring them on in their production of manly juices. When my tongue pressed up between them, spreading them apart, I was afraid he was going to lose it right there. I disengaged and pulled back, waiting for him to mentally reset the hair trigger on his pulsing weapon in anticipation of sucking him off to total orgasm.

This teasing could have gone on for hours, and on other nights it did. Then the purpose was to drive him wild and have him begging for release. When it came -- when he came -- it was an awesome moment that sealed the bond between us. Tonight, though, it was my schedule we were adhering to, and now I wanted to take that beautiful cock into my mouth and suck on it as if my life depended on it. Which is exactly what I did.

First I pursed my lips into a tight ring so that every last inch of his dick flesh would be tantalized by my soft, wet, experienced lips. When my nose was buried at its hairy root, with his balls grazing my chin -- swinging like the warbler of a turkey, the udder of a cow, a feedbag on a horse -- I paused to drink in the sensations of the moment. This -- this was the Garden of Eden, pure paradise, life's crowning goal.

The soft head of his dick grazed the roof of my mouth, but I had long since learned how to suppress the gag reflex that might have pushed it back. His long rod pulsed on my tongue. I could literally taste the changes in pressure as the blood coursed through his pole. Some more precum dribbled out and I could taste it on the back of my tongue as it slid across and down my throat.

Now I pulled back, exerting a gentle suction as I drew my lips across his veiny stalk. Again I plunged downward, exhilarated by the feeling of his cock penetrating my face. I continued doing this until he began rolling his hips and moving his stiff prick on his own accord. I stopped my motion, not to restrain him, but in order to experience the sheer animal sensation of having my face fucked, of making my mouth into a pussy and a deep vagina, only far more expert and capable, since my head and all its sensory apparatus was right on the spot, so to speak. As he penetrated my mouth, again and again, I kept my eyes open in order to fully drink in the moment. It tasted so good. I was in the Garden of Eden now for sure. Paradise. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil right in the old kisser. He was Adam and I was Eve. I was his sucking his rib. I was a mouth pussy. It was so good it just couldn't be evil. God had truly loved Adam to give him a helpmate to keep him from being lonely.

My tongue flicked the slick underside of his dick as his fucking motions increased. I took his hands and placed them on the back of my head. This served not only to steady his balance, but to encompass me in his urgent need. As he thrust his crotch into my face, impaling me with his erection, his hands pulled my head inward towards the promise of sweet cream that was rising up from his balls swinging under my chin like a feedbag on a horse. Yes, I was his horse. Ride me!

I reached out and grabbed his ass cheeks to push his shaft in my mouth harder, my fingers probing for that secret hole where my own stiffness would be buried later that evening. That penetrating finger pressed the final button for his orgasm. All in an instant he

clamped down on my finger, pushed my face so deeply into his crotch that I could count the individual pubic hairs, and thrust upward in a final motion that symbolized for me the joy and the excitement that is fucking. His balls were now mounted up under my chin like a raised teacup and saucer.

The world came to a standstill as he teetered on the precipice. I could feel that moment of indecision, where he could pull back in hopes of achieving still greater heights, or go ahead into glorious free fall. He fell, and his cock began shooting forth white spray like a geyser.

As there is a moment of indecision in fucking, so is there one in cocksucking: to swallow or not to swallow. I always opt to swallow, which was fortunate since I was so positioned that my choice was reduced to swallowing or foregoing breathing. His dick was sheathed so deeply in my mouth that the first two shots missed my tongue entirely and went directly down my throat. Then, as he relaxed slightly and leaned back, the remaining nectar poured out onto my tongue, where I could enjoy its salty, manly essence, before swallowing it and washing it down with some of my own saliva. I knew his dick was turning purple as it threw out the white stuff, was at its height of sensitivity, so I teased it with my tongue, between the spurts, causing even greater spurting reflex actions. No hotdog served in a baseball game or a restaurant, whatever the spices and condiments and bun used, could match this perfect love sausage.

Such was the intensity of the moment that we remained locked together in this fashion for several minutes, long enough for me to drain him dry, and finally return his now flaccid tool to the state where I had originally found it. I knew how he was in a total state of bliss, a state that only lasts for seconds, but for which all his waking and unwaking thoughts are aimed. I had given him the greatest gift life has to offer, and I knew I would do so again, and again, in the future. For those few seconds of his orgasm, I was bonded to him with a bond of energy that is eternal, organismic. His whole life

would one day be remembered as this moment. Like me, he was an orgasm junkie. I was his sky pilot, his shepherd, his savior, and he was totally in my power. And I had not let him down. No, I had held my end up. But now he had to rest, for the experience was draining, and it would take time to recover, for his balls to refill, and his libido to rise again to the point that he needed some head again.

But he began cumming again. Not much, for he wasn't orgasming, but emptying out the tubes. I licked and sucked his orgasmed candy cane clean, which he much appreciated. A natural urge in all men is to have every last drop of their love juice appreciatively taken and used by their lover, and I was only too glad to oblige. And cum again soon!

When I finally rose from the floor, my head was swimming from the indescribably ecstasies of achieving the perfect blowjob, and fulfilling myself while fulfilling him. In reducing himself, for just a while, to the stiff tasty cock that I needed for this fantasy, he had given me a great gift, but had probably thought that I had been the one to give him one, for I had reduced myself at the same time to the wet juicy pussy that had a brain and two hands to boot, making it better than any real cunt. Only true lovers could use each other as objects yet know their experience is totally personal. How could he ever show his gratitude and devotion for this present? One look into my eyes gave him the answer. He licked his lips.

I took his place, and he took mine, and he proceeded to slowly examine my cock... his turn.

That ode to a blowjob was written by a male, or at least a person who did a damn good job pretending to be one. But what female hasn't given a blowjob at one time or another? Let she whose mouth is without sin cast the first stone. Imagine going through life having to squat to pee. Women usually are more sympathetic to homos than male heteros are. The latter become violent only because they are suppressing their own homosexual urges. Women probably fear that all men will become so absorbed with blowing each other that

they will not be able to pussy-whip them, and fuck their lives over, dropping a houseload of kids on them, and lifetime expenses. That's why women, who are usually against violence of any kind, are unusually reticent about violence by hetero against homo males. They want to intimidate the competition. Their favorite trick is to give a boyfriend a blowjob instead of sex until marriage, and give him a few blowjobs during the honeymoon, then suddenly refuse to ever give another blowjob for life. The sucker then finds vaginal sex to be a total bore, and craves blow jobs more than ever (giving as well as receiving them), becoming sexually frustrated. He either has to live the rest of his life asexually and liking it (once-a-week intercourse, and the daddy mode), or slowly come out of the closet, going to gay video stores and their glory hole booths, or gay bars if they're more adventuresome. Gay hookers if they have the dough. Rock Hudson tried to show them the way, but they were blind. Ever see him on screen with Doris Day? She couldn't give a blowjob if it was the only way to put out a stick of TNT stuck up her stinking cunt. Imagine sticking the mouth end of a bagpipe up her cunt and pulling it out and smelling it. Pee Yuueee. Would turn any man into a homo probably. Dick is so much cleaner than cunt. A dick only gives, a cunt only takes. When it does give, it pukes a bastard on you that drives you nuts and breaks your bank for decades. We're all here by mistake basically. The dick itself is probably a mistake of nature.

Saturday, March 13, 1999. 7:15 P.M.

Stinking cunt. How can anybody want one of them stinking things? What does a man do with a woman who is on the rag? What is the difference between the cunt of a girl and a woman? Add a bunch of rotten sardines and anchovies. The grey sunken cunt of the world. I remember that from James Joyce's "Ulysses". Back in his day a novel was banned just for phrases like that. I'm glad I'm living in this day. He would have loved the World Wide Web. We need him to take on Bill Gates with a mighty literary attack. I wonder if his cock is cut or uncut? Is he so rich now his shit doesn't stink? Maybe he's a robot, a clone, while the real one is hiding in an underground complex. His smegma would stink a cat off a gut wagon probably. His shit comes out yellow,

like a baby.

Just one disagreement. I prefer my cocks uncut. Circumcision is a barbaric Jewish ritual that has no medical purpose, and disfigures the organ. Bible believers try to justify the medical value, claiming for instance that it reduces cancer. But if this were true, then why did all the Jewish patriarchs before Moses (when circumcision was instituted) live longer than those after? I thought God made people right the first time. It leaves the tip exposed to friction all the time, making it less sensitive. Upon erection, the foreskin retracts as if it never existed, anyway. Not that Dylan isn't circumcised. But I'm not. "Like a theater before the houselights go down and the curtain has gone up." Who does he think he is, Shakespeare?

Sunday, March 14, 1999. 6:45 P.M.

The ancient Jews, they say, invented the bagpipes. All you do is put the pipe in your mouth, manipulate the bag, and blow. Oh such music. Just liking giving head. The Scots took the bagpipe to the ultimate level of perfection, which is only to be expected, as they fucked each other (and sheep too) for centuries, and wore dresses with no underwear so they could do it without undressing. Now whenever I blow my Dylan I imagine I'm playing the bagpipes of love, under his kilts of seduction. I have a good imagination. Call it a strength or a weakness, but it's a feature of my mental software. Dylan, in turn, likes to call his guns his bagpipes, when he's blowing people away. His imagination is less, but his mathematical precision compensates. We make a great team.

I just had a funny thought. That movie "Braveheart", with Mel Gibson. There are the Scots, all assembled on the field of battle in their kilts, the damn English on the other side. Mel turns around, raises his kilts, and moons the Brits. The bagpipers are playing, "Suck our dicks!" Mel is saying, in sign language, "Fuck you!" They were all homos, them Scots. They had to reshoot the scene because some of the extras had forgotten to take off their wristwatches. I saw some porno of fist fucking, forcing the fist into an ass up to the wristwatch. It was real, not faked. I think.

You can use movies to fake anything now, and people believe the movie more than the real thing if you do it well enough.

The ancient Jews were put to death for homosexuality, but love cannot be denied, it will find an outlet. They still lived their fantasies out a bit by blowing bagpipe. As long as it was out in the open, where the priests could keep close watch. I wonder if the style of blowing was used by homo Jews to turn each other on? What if two Jews blew each other's bagpipes? Never heard of it, but probably they'd be put to death for that too. The bagpipes were all like circumcised dicks. Maybe this is where the idea of circumcision came from, who knows? Jew dicks are symbolic bagpipes swinging between their legs. The forbidden fruit.

Where did the Scots get the bagpipes from? The Romans I think. Or maybe from the Irish, who themselves got it from the Romans. I'll look it up on the Net later. Where did the Romans get them from? The Jews? I remember one word Dylan taught me: piobaireachd, the Gaelic word for piping, or the great classical music of the Highland bagpipes. Pronounced "piobroch". I used it for my AOL account password for a long time, but changed it. Can't be too careful. "I'd like to piobaireachd you." I wonder if anybody'd get it, even in a gay bar? Imagine being a hetero cop, going into a gay bar on business, and seeing somebody piobaireachding somebody else on a pool table. What would he do? Nothing? It's private property, so is it illegal? Would he get jumped and mugged if he tried to arrest them? Or would he break down and join in the fun, forget himself?

Fucking pigs are unpredictable. When there's a lack of prey, like in a one-on-one situation, they can become the crime. Particularly if they're trying to make their monthly quota. They'd like to be the only people with the guns, wouldn't they? Even in a state like ours where so many people need guns every day just to get along, do their job. Farmers and ranchers for instance. The Jews are busy trying to destroy the white farmer in America, turning farming into a big corporation scam, with them manipulating the purse strings, because:

- 1) They take the food production away from the white race

and put it into their hands, like the Jew Stalin did in Russia, so he could starve the white Ukranian farmers while exporting food to Moscow at the same time.

2) They know that farmers are the backbone of the pro-gun lobby, as they can't live without guns, but if they wipe them all out, so that everybody lives in cities, they can push over their gun control shit all the easier.

Since America won't recognize two separate laws for the two separate races, whites and muds, they can confuse the issue by using cases of muds gone amok with guns, to get laws passed more quickly, supposedly just to be used on muds, but really theoretically applicable to all, like in Philly for instance. Any big American city with a big mud puddle. One hundred years after the Civil War, and they have just about spun the wheel around 180 degrees: whites now work for the muds, paying for their welfare benefits. If they don't get the message, their leaders mau-mau the flak-catching legislators until they do. Mau-mau: intimidate by putting up a show of potential jungle violence, but stopping short of it, such as by flashing Tiki sticks. Got that from a Tom Wolfe book, "Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers". He has a way with words, Jack said, although he's nothing but a loser from the South with literary pretensions. A maricon. Homo in Mexican. And so he does, and just might be. Yet if some whites go amok with guns, they really beat the drum, don't they? At least that's one good way to get instant publicity, if that's what you need. A little bit north of the Mason-Dixon line the traffic lights are malfunctioning while a little spit of rain is going on here and there.

Monday, March 15, 1999. 7:45 P.M.

I lied earlier. Not lied. Fantasized. I am prone to delusions of grandeur, alright? Why shouldn't I be? Is there a law against it? We weren't above the law with the cops on the damn paper route. Once a cop stopped us as we were double-parking so that we could get out and throw several papers at one stop. We didn't really have a choice, as there was no parking space for half a block.

"What are you doing?" he asked us, his ugly head floating

outside the car window like an old man's dick face on the moon.

That was stupid, as he could plainly see our car loaded with newspapers.

"Delivering newspapers for the Wyoming Pioneer Telegraph," cheerily volunteered Dylan. (Or maybe I should say "volunteered Dylan cheerily." Or is that cheerfully? I'll ask him when I see him again.)

The big dope. Never act cheery with a street pig. (Cheerfully.) That only set the pig off into a bad mood. He was probably already in a bad mood, as nobody would want to be a street pig anyway except psychos into power trips. Somebody could pull a gun and shoot you in the face for nothing.

He hassled us for five minutes, and finally ordered us to move. I wish I had a gun then, so I could pull it on him and shut him up by shooting his face off. Even if he is white. But we were unarmed. Dylan interrupted me in the act of mouthing off to him, said "Alright!", and he suddenly left us and got back in his cop car and left. But not before I saw the nameplate: Chavez. So, he was not pure white. He had spic in him. That's the way America is going. In a hundred years, every white will be suspect of mongrelization. So might as well kill them all now, while they're less dangerous, less of the savage muds in them. At least enough to scare them into sense.

We delivered papers the rest of the morning in a kind of terrified, light-headed, raped funk. We had all kinds of ideas of turning him in to our supervisor, of the next day's headlines reading: "Bad Cop Tries to Keep People from Getting their Newspapers". We discussed what would have happened if he had charged us with double parking. There was no traffic, I pointed out, so who cares if we double park? The cop himself is traffic, Dylan pointed out. But we never did actually park, Dylan said. We were "standing", because we had the motor on and never left the car. "Did we have the transmission in 'park'?", I asked him. That silenced him for a while. He then pointed out that the pig

could have dogged us throughout our route, citing us for trespassing, jaywalking, failing to signal, not coming to a full stop at a stop sign, peeping tom, property mischief, urinating in public, who knows what? Maybe he would catch us making love and trump-up felony charges of sodomy and put us in a pen, inducting us into a lifetime of crime. Why even wait for that? With the fucked-up so-called war on drugs, they can simply plant drugs in our car easily. The cops would tail us and trump up anything if we tried to get them exposed to the public. Then we'd be put in a rigged court, where the judge would put us on trial instead of them, and trump up his own phony charges of contempt of court and destroy our lives with abuse of power while the pigs laughed their heads off. I meant to add curfew violation for minors, but dropped the subject.

We both learned to hate authority totally from that incident. After all, we were good guys, trying to help people get their papers. We went through hell sometimes delivering them. It was a thankless job, with no vacations, even if you were going lame, or your car was flaky, or the weather was fifteen degrees below zero and snowing. And now this harassment by the authorities. You would think we would automatically be protected by the pigs, who would help us double-park, and direct any traffic (there was no traffic that early) around us as we worked. City vehicles double park anytime they feel like it, as do the pigs. You would think they would be there just to help, in the interests of the neighborhood, the customers. It's impossible to do the job daily and obey all traffic laws. Doesn't the fact that we're just trying to do our job count for anything? We have to go by this same street every day, every 24 hours. What if he's back tomorrow? This damn community has so little crime. Except him. He's a bad cop. When he walks across the street the crime walks across the street. And if a bad cop tried trumping-up charges on us, you would think the prosecutor would refuse to prosecute, or the judge would throw them out, giving the pigs a speech on how we are delivering a public service for token wages, and should be treated with respect and affection, as beloved by the community, not harassed. How he had once been a paperboy, like the president of the newspaper always claims (probably made-up).

Yah, right. All the authorities ever do is hang together like a bunch of grapes. They never admit to doing anything wrong. Only you can do wrong when they're there. There ought to be a constitutional amendment that no person can be tried for killing a pig. That they're below the law.

Yes, that's it.

We don't want to be above the law with the pigs. We want them to be below the law, so if they go too far, we can just shoot them. That will keep them, as a group, in terror of us, so that they won't go too far in the first place. Everybody I know hates pigs. They make all the rules up as they go. That makes them fair game. Yet they never pass the amendment, or even bring it up. The pigs have destroyed democracy. The people are their sheep. That's why they are nothing but sprites in a Deathdoom game to me. They deserve it. They volunteered for it. The people.

Dylan later told me that the cop didn't know when he stopped behind us and came to the window that we were delivering newspapers, and that if he had he wouldn't have stopped, but once he did, he had to make himself look good, and we shouldn't take it so personally. We never did see him again. But we never got over our hatred of pigs. The feeling that they're all out to get us and stop us from leading a good life. Or that quaking, burning feeling in my gut every time I think of facing one again.

I bet that when we go totally bad, and assail our fucked-up high school, they either won't show up at all, or will show up but be afraid to enter and protect people. They only attack the defenseless, when they have overwhelming odds in their favor, and never risk their life for anybody. It's only a job, and a union job to boot. The regular cops, that is. If we see a SWAT team, we know it's all over, and will pull our own plugs fast, before a sniper wounds us and makes it impossible. We do that in Deathdoom a lot: wound enemies and let them flounder around, unable even to commit suicide. More fun.

Tuesday, March 16, 1999. 6:45 P.M.

Speaking of Deathdoom. This great game, and those like it, have educated an entire generation of boys (girls don't dig it) to a life role model, or life paradigm, of "the shooter". We drop into this role when we are depressed, suicidal, frustrated, and we do it automatically, on autopilot. The idea is to go out and play a "real" game of Deathdoom, and get the highest possible score. The really young boys then give themselves up to the authorities without a fight, knowing they will likely escape adult punishment, and maybe be out on the streets at age 18 or age 21. Those who are not so young usually plan on suicide, knowing they are a net winner if they killed at least three times their own number. Maybe two times is enough for some. Dylan and I, we want to get the highest Deathdoom score ever. We want to always be at the top of the Honor Roll of Players. Another variation is to "commit suicide by cop", shooting it out with the police and letting them execute you, but we think this is too fraught with danger, as they might only wound you, then insult you by letting the paramedics in. No, it's best to commit suicide: it's surer. Stick it in your mouth, or under your chin, and pull the trigger. You can also try the temple, but you might only graze yourself, so forget it. Don't shoot yourself in the heart. They might rescue you. Go for the good ole brain. Bang!

Speaking of brain, here's the answer to the trivia question: Lorena Bobbitt. What kind of name is that, Lorena? Lorena, Lorena, cut down my long weena. I don't care, you're a meana drag queena. What's the difference between John and Lorena Bobbitt? Lorena's crazy but John's just plain nuts. Why was John Bobbitt pulled over by the cops? For driving off half-cocked. What was Lorena Bobbitt's favorite song? "The Lion Sleeps Tonight". It goes: "A weener whack, a weener whack..." Ever read "The John Bobbitt Story", by Les Johnson? Believe it or not, my dad told me those jokes. The incident half-terrified him out of his mind. Buffy the Vampire Slayer is Jewywood's attempt to make money off that feeling.

That was before the Deathdoom generation came online. Including me, his own son. A knife is nothing compared to

some real firepower, like a semi-automatic or an automatic mini-gun. Funny Congress. Passed a law banning bayonets on semi-automatic guns. That way they can never be anything but lethal. Constant playing with Deathdoom, and even better, the upscale Japanese stuff in arcade parlors, will make you a trained terrorist. And the best kind. Those trained from an early age, so the reflexes are hard-coded into the deepest brain circuits. Like that kid in the novel "Ender's Game". Ender was his surname.

And they call it only a game.

Play a game of Deathdoom on a computer, and nobody gives a damn. Play one in real life, and the bangs will be heard around the world. I wonder if women will ever 'get' it, and 'go Lorena', running down men in malls and cutting their genitals off with machetes, scythes, or samurai swords? Maybe they banned bayonets on guns so women wouldn't have to buy a gun to whack a weiner off. A running man may cut four thousand throats in one night, as the Klingon proverb goes. A running Lorena may castrate four thousand men in one night: anybody wanna play a game? They all hate us for our magnificent cocks, the one thing they can never have, that forever makes us better than them. A woman's mind is penis envy and an attempted coverup, and the rest is bullshit.

I hereby coin a term: deathdooming. Bill Gates beat us to all the money, but we have this to point to, this to be proud of, if nothing else.

The increasing frequency of our generation deathdooming it for real has caused a national stir, a call for legislation, all kinds of neat shit. Don't they know that this will only insure that our entire generation will reserve the threat of flaking out and deathdooming it for the rest of their lives, to intimidate elders, and probably later, to intimidate the young, unless they are even more violent and have something to intimidate us back with?

Some people call us the X generation, or the Y generation. Now that you know their mistake, tremble, for you may be deathdoomed at any time, at any place, when you least expect

it: at a mall, a health club, a school, a church, anywhere. We will turn them into a horror health club, horror school, horror church, etc. If the world doesn't end by then, say, the year 2099, a bunch of real old geezers will be deathdooming it after escaping from the old folk's home where they are being brainwashed in a virtual reality world controlled by insidious evil robots, programmed by fucked-up raped women finally trying to get even.

Wednesday, March 17, 1999. 6:45 P.M.

St. Patty's Day. Fuck that. It's Wednesday. If I had seen any more green at school, I swear I'd have lost it.

Speaking of schools. Our library slash media center has a lot of personal computers hooked up to the Net, but they have lousy filters that prevent us from viewing "adult material". As if the ugly librarians didn't watch over your shoulder anyway. Spinster dyke bitches. Cauterize them. The Bible says to burn witches. Either burn witches, or burn the bible: there is no middle ground. Why, the very idea of a library is that there are other books worth reading besides the Bible. Burn the library then. They burned the Library of Alexandria. A mob of Christian rabble led by horny hard-up fucked-up monks, drunk with power, crazed with hate, and rich with bribes to pray people out of Purgatory.

Adult material.

That term. It is one of the most phony terms in history. Religious sickos use it to mean anything about human sexuality, stuff they don't ever want to see, and try to make us believe that minors should never even see it under any conditions. They literally admit that the Bible has turned their minds into shit, keeping them from growing up. "Ye must be as a little child to enter the kingdom of heaven". Oi! The truth is, the sicko Bible-thumpers don't want anybody to see it, regardless of age. They just use minors as a red herring to get laws passed, so they can use them to get to everybody. Their own supposition is that they so control the thinking of their own kids that they will be unable to view "adult material" even after becoming

adults, who are supposedly able to do what they want, for fear of punishment from God. Yet, to smooth-talk the masses into not stampeding while using their power to pressure the legislators, they pretend that it's okay for adults to view the material, "in the privacy of their own homes." All the while, they plot how they can get government nazis to beat down their doors and raid them. I've seen homes with signs that say "This is a Catholic home. Please respect our rights to our views." Where's the dunce cap on the sign? It would save time having to read it. "Dummies Inside -- adults who want to live like kids."

Think about it. It's retarded. If it's cool to view when one is an adult, why isn't it cool when one is a teenager? Or even seven or eight? And anywhere one wants? In public? In libraries? We all want to know where we came from, how we got here, how to do it, what people got, how to get off. It's nuts. "I don't want my kid to see that." See what? How they got here? Kids are less affected by the sight of nudity and sex than adults are. They basically don't care. The sexual equipment we develop as we mature is for attracting others who are sexually mature and active. It doesn't interest the immature, anymore than dogs having sex interests us humans. Go to any nudist colony and see for yourself. It's when they reach puberty that they care. Then it's all they think about.

The truth is, the parents can't handle it. They can't stay faithful to each other and raise the kids if they look at it. They want to be protected from getting ideas. The rest of the adult population can go to hell as far as they are concerned. They're just out for themselves. They use the kids as a cover story. It's a numbers game. So many adults are parents. They form a pressure group. Single/childless adults never do.

I have even seen web sites for adults (e.g., online literary magazines) proudly claim "we have no adult content on this web site"! I guess they don't realize they are budding comedians. This is how fucked-up their heads have gotten. If adults were smarter they'd simply ban all non-adults from the Net completely then have a ball. The parental types can just say no to it, and go through life

with the mind of a child. Just pass a constitutional amendment that laws for kids only cannot be used to infringe on the rights of adults, or subject them to any kind of civil or criminal liability for somebody's brats. If the Bible-thumpers can't stand progress, they are free to withdraw from society, like the Amish, and get along without the Net.

Speaking of adults, we have a friend of such advanced age that he's older than anybody else alive. He's had sex with thousands of squaws, and has tens of thousands of grandchildren. All dead and existing in spirit form, sad to say.

Caul comes to us anytime we're connected to the Net. People think we're schizo, but we're not. We can see him, talk to him. He tells us things. He's real. He guides our hands, helps us point and click to the right web sites, get the right information at the right time. He's our channel, our spirit guide. He first suggested a buffalo hunt in our school. How easy it would be, how fitting, how right.

When I look into Caul's eyes, I see my own soul. I know that life is just virtual reality, a video game, and I'd rather be in there with Caul than out here where life is shit. To gain entrance I have to score enough points, that's all. Points. In a real game of Deathdoom. Caul will be there, in the library, keeping score. When the score is high enough, we will be admitted to his world.

Monday, April 12, 1999. 6:45 P.M.

It was Tom Bergeron, not Bergerac. Just 8 days left to hold myself together, then it doesn't matter. That is the day they circumcise a Jew boy. The eighth day. That damn Whoopi Goldberg is a female bi mud Jew ho. And she is the executive producer. That's Jewywood running like an 18-jewel watch.

Our bodies are just virtual reality objects. Illusions. The movie Jewywood just released proved it. "The Matrix" they call it. We had been planning this for almost a year when we saw it, and that finalized it as far as we were

concerned: a message from God, through the inspired prophets of Jewywood. If we didn't make our move soon, others might beat us to the punch and steal our glory. We know that the new Star Wars "prequel" (sounds like "precum") is due to be released in just weeks, but we can't wait, even though we never live to see it. Believe me, it would have been great to wait in line for a week, sleeping and making love in a sleeping bag, and see it ten times, but we don't want to watch history being made, we want others to watch us make it. If only George Lucas had made it one year sooner. May the force be with us, not him. Our fifteen minutes of fame has a ready-made time slot, ask Dove. Not that I trust Lucas. Why, the very name Jedi seems to come from the alternate name of King David's son King Solomon: Jedidiah, or Beloved of Jehovah. Jedi Knights. Bah humbug.

Tuesday, April 13, 1999. 6:45 P.M.

Speaking of fifteen minutes of fame. That Nostradamus jerk, who claimed to be able to predict the future, and that Dove clown, who claims to be his reincarnation: they proved to be a big dud. Take Century 10, Quatrain 72 for instance.

French:

L'an mil neuf cens nonante neuf sept mois,
Du ciel viendra vn grand Roy d'effrayeur:
Resusciter le grand Roy d'Angolmois,
Auant apres Mars regner par bon-heur.

English:

The year 1999, the seventh month,
From the sky will come one born a Grand Royal, trembling in fear:
At the wheel and the cause is the Grand Royal, a young white Prince.
In the days before and after, Mars (god of war, sign of Hermes =
prophecy) shall reign with good fortune.

Princess Di crashed and died in 1997, not 1999, and she wasn't at the wheel, and it was August not July. And she is a Princess not a Prince. Of course, in the days before and after, both war and prophecy reign with good fortune: when don't they?

So Michel de Nostradame didn't even come close, did he? I know it's not July 1999 yet, but I don't need to stick around long enough to know that he's finished. Dylan still believes in Dove, but I know that Dove sucks. Caul rulez. Still, Dove has his uses, to use as opium for the people when it suits our purpose.

Tuesday, April 13, 1999. 7:45 P.M.

Is it Nostradame or Notradame? The latter would be Our Lady in French. What would the former be? Nostril Dame? He likes to stick his nose up a dame? All the Frenchmen are pussy lickers. Oui oui oui! You have to pucker your mouth up just to say it. Then you're ready. France (FRAHNS). Where the ladies wear no pants (PAHNS). And the men go around with their dicks hanging down. The whole country is a nudist camp of pussy eaters. If they aren't eating pussy they're sucking oysters off the half shell, or sucking snails. No wonder the Germans have had no trouble kicking their butts in war after war. The Russians too. Ever since Napoleon. Why did this short little pussy eater ever win one battle? Beats me. Why did he keep his hand in his coat like that? Because he was a transvestite and wanted to hide his breasts? Twist his nipples and get a thrill? If Napoleon hadn't conquered Egypt, they'd never have captured the Rosetta stone, and sent it back to Europe, where it was used by Champollion to crack Egyptian hieroglyphics. Not that it isn't too late to save the Alexandrian library and prove the pagan foundations of Judaism and Christianity by tracing through old Egyptian papyri. Once the papyri were burned, all that remained were the stone inscriptions, and they didn't have shit in them, just the names of pharaohs and shit. Since the cover story is that the Christians burned the library, the truth must be that the Jews were behind it, because they needed to cover their own tracks for some reason. Like the Chairman and CEO of BET Holdings and Company.

Black Entertainment Television. A black man is just the front. It has to be run by Jews behind the scenes somehow. We watch it sometimes to get ourselves mad and full of hate. All the white women giving themselves to muds like that.

Maddening. Don't get mad get even. They cause it with BET, not us. Hate that is.

Friday, April 9, 1999. 10:25 P.M.

I can't sleep. I saw the movie "The Matrix" today and it has my mind racing. I keep thinking, what if there really is a God, and he's the one in the Bible? He created the whole universe barren of life, and to amuse himself created Adam and Eve in a perfect paradise called Eden. Then all they had to do was obey God, and they could have lived forever, had perfect children who lived forever, and expanded Eden outwards to fill the entire earth. Instead, they thought they were tested by Satan hiding in the serpent, and were lied to, and believed that they could become equals with God, knowing good from evil. So they tasted of the forbidden fruit, and failed their obedience test to God. They didn't get anything from it except an instant shame in their nakedness, and expulsion forever from Eden. Forever after, all people are born in sin, are imperfect, and cannot live forever. And they must work like hell to make a living. God wasn't mean to do this, only perfectly just.

God. Virtual reality. The Matrix. A whole world of people live in vats, and are used by artificially intelligent robots to generate electricity, while their minds are fed a collective fantasy that they are really living in the year 1999, this year. In order to free oneself, one has to see that reality isn't real, that it is all a program, a simulation, and break out of the vat they're in.

Maybe reality is a simulation, by God. A program. Maybe that explains the apparent grand clumsiness of some of his miracles, such as causing the Red Sea to part. He had to modify the program to get what he wanted to happen, but at the same time calculate its side-effects on the rest of the simulation. Maybe that's why God is able to predict the future. He can read the code, and wrote it too. He programs events, and they occur. He is the master programmer.

He can't easily come into our world and visit us, because he

has to program a simulation of himself to do it for him. Like when he was walking in the garden after Adam and Eve sinned. Or when his voice spoke to Moses. Or when he sent his only begotten son, he was imposing a simulation of himself on a human simulation "object". Like in The Matrix, where the AI creatures could impose themselves on simulations of humans, so that they could hunt down the rebels. I haven't got it all figured out yet, but I think I'm onto something. Why else is all life based on a genetic code, like a program? Why else is the universe controlled by "natural laws"? Are these nothing more than program parameters or algorithms? Who knows how God does it, our primitive software is nothing compared to what shit he's into. But he has logic built into the simulation of the universe, and that's what we inside it perceive as natural law. Yet the very scientists who swear by natural law reject god out of hand. Go figure.

The Bible baldly claims to own history. It claims to describe the creation of the universe and the earth, the first human pair, the great flood where all humans were destroyed except a few. And it claims to predict the future, in the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse of John (Revelation). It even shows humanity going bad and rejecting God over and over again, and forgetting God, and spreading over the earth after the tower of Babel was destroyed, their languages confounded.

Umpteen gajillion generations later, we pretend we are beyond all that "mythology from the infancy of the race", and that there is no god. Except for the masses, who are sheep, and need it as their opiate. We dream of going into space, while at the same time stymied by the enormous distances, made as if by a god who didn't want us to go anywhere. What if we finally made it clear out to some distant galaxy, only to figure out that there is no other life than back on earth where we started? And what if we catch God way out there, perhaps moving stars around or something? By would those jerks be embarrassed, wouldn't they?

But I just can't accept that all races came from that one ark of Noah -- that we are so closely related. No, human

aces took hundreds of thousands of years to evolve, not mere thousands. The flood, according to the Bible's own chronology, happened in 3000 B.C. or thereabouts. I suppose I should check. I think it was closer to 2500 B.C. But Eden was supposedly six thousand years ago, which is 4000 B.C. Did black nigger apes with sloping foreheads and thick lips and big flat noses evolve from Noah's sons along with white aryan supermen like Alexander the Great, all in five thousand years? Less. Three thousand. I know Darwin thought that environment drove evolution. But is Africa that bad, and Europe that good, to drive so much change so fast, all after two lines of same or similar people went different ways from Mount Ararat? Was Alexander a descendant of Adam and Eve? Noah? And a big dumb ape like Mike Tyson? How did that work, the African environment? Big dumb apes could beat anybody up that got in their way, rape any woman they wanted, abandon them to raise their kids, and eat people's ears off for dessert? They had so many kids compared to everybody else, the whole race became that way? There are just good looking apemen, like O.J. Simpson, and ugly apemen, like Mike Tyson. Both have one thing in common, and that is that they want pussy, plenty of pussy, and the whiter the nicer. Their black cocks are the serpent, and the white women are the Eves. After they lure Eve into having some black serpent, they don't mind if Adam has some too. But after they both have some, God expels them forthwith from the Garden of Eden, because it's for whites only. Pure whites, the kind that don't racemix. There's only one entrance and one exit, and it's guarded by a heavenly angel, whiter than white, with a flaming sword, east of Eden.

Simpson's type survived the evolutionary selection because they could run fast. What about Michael Jackson types? They would stop Tysons from killing them by singing to them or sucking them off. Maybe by taking it up their asses. I'm bad, bad, bad... What about semi-intelligent apemen, like Jesse Jackson? Probably plied their trade as witch doctors, lived off the stupidity of the other apemen. But he has a lot of white in him, so maybe there weren't any Jesse Jacksons in Africa at all. Eddie Murphy. There's a witch doctor type. Smart at impressions, lying, cheating, swindling, wheeling-dealing. Probably couldn't do higher

mathematics to save his life. In Jew-dominated America, muds who sell out to Jewywood get paid a thousand times more than whites who devote their lives to higher mathematics and science. Who can afford to have more kids?

For years I noticed that every time the major American TV networks air a news segment about some social condition that involves parents and a child, they always pick a white-mud racemix couple, and a mulatto mud child. The whole segment is just a setup to push racemixing as normal. To avoid stampeding the herd of mainly white viewers, they sandwich the horrific scene of racemixing with a good, white face -- Peter Jennings. What a joke: he's not even an American, he's a Canadian race traitor shipped in like on an episode of Mission Impossible. And the commercials for soup and soap are still highly comforting, with nary a racemix couple in sight. At least so far. When they go all racemix, that will signal America's funeral, like when Egypt was degraded to having a mud pharaoh. Imagine, the son of the sun, the sun of god, a mud. Must have gotten burned on the way down. The commercials pay for the show, so there we have the con game, Jews taking white people's money and using it against them.

Ditto when they air a segment on some big political or philosophical issue. They find a mud, or if they have to, a mud mulatto professor somewhere, and use his opinion as the highest of all. Even if the bro' can't even really read and write, and was just promoted over the heads of more-qualified whites to get the position.

But what if there are really no races, and all humans do indeed go back to the Ark, just a few thousand years ago? What if racism is of the devil? What if there is no Jew conspiracy? What if they don't run the world, and never did, but the devil is being allowed to, for a season, by God, so that he can test the seed of Adam and pick out the good from the bad, then wipe out the bad seed overnight, and reestablish earth with only the good seed? I guess I'm a bad seed, and will never know, until it's too late. But then neither will most if not all Jews, and Peter Jennings.

But it says right in Genesis how Ham uncovered Noah's

nakedness, and his son Canaan was cursed, and his seed. At the end of Chapter 9. Doesn't that mean the muds? The name Ham is a poetic description of Egypt they say. Muds sure do go for ham. Unless they have been infected with Judaism, or its fucked-up half-brother Islam. They say his seed moved down to Ethiopia. So God created racism. Or at least the Bible did. Shem and Japheth covered their father back up, walking backwards to do it. Noah cursed Canaan, saying, "A slave of slaves shall he be to his brothers." He blessed Shem, saying, "Blessed by the Lord my God be Shem, and let Canaan be his slave." To Japheth Noah said, "God enlarge Japheth, and let him dwell in the tents of Shem. And let Canaan be his slave." Now Shem is the Semites, the Jews. And Japheth is what's left, which is obviously the whites, which went north to Europe, then on to India, and back down to Greece and even to Egypt.

So the seed of Canaan, the muds, are to be a slave of slaves to their brothers, which means us. The muds are to be slaves of Shem, the Semites, as well as of Japheth, the whites. So why does it say that Japheth is to dwell in the tents of Shem? Because the Jews are their landlords, and own the ground under their feet? Like in America? Why does it say slave of slaves? Because the Jews would enslave Japheth, yet allow them to keep their niggers?

How did God insure that the muds would always be the slaves of slaves? By turning their skin black? But would that be enough? Well, it's a good start, since it makes it hard to escape identification, ha ha. Gave them thick lips, kinky hair? Not enough. No, he had to fuck with their brains, make them inherently liars, thugs, and thieves, lazy, shiftless -- in a word, inferior.

It only takes a few gene changes to diddle with skin color, so maybe it only took a few more gene changes to fuck up the muds' brains. But then, this was a curse by Noah, not by God himself. Is Noah's word as powerful as God's? Did God inspire Noah to make his curse? Inspire. That means to use a person as a mouthpiece, a puppet. And they call me nuts for believing in conspiracies.

And why did he curse Canaan for what Ham did? What did

Canaan even have to do with it? God punishes a person alone for his sins? Or his seed too? It must be his seed to, for sin entered the world with Adam and all inherit it. What if the punishment were only for seven generations, or seven times seven? The Flood was in about 3000 B.C. A generation is 20 years? 25? 30? Let's say 30. Then 49 times 30 is about 1500 years. So that curse would have ended in 1500 B.C. But that's just when Moses supposedly lived and wrote Genesis.

Papyri. Scrolls and books made out of papyrus, the reed that grows in the Nile. Moses was supposedly put in a papyrus basket and floated on the Nile, where he was saved by an Egyptian princess, and raised Egyptian. He thanked them by murdering some Egyptian, committing treason, bringing them the ten plagues, and drowning a pharaoh and his army in the Red Sea. That must be a code story for the real Jews amongst us. It means that they are to infiltrate every enemy, then destroy it from within, finally wiping it out. They teach it in every Sunday School.

Why ten plagues instead of only seven, like everything else in the Bible just about? Because ten really is a figure of speech for enough to get some job done by God. Like in Revelation, ten heads on the beast, meaning all the heads it needs. Obviously, there were no ten real plagues, and the Red Sea didn't part. Moses made it up. The Egyptians never mention it in their stone inscriptions. Not that they ever mentioned anything that didn't glorify themselves. But still, there was no folk story passed down by the Egyptians about it. And Bible-thumpers make a big deal of their being a folk story in every land about a worldwide flood. I know that even to this day there is a big folk story in Persia about Alexander the Great, and they still haven't got over it.

But isn't the Bible itself a papyrus basket for Moses to inject his Jew shit into every Egypt there will ever be? Biblios: Greek word for papyrus. The Phoenician port of Byblos was where most papyrus was imported from. Nice trick, using Phoenicia as a cover story for Egypt

so that every Bible-thumper will forever not 'get' it. Every writer of every one of the 66 books of the Bible is a Jew. Here, whiteys, have a little bundle of papyrus we prepared for ya. Oi!

Number nine. Was that what John Lennon was referring to in his big song? "The Walrus" I think. Genesis Number Nine. The Walrus was Paul. Paul McCartney of Wings? No. Paul, who used to be called Saul. He is the creator of Christianity, claiming a vision of Christ on the road to Damascus, an obvious attempt to copy Christ's supposed appearance to disciples on the road to Emmaus ("warm springs" -- probably a fake city, since nobody has identified it yet). So, why couldn't he just as easily have made up Christ himself? He was persecuting some of the Essene nuts that were so common then, and then decided he could use this nut cult to promote his own agenda of destroying the whites forever, starting with the Romans.

But why stop there? All whites, everywhere. He would push this Christ crap over on the whites, make them think they were the True Jews, and then racemix the fuck out of them before they came to their senses. He'd use Genesis Chapter Nine to a done turn, making the whites the slaves of the Jews, and the muds the slaves of slaves. Can a Cushite change his skin? Or a leopard his spots? Not without racemixing. Maybe all the original "disciples" were in it with him, and were really Jew fronts like him. He claims he was a chaste person, never had sex. Sure, not with anybody but the dicksuckles. Maybe torture and brainwashing of Essenes was involved to get information, or create looneys as needed for missions impossible. Like in Shakespeare, the world is a stage, the players strutting their stuff on the stage until the curtain falls, and the Jew owners count their profits. Textual analysis is for penis players.

Why do the Jewish history books of the time contain no mention of the hated Jesus of Bethlehem slash Nazareth, or his execution and the shit they did to his early followers? Because there was no such person, but only a cult of monks in the desert, like at Qumran, all probably harmless, but

there was a real Saul slash Paul, and he was a big man among the Jews. When he went under cover, like in Mission Impossible, he gave himself the new name Paul, or small. So there you are. Voila. He was the stage manager for the higher-ups in the Jewish hierarchy who wanted to invent and foist Christianity on the whites to get even with all of them. Just like William Shakespeare was just the stage manager for the real author of the plays, really one or more higher ups in the British hierarchy, who used him as their front to push the English language and culture on the rest of the world. That's why the Beatles song has hidden messages if you play it backward. They're saying to think of white as black and black as white, and figure it out for yourself.

How convenient that Paul arose just about the time that Jerusalem was destroyed and the Jews were dispersed by the Romans. Maybe he backdated the story to an era when he knew there would be no witnesses to disprove him. He was a Pharisee, the son of Pharisees. Just who would be out to get even with the white Romans, and all whites. He took pains to put shit in his epistles pretending that the Temple of Jerusalem was still in operation, when he knew it had been destroyed. That proves my theory. Why are there no epistles gloating that the supposed prophecies of his Jesus about the Temple being destroyed had come true? A dead giveaway there.

Walrus. What does that mean? I know a bull walrus keeps a harem, wanting all the pussy to himself. The Jews want all the white and even black pussy to themselves? So maybe that explains Paul's sick preachings that it is better for Christians not to have sex and marry, unless they can't stand it, and don't want "to burn". The Catholic priests taught that meant burn in Hell, but it could just as well mean burn with lust. After all, didn't God say that it was not good for Adam to be alone, and made Eve his helpmate, out of his own rib? So how did Paul twist this into it being better not to marry? Because that way all Christians would exterminate their own seed through abstention, leaving the Jews, who don't believe the crap, all the pussy. Why do niggers all love ribs so much?

If the Jews had been running things since Christ, why did the English create the Shakespeare crap? Soon after, they started taking over the New World, and the Mud World, with a fantastic military-industrial-shipping complex. That must have been it. The Jews needed to use their white slaves to spread out from Europe to the rest of the world and create the foundations of their New World Order, or world Jew government. How can it be a coincidence that ever after, England, and its child America, have been the backbone of it? English will be the world language for the slaves, while Hebrew will be for the masters. Jerusalem will be the new world capital. The seed of David will be kings forever. Jesus wasn't of the seed of David, because he never lived. And the Christians aren't the True Jews, they are the True Suckers of the Jews. The Jews have never changed in two thousand years, but they sure have spun everybody else's wheel like hell. And we are living in the last days of the present system of things.

I got it. The first of the school shootings, in Moses Lake, Washington, back in 1996. That was a message. And I'm the first person not in it with the conspirators to figure it out. But who's pulling my strings? We have been planning our own spree for a year.

I need a rest. I don't want to wrestle with all these big problems. I don't want to live to a hundred. I want off this merry-go-round. Then I'll find out if I was wrong or right faster. Or not at all, in which case it won't matter. I'll inject all I know into the Net under aliases, so that it won't be lost forever. Just like the Jews do. I'm the puppet master of puppets I'll never live to meet.

But then why hasn't the Third Temple been constructed yet? That's just the point. It is the focal point of world history, the most politically-explosive issue in the Mideast. The Muslims claim they own the land, and call it the Dome of the Rock, one of their most holy places. The Jews are actually prohibited by their own chief priests from even entering or praying in the area of the ruins of the Second Temple, because they are supposed to be ceremonially unclean or something. The Jews want nothing more than to rebuild the Temple, purify it, and reinstitute human

sacrifices, like in the days of old. They claimed to only sacrifice animals, but that was a coverup. Probably they will sacrifice white goyim, if any remain. The ashes of a red heifer, a cow that has never given birth, are all that they can use now to purify somebody outside the Temple. And never has known the yoke or had to work. So they have to start with that. I heard they are raising special suitable ones in Europe somewhere. The Jews are split over whether the Messiah must come and win a war against their enemies before the Temple can be rebuilt, or whether they have to rebuild it first to prove themselves worthy and then he will come. Either way, Jesus isn't their Messiah, or Mosheh-yah, that is, Greater Moses. They laugh at how they invented and foisted that faggot on the goyim, and how well it went over. But the Muslims didn't fall for it, and they are quite formidable enemies indeed, and outnumber them many times to one. Without U.S. support, Israel would be wiped out in two weeks. They wouldn't mind dragging the world into world war three to get what they want. They probably will try it.

But then, what if the Bible is really true, and I'm the biggest fool since Adam and Eve? What if Jesus really lived, and he really predicted that the Jews would reject him, and God would punish them by destroying their religion, using the Romans as his agents? The Temple was destroyed in 70 A.D., which would have been 40 years after he started his mission, getting baptized by his cousin John the Baptist. So the Jews had their chance.

And what if the Jews actually end up accepting Jesus in the end? Then the Christianity thing would be hard to stop. Everything down the line, every issue, has two equally compelling ways of looking at it. There's no real litmus test. You either go one way or the other, and take your chances. Most of the world is of the devil now, but either pretends or actually thinks they're not. They're lost the moment they believe there's no black and white, only shades of gray.

Grey? Gray. Joel Grey. His daughter was Patrick Swayze's love interest in "Dirty Dancing". Her looks changed and now she lives in the past reliving that movie. So for that

matter does he. In Jewywood, even the actors fall for their own phony movie portrayals as angels of light. Are the Greys Jews? Probably. The real name was probably Greistein or something before they changed it in Ellis Island. Joel Grey plays a great devil. Like in that final episode of "Dallas". Home of plenty of red heifers.

The devil always manages to portray himself as an angel of light. He deceives people to follow him by pretending to throw light on things. Like the science of evolution. Like the science of astronomy. Like space travel. He's only doing the same shit he did with Adam and Eve using the serpent as his ventriloquist dummy. But now Adam and Eve have Ph.D's. The flaw is in the concept of science as only trying to figure out the natural laws. Even if they are figured out, that doesn't mean they just can run the laws backwards in time and see the past, or run them forwards in time and see the future.

Some things are unique. That's what history teaches us. Science doesn't want to recognize history, or even the need for it. Like a computer program. It has code, and it has initial data. Garbage in, garbage out. Just having the code but not having the initial data, that's what science is like. The blind leading the blind. But then they recognize no master programmer, and wouldn't want to ask him a question if they did. They're working for the devil, who's leading them away from God full time, around the clock, 24 hours a day, in waves and shifts.

Shit. That's too much. I can't give up Satan, he's been too good to me. He alone gives me hope. Light, yes. But there is no god, and no devil. Just good and evil. And both are necessary for the universe to exist, just like in that Tom Cruise movie "Legend", where Tim Curry played one bitchin' Satan. Jesus Christ and God weren't even needed in that movie. Just good and evil. Light and dark. One needs the other, in a balance. Tom Cruise. I'd like to suck him off. I don't care about Mia Sara. She doesn't do anything for me. Maybe if she did it with me and Tom at the same time, I could experiment.

That's right, he was much younger then. He's way over 25

now. Forget it. I got an 18-year-old and I don't need anybody else. I'm king of the world. Anybody over 18 trying to lay a guy who's under 18, like I did with Dylan, and he still does with me, would likely land in jail. We get away with anything. Ha!

Why did Satan only want Mia Sara and not Tom Cruise? That was the same Tim Curry who used to play a transvestite homo in "Rocky Picture Horror Show". Self-contradictions. Totally phony. That's Jewywood. The haunting guitar of Otis Taylor... Elizabeth Taylor. If they had integrated ball back when they should have, they wouldn't be calling it the Cy Young award, they'd be calling it the Satchel Paige award. Why do Bulgarians shake their heads up and down to mean no? As Shakespeare said, it's Greek to me. If I shake my head left and right, I can't even imagine somebody thinking I mean yes. It means no. It can't mean yes. Give me land, lots of land, under starry skies above. Don't fence me in. Let me be by myself in the evening breeze, listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees. I ask you please. Don't.

What time is it? Cayuse. Gaze at the moon until I lose my fences. I can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences. I want to suck some cock. Oh Dylan, do you have any cock for me today? That's right, I'll be with him in hours. His balls will smile as they wag under my chin. Meantime I better get some REM sleep, recharge my batteries. Be alert afterwards.

I'll put some heavy metal on my earphones and rock myself to sleep. If I'm lucky I'll get maybe an hour and a half's good sleep, and my Westclox alarm will jolt me up like a slice of toast in the toaster.

Chapter 20

Saturday, April 10, 1999. 12:05 A.M.

Senses. Lose my senses. The bastards, wasting a perfectly

good handsome cute gay boy on that fence. What a waste of good cock. I would have sucked it if he'd dared me. In a public steam room. I'd take off his white towel right in front of the heteros, to make them jealous, revealing a glorious erect stiff love stick that I would kiss and suck like a delicious candy cane with pure joy. That's all heteros think about, sucking cock for the first time. It's sick. They think about fucking their first pussy all the time too. At my age anyway. The tension builds until they finally do it, even with an ugly whore. But they won't do it with a cock, sometimes their whole lives, sometimes until middle age. That's why they're so many middle-aged faggots chasing young cock. What a waste. By then they have enlarged prostrates and are half or totally impotent usually. They can take but never give. Or give (head) but never take it. Same difference. That's all they have left, their heads. Their mature heads.

The ones who think about it the most but never do it are the leading gay bashers, taking it out on them sadistically, when they're really punishing themselves, because they know they'd rather be sucking and licking the cocks they're abusing. You hurt the most the ones you love.

Why waste such good cock? Like the Indians, the buffalo. White people waste good stuff. Why do I even care about them, really? I don't care about Sandra anymore. Queer sera, sera. Gay sera, sera. Mary Kay, Mary gay sera, sera.

What if I didn't have Dylan's cock to suck? What would I do? Heteros "feel uncomfortable" about being in a shower with us. Oops! Your dick swung into my mouth. Sorry. Couldn't help blowin' it. Why did you inflate it? "Was that a bloomin' fag that just walked by us in the bar, mate?" "Yes." "How are you sure?" "Because I just sucked him off not four hours ago. See. My breath smells like Tide." Go out on the boulevard and try to pick some up? I'd end up with HIV as sure as shootin'. As sure as shittin'. You get it by fucking an infected ass, popping some blood vessels. They're so fragile. You get it on your dick, and all you need is a tiny sore. Then you're a dead man walking. Hung on a fence by God

like a wasting scarecrow in the weather. Maybe the Jews invented HIV in a lab and spread it around on purpose. Could be. They are god. They can do anything.

All whites are just slaves. I just wish it would end, one way or the other. I can't stand all the suspense. I'm ready to die now. Just let me know, at the last second, that the Jews really are my true God. Really will inherit the earth. Then put my lights out. My cock won't bother me no mo'. Neither will ma pesky mouth. I'm just a whigger, a white nigger. I'm yo' nigger, massa'. Put me to sleep, massa'. Old man river is a-callin' me home. Like pharaoh and the Red Sea. He wanted it, he got it. So do I. Give it to me. Just one last request before I die. I want a blowjob from a granny.

I always wondered about old grannies. Old white-haired women. Why don't they suck young horny men's cocks to keep them from climbing the walls, jacking off, going on the streets, getting AIDS, and dying? Call it granny sex. Their cunts are dried up and wore out yes, like dried apricots, and they have dentures, and their mushy gums are a nightmare, but they still have mouths and tongues and lips, and they are experienced at making men cum, aren't they? Their facial bone structure is still intact, right? Their own men have died or are too old to do it anymore. Prostrate problems, prostrate operations leaving them impotent. Why don't they just suck us young men off all the time? To them it would be a thrilling, enjoyable operation, letting them feel what it's like to be young again, alive. We help them across the street don't we? Throw papers on their porches special, even if it takes five times the amount of time and effort, and for no extra pay either. We even pay for their broken flower pots, if they are so slow as to leave them there, when they know a paper will be thrown there late at night when there's no light.

I visit my granny, spend the weekend with her. "You want some cookies and milk?" she asks. "Sure, granny." "What else can I do for you, grandson?" "You know good and well, you old bitch. I'm horny as hell and climbing the freakin' walls. Now bathe me, put me to bed in my jammies, and suck

my big dick until it pukes and drink the puke! You know the ropes."

What is she pretending anyway? That she's innocent? At their age they don't need any training, anything. They should be teaching us, break our cherries if need be. And they should know to never kiss and tell. Nobody should ever know what we do with our grannies. Demonstrate for young girls, five, six, seven, if they have them available. Show them what they are to do when they grow up. That's what grannies are for, or should be for. But oh no, not in this fucked up country. Should be spelled cuntry. Whose fault is it?

AIDS is all their fault. I need a cash infusion from the federal government. I'm a disaster area. Flower pot poor. What am I supposed to do, go around with infrared night vision goggles? If I did, I'm sure I'd see them peeking at me and Dylan doing it beside their houses, and friggin off their dried up figs with Vaseline and Geritol. Anything but butter. That would get rancid, wouldn't it? Wouldn't they like to rub some of our nice fresh young warm manly cream into their female fig holes, to wake them up? They're losing their femininity daily. Some of them have hair on their chins. White hair. On wrinkled old pale skin. Almost like a teen boy. Their face turns into a big pussy, doesn't it? God is sending them a message: take it in this end from now on. Look in the mirror. I wonder if grannies peek in on boys and young men jacking off, have double mirrors, eyeholes. Frig off. Why else leave the big jar of vaseline on the dresser like that? Is there some sort of signal we can give that it's okay to come out of hiding and do the wild thing with us? Especially if they're in the family. It's all in the family. All families have their little incestuous secrets. No wonder the Jews have been trying all this century to cause kids to move out from their parents as soon as possible, and to put grannies in old folks homes. No wonder they push college when high school can't be stretched out any longer without rebellion. The 3-generation family is the bulwark of history. And granny has her place with the young boys. Like the Waltons and John Boy. It's as old as anything in history, good old granny sex. Maybe that's why I'm so fucked up. I didn't

get mine. I have a permanent disability. Fucked up for life. Disadvantaged. Dysfunctional family. I have an Oedipus complex. I'm anal retentive. Another case for the shrinks. As if I don't already have one. But I can't share this shit with him. He'd think I was a schizo.

Would they swallow, or try to spit? I hope they'd swallow. God knows they need every drop they can get. At their age, they should know to swallow, and not have to be told. Their taste buds ought to be dead by then anyway, so what do they care if it makes such a crucial difference to us? I hate nothing worse than having my goop spit out. I feel used, drained, frustrated, unfulfilled. They like buttermilk don't they? Who besides grannies likes buttermilk? They'll drink a whole glass of that goop. And it's rotted milk for God's sake. I wonder if there's any granny porno on the Net. Granny sex lovers sites. I hope so. If not, too bad. I'm not going to be around long, else I'd go into the granny sex business and make a mint. Porno is about all that makes money on the Net anyways. The oldest business, even there.

What if they were doing it and then their big old dentures came out? The horror! The horror! Put them back in! I don't want to look. No. I'm not a pussy. I can take the sight of anything. Maybe without their teeth they give a better blowjob. More mushy. Mooshy. Gummy. A gum job. Maybe it's an acquired taste, like buttermilk. You start with a blowjob and when you are getting bored and sophisticated, go for the gumjob. I wonder if that's why white men in the South all loved to have black mummies. None of them had false teeth, right? Mammy's sweet potato and pecan pie, some mint julips, a shit, shower, shave, and gumjob, every night, before rising at dawn for the foxhunt. Imagine the Jew-owned Yankees coming down to take all that way from them. No wonder they fought to the death. I would have. And the joke is, that the Jews infiltrated both sides. The very treasurer of the Confederacy was a Jew I think.

What a laugh they must have had back then, way before the whites in Europe wised up and started publishing Nazi newspapers. By then America was long gone. The Nazis probably pointed to it all the time as another Egypt in the

making, a lost cause. Boy were they right. We went over to Europe led by Tom Hanks types and wiped them out like rats. Our own kind. No discussion, no attempt at understanding. If you couldn't hit them with a bullet, try a flamethrower, a sticky bomb, a knife in the heart. While the Jews held our leashes, ran the propoganda machine, controlled the money, like a stage production.

That must go back to Shakespeare. They had it planned all along. Not making fast enough headway in Europe, they wanted a new fallow continent to breed up a bunch of race traitors for the future, when they could orchestrate a world war to have them come back and finish the remaining non-traitor whites off. And it worked beautifully. They even made the Nazis listen to Benny Goodman swing jazz mud music. Like rubbing their noses in it. While bringing in mud troops from America to kill the white supermen and rape their white women. And more bizarre muds from the eastern regions of the Soviet Union. Tartars and shit. Mongols. The real Huns. They probably made every granny in Germany gobble the mud soldiers' goop and covered it up, since they controlled all press coverage, like they do now, only letting it loosen up once, in Vietnam, and we know what that did. But it suited their purposes then. Taught the entire postwar generation of white baby boomers to hate their parents, not listen to their upbringing, take drugs so they couldn't reason anymore, then mate with muds after enough brainwashing with their mud rock music to make them seem like supermen instead of us. Everybody knows whites have no rhythm. Rock and roll is mud slang for fuck. They like to take a white woman and blacktop her. Heard that one on TV. Everybody, even the white women, had to pretend it was funny. And the funniest thing of all is that the muds never are really fighting and winning their own battles, the Jews are fighting and winning for them, and letting them move in on the spoils. They are victorious only with their big black dicks. Thus we whites become the Jews' slaves, and the muds are the slaves of the slaves, owing them everything.

When I awake I'll enter the real world, where the Jews deny everything, and treat me like a crazy for even mentioning what I know to anybody. But they know, and we all know, that if they could push a button and mix up all the sperm

in the bags of whites and muds in a single splash, they'd do it without a second thought. The rest is lies and bullshit. I don't have a button to push to stop them. I could pull a trigger, but what would I accomplish? A few kills before they kill me? Yet we are still the majority, and this world is ours to give away. If we could only all wake up at the same time, we'd win in two weeks. Wake up from a collective dream, a lie, imposed on us by the Jews. Like in "The Matrix". They're the AI, we're in the vats. I'm Keanu Reeves. No, Samuel T. Jackson. Wouldn't you just know it? They cast a mud in that role, to confound me even on that. They cast him as Othello so he could fuck a white woman on the big screen and shove it down people's throats. I don't think they bought it that time. That time. It's total, all-out war. Winner take all. The bloom is off the rose. It's kill or be killed. I go on stage tomorrow. Nine days anyway. Eleven. No, ten. It's a new day. Past midnight probably.

I wonder how they plan on taking care of the yellows? There's so many of them. What do they have in store for them? Maybe we'll take care of the Jews and the yellows will move in to fill the vaccum. Then we may have to ally with the muds to fight the yellows. Breed super zulu athlete warriors. End up friends once the Jews are out of the middle. That would be ironic. We could get along with the muds without the Jews stirring them up. They know we are their natural masters. We take good care of our property usually, if they have a high value on the market. Just like a good car. We'd breed only the best muds, and they'd know they are wanted. Recycle the rest.

My brain hurts. Shit. Keanu Reeves. He's a yellow-white racemix. From Hawaii, the 50th state, but first in racemixing. Cute butt and face though. Wouldn't mind sucking his cock. Like in that movie. "My Private Idaho". Pretended to suck and be sucked, in some really silly scenes that you knew were fake. Yul Brynner. Victoria Principal. A whole product line there. Samuel T. Jackson. The book of Samuel. Michael Jackson. Stop thinking. Everything you think can and will be used against you in a court

of law. Stop thinking. Go to sleep.

Just one peek. The hands of my clock glow in the dark, nice and green. Yes, it's past midnight. Got to sleep. Force my mind. Count sheep.

That's it. He who gets control of all the data will rule the world. That's where the battle is now. For control of the Net. For control of all information on everything. Bill Gates. He's the eye of the storm. He is so stinking ugly. Even his granny wouldn't suck him off. His mammy either. But then, it's I who am the focal point of world history. The world just seems to revolve around me somehow. I am that I am.

In a way, all we've got left is our grannies. No matter how many times you fuck our white women with mud dicks, no matter how many mudlattoes you pull out of their white vaginas, you can never change their race or skin color. Once they're grannies, they're reproductively obsolete, so the muds cast them aside for younger, fertile white woman, as the Jews do everything to keep them going, breeding, with government subsidies, media support, everything.

I could pay grannies to do it, call it a modeling fee. "All models are over 65 years of age." Think of the young male models I could get. All the things we could do, with me being the boss so they couldn't refuse. I'd tell people I was in the buttermilk business. I'd call my studio The Dairy. I'd have to watch myself. I'd suck off all the profits. No full balls left when the camera starts rolling.

Oh yes. They didn't have showers in the Old South. They had them big tubs you lay in while mammy got the hot water for you. She undressed and dressed you, dried you, everything. Those were the days.

"Cut! Not enough buttermilk! Take a break and we'll reshoot the whole scene." And I'm the one saying this, as the male model looks at me with that look. How young could we get them? 18. "All male models over 18 years of age." Then I couldn't be arrested. Not that I couldn't pay off the cops when I got rich enough.

The place to catch the Jews' strings is up Bill Gates' back. If they're there, there is a conspiracy. If you can show the strings to the world, the white race will finally awake. If there really are no strings up his back, I'll have to rethink everything.

Maybe I'd add a kiddie porno selection. I'd like to try fucking a young white boy up the ass real hard, while having another suck me off. Real hard fucking, like billy goats. Using vaseline. No, buttermilk. I heard about two white boys whose father did that. They got a gun and killed him. They both had to work it at the same time to get it to shoot straight. But they got the job done. They will probably get off easy with the system. Probation at 18. I guess they will then go on and become child abusers themselves, since it's a cycle. Then use their daddy as an excuse in court again. Did my daddy abuse me? I can't remember. Maybe he did. Then he had me brainwashed so I wouldn't remember. They say that amnesia is common after sex. Saw that on Hollywood Squares, hosted by Tom Bergerac, and starring Whoopi Goldberg the Jew mud traitor. I don't want any kids. Be too scared of 'em. I'm not 18 yet myself. Maybe I could lure some adult into having sex with me, lie that I'm 18, and then turn him in for a laffer. Maybe a teacher. A jock coach. A college jock. Who?

Saturday, April 10, 1999. 12:25 A.M.

Shoot! Cut! Shoot! Cut! Shoot!

Granny is sucking my big thrilling young cock. Her mouth is so good on my big purple lovebarney, the biggest dick in the world, just as I was raised every day on TV to obey. Her stubble tickles. That's good. I might even ask her to undress so I can see her tits and bush, to get my hot rocks popping. Maybe she has a full length mirror she can set behind her. In the right light her old dead body might seem alive almost. As long as I don't have to touch it. It would be like having sex with a cadaver. I'm not that jaded yet. She knows I'm everything she is not: young and virile, sexy and my whole life ahead of me. Her mouth is about all she has left to work with. And she appreciates

it. Oh yes she does. She does, doesn't she?

Now what is she doing? Stop! I mean cut! You're not sucking, you're jacking it off! Get your cold paw off my stick! You're doing it all wrong! You have no timing! No sensitivity! I can do that myself, I don't need you for that, granny! Only I can jack myself off and do it right! That takes feedback, practice, timing! Get your damn hand off my jackhammer and use your face to suck it off! Get it back in your mouth. That's your pussy, ok? Bob your face up and down. Your face is a pussy. I want to fuck it like one. I want it to stay in your mouth until you have sucked every drop of my buttermilk and even the drops that come off when it's shrunk. You are to never, I repeat never try that jackoff trick again, granny! I'm the boss. You want to be paid, or not? Keep it in your mouth until I tell you to. No, you don't have to ask if I've cum, you'll know it. Now suck my cock! A lot of schlock porno shows hand jobs with an occasional head bobbing it and calls it a blow job. They bob it, take it out, jack it off, see if it's cum, then if not, bob it again. Women like that should be shot. Dick teasers are cruel. They're not really giving us a blowjob, they're using us. They're not even sensitive to our needs. They're frigid. And they're supposed to be the sensitive sex. By the time they're grannies they won't be allowed to get away with it. They don't have a beautiful bod to pussy-whip us with anymore. Suck hard like we want or die. Sure it's more work, but that's what we want. I'll fire you for it. More. Make sure you never work in this town again. More, yes. Look at who I am. We can make it look like a natural death at your age, granny. A pillow over your face. What did Saddam Hussein like to use? That chemical that is odorless and tasteless, could be slipped into a can of Pepsi, causes a heart attack and leaves no trace for coroners? Shulamite? That's not it. The name is very familiar. I'm having a mental block. Thalidimide? No, that's the wrong shit. Rat poison. Warfarin? No, not even close. T-H and then something. It's on the tip of my tongue. Thiamine. No. I keep thinking buttermilk, and it blocks everything else. Shit. My memory is failing. I'm getting old already.

Saturday, April 10, 1999. 1:15 A.M.

Buttermilk. Got to try some. Some granny told me once that it is the best way she knew to beat the heat. Beat my heat, granny. Beat my meat. Have some butt. Er. Milk.

Saturday, April 10, 1999. 1:45 A.M.

Huh?

Time to get up. Where did the night go?

Whew! I'm so tired. Didn't get my sleep out.

Thalium. Hah! Wouldn't you know it? I still have my memory. At least that's a good sign.

Chapter 21

July 2, 1998.

Dylan and me, in the dark, beside a dark house. The moon was full, and was blanketed by a beautiful robe of clouds, up there in the southwest, halfway to the zenith. Thin enough to let it shine on through brilliantly, in return being illuminated like a halo.

"I love you more than the moon and stars," I said to Dylan.

"And I love you more than that," he replied. "More than the sweat on my bag. If only you didn't sweat so much."

I was having a hard time in bed, drenched in sweat, like on many other nights. The smell of butter, caused by all the huge vitamin E capsules I take, coming out in my sweat, sometimes turning my t-shirt yellow. Like a corncob I was. He didn't take it. We both drank Powerade when throwing papers. Sometimes we'd use a bottle to wash each other's dicks before or after. Make mine raspberry, the blue color. No Gatorade for us. That's jock swill. We wanted to make more money, that's why were going to apply for jobs

delivering pizzas. We heard some people make a hundred bucks a night for a 4-6 hour shift. An average of 15 dollars an hour, double what we make now. We can sneak sips out of people's drinks too. Only drawback I heard is that the smell of the pizza eventually makes you sick. The yeast in it probably. We'll cross that Rubicon when we come to it. When we deliver to muds we'll slip some burgers onto the pizza, like they do to us every chance they get. I might even pee in people's coffee, the way I saw on TV once. My pee is always bright yellow, the result of taking vitamin B complex pills. Might improve the coffee, who knows? At least muds and whites both agree that they like pizza. Chinks and other slant eyes won't touch it I heard. I could probably sell them a bowl of my pee and they'd think it was wonton soup.

I suddenly woke up, looked at my Westclox hand-wind alarm clock, the only one I trust. It said 8:30.

8:30!

I looked out the window, and it was getting light already. The damn alarm was supposed to be set for 1:45, so that I could get to the newspaper warehouse by 2:15 at the latest!

Nobody called me from the warehouse to wake me up! I was supposed to be done throwing the newspapers at 5:00!

The world had passed me by. I was going to be fired, I just knew it. All those irate customers. At that time of morning the warehouse just lay open, all the papers gone, nobody there hardly. I would have to throw my clothes on, go right there, hope my newspapers were still there, maybe stacked in a corner, and fold them up, and get out and throw them. I might not be done till almost noon! My life was ruined. Why didn't somebody call me? They are supposed to call if you're late. Damn stinking outfit, they won't computerize like I told them to. They should have a computer calling every carrier every morning, like a hotel wake-up service, and making them check-in. Neaderthals. They won't even pay for a paper collating machine, making us collate and fold the damn things, and bag them, before we can even load them in our cars. And they pay us nothing for

the extra service. It's "not in the contract". We're supposed to be "independent contractors", hence not employees. That way they can fuck us over like shit, since there's no union we can join, if we wanted to. Entrepreneurs and manure, same thing almost.

I have been so exhausted lately. I am so young, it shouldn't be, but I sometimes fall asleep in summer school class, and people wake me up when they say I'm snoring. I feel old.

I know what it is. I cheated on the Wheel of Fortune, and now it's wanting to be paid back.

The Wheel of Fortune. Carmina Burana. The Tarot. O Fortuna. Like in that great scene in the movie "Excalibur", where the new boy king Arthur comes to the aid of his faithful followers that are under siege. That's what I believe in now, not the itty bitty Bible. There is no God, but there is hazard, chance. Like Dylan always says, life is a game and the goal is to "get on top". For instance, a cockroach thinks the world is your kitchen, and that that world is the Garden of Eden, with everything it wants. It finds life good, is fruitful and multiplies, all in the space of one night. You suddenly turn on the light at 4:00 a.m., and catch the bugs camping out on top of the sink, getting their drinks and bathing. You then squash dozens with a spare gray lady (newspaper).

You got on top. They have to have water to live. They don't come out in the light, because they have evolved to be naturally shy in order to survive. Turning the light on suddenly makes you their god, and able to play god with them. After all, they can't fight back. They have no offensive weapons. You don't even need Raid or some other bug spray. Just a newspaper. It's funny how a lot of people freak out at the sight of roaches, scream, run, reach for bug spray. If you fight roaches with bug spray, you end up poisoning yourself and your home and not even putting a dent in the roaches, since, after a period, the new hatchlings are resistant to the spray.

So, bug spray doesn't let you get on top except for a brief

period, then it lets the bugs get on top of you. The wheel spins on you, and you can only lose. That's how the chemical company behind it makes millions from the success of the bugs. If the spray really worked, they'd be out of business. That's why the one chemical that does work, boric acid powder, is not heavily promoted. You sprinkle it behind the fridge, under the sink, wherever they run at night. Then when they run through it, the white powder sticks to the hairs on their legs. Not being toxic when dry, the roaches suspect nothing, considering the powder to be nothing but dust. I use a plastic squeeze bottle with the nozzle widened with scissors. I buy my powder at the hardware store. The roaches around her aren't big like the ones I had to deal with in the South, but they are more fertile. When they go back to their hidden nests in the walls, and lick themselves clean (they are actually fastidious, although they have an odor about them, and those dark shells, that make them so odious), the powder turns to boric acid, and dissolves their shells. Too late to do anything. And they probably tracked it all over their nests before that, so when the millions of eggs hatch, the whole nest eventually gets wiped out. Just don't let the powder get wet, because that inactivates it, and you have to put new powder down.

I'd love to find a powder that works as good on jocks and mums. Imagine how stupid to spend money on killing only the live rogue cockroaches running around, while leaving the millions of eggs in the walls untouched. What a lucrative scam Raid is. I love the name raid. I love the idea. Why not raid people? Ironically, that would work better than it ever could with roaches, because people don't lay millions of eggs and hide them behind walls. The women carry their eggs in their bellies, and if you can kill a woman, you kill hundreds of eggs. Let's see, 12 eggs a year, for 25 years, comes to 300 eggs per woman. So, a single bullet can spin hundreds of people's wheels in a good raid.

The game of life works on up to higher and higher levels, with each new form of life trying to get on top of the others. At the highest levels, who knows how high one can go? But remember, being on the top doesn't insure longevity. It only insures that you can spin the Wheel of

Fortune for others -- until somebody gets on top of you. So, while you can spin the wheel for cockroaches every night if you want to, and kill thousands every week, they will still survive, and outlast you, probably outlast the human race itself. The difference would be that, after mankind is gone, they won't find any Gardens of Eden (kitchens) anymore. So, they will forever long for the good old days when the humans walked the earth. Ditto the primitive people in the Middle East, and their silly gods. Even King Arthur was a god damn Christian, now that I think about it. He had a stinking Christian marriage ceremony done for his Queen Guinevere. And he owed everything to a pagan Druid, go figure. You could see the white race being spun by the Jews right in your face. He could have shared Guinevere with Lancelot, and done it three ways. He had a lot of lance, I'll wager. Instead the sick Christian religion gave him the classic Anglo-Saxon sex guilt trip, and he was wasted, his seed being lost to the world. Score one for some ancient Aryan-hating Jews.

Remember when people tell you they "ain't got around to it?" I have seen round plastic chips with the word "tuit" inscribed, handed out as jokes. And still some people don't get it. Each person has the same 24 hours in a day, but the difference of who gets on top of who is how they use them.

I figured out that people sleep 8 hours a night, or one-third of each 24-hour day, for, say, 90 years. They thus waste 30 years. Now if I could go with only 1 or 2 hours sleep a night, I'd save almost all of it. I heard that professional truck drivers in America survive on two and a half hours' sleep. I bet that medical interns get the same, maybe less. That's why they die younger. They crammed more life into the same time span. The wheel spins, and they get their prizes or punishments. The faster it spins, the faster it dishes them out, the more chances one has to spin the wheel for others.

The Wheel of Fortune can make you or break you. It can give you control of the world for a season, or crush you like a bum. Look at Bill Gates versus some truck driver. The gods laugh at us all.

Speaking of a laugh. Dylan and I don't like to use rubber bands on our newspapers, just plastic bags. But one day we noticed that the company that manufactures the rubber bands other carriers use, Alliance, is located in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Clinton country. Clinton must use that company to recycle his used rubbers. We both tried using those rubber bands on our cocks to make our erections harder. Works. The orgasm is too much. If we did it all the time our cocks would probably fall off. Like those guys who would inject cocaine in them to keep them hard for hours or days. Just fell off, leaving the bag and balls.

Speaking of bag and balls. We were doing the newspaper job, going to school, and delivering and/or cooking pizzas after school, and still having time to hang around with the BRM, and even go bowling together before school. I was taking all the right designer drugs, and vitamins, and hormones, everything. So was he. We are both very experienced with big balls and bags, aren't we?

Bowling makes us horny. This bowling we do with our gym class is the closest we ever get to being normal, I guess. We usually put on an act that we are just like everybody else, and they buy it. Girls even sit next to us.

Now, suddenly, the Wheel of Fortune spins to "crush the bum."

I saw warning signals just the other morning. As I was loading my folded, bagged papers into my car (Dylan was in the warehouse folding more papers), a couple of young boys popped out of the car next to mine. Their parents took them along and made them work every morning with them at this job. There should be a law against child labor. I tried to talk to one of them, a cute brown-haired boy, who was just getting out after having neatly stored papers in the back seat of the junky compact. I tried asking him his name, making small talk with him, everything. He just snubbed me, acted like I was a stone.

Then I realized that maybe his parents had taught him to never talk to strangers, and that they thought I was a child

molester. Just because I'm gay...

I had never thought of having sex with a young boy, even though Alexander the Great may have, sure. Maybe the boys were being molested by their father now, and all they could think of was that. Nuts.

The Wheel was telling me my time was up. I wouldn't even think of fooling around with boys until I was at least 30. Which age I'll never reach anyway. 25 at least. I heard that 25 is the age at which gays are "over the hill" and find it hard to get laid. Fuck that shit. I will live 90 years in 18, and fly off that Wheel of Fate into hell so fast it will look like a rocket. I know that what makes a person look old is when his head skin gets radiation damage, dries up, gets leathery and wrinkled. A cock is no different than a head that way. It's a little head. That's why they call it giving head. That's why they call people dickhead. It's not subject to much sun damage, but it gets rubbed, rubbed, rubbed all the time, and that's thermal radiation, isn't it? So, a well-used gay cock will look like an old hetero's cock by age 25 I guess, and that's the genesis of the age barrier. I wonder if rubbing it with olive oil, like the ancient Romans did, would help? Moisturizing lotion isn't any good, because it tastes bad. There's Crisco, which I once heard is a nearly-ideal moisturizing lotion, but who wants to suck Crisco off their lover's raw chicken meat? It would leave a coating in the mouth. Cause weight gain. And think of the cholesterol.

Young boys have totally young skin on their chicken meat, and maybe that's why older homos develop a taste for them. An acquired taste. I'm not old enough yet myself, but I can understand it. Maybe their daddy is wearing them out, enjoying their young chicken meat to the limit, and they are as good as married to their dad. Not that I should poke my nose into their business. But the way they seemed to deliberately ignore me, that was very, very telling of something, if I could only figure out what.

Maybe they heard that we are white supremacists, seen the German shit on Dylan's t-shirts, the swastikas. Dylan loves to mouth-off to niggers right to their face, but I prefer to

just maintain a superior attitude and let my actions do my talking for me. Silent and proud, I ride on the glory of the proud Viking way, spinning in time, the whisper in the wind, working in wonder, standing spellbound, in beauty of perfection, like pure poetry, like a jet engine, the sleep of the innocent lying undisturbed and just until judgment day. But this family was white. The father anyway. The boys looked white. They are probably as racist as I am. The mother looked a little spic though. Big fat hips, big fat ass. She doesn't do a thing for me. He can have her. Maybe that's why he prefers the boys, and she doesn't object. He tells her to lose weight, and when she can't, he tells her it's her fault he turns to young chicken meat. He probably chickenhawks them real hard up their asses, one after the other, using petroleum jelly, Vaseline. That way he won't leave any skid marks. What, after all, is spanking, other than a socially-acceptable substitute for this? Spare the rod, spoil the child. His kids aren't spoiled. They behave. Every time they sit down or bend over, they know they've got a daddy who loves them.

At 8:30 I should already be at school. What a bum I am. Who wants to throw papers in broad daylight, when everybody can see you, and the traffic makes it dangerous? I see my life ending today. A car wreck. Maybe I'll be swinging into my car, and trying to shut the door, and a car will come zooming by and knock the door off, with my leg and arm going with it. I will then be a cripple for life. Maybe when I'm delivering pizzas, I will get confused and think I'm throwing papers, and throw the pizzas at people's houses. Imagine the jokes that would make.

I was dressed, sans the usual shave and shower (I started shaving last year), when I noticed how unusually warm it was for this early in the morning. Then I noticed all the neighbors' lights on. Then I noticed it had gotten a little more dark since I awoke. Then I saw another clock on our fancy stereo system, out in the living room, and it said 8:37 p.m. It was still evening. It was the middle of summer, and the sun sets late. I had just slept a few winks and woke up, thinking it was 8:30 a.m. Should have checked my computer's clock. The damn Westclox should be a 24-hour clock, like in the military. I was losing track of night

and day. I am freaking fucked up in the head. It's a sign. That's what makes a schizo, losing track of time.

I fell back in bed fully clothed, after checking my trusty Westclox alarm clock again. Yes, the alarm button was pulled out. It would go off on time. I put it a few feet from my bed so that I have to get up to turn it off, and it is loud and irritating enough that I have to. That's why I bought it. Plus it's grungy like most of my clothes. All was well with the Wheel. I was back on the sunny side of the street, getting on top.

Saturday, July 4, 1998. 5:15 A.M.

Spoke too hastily. I got up on time, but when I went to the garage, the car was dead, no electricity, not even door lights. I tried the battery charger, but the battery wouldn't even take a charge. The battery charger would try to charge it for a while, then suddenly its circuit breaker would trip, and it would shut off for a while, and try again, over and over. The charger was starting to overheat, judging by the cockroaches running out of it by the score, and the engine wouldn't even turn over. I called Dylan, and he got his father's car and came over, and gave me a jump start. Luckily that worked. We used my car to deliver the papers, and when we got back, we called triple A and had it hauled to a garage. They fixed it the same day, for only one hundred bucks. It was the voltage regulator. That's a wheel all of us independent carriers have to spin to do our jobs: the lifecycle of our cars. Cars don't sleep, and don't repair themselves. They aren't alive. Only live things count in the Wheel of Fortune game, the game of life. So, the wheel was spinning for me, not the damn car. Wouldn't you know? Today the truck from the printing plant was an hour late, and we hate to hustle like hell just to make our route, and ran over only 10 minutes.

I looked it up in the Bible. I could only find a damned RSV, which I suspect has changed the real wording like it was in the King James version. Still, it fits. Proverbs chapter 13, verse 24: "He who spares the rod hates his son, but he who loves him is diligent to discipline him." Verse 25: "The righteous has enough to satisfy his appetite, but

the belly of the wicked suffers want." If I ever develop a taste for young chicken meat, I just might become a father and raise them up on the Bible, be diligent in using my rod to discipline them, have enough to satisfy my appetite, and the belly of my boys will not suffer want.

Sunday, March 15, 1998. 11:45 A.M.

The notell motell next door. How I wondered what they did there. Once I was throwing papers on a Sunday around 6:30 A.M. and a car dropped off a slim young sexy woman at her house. She was probably a ho getting home from work. I lingered around that house throwing papers all-too slowly and carefully. Glanced at that house all-too many times. I was hoping for a break in life. No chance. She had probably had fifty men that night. But I was one too many.

I can tell you about betrayal. I can tell you about women. I can tell you about getting high. About all kinds of shit done to me by women. I never get any. Never. I'm like Jesus Christ in how little I get. But he was happy about it, and I'm not. Even though I masturbate to keep myself alive, I never get any women. May never. Ever. These guys do. I couldn't get any hos if I wanted to. Underage. Being a virgin, they'd laugh at me anyway. I'd mess it up with even a ho. Too serious. Probably fall in love with her and beg her to elope with me. I'm sick. I can only fulfill myself by sacrificing my life for the sins of the world now. That's the difference between me and Christ. He didn't live to get what he couldn't get like I do. How could I ever be a pimp like those muds do? Such is the enormous difference in our genes.

It is a beautiful day. The music is wonderful. Johns are arriving and departing at regular intervals. I was trying to predict the average interval, but Murphy's Law always messed up my prediction. Even if I tried to bet on Murphy's Law, Murphy's Law foiled that bet. If I tried to bet against Murphy's Law, Murphy's Law foiled that bet too. It must have been a Laplace distribution or something. Like telephone calls. I'll ask dad about it later. He likes

to think I'm as interested in engineering as he is. Even though it's as boring as hell to me. A way to turn your mind into a ho. No fun. How can I tell him without letting him down? Those books he thought I studied. I just skimmed and tried to learn some buzzwords. I'd rather study the Bible anyway. Unlike technology, it's the same yesterday, today, and forever. No planned obsolescence. Other than the end times and Armageddon that is. But why should I worry about that? Who really knows shit about it? Like those johns there. Coming and going. Cumming and going. The same yesterday, today, and forever.

I was hiding behind the screen door, peeking. My three big male cats were playing at my feet. They loved to rub up against my leg. Legs. Lays their scent and shows they own me. They have no interest in human sex. Even when I'm masturbating. They act like it's of no interest. Even when my big cock is out up in the air and I'm flicking it furiously. I wish I could be like that. But I'm not a cat. I put a condom on it to catch the cream, else it will make a big stain in the bed and mother will catch it. Dried sperm makes a brown crusty stain. Golden. Like mom's cordless phone. My dead children. I catch the cream and flush it down the toilet. Sometimes I have nightmares about it floating back up into the bowl and mother finding it. Like in that movie "Deliverance". She'll never see her son marry a woman and have grandchildren. Like those two hillbillies. They never came back from the mountain of homosexuality.

I slid out of the screen door, making sure the cats didn't follow me. Around the house to the backyard. It was as hot as hell. I was sweating like a pig in heat. The Sunday newspapers are mammoth in size, and heavy as bricks. The damn printing press was having problems and the truck was an hour and a half late. By the time dad and I were done it was almost 8 A.M. I tried to stay up, have breakfast, read the paper, along with him. When I was folding them the lead story caught my eye. Something about the true story of the relationship of two mass murderers. But it all caught up with me and I hit the bed like a ton of bricks, my body throbbing from the tip of my toes to the crown of my head. I'm still there. Fully clothed.

A man of no particular description came up to me in the backyard and we became familiar. I think he had some sex with me but I can't remember. I can't score with women but any man can score with me. Usually does. My mind doesn't remember horrible things. Self-defense mechanism. That's why I'm still alive.

They fucked Ned Beatty up the ass like a pig. And made him oink. The horrible teeth. He has a nice mouth. Jon Voight I think. The arrow from Burt Reynolds right in the back. Laid him out like a deer on a tree limb. Burt was a red-blooded hetero. Can get any girl he wants. I don't know about Ned Beatty or Jon Voight.

I know we sweated like pigs together. Then he went around to my front door, and inside the house for something, before I could stop him. He said he would be right back, but he wasn't. I waited and waited. He had taken too long. I was sore from head to foot, so I couldn't walk fast, but I walked back around the house to the front door. There he was, his arm sticking out of the crack of the screen door, the fingers akimbo. I couldn't see his face, even through the screen.

I realized he was stuck in the door, and had been for some time. I had failed to come to his aid. That made me feel so lonely, so depressed. I came to his aid now, pulling on the door, and it came open too easily. Maybe it was Murphy's Law again. Easy from my side, impossible from his. He held his bad arm by the elbow, the fingers still akimbo.

Then I saw the blood trails. Leading from the door to my bedroom. I followed them. One led under the bed. It was one of my cats. I already knew from the cat feet marks in the blood. I was afraid to look, but I did it anyway. I could see his eyes shining in the far corner. I got back on my feet and followed the second trail into the closet. This time I could see the cat, one front leg horribly mangled, in an embarrassing pool of blood. Embarrassing for its color. Dark. The third one I couldn't follow. But I was thinking of how I had let my cats down. How could I rescue them now?

I went back to the front door, and looked over at the notell motel. The man was over there, being doctored by hos. What had happened? The cats had tried to bolt out the door at the same time as he did, and they had all got caught in the door? It was my fault. Should have let them out when I left. But I had slid out so as to keep them from leaving. That's the story of my life. One horrible mistake after another.

I wasn't supposed to go over there. My daddy would whup me up the ass if I did. I wanted to call the vet, but I stopped to think of how expensive vets are, and maybe they don't have ambulances like hospitals do. And how would I keep dad from finding out I was using his credit card to charge it all too? And what if they just put them to sleep? I was unable to call. I was unable to open a yellow pages to look up numbers. I had a devil in me that prevented me.

I woke up like a jolt of electricity had clamped my heart. It was just a dream. I had slept for three solid hours. Two of my arms were numb, and one of my legs. That makes three, hmmph. I had just been sleeping too long on one side without turning over. That dream had significance to my life. But Murphy's Law prevented me from seeing it.

Even if the ho eloped with me, I'd have to make her accept that I was bi and had to have cock on the side. She probably wouldn't accept that. There I'd go back up into the mountains again with my boyfriend. To be hetero one needs the protection of God and to believe in the Bible. Else I don't see how one can avoid it. There's Ned Beatty's face. He's looking at me. In his arms are his wife and kids. He knows. Not that I've actually done it yet. But I have in my mind. Sinned and fell short of the perfection of God. Fornicated in my mind.

Salsa on Sunday. That's what my dad was listening to in the study. I know because the announcer announced it just then. It was just loud enough to filter through the walls. Something about yo quiero la muerte.

But Ned Beatty has one foot in Jewywood. Plays fat punks for money in the movies. Corrupts the morals of millions.

So what does he know? Jon Voight played a cowboy hooker just to get his start. Got sucked off by a Jew in a theater for a few bucks. Stood in the bathroom while he washed out his mouth. There went his children down the sink. What does he know? That old man who had him in the hotel room. Was dying to suck his cock but suddenly went nuts and opened his prayer closet and there was his sick Catholic shrine with his plastic Jesus to pray to. What does he know? I would have sucked him off. Not me. Me if I was old. Especially if I couldn't get it without paying for it. But what do I know? Keanu Reeves played a gay hooker too. Damn good scene of him being sucked off in a chair by an old geezer. About the only reason I can think of to get old. Everybody plays the exception to the fool rule sometimes.

A tisket, a tasket, a green and yellow basket. Have you seen my basket, honey? No, she says. But what does she know? She used to be a ho. A human toilet seat. The only woman I could get. Sterile. Infected with everything. Have to fuck her wearing condoms. I get so afraid of her my dick shrivels inside her cunt. Won't dare cum for fear of getting infected more easily. The condom might slide off in all that goop. Even afraid to have her suck me off. Her throat is probably infected. And her blood. If I have the tiniest scratch, it will get into my bloodstream. Maybe her saliva will kill it, maybe it won't. Imagine if afterwards she says she has a dry mouth today. The horror of depending for your life on spit in a woman's mouth. Even Jesus had a ho. To suck him off. Back then they didn't have HIV and AIDS. Or even syphilis. That was Christian shepherds hundreds of years later. Her pussy was off limits. But he didn't care. Like a cat. Al Capone had syphilis. In a way it served him right. He was a descendant of the Romans who adopted Christianity and spread it far and wide, leading to syphilis.

He sucked cock. Jesus. I don't know about Big Al. I only know that he was a devout Catholic. Depended on the priests to bail him out of hell. Paid them off bigtime. The semen was the seed of Adam that he had come to save. He had twelve to choose from every night. Did

he swallow or spit it out? He didn't have a bathroom to wash his mouth in. Is that why he hung around lakes and seas so much? The Sea of Galilee. The River Jordan. The Lake of Gennesaret. Or was it Sea of Gennesaret? Yes. Same as the Sea of Galilee. The Sea of Gay Glee. Gay Lee. Lee Jeans? Is that where the name came from? Or why they wear Lee jeans on gay pride days? Sea of Genitals. But he was there to save the seed. So that must prove he swallowed. He just washed his hands afterward. So people could drink and have a taste of eternal life. Like a Catholic priest. That's the secret of their basins of holy water. That's why women are the backbone of the Catholic Church. So they can get some of that water.

I throw a paper to a Catholic monastery every day. I have never seen a single monk. What do they do in there? I know. That I know. If Sandra had just sucked me off one time. Let me eat her pussy lips one time. Like a lesbian. Dive her carpet. Saved me. I'd be a staunch Bible-believing churchgoing Christian today. We'd never have oral sex again, I promise. Straight missionary position. After we got married in a Catholic church. She was Catholic I think. How mom would love her grandchildren. Instead I should be in that monastery. They don't believe in God or the Bible any more than me. But we have to live like Jesus did or kill ourselves. We are not of this world. That was before the gays came out of the closet. That's why priests are leaving the church. And why they can't get anybody to be monks now.

Sandra. On my mind again. It's going to be another bummer of a day. I'm too young to be this cynical. I haven't done anything wrong yet. Just in my thoughts. I have my whole life ahead of me. What is this devil inside me that drives me too deep?

There wasn't really a notell motel next door to our house. Only in my dreams. It is my true home somehow. Why? Not the motel. The house next door to it. No, the monastery. No, the hillbilly mountain. No, the lake. The bottom of the lake. No, the surface. My hand is coming out of it and people are waking from their sleep

in a hot sweat. My dead white bloated hand. That's right.

Saturday, July 4, 1998. 1:15 P.M.

"All right, Eric, I'm going to show you some inkblots."

"I thought that inkblot shit has been discredited."

"Not that I know of. Why do you say that?"

"I read it on the Internet someplace."

"Very interesting. Next time you can bring me your documentation. What I want you to do is tell me what you see. Okay?"

"Okay. You're the doctor."

"Here's the first one."

"It's a new world order policeman beating an innocent child to death with a rubber hose."

"Why do you say rubber hose?"

"It represents the big dick of the god Baal, the god of this world."

"Alright. Now the second one."

"It's a world dictator in Geneva, giving a speech about how all firearms will be taken away from their owners worldwide. Amassed before him are a world of mindless, freedom-hating slaves brainwashed by Prozac and TV sitcoms... all the media."

"Why do you say all the media?"

"By that day they will finally have the Internet under control."

"Okay Eric, now here's the..."

"Doctor, there's no need to show me any more of your inkblots. I think I understand now."

"Understand what, Eric?"

"You're one of them. One of the conspirators. You're a new world order psy-op, paving the way for total global domination."

"Eric. Eric. That's ridiculous. I don't even vote."

"You don't like democracy, eh? Fascist! Enemy of the people! Your name is going on the list, buddy. I see right through you."

"Tell me what you see in this inkblot."

"I see a new world order fascist policeman raping me with a .44 magnum in front of the world, and liking it."

"How about this inkblot?"

"I see myself, chastising the lost sheep of the house of Israel, with fire and sword."

"Do you like the shiny badge I gave you?"

"Yes. I've always wanted to be a policeman. Even better than a Marine."

"We know you do. And we're going to be very proud of you, aren't we?"

Chapter 22

Friday, July 3, 1998. 11:30 A.M.

The big bend in the country road, in green field country, on a hot but invigorating day. Viewing it from the high side,

the road swings to the left, in front of a bustling country store. Some piano-banging jazz music is playing to the bright green dancing appreciative foliage. An occasional sax solo. A salsa jazz. The drums, the marimba. A cool Twain-like stream -- for boys only -- ran across the road, down behind the store, hidden by green things, by reeds and cottontails. The rushing sound of the river. The delightful smell of green mixed with blue, hot with cold, dry with wet.

The thrill, the thrill of that view. Over and over again. He can't leave that view. It returns. Even when he sees himself at the side of the stream, he sees it through that other view. His eyes flutter at that view. His mind sputters. It stimulates.

There is more to the view.

A big billboard stood on the road just before the bend, in a position to caption the scene:

"Texas is for Piano Players"

He always pictured the whole area from the road, back a ways from that sign: the road, the green fields, the sign, then the swing to the left, and, behind the bend, the store with the barnlike, all-American look, and the stream. Country and western singers, dressed in country clothes, cowboy clothes, sometimes tuxedos, would bang the keyboards of pianos, hootin' and hollerin' about their love of America.

This was the American heartland. He was in the heartland, growing up, but his memory was faulty, with gaps, although at other times he was totally lucid. How old was he now? Ten? Eleven? Eleven. Old enough to stay away from home all day, and have adventures along the stream. His whole range was the extent of this neck of the wide world. A pure white, Christian, eternally non-changing, conservative neck of the wide world.

His dad has been to Vietnam, had told stories of the evil gooks, of buddies captured and tortured, of their atrocities, of their doglike lifestyle and culture. Tiger cages. Russian roulette. Rats. Filthy rice. Starvation

or rats and filthy rice: take your choice. Raw rats.

He rose up from the bank of the stream where he had been staring idly into the water and smelling the green smell, and climbed up through a secret shortcut to the store. There, he slipped through long sheds, warehouses, garages, imagining it a Vietnamese hamlet, no, a sleazy part of downtown Saigon, filled with crime and danger. People lived like dogs here, always squatting, close to the ground, to the dogshit. They were so ugly, their faces reminded him of dogs. Their asses too. They even ate dogs. They were dog people. Muds.

But still they had an ancient culture filled with mysteries and formulas, graft and corruption, horror and evil. Old men ran things. Young men were violent, masters of martial arts, like Bruce Lee. They all stank of rice and fish and soy sauce. He wanted to smell the green, the clean fresh green of the American homeland, the safe preserve of the white master race.

But not before he got some of their secret treasure. He had a right to it, the same right they had. They are all thieves stealing from each other, exploiting each other, like dogs.

He knew how to get into their secret warehouse, where they kept the cases of pot. The secret was to wear a disguise. He was a master of disguise, and he had been prepared for this mission, dressed up as a Vietnamese girl. He made a cute girl. Thin, like they all are. Thick beige makeup to make him look yellow. One of those hats they like to wear. He was cute.

He walked quietly, like a cat on the prowl, into the back regions of the store, noticing only an old Vietnamese woman, who took him for a Vietnamese maiden, and didn't stop her. Must have thought he was a whore or something. They come and go through the back, where they have the whorehouse and the beds, the smoking parlors.

There was the room with the long cases. She found herself next to the long cases. A guard, a young man with a barrel

chest and black t-shirt with a shoulder holster, was up in the front room, smoking and reading pornography, and didn't see him. He couldn't see him, because he was so careful, so quiet, so thin. When he caught a reflection of himself in a glass, he was a maiden, so cute, so thin, so unnoticeable, like a reed on the banks of a stream.

Opening a long case, there were the long cigars. Made of pot, uncut cigars five feet long, side by side. He got the machete that was hanging by a nail on the side of the barn, and came back quietly, and began cutting. He'd cut across widthwise, and make a handful of cigars. Then he'd move them up over the next section of uncut, and use them to size up another cut. On and on he went, until he knew he could carry no more.

He carried the cigars in his arms as he stole out of the complex the same way he came in. This time when he went by the old woman, she did notice. It must be the pot he was carrying. Soon she was not alone. He was dreaming of the shortcut back to the stream, the secret path through the green. The smell of green. The stream, lazily running, full of delights to catch. He was running towards it, but he made no progress. He was being restrained.

He was in chains and legirons, being handed over by the authorities to the storekeepers, in front of the store, by the curving road. He had pled guilty, and was ordered to work for them as a punishment. He was a proud American. How could he work for gooks? But then, aren't all races equal? They were more alike than different. Yes, that was a line he'd use on them, to win friends. He'd need friends among them now. He was the last of his race. They had the same mental capacity as whites. They could learn English, play chess. Memorize openings, even though they lacked the creativity of whites, and would lose in the upper echelons to the best whites. Even if they beat some lower echelon whites. So humor them. Don't die. Race is war. Take the long view to victory. Other whites would come one day and rescue him. Freedom fighters. Looking like Patrick Swayze.

He started off on the wrong foot. He learned enough

Vietnamese to translate the billboard outside their new hamlet. By now he realized that it wasn't Vietnam, but his own heartland American home all along, and these Vietnamese had immigrated after the war, and, with government aid, had greatly prospered, indeed, were buying the town out. Even the authorities were gooks. They had gotten rid of all the whites, even the niggers. We shouldn't have gone there in the first place, he thought. Just like Africa. We go there, we bring them back, they take over.

"Texas is for Piano Players", he told them, trying to win them over, just like we're all equal and there are no races, making eye gestures towards the billboard, now aging and unkempt, peeling. It was too hot to not sweat.

Then he froze in horror. Cold slid in over hot. He was their whigger now. That was the new reality. Right in their faces. He'd have to sell his race out now, put on a convincing act. He could handle the duplicity. He'd remember he was just acting. Remember. Try to remember. He'd hate them all to his dying breath, really.

"No, it's not really for piano players." Until this day he hadn't realized how offensive that sign was to them. He couldn't offend them openly now. Not now. Not that he wouldn't like to offend them. He couldn't. They owned this neck of the wide world now. The white people had fled. He was the only one left. He was exposed, alone, to an alien race. This was a truly horrible nightmare.

He woke up, drenched in sweat and the smell of pot in his sweat and breath, in the air. He was curled up in a fetal position around some pillows, all soaked in sweat, stinking of pot. The pot smell was almost a green smell, almost like grass. It was 15 minutes until noon, the July day in the 80s already, the central air conditioning not reaching his bedroom. Blocked. No, not completely. But the feel of high thermal energy rogue air molecules, like wolves in the sheep's fold of artificially-chilled air molecules, made one taste of the heat, as one sticks one's tongue in a glass. In the rec room the stereo was playing loud piano music, jazz, but with a tune. His head was pounding with

a headache, centered behind an eye. He was losing track of day and night. That thought panicked him, loosed some adrenalin, made his heart race suddenly. He was scared now, but of what he couldn't say. He remembered now that he used to live in Ohio, around all those farms. He had lived in Texas too, but mixed it up with Ohio, he was so young, and they had stayed there for such a short time.

He didn't live in a green field zone now, he lived in the West, around ranches, foothills, mountains. His father worked for the Air Force, travelled from base to base, taking him with him. He had had a nightmare after getting home from throwing papers around 6 a.m., and then, after a brave attempt to stay awake, going in for a nap at 9:30 a.m. Out like a light, for two hours. He and Eric had smoked pot in the car, now he recalled. It must have made him high, too high this time. What other drugs was he on? Luvox. What else? He couldn't think.

His parents were at work, as usual, leaving him facing loneliness. If it weren't for foreigners, they wouldn't have to spend their days in the military preparing to fight them. Oh how he hated gooks. Niggers too. Arabs. Japs. All foreigners. Rich whites who were not scared of all of the above. Who were color-blind. Race traitors.

He got up, sat on the edge of the bed, still groggy, dazed. The vision of the green fields and the road with the bend and the store and the sign wouldn't go away. He saw it through his loneliness, as if he were lapsing back into dreaming while awake. He thought of the soy sauce and rice smell. It was coming from him. Now he remembered with horror. His parents had brought home Chinese take home the night before. Sweet and sour pork. They were already infiltrating even this far into the homeland. He hated them all. He looked up and saw his buffalo robe on a clothes hanger by the bed. It was getting rumpled that way. He reached over and straighted it up a bit, squared the shoulders. He hoped it didn't smell Chinese now.

It was hot outside. As hot as a firecracker on the Fourth of July. His house had central air conditioning, but it wasn't keeping the hot from creeping in around the

edges, through the cracks somehow. He looked out the window, saw the grass ghastly under the baking sun. It had been watered the night before, but it was straining too. He thought of himself lying there, sleeping and baking at the same time. Like Hell. Purgatory. That was a little sample of what Hell was like. His life had no direction, no purpose, no meaning. Every day was a fight just to survive, to get up on time, throw them damned newspapers. An ocean of newspapers. That's all his life meant, all it was measured by. And a thankless job too. All they did was complain. And all he ended up with was ink all over his clothes. It never seemed to wash out completely. And to think that the Brits eat fish and chips out of newspapers. He hated being teased. Why do people tease? If only he could get them out of his mind completely. They had no faces. No colors. No names. The ink was blurred.

He went to the bathroom, tried to fill a glass with cold water and wolf it down, but suddenly couldn't hold it any longer, and took out his weenie and peed in the sink. The pee was unusually brown, concentrated. There wasn't much of it, but it burnt. Had his kidneys failed? What other organs were failing?

He had died in the night. Literally, for a short time. He remembered seeing it on TV, about people whose heart stopped during sleep, and kick-started with the next breath. Sleep apnea. Ap-NE-a. AP-ne-a. The latter.

Death wasn't so bad. Waking up lonely, in a world with no race to call your own -- that was intolerable. Today would be a good day to die permanently. Any day would. He was still a young man, but as bitter as an old man. He was war-weary. He has written a parable of commitment to oneself, to one's race, with his life. His is a tragic story that has an ironic twist, courage replacing fear. New, young, old, two new authors, eight new chapters, soon, at Harlow High.

"Bye bye!" Finger in the Sky. Beauty and the Beast. The Phantom of the Opera. Buffalo Robe Boys, will you come out tonight? Come out tonight? Come out tonight? Buffalo Robe

Boys, will you come out tonight? And slay some buffalo peop?
Don't take the A train tonight.

Why do I talk to myself in the third person familiar? I'm on a griddle of self-publicity, living on my own legacy, always in my mind's public eye, doing nothing to embarrass my family, living a good life, a pure life, taking my medicine in secret, not stepping out in a public way for fear of my dad and mom being appalled at the sight of TV trucks coming out, the prying eyes of photographers and paparazzi. I wake up in the morning and get a glass of orange juice in the kitchen and see somebody with a telephoto lens taking my picture. There's nobody alive who could appreciate the depth of my parents' grief, is there?

Part 4. White Soiled With Red

Chapter 23

Friday, February 14, 1998. 9:45 P.M.

TERROR AS AN ALL-AMERICAN DOCTRINE

Just one little word: terror.

Throughout its history, there has always been a dark, oft-denied thread running through U.S. military doctrine, defending the selective use of terror on American soil against integral enemies, be they Indians or Johnny Rebs. Despite America's "world policeman" image, when it's close to home, the normal rules don't apply.

This is a report of mistreatment of Native Americans (they don't like to be called Indians, redskins, or dirty injuns)

by locals over the years, as requested by our American History teacher, Mister Spam Fuckingboys.

BIG NOSE GEORGE

Outlaw George "Big Nose George" Mean Crow was lynched in Chilton City in its early days. He was the most hated man in the town. He was the last Native American that refused to live on a reservation, and he was accused of all kinds of mischief, from urinating and masturbating in public, to stealing chickens, having sex with sheep, to peeping in the windows of respectable women. He was rumored to have killed as many as twenty men, although he was never tried or convicted. That's because they lynched him without a trial.

After he was killed, his body was donated by the undertaker (who couldn't get permission to bury him) to the local doctor slash barber who made a pair of shoes out of his inner thigh, a medicine bag out of his chest and an ashtray out of the top of his skull. In the 1950s his remains were found in a whiskey barrel where the doctor's office used to stand. All that was kept of his body was his skull. The shoes and skull are in display at the Chilton County Museum. Anyone want to dance? Nobody knows what happened to the medicine bag.

BUFFALO HUNTER LUCAS SMITS

They didn't come much meaner than Lucas Smits, that's for sure. A buffalo hunter in the Colorado-Wyoming territory, he wasn't much for bathin' and other fine things, but he was loyal to the almighty dollar. Fact is, might be the only thing he took a likin' to, ceptin' boudy women. He was known 'round the territory for his hatred of all Native Americans -- somethin' goin' way back to that deep scar on his cheek, as he put it. He carried a Sharps Big 50 like a walkin' stick, and a shotgun for when things got personal like. (This is the way they talked back then.) When the Legislature, for a while, placed a cash bounty on Native American scalps, Smits distinguished himself by massacring three entire families, after raping the women and children. The bounty was only supposed to be for those who had left the boundaries of the reservation, but that little invisible

line in the dirt didn't stop him, he would brag. He was appointed to a job in the Cheyenne city administration of "Big Bribe" McBride to ride out his later years. He died in bed with a 12-year-old Chinese prostitute in Laramie at the age of 81.

PETER ERASMUS AND THE METIS

Peter Erasmus was a Metis traveller, guide, buffalo hunter, translator, farmer, Indian Agent, and mission worker. He was born in 1833 and died in 1931. Erasmus was the translator at the Treaty Six negotiations, and witnessed the change from buffalo hunting to settlements and reservations. At the age of 87, Erasmus told his life story to Henry Thompson (also a Metis, and a journalist at the time) who wrote it down. The manuscript found its way to the Glenbow Museum and Archives and was published as "Buffalo Days and Nights" in 1976. This book contains one of the few documentations of real treaty negotiations. Erasmus highlighted the authority of Mistawasis and Atahkakoop as Treaty Six Chiefs, and the resistance to the treaty by Poundmaker and The Badger. Erasmus also revealed that he was in favor of the treaty and the transition to farming, and was very critical of the Hudson Bay Company.

What is a Metis person, you ask? An employee of a big insurance company of some kind? Bzzzzz. Wrong! Metis is pronounced the French way: muh - tee. They are French Canadians who originally worked as fur hunters for the North West Company, and ended up becoming a people of their own when they settled in Manitoba. Their flag is sky blue, and shows an infinity (horizontal figure eight) symbol in white. It predates the Canadian Maple Leaf flag by 150 years. The symbol supposedly shows the North American and European cultures uniting for eternity. Their biggest problem, other than that they are too white, is that they are devout, priest-kowtowing Catholics.

Blue and white were also the colors of the North West Company, the fur trading firm which employed most of the French Michif-speaking Metis. The blue Metis infinity flag bears a striking resemblance to the blue and white flag of St. Andrew, the national flag of Scotland. The blue and

white colors of the Metis flag are also the traditional colors of French Canada, as seen on the provincial of Quebec. That the creators of the infinity flag may have had some Scottish and French Canadian input when creating their flag is not surprising, because these two groups dominated the North West Company and had the most Metis descendants. However, the flag was uniquely Metis and was recognized as such.

They had a second flag, which was red. This red Metis flag may have been created by Metis employees of the Hudson Bay Company, because the traditional colors of that fur trade giant were red and white. Neither the blue and white, nor the red and white flag was used by the Metis during the two great resistance movements of 1869-70 and 1885. Instead they reverted to flags which contained French Canadian and Catholic religious symbols, but they returned to it after they regained their pride. Their great names include Louis Riel, who was executed.

The Metis Song (by Rocky Woodward) goes like this:

"When the sun sets over Batoche we will watch mounted horsemen following a ghostly cross across a stormy red sky and we know all is not lost we will raise our heads up high as the sun sets over Batoche".

The Metis were once buffalo hunters. They had a code of conduct, called the Laws of the Hunt:

1. No buffalo to be run on the Sabbath Day.
2. No party to fork off, lag behind, or go before without permission.
3. No person or party to run buffalo before the general order.
4. Every captain with his men, in turn, to patrol the camp, and keep guard.
5. For the first trespass against these laws, the offender to have his saddle and bridle cut up.

6. For the second offense, the coat to be taken off the offender's back, and be cut up.
7. For the third offense, the offender to be flogged.
8. Any person convicted of theft, even to the value of a sinew, to be brought to the middle of the camp, and the crier to call out his or her name three times, adding the word "thief" at each time.
9. All Indian women to be gang-banged in order of rank and seniority, and the youngest to get two bangs before the line starts over the first time. When she is dead, the meat is to be given to the captain, who will determine its distribution.

The "Battle of Seven Oaks" marks the birth of the Metis Nation. Historians have chosen to interpret this particular battle in a negative light, showing the Metis as the aggressors contrary to the evidence.

As employees of both the Hudson Bay Company and the North West Company, the Metis began to settle along the Assiniboine and Red Rivers. In 1811, Lord Selkirk, a major shareholder in the Hudson Bay Company, requested and received land for settlement. It included 116,000 square miles which now constitute much of modern Southern Manitoba.

With the arrival of settlers in 1812 new tensions began to surface which ultimately would force the Metis to establish themselves as a force in the region. By 1800 the Metis had consolidated themselves as a cultural group on the western prairies. By 1810 they had begun to supply fur trading forts with pemmican provisions.

When the settlers came into hard times in their first few winters it became evident that Fort Douglas required provisions for itself. The Governor of Assiniboia, Miles McDonald, issued a proclamation in January 1814 prohibiting the export of pemmican from Assiniboia. This Pemmican Proclamation of 1814 seriously threatened the economic livelihood of the Metis because they depended on the pemmican

trade for their own livelihood. Many Metis and the employees of the Northwest Company opposed the Hudson Bay Company's proclamation.

When Cuthbert Grant, the doctor of Grantown, and some of his men were seen trying to avoid Fort Douglas on their way to Fort Bas de la Riviere on Lake Winnipeg, Governor Semple and twenty-four of his men rode out to intercept Grant and his men. A shot was fired and twenty minutes later twenty settlers lay dead while only two of Grant's men were killed.

The Metis were accused of massacring the settlers, when in fact it was only a case of experienced hunters, used to Indian warfare, making easy work of farmers who couldn't shoot straight. In respect to the mutilation of the bodies afterward, history has concluded that the only individuals responsible were a French Canadian and his three sons who might have confused the fallen humans with buffalo, or maybe were just a little horny like they all are.

Did you know?

FUR BALES. In 1863, Hudson Bay Company fur bales weighed 90 lbs. About 1866, they reduced the weight by general order to 80 lbs. This is because the buffalo being massacred were getting scrawnier.

VOYAGEUR CUPS. These cups, skilfully carved from wood, were approximately 5 inches long and 3 inches wide with an ornamental button at the end of a 6-inch thong. One was hung from a voyageur's sash. With this cup it was not necessary for the voyageur to kneel or lie in the mud or water while getting a drink. That way there was less bugging going on.

RED RIVER CARTS. A Mr. Regnier Sr. sold Red River carts to men in the spring for \$15.00. When they returned in the fall he would buy them back for \$10.00. The carts could hold up to 1000 lbs. of shit.

A Red River Hunt was made up of three parties: one from Pembina, one from Forks, and one from White Horse Plain.

According to the census of 1849 there were 3096 sheep at the Red River Settlement: enough for every man to pick and choose the cutest each time. There's something about good hot sheep pussy before bedtime.

The "Burning Glass" was used as a early trade item. One and a half inches in diameter, it used the sun as its source of power to light fires, as well as pipes (there was no American Cancer Society back then, thank God). The Hudson Bay post had burning glasses on invoices as early as the 1750s.

Hudson Bay Point Blankets were first manufactured in 1779, by Thomas Empson of Oxfordshire. Other manufacturers were found in Leeds and Manchester. "Points" are the short dark lines about 4-1/2 inches long. They were originally intended to make known the price in "made beaver" (a unit price of one good size beaver pelt) i.e., 3 points = 3 good size beaver pelts. These marks also stated size and weight. By 1929, the standard blanket was white with single broad stripes at each end. Other colors were red and green. The American Fur Trade Company was importing colors of indigo, blue, bright green, and scarlet. Big Chief Blankets were multi-colored at each end.

BUFFALO SKINNERS (ANONYMOUS POEM)

'Twas in the town of Chilton, in the spring of seventy-three
A man by the name of Fugibois came stepping up to me,
Saying "How do you do, young fellow, and how would you like to go
And spend one summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo?"

It's me being out of employment, this to Fugi I did say,
"This going out on the buffalo range depends upon the pay.
But if you will pay good wages, and transportation to and fro,
I think, Sir, I will go with you to the range of the buffalo."

"Yes I will pay good wages, give transportation too,
Provided you will go with me and stay the summer through;
But if you should grow homesick, come back to Chilton,
I won't pay transportation from the range of the buffalo."

It's now our outfit was complete, seven able-bodied men,
With navy six and needle gun, our troubles did begin;

Our way it was a pleasant one, the route we had to go,
Until we crossed Chug River, on the range of the buffalo.

It's now we've crossed Chug River, our troubles have begun,
The first damned tail I went to rip, Christ! How I cut my thumb!
While skinning the damned old stinkers, our lives they had no show,
For the Indians watched to pick us off while skinning the buffalo.

He fed us on such sorry chuck, I wished myself most dead,
It was old jerked beef, croton coffee and sour bread.
Chug River's as salty as hell fire, the water I never could go,
O God! I wished I had never come to the the range of the buffalo.

Our meat it was buffalo hump and iron wedge bread,
And all we had to sleep on was a buffalo robe for a bed.
The fleas and gray-backs worked on us, O boys, it was not slow,
I tell you there's no worse hell on earth than the the range of the buffalo.

Our hearts were cased with buffalo hocks, our souls were cased with steel,
And the hardships of that summer would nearly make us reel;
While not skinning the damned old stinkers, our lives they had no show,
For the Indians watched to pick us off on the hills while we fuck and blow.

The season being near over, old Fugi he did say,
The crowd had been extravagant, was in debt to him that day;
We coaxed him and we begged him, and still it was no go,
So we left old Fugi's bones to bleach on the range of the buffalo.

Oh, it's now we've crossed Chug River, and homeward we are bound,
No more in that hell-fired country shall ever we be found.
Go home to our wives and sweethearts, tell others not to go,
For God's forsaken the buffalo range, and the damned old buffalo.

But we sure had a lot of fun humpin' each other under them robes!

End of Report.

Written by Marlo Bendix, your Buffaloes assistant head
cheerleader at Harlow High. Go Buffs! Save some for me when
you get out of the locker room.

Chuckle. When her teacher sees this forgery, he'll flunk
her. I hate jocks, and I really hate cheerleaders. Come

here, Dylan, you great big Scot. I want to play your great big bagpipes.

Chapter 24

Thursday, September 17, 1998. 12:15 P.M.

Anahl nathrach utvas bethod dochiel dieneve.

Click.

ASTOR, John Jacob (1763-1848). German-American merchant and financier. Born near Heidelberg, Germany. He immigrated to the U.S. in 1783, almost destitute, and established his residence in New York City. In 1786 he entered the fur trade, dealing directly with the Indians.

Dealing or exploiting?

Because of his ambition and skillful business dealings, he acquired a fortune in only six years.

How much of it did we share with the rightful owners?

A Bill Gates two hundred years ago.

In order to combat the British fur-trading monopoly in Canada, he organized the American Fur Co. in 1808.

In other words, his own fur-trading monopoly in America.

He established trading posts along the Missouri and Columbia rivers and founded the village of Astoria (now in Oregon) at the mouth of the Columbia River to serve as a terminal station. After the War of 1812, Astor expanded his trading activities. He shipped cargoes of furs in his own vessels to many countries, notably China.

So the Chinks could go around in American fur? What did they pay him with? Gold? Where was the United Nations?

He speculated in government securities. And he acquired large tracts of real estate in New York City.

Did he find any Indians to buy land from for trinkets, or did he have to swindle his own kind finally?

He sold his fur-trading business in 1834, devoting himself to the management of his financial interests. He left a legacy of \$400,000 for a public library, later known as the Astor Library, now part of the New York Public Library in New York City.

That rich old bastard thought he'd buy his way out of Hell. Probably funded Shakespeare scholars too.

There is no Hell. The Devil invented the lie of Hell to gain followers. Everybody thinks that Hell is where you go if you are bad. You supposedly live forever, have eternal life, but in Hell. As if the soul were immortal, a bubble of eternal soap. If you were clean, you floated to Heaven. If you were dirty, you sank to Hell. As if God didn't have enough power or guts to pop the bubbles. Once in Hell, the scum rises to the top, like a gigantic mountain of bare-assed people on top of each other's faces. No sanitation, no perfumes or deodorants, no medicines. Hell must be nice if you're on the top. You get to kick other people in the face, and shit in their face. You can blaspheme God and the Holy Ghost all you want. After all, what can they do about it? Send you to Hell? The Devil is the god of Hell. He offers you a hand-up, a higher place in Hell, for serving him. Maybe he gives you perfumes, deodorants, and medicines. Maybe liquor and drugs. LSD, grass, speed, ecstasy. Plenty of sex, that's for sure. Cannibalism too, yummy. This is what drives all the Satanist cults. The fantasy of a power trip over others. They are deluded. The Devil is a liar. The father of lies. There is no Hell. He made it up to get converts. Particularly Catholics. From the Pope down. The Catholic Church doesn't prove the existence of Hell. It proves the existence of the Devil. He runs it, to keep true Christians down. Hell is one of the many concepts of Satan that he foisted on mankind since the

days of Babylon, along with the immortality of the soul, the trinity, a priest class living off the backs of the people and controlling the government behind the scenes, and other goodies. Spirit mediums. They try to simulate a dead person's personality and make you think they are speaking from the spirit world, namely, Hell. Sorry. The dead soul knoweth and thinketh not. Ecclesiastes.

A person becomes a living soul with the breath of life. When the breath of life leaves the body, the soul is extinguished. Just like a computer. When it is off, the soul of the computer is extinguished. Turn it back on, and it becomes a living soul again. Only people don't run on alternating current, they run on the breath of life. God can remember everybody's program, and resurrect them as a living soul again, breathing the breath of life into their nostrils, but the Devil can't. He can fake or simulate the software, but never resurrect a soul.

This world is the only one there is, and the Devil knows it. He wants to make it Hell. So, those who serve him try to make it into a pyramid, where the scum rises to the top, and shits and pisses and stomps on faces lower on the pyramid. With glee. Glee drives it. To have glee at shitting in somebody's face, you have to have hate. You must hate your fellow man. So the Devil breeds hate. God is love. Imagine if the Devil were love and God were hate. Sorry, it just doesn't work out correctly. But the Devil does a hell of a job trying to make you think so.

When a person dies they cease to be a living soul. And the breath of life having left their body, it quickly decays into shit. Those who accepted Jesus Christ will one day be resurrected by God, while those who didn't won't. Like a software quality assurance test plan. This is how the sales pitch goes. So far it hasn't happened, so skeptics have a free checking account with philosophers and thinkers everywhere. I'm a skeptic. I don't think there is a God or a Devil, but even if there were, I'd go with the Devil, because I'm a rebel, and can't ever go with God's goody-goody anti-gay morality program. Even if I turn to shit when I die, and am never resurrected, I just don't care. Read my lips, my cum-dripping lips. I just don't

care. Jesus sucks. I am ready to die. I just want to make this Hell a little better place before I turn to shit in it.

I just hope Jesus doesn't try to save me after I die. When I turn to shit, I want to be left alone. Like a mushroom.

That reminds me of a few days ago. I got in from throwing the newspapers, about 5:30 a.m., and was changing clothes to go to school. I came out to the kitchen, and mom handed me a bowl of cherries. Bing, I think. I love them, but this time several had bizarre deformities, growths, double heads. Mutations maybe. I tried putting those back, and just eating the good ones, putting the pits back in the same bowl with them. The good ones, the mutated ones, the pits, all touching. It made me sick. It made me think of shit. Life is a bowl of cherries. But cherries now are shit. So life is like a bowl of shit. Don't worry about the pits, worry about the freakin' double heads and growths.

That makes me remember a dream I had. I remember it because it was so vivid that I woke up still in it. Usually I forget dreams the second I wake up, and even if I try, I can't reconstruct them worth a damn. They just fade away faster than I can stop them. But this one stuck.

I dreamt of the whole world turning to shit, and being scooped up in strips by Jesus Christ, who rolled them into cigars, and lit and smoked them. The foul shit was full of deadly germs, but the fire killed them, and he breathed disinfected smoke, containing the remains of the living souls. He smoked the shit, hoping to resurrect the good souls one day. He didn't suck cock, he sucked shit cigars. Deep.

Click.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR

The remarkable Lewis and Clark Expedition in 1805 helped fire the imagination of John Jacob Astor, a New York financier, and perhaps the young nation's wealthiest man. Astoria represented the key to Astor's ambitious Pacific

Fur Company. In 1811, Astor sent traders aboard the ship Tonquin to establish a trading post in what is now Astoria.

Traders from the North American interior would carry bundles of furs to the Columbia's mouth. Others would conduct a maritime trade with natives up and down the coast and with the Russians in Alaska. Ships laden with furs would sail from Astoria for the lucrative Chinese markets in Canton.

John Astor selected most of his partners, clerks, and voyagers from Great Britain's North West Fur Company based in Montreal. They were to locate sites for future trading posts as they worked their way across the continent to the Columbia.

In 1812 the Astorians' luck turned. The overland party finally arrived and the fur trade on the upper Columbia River looked promising. On May 10, the ship Beaver arrived with provisions, trade goods, and nearly thirty more men for the enterprise. The now optimistic partners soon dispatched large parties to trade on the Willamette, Snake, and upper Columbia rivers. Astor's plans were proceeding well.

The possibility of war with Great Britain or competition with the aggressive North West Fur Company had threatened the Pacific Fur Company from its beginnings, and in 1813 both threats materialized. News of the War of 1812 reached the post in January, 1813. Despite appeals to the U.S. government, John Jacob Astor failed to get an armed ship to protect his investment on the Pacific. He succeeded in squeezing a supply ship through the tight British blockade, but the vessel wrecked in Hawaii before reaching the now-beleaguered Astorians. In July, 1813, the four partners present in Astoria agreed to abandon the post in eleven months if John Astor failed to provide support. Astor petitioned the Secretary of State to defend Astoria, on April 4, 1813.

The North West Fur Company forced the Astorians' hand before the year ended. In September it was announced that a British warship soon would arrive to seize Fort Astoria. In October, the Pacific Fur Company partners agreed to sell out to the Nor'Westers to salvage what they could before the warship arrived. Some of the Astorians joined the British Fur Company. Others would return to the East in the spring. Over sixty of them had lost their lives, and no fortunes has been made.

"... even yet it is not too late to Do good if our Government would act with promptness... Good god what an object is to be secured... I have not time to point out all the advantages that would result from the Securing of the River to us." -- Resolution by Pacific Fur Company partners, July 1, 1813. Fort Astoria was reverted to U.S. ownership in 1818 thanks to this ambitious and persistent John Astor of the Pacific Northwest.

The animals had no say in it, did they? The problem I have now is in figuring out his relationship to the Jewish conspiracy. Was he a Jew? Better check on that. I sure hope there is a Jewish conspiracy. If there isn't, and never was, we'd sure have to invent one. And so would they, for that matter. Otherwise they'd sure look dumb. And so would we. We need each other, like a symbiosis. Don't tell them though.

Click.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR IV: FROM THE HEIGHTS TO THE DEEP BLUE SEA

Colonel John Jacob Astor IV was born in Rhinebeck, New York on July 13th, 1864 the son of William Astor and great-grandson of John Jacob Astor the fur trader. Astor was educated at St Paul's School, Concord and later went to Harvard. After a period (1888-91) of travelling abroad he returned to the United States to manage the family fortune. He had homes at 840 Fifth Avenue, New York, and at Ferncliff, Rhinebeck, New York.

In 1894 Astor wrote a semi-scientific novel "A Journey to Other Worlds". During his life he also developed several mechanical devices including a bicycle brake (1898), helped to develop the turbine engine, and invented a pneumatic road-improver.

In 1897 Astor built the Astoria Hotel, in New York, adjoining the Waldorf Hotel which had been built by William Waldorf Astor, his cousin. The new complex became known as the Waldorf-Astoria. Astor's real estate interest included two other hotels, the Hotel St Regis (1905) and the Knickerbocker (1906).

He became Colonel-staff to General Levi P. Morton and in 1898, at the time of the Spanish-American War, was commissioned as a lieutenant colonel in the U.S. volunteers. He placed his yacht Nourmahal at the disposal of the U.S. government and equipped a mountain battery of artillery for use against the Spanish.

On May 1st, 1891 Astor was married to Ava, daughter of Edward Shippen Willing of Philadelphia. Together they had a son and one daughter. However, in 1909 Astor divorced Ava and, two years later, married eighteen-year-old Madeline Force, who was a year younger than his son Vincent. Public opinion was divided concerning the respectability of Astor's actions, and the newlyweds decided to winter abroad in order to let the gossip die down at home. Mr. and Mrs. Astor travelled to Egypt and Paris and, in the spring of 1912, decided to return to America as First Class passengers on board the brand new Titanic.

They boarded the Titanic at Cherbourg with Colonel Astor's manservant Mr Victor Robbins, Mrs Astor's maid Miss Rosalie Bidois, Miss Caroline Louise Endres Mrs Astor's private nurse and their pet Airedale Kitty. Their ticket was #17754 which cost £224 10s 6d. The famous white caps of the White Star Line extended them every amenity with fastidious care and impeccable courtesy.

In the early minutes of April 15, 1912, after the

accident, Astor left his suite to investigate. He quickly returned and reported to his wife that the ship had struck ice. He reassured her that the damage did not appear serious.

Later, when the first class passengers had begun to congregate on the boat deck, the Astors sat in the gymnasium on the mechanical horses. They wore their life vests but Colonel Astor had found another and cut the lining with a pen knife to show his wife what it was made of.

Even as the boats were loaded Astor appeared unperturbed. He ridiculed the idea of trading the solid decks of the Titanic for a small lifeboat, saying, "we are safer here than in that little boat". He had changed his mind by 1:45 when Second Officer Charles Lightoller arrived on A deck to finish loading Lifeboat 4. Astor helped his wife to climb through the windows of the enclosed promenade and then asked if he might join her, being as she was in "a delicate condition". Lightoller told him that no men could enter until all the women had been loaded. Astor stood back and just asked Lightoller which boat it was. After boat 4 was lowered at 1:55 Astor stood alone while others tried to free the remaining collapsible boats. The Titanic made its final plunge at 2:20.

Astor's badly crushed body was recovered on Monday, April 22 by the cable ship McKay-Bennett (#124):

NO. 124 - MALE - ESTIMATED AGE 50 - LIGHT HAIR & MOUSTACHE. CLOTHING - Blue serge suit; blue handkerchief with "A.V."; belt with gold buckle; brown boots with red rubber soles; brown flannel shirt; "J.J.A." on back of collar. EFFECTS - Gold watch; cuff links, gold with diamond; diamond ring with three stones; æ225 in English notes; \$2440 in notes; æ5 in gold; 7s. in silver; 5 ten franc pieces; gold pencil; pocketbook.
FIRST CLASS NAME - J.J.ASTOR

Click.

MADELINE FORCE ASTOR

On August 14, 1912, Titanic survivor Madeline Force Astor gave birth to a baby boy and named him John Jacob Astor V -- the most famous of the "Titanic pregnancies." He first married Ellen Tuck and had two children, William and Jacqueline. After a divorce he married Gertrude Gretch, and after they divorced, he married Sue Sandford. That marriage endured until Sue's death. John J. Astor V died in Miami Beach, Florida on June 26, 1992 at the age of 79.

The attached obituary lists his daughter as Jacqueline Drexler, however, her married name is actually Drexel. She and her son Astor M. Drexel still live in Manhattan. His half-brother, John H. Dick, lived in suburban Charleston, South Carolina.

Click.

OBITUARY: JOHN JACOB ASTOR V

Son of Famed Businessman and Inventor

John Jacob Astor V, a descendant of one of American's most fabled merchant princes, died Friday at his home in Miami Beach. He was 79.

Astor was born in New York. His father, John Jacob Astor IV, was a businessman and inventor who built the Astoria Hotel in New York City that was later combined with the hotel next door to become the Waldorf-Astoria.

His mother was the former Madeline Talmage Force of New York City. She was pregnant with him when she and her husband sailed on the Titanic. Her husband put her on a lifeboat and went down with the ship on the night of April 14-15, 1912.

His cousin, Stephen Spencer, said John Jacob Astor V

never worked after he was dismissed from a job he held briefly after graduating from St. George's School in Newport, R.I., in the early 1930's.

Astor was married three times and divorced twice. His third wife, Sue Sandford, died several years ago.

Survivors include a son, William; a daughter, Jacqueline Drexler; a brother, John H. Dick; and three grandchildren.

Click.

STATE OF FLORIDA OFFICE OF VITAL STATISTICS
CERTIFICATE OF DEATH #92-072073

DECEDENT'S NAME: John J. Astor
SEX: Male
PLACE OF DEATH: 3115 Pine Tree Drive
Miami Beach, Dade County, FL
USUAL OCCUPATION: Investor
KIND OF BUSINESS: Investment
MARITAL STATUS: Widowed
USUAL RESIDENCE: 3115 Pine Tree Drive
Miami Beach, Florida
DATE OF BIRTH: August 14, 1912
PLACE OF BIRTH: New York City, New York
AGE: 79 Years
RACE: White
FATHER'S NAME: John Jacob Astor
MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME: Madeline Force
PHYSICIAN: Carl Chestler, MD
250 W. 63rd St.
Miami Beach, Florida 33141
PLACE OF BURIAL: Trinity Church Cemetery and Mausoleum
New York, New York
FUNERAL DIRECTOR: Walsh & Wood Funeral
7140 Abbott Ave.
Miami Beach, Fl. 33141

Race: White. I wonder when that will be considered quaint and archaic.

Trinity. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Male-male, male-female, and female-female. The only three ways to have sex.

Click.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, AMERICAN SUCCESS STORY: THE YOUTHFUL YEARS

by Joe Bissett Shirtsleeve

There is nothing more interesting than studying the success of a great man. It is the material for great authors and biographers to describe and give credit to his nationality, his ancestors, as well as his environment and upbringing, in an effort to explain his success.

Success needs no explanation. And failure permits no excuses. What a dope.

The world wants to know the secrets which helped him to get above the people of his time -- what the difference was between them and the masses.

Usually just being in the right place at the right time, and being unscrupulous enough to want it all for oneself.

Great men are found in each generation and era of the human race. They sit like big trees in the woods or mountains over the valleys, looming but unexplained. Amongst them you will find poets, writers, men of state, generals, and businessmen. They are the leaders on the way to higher civilization.

Generals. You got that right. Sometimes it becomes necessary to kill on the way to higher civilization.

Every nation has produced their great men. Books were written about them, in their honor monuments were built, cities and towns were named after them. They profess to show humanity the way upward. These people are being honored by all countries and nations that they have

positively influenced. They are the arrows of progress.

I don't believe in progress. Else why is America less white now than a hundred years ago? I do believe in progress. Progress of the white race. Without them, there can be none.

America is no exception.

White America you mean.

The life of a great man is shown in each field. You cannot separate America from Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Marshal, Lincoln, Edison, Lindbergh, and a number of other unique persons. Trying to explain America without mentioning these names would be a useless effort.

Among the great business people John Jacob Astor stands at the head of the line. He is looked upon now as the country's first, but hardly last millionaire. Many who came after him have said to themselves, "If he can do it why can't I?" Lady Luck was good to him when he created the basis for his wealth, which has outlived five generations and still today is considered a large fortune.

There must have been a terrific amount of talent in such a man to produce such a fortune.

A terrific amount of will to use others. A terrific lack of morality. A terrific amount of luck, being in the right place at the right time.

His life has been studied for over a century from every point of view, analyzed and explained, yet something is still lacking.

Tell me about it. Y2K?

Perhaps the most accurate biographer was James Parton, who wrote about Astor's life in 1865. He was almost around at Astor's time, and he had access to facts and information which is longer available to biographers.

In particular, when he wrote his book, W.B. Astor, the son of the founder of the Astor empire, was still alive. For more than 25 years he was co-owner of his father's business. He gave Parton irreplaceable information. So Parton, when he wrote his book, had by far the best information available. Astor biographers mention his name, but in his book, as well as books written afterwards, one chapter is missing. There is a certain secrecy about his life, and that remains unexplained. The missing chapter covers the years of John Jacob Astor's youth.

The best information available. A relative? What do they know? They'd lie like hell either to make their relative look good or bad, depending on family relations. That's probably some of the worst information available, dummy.

In a biography the youthful years are not without meaning. It is in these years that a man's character is definitely formed. Walldorf, Germany was a little, unimportant village southeast of the Rhine River valley. Here four sons of Jacob Astor and his very frugal, thrifty and hard-working wife were born: George Peter Astor in the year 1752; Henry Astor, in the year 1754; John Milchion Astor, in the year 1759 and John Jacob Astor on July 17, 1763.

Milchion? What does that name mean? What happened to dear old Milchion? Look that up later.

Walldorf. I thought he was born in Heidelberg. Is that where the Waldorf salad came from? Walnuts and apples and celery and mayo, yummy. Maybe Walldorf is near Heidelberg. Yes, that's what it must be.

Sad to say, not all of them spent their early years in a happy warm family setting. The father, John Jacob, was definitely the opposite of his four sons as far as their later life went. He was a lazy irresponsible butcher, who loved his beer, and he seldom cared about the poverty and hunger of his family. It may sound strange that in a butcher's family there was almost always hunger present, but it must be kept in mind.

I guess if he was caught stealing they'd chop his hand off.

In those times each farmer had a pig, a calf, or an ox which he raised for the holidays. That was the custom of the country. During those years, John Jacob Astor went from house to house to slaughter the animals and prepare everything for the feast. Then the tables were set richly, and there was no exception in the Astor family. Unfortunately however there were only a few such feasts during the year. So you cannot talk about a carefree life.

I wonder if they'd let him take his own hand home and eat it. After they chopped it off. Maybe they would let him chop his own hand off, since he's a professional butcher. Makes cleaner cuts.

In addition, the careless home butcher from Walldorf used the little money he earned for himself selfishly. His industrious wife put him in his place as much as she could, and she must have told her careless husband off now and then. This in turn caused strife in the household, and all of this created a very poor impression for the children.

He probably didn't have it any worse than I did, considering he had a white wife and I never will.

This is how it was when George left his parents' home to go to London. Henry soon followed him, but instead of going to London, he took the journey to New York. It may be assumed that he got to this route by being a soldier in the Hessian army. John Melchion accepted work somewhere else in his home country and left his parents and his youngest brother. The youngest of the siblings, who was stuck in the unfortunate living, had to remain in Germany, living the poor life. Later, he would reflect on the fable of the tortoise and the hare.

It was not long until the departure of the brothers when the mother died, the only real love the little German had experienced. This must have been a big blow for the

little fellow, because whenever he could experience a happy hour during his life, he could thank his dear mother for it. It definitely had to be different with his father. Nobody knows how much he missed his wife. But it is known that he remarried after her death. But it was an unfortunate choice. The daily arguing with his first wife was very mild compared to the bitter insults and arguing with his second wife. Despite all the fighting the family increased.

Sure. Arguing works up the blood for some good hard sex. With a white woman. And no muds to woo her away. He didn't know how rich he was. Probably was glad to dump a forty for two twenties anyway.

But the income did not. A few stepsisters were born, but they all had little if any influence on the life of the first American millionaire, be it that he did all in his mind to protect them from the hurts he knew so well.

John Jacob, when he turned 15, felt, much like his brothers, that Walldorf was not the place for him to stay. Some outside influences may have been there, but the most important was the receiving of mail from his brothers. They told about their success and how they made a living. This helped him decide to emigrate to the land of his dreams, the New World, to the fast developing United States of America.

Another reason was that he had nothing to look forward to. Again and again his father tried to convince him to learn the butcher trade, but the young German would not even consider it. Walldorf could not offer him anything, and in contrast, the new land had everything to offer.

Why butcher animals for food when you can just massacre them by the thousands and take and sell their fur? No training needed. No professionalism. No clean cuts. Hack work. A numbers game. Make the money and run.

So the last of the four sons of the poor home butcher Jacob Astor prepared -- not influenced by his father's threats -- to say goodbye to his old home. He only had a

little pack of clothes tied to a cane, and in his pocket he had two five shilling pieces. So he went on foot towards the Rhine. Parton describes his departure and an interesting incident from that time, drawing this picture.

I wonder if he got sore feet like I used to before I got used to my job?

In manly style he trotted out of the village, but with tears in his eyes and a cry in his throat, because he loved his father, his friends, and his hometown, even though his fate had been a poor one there. He still could see Walldorf, and he sat down under a tree, thought about his future, and the friends he would be leaving behind.

Did he discover the theory of gravitation too?

Here he made three resolutions, as he later was fond of telling: to be honest, to be industrious, and not to gamble. Three excellent resolutions, these.

What poopy. He was a lazy lying exploiter of resources stolen from Indians. Why gamble? The odds wouldn't be so good as this.

Having arrived at the Rhine River, John Jacob started going downriver to Holland. From Holland his trip took him to London, where he thought George could help him to get to America. His brother did do that, inasmuch as he helped him find a job in the Broadwood Musical Factory in London. The pay was small, and it took almost two years until he had saved enough money for the voyage. It was to be a trip by sea which had to play an important role and actually at the same time was to be the major event in his life.

All he owned while going on the boat -- a couple of flutes which his brother had advised him to take along in case he would encounter financial difficulties upon his arrival in America, the clothes on his back, a few English guineas which he had saved painstakingly -- this

is what he brought to the new country. Here we must remind you that John Jacob Astor, no doubt due to the arguing and the frustrations at home, had remained a young boy without an education, who could hardly speak the best German let alone the English language.

He was lucky having no education. No wonder he got rich. They couldn't fuck his mind up and hold him back like they do us. Just how did they get to the point where they could institutionalize us, in an asexual factory setting, and prevent us from doing everything we want for years at a time? No wonder the Jews invented public education. First they control sex, later they control race. Both are perfectly natural urges. The public school system lets them mold your brain like jello. Lets them practice experimental legislation without real legislation being passed, since the parents would balk. Lets them make the law. Then when the graduates hit the streets and campuses, they think they are supposed to change the world, while all they are doing is trying to push the laws they already suffered under in school on society at large, in time for the next generation. End result: nice racemixed Jew-controlled zombies, ready to work for the Rothschilds for life, while being stolen blind, and never even thinking of thinking for themselves, or fighting back.

This was the picture of John Jacob Astor the future millionaire when he turned his back on England in 1783.

Click. And father says we're related to him. He donated those two lions, Patience and Fortitude, in front of the New York Public Library on 42nd street and 5th avenue. One of them anyway, I forget which.

Speaking of patience and fortitude, last summer Dylan and I went to see the movie "Saving Private Ryan" together. We sat over to one side, away from everyone else. As the movie ran, we started feeling each other's hardons, and eventually took turns giving head. We loved that movie. We loved the thought of being in an all-out war. The problem was seeing whites going at each other while the other races sat on the sidelines and laughed, waiting for their day to destroy them all. That war was rigged before

the killing ever started. Why couldn't we have joined forces with whites everywhere and taken on all the muds, once for all? Kill one mud and you really kill a thousand, a million. Like cockroaches. Kill their breeding ability. Their racemixing ability. Racemixing is like a warm war. Warm because it's done under the sheets. Not cold war, warm war. But war is war. Until there is no war, there is war. That's patience and fortitude. Winning the war.

The school bell. Time to get out of the library. School's out, Dylan's waiting, and we have miles to go before we sleep, miles to go before we sleep.

Chapter 25

Sunday, February 14, 1999. 10:10 A.M.

Click.

Search for keywords: white hate bison robe

Click.

OPAL WHITELEY: NATURE GIRL GENIUS

She walked and talked with the animals when young. At age 5 she wrote a diary on scraps of paper with crayons about her adventures with the plants and animals of the forest around her home. She kept the diary hidden in a hollow log. She converted multitudes to Christianity. She astounded university professors. She understood the value of the great outdoors. In 1920 she was the most famous person in the United States because her personal diary was being exposed to the public each month in the Atlantic Monthly magazine. Her attempts to get Fairyland published led Opal to Boston, specifically to the office of Ellery Sedgwick, editor of The Atlantic Monthly and one of the most influential literary figures of his time. He wasn't excited by the book Opal showed him, but he was enchanted by its author. She was "very young and eager

and fluttering, like a bird in a thicket," he later wrote. He asked her about her background. When she told him, he asked her if she kept a diary? Yes, she said. But it was torn to bits, by a jealous sister she claimed. Opal, however, had saved the pieces in an enormous hat box. "We telegraphed for them, and they came, hundreds, thousands, one might almost say millions of them," Sedgwick wrote in his introduction to the diary. "Some few were large as a half-sheet of notepaper; more, scarce big enough to hold a letter of the alphabet." Opal spent the next eight months in Boston, at the house of Sedgwick's mother-in-law, piecing together the diary like a jigsaw puzzle. It was then serialized in *The Atlantic*, beginning March 1920. The book came out in August, and was an immediate success. It gave a picture of life as seen through the eyes of a child, declared the *New York Times*, "eyes that have been touched." "It will be like no book that ever was," said *Life* magazine, "and may grow up to become a classic."

She was interviewed by University of Oregon professors and after it they cast aside all rules and arranged scholarships. A 17-year-old girl had knowledge beyond the University graduates: this occurred once in a generation. She was also quite a sight on campus, often running after some butterfly or insect, with her long braids and skirts flying. And one day Mrs. Prince Campbell, wife of the university president, came upon Opal kneeling on the ground, looking down and singing a hymn. Mrs. Campbell asked what she was doing. "I am singing to one of God's creatures," Opal replied. And in front of her on the ground was an earthworm. Her friends were not humans so much as lowly pigs, mice, squirrels, butterflies, bees, horses, turkeys, sheep, fir trees, hens, bats, bushes, dogs, cows, deer, clouds, crows, toads, bugs, woodrats. She would talk to them and dress them up for full cathedral ceremonies in the forest where the pines were the walls and the sky was the ceiling. Once Opal said, "To me all God's out-of-doors is one grand cathedral." She only hated and despised one of God's creatures: the bison: "Until the last of these devils is exterminated from the earth, I cannot marry."

Hmmp. Sounds like me.

Sample from her diary:

By and by, I came to a log. It was a nice little log. It was as long as three pigs, as long as Peter Paul Rubens [her pet pig].

I wonder if she also called it Pee-wee. Paul Reubens. Pee-wee Herman. Loves to stroke it off in porno theaters. I wouldn't mind blowing him. I wonder if he's a pedophile.

I climbed upon it. I so did to look more looks about. The wind did blow in a real quick way -- he made music all around. I danced on the log. It is so much a big amount of joy to dance on a log when the wind does play the harps in the forest. Then do I dance on tiptoe.

A Jew for sure. Jews love to go into comedy in Jewywood. They hate themselves so much, they have no trouble making money at it professionally. Becoming the butt of their own jokes. Pee-wee Herman's whole persona is a self-hate act. He obviously wants young boys so bad that he decided to become one himself.

I wave greetings to the plant-bush folks that do dance all about. Today a grand pine tree did wave its arms to me, and the bush branches patted my cheek in a friendly way. The wind again did blow back my curls -- they clasped the fingers of the bush-people most near. I did turn around to untangle them. It is most difficult to dance on tiptoe on a log when one's curls are in a tangle with the branches of a friendly bush that grew near unto the log, and does make bows to one while the wind doth blow. When I did turn to untangle my curls, I saw a silken cradle in a hazel branch. I have thinks that the wind did just tangle my curls so I would have seeing of that cradle. It was cream, with a hazel leaf halfway round it. I put it to my ear, and I did listen. It had a little voice. It was not a tone voice; it was a heart voice. While I did listen, I did feel its feels. It had lovely ones. And then I did hurry away in the way that does lead to the house of the girl that has no seeing. I went that

way so she too might know its feels, and hear its heart voice. She does so like to feel things as she has seeing by feels.

Crap.

Click.

PROPHECY OF THE WHITE BUFFALO

Recorded directly from Chief Geritol Rocking Horse

Long ago, 19 generations, a time when the White Buffalo Calf Woman came to the Pte Oyate or Buffalo Nation, it was a time when prayers were needed because of the sickness among the nations. During this time, the White Buffalo Calf Woman came to the people with the sacred bundle. Stories as told by our ancestors.

I had a white buffalo calf woman once. I wish I could forget her, but it's like I have some force in me that drives me to want what I can't have.

It was northwest of the sacred Black Hills, a time when the people were camped, when they were following the buffalo and the buffalo disappeared. So as the people were praying for food and shelter, the people were suffering. Each day scouts were sent out to look for game or buffalo.

I was straight then. I was just coming aware. Ninth grade. I had only cum one or two times. And those were wet dreams. I had never consciously masturbated. I wanted to save myself for my true love. Now I know true suffering.

One day, as two scouts were coming back to the camp, they were sitting on the hill. From the west, they saw a cloud of dust, thinking it was made by buffaloes coming back. As they stood up to see what would come over the hill, a young beautiful lady came over the hill with a bundle in her arms. As she was coming down the hill and up towards where they were, the two scouts started to talk to each other.

One Scout said, "She's a beautiful woman. I must take her for a wife".

Sandra. That's exactly what I said to myself: She was so bitchin' beautiful. Curves like a wasp. Pouting lips. Big baby blue eyes. That smell. She had the nicest North America this sailor ever saw. I'd like to feel her warm Brazil and touch her Panama. I used to sing that to Dylan. She had a few imperfections, like some freckles, but I overlooked them. She made me feel afraid every time I was around her. The power she had over me. It made me clam up, put on an act, repress myself, act goofy. Like a one-man mountain man fruit and nut company. Like Opal Whiteley in the woods on a log. My diary got torn up when I met her. She was a true fruitcake. A lifetime one. Opal, not Sandra. But then, what am I? Sandra. I fell off a lifetime log for her. Right on my back. She scalped me and left me for dead. I couldn't tell her my true feelings. I was afraid she would hurt me. I had never been hurt before. I needed her to bridge the gap, come over, at least to the middle of the log. But she never did. It was all totally one-sided. She sure didn't throw herself at me, fall all over herself trying to get to know me. Life isn't fair. If she had, I might not have fallen in love with her. Go figure. It's the eternal riddle of the sexes. When I did fall for her, she had me for life, if only she didn't be cruel to me. There's nothing lower than treating the man who loves you cruel. Like that song I heard my father listening to once.

His friend said, "Now all of the people are suffering and praying. Surely Wakan Tanka or a Great Spirit must have sent this woman to us."

Now as they were talking back and forth, she came closer to them and she approached them she pointed to the one with the bad thoughts and motioned him to come to her. As he approached her, a white cloud enveloped him. When the clouds lifted he was laying there as a skeleton as his friend watched him, from his hair, snakes went toward the four directions.

I cried for the first time since I was a boy when I found out she didn't love me. She told me off. Showed me her true feelings. Let me have it. Burned her bridges forever. The ugliness of the things she said left me in total shock. Shell shock. Like schizos get in war after all the shelling while they're cringing in foxholes, sometimes for days on end. It was like that. To hear the one true woman of my dreams, my true love, tell me her true feelings, and they were that she didn't love me, didn't want any kind of relationship with me, didn't want to sleep with me. Didn't want to sleep with me. The ultimate cruelty. Where a woman lies at night says it all. If they lie with you, their heart is with you. If they don't, that says it all. It was so cruel. So heartless. So unfeeling. Insensitive. That's the word. She was totally insensitive to my feelings. And I had them too. She came into my heart as deep as it goes, and locked herself tight, and threw away the key. No other woman can ever be in there now. She has taken up the space forever. I was ruined for life at age 14.

And as he looked toward her she said, "Go back to the people and tell them what you have seen, for tomorrow I shall return".

I waited for her to return. To change her mind. She avoided me like the plague ever since. Made sure to never take the same classes as me. Hung out in the other side of the school. Acted like I didn't exist. We weren't even friends, shit. We weren't on speaking terms even. She gave me the total silent treatment. I felt totally unwelcome around her. She didn't want me in her world. She wanted to make sure to never ever give me what I wanted. The ultimate cruelty of woman to man.

And as he started to move back in steps and thanked her, he saw that she was carrying a bundle in her arms wrapped in buffalo robe. And as he turned around he walked back toward the camp and as he was leaving she said, "Have the people prepare a place for me, an altar".

So the next day the people got together an altar with cherry trees and sage and beside the altar stood a tepee

in the west with its door to the east. As the people were waiting she was coming down the hill singing some sacred songs. She came in a clockwise motion where the people were standing and went into the altar.

When she laid the bundle down she said, "The red stone is the blood of your ancestors. The stem of the pipe represents the Root Nation. When you put it together and pray to the four directions, Great Spirit, Mother Earth you would come to know your relatives, and grandfathers. You would come to know your seven sacred rites of this sacred bundle and the way of life, the protocols that will with the sacred bundle."

And as she looked towards Chief Buffalo Standing Upright she said, "When you pray, pray to your relatives through the sacred pipe, you try to walk upon Mother Earth in a sacred manner."

I saw her with her Chief Upright. She was smiling, holding hands, hugging, talking, standing so near him. She was obviously giving him everything she had. Probably slept with him. It was like knowing that this world is hell. How can I live in this world now? The thought of him touching her. I have to get my mind off it somehow. But it keeps returning to it. I can't let it go. I want her more than anything in the world. If I can't have her, I have no use for this world.

And as she left towards west she walked ontop the hill then she looked back and she rolled over and she stood up. The people saw a black young buffalo. Then she rolled over again and stood up she became a red young buffalo. The third time she rolled over and stood up she became a young yellow buffalo. And the last time she rolled over and stood up she became a young white buffalo calf. And she went over the hill as the young white buffalo calf. So the people said that this spirit woman we would call her the White Buffalo Calf Woman and the sacred pipe that she brought we would call it the Sacred White Buffalo Calf Pipe.

Told by our ancestors. I am the 19th generation keeper

of the Sacred White Buffalo Calf Pipe. That sacred pipe was handed down through a dream vision but stays in the family's blood line.

At least your family has a blood line. Mine is ending with me.

-- My Taco's A Sin, Oi! True value hardware. Mitakuye Oyasin

Let's think of something else. Force my mind off that subject. It's thinking about it that hurts. If I don't think, I don't hurt. If I do think, I do hurt. Nobody knows my pain. I have never told anybody. Can't. I'm not weak. I have no feelings. I'm strong. She is just a cunt. I can cheat on her, right? She actually doesn't care if I cheat on her. So, what's my problem? I'd love to walk by her with another girl on my arm, pretending she doesn't exist, doesn't matter. Kiss the girl big, grab her ass, have her raise on one foot the way they do. Make her suffer like she makes me. Except I can't even look at another woman now, because she captured my heart, and I can only love her. Like Sir Galahad and Guinevere. I'm locked in a shiny metal suit with no key, till the day I die. No woman will ever lie with me. Sandra is being cruel with me. Like the white men were to the Indians.

Click.

THE BUFFALO ROCK

A buffalo rock, as the Blackfeet Indians called it, was usually a fossil shell of some kind, picked up on the prairie. Whoever found one was considered fortunate, for it was thought to give a person great power over buffalo. The owner put it in his lodge, near the fire, and prayed over it.

I prayed. For Sandra to see inside my heart, to see my true feelings. Women are intuitive, right? They can see. So I can't talk to her, I freeze up. That only proves how strong my feelings for her really are. Why can't she see all the signs? If I didn't love her, I could treat her like a male,

chat with her freely. Wouldn't freeze, get serious. We're destined to be lovers for life. Life mates. Too bad she isn't on the same team with me. She burned her bridges. Built walls between us. I just can't understand the screwy brains of woman. Never will. When her current beau leaves her after enjoying all her goodies at their peak, and leaves her old and penniless, and she comes crawling back to me, how will she make up for all the years that she should have been giving those goodies to me, to the man who really truly loves her, and will stay with her no matter how old she gets? I will have been cheated for life. She could never make it up, never make up for lost time.

I consider every night that she doesn't lie with me to be a night I have been cheated out of in life itself. I have to hold it against her, because it's one hundred percent her fault. It's all her fault, not mine. I told her I love her. She heard me. She laughed in my face. It was funny to her that I was so "serious", she said. What the hell is true love but the utmost seriousness? She had it right in her hands and couldn't see it. My true love. She knew I truly loved her. Only her. For life. She was my life partner. I was hers. Ever since we have both lost more than we'll ever know.

There was once a very poor woman, the second wife of a Blackfeet. Her buffalo robe was old and full of holes. Her buffalo moccasins were worn and ripped. She and her people were camped not far from a cliff that would be a good place for a buffalo drive. They were very much in need of buffalo, for they were not only ragged but starving.

I was starving. For love. And she wouldn't take pity on me. No, she was cruel.

I masturbated for the first time. In my tears. With a broken heart. Yes, she broke my heart. Popped my own cherry. Raped myself. Lost my virginity. I know I had a heart because she broke it. It was a mess. Came all over my belly, my dick, my hand. It was like I was shot, oozing vital juices. Like Frankenstein must have felt. And she didn't give a shit. Hell, she pulled the trigger. No

feelings, no conscience. No, nothing. She was totally insensitive. Oh how I cried, how I cried. More than you'll ever know. I lost every last drop of juice I had out of my tear ducts. If she could have just laid with me one time, to keep me from going freakin' insane. Maybe after I had her once, I'd have found I didn't really love her, and could get over her after all. But no. She was cruel. Maybe she was afraid I'd hurt her. That I was too good for her. That if she had me one time and I dumped her, she'd go crazy. So she decided to ruin both of our lives. She was the boss. I couldn't use any kind of force on her. She had to cross the bridge from her side. I could only stand and wait. Then she burned the bridge. She would literally do anything to keep from making me happy. Even destroy her own happiness. The happiness I could have given her. As her life partner. Loyal, true. A good job and lifestyle. Everything.

It was like I died that day, been a zombie ever since, a sleepwalker waiting to end it. Maybe not completely died, just mortally wounded. Part still lives. I'll hate her for the rest of my life. Even though I love her at the same time. It's possible to love and hate at the same time, for I am now two, not one. She probably thinks she hates me instead. Let her. She did me wrong, I never did her wrong. It was all her fault. She did me wrong. I didn't do her wrong. It was all one-sided. Now it's no-sided. If I could just get over her. Come back together. I'm like that liquid metal man in Terminator II, when he was shot in the face and his head split in half. He healed himself, but with difficulty. Later they split his whole body in half. Even he couldn't put himself back together before they tripped him into the molten vat. Tricked him by splitting Linda Hamilton into a good and evil twin. In real life she's really twins. I wonder if they ever ate each other to see what it tasted like? That attendant who licked her face. He couldn't lick her cunt because it was a Jewywood movie and that would lower sales to the masses. They don't want to see, don't want to hear, don't want to go there. And they're the customers. The customer is always right. My how he screamed as he was dragged down into the hot mud. Just like me.

Half of me loves her, the other half hates her. I'm

literally tearing myself in two. No wonder I went gay. Went off the deep end. Got off the mainstream track. Started to drop out, not give a damn. It gives the free half of me some gratification, even while the other half of me shrivels and weeps. If I get my 15 minutes of fame then even my ghost can enjoy being exploited by the media and others. I'm a true masochist. I like being punished. Punishing myself. Getting others to punish me. Same thing if I work it right. Like the liquid metal man. Actually, he was the evil twin. He did it to himself. Like me. A woman was just his executioner.

One day while this poor woman was gathering wood, she heard a voice singing. Rocking around, she found that the song was coming from a buffalo rock. It sang, "Take me. Take me. I have great power."

Take me, take me. Sounds like Alice in Wonderland with that mushroom. Alice and Opal: same thing. She probably read it in childhood and it fucked her head up for life. That Lewis Carroll was another Paul Reubens. A pedophile. Only he liked little girls. His whole work is just a fantasy for pedophiles. He worshipped her hairless little pussy in every page. That mushroom was a metaphor for his own dick. It grew big and little and had great power. In the book, she did take it.

He liked it hairless. Like green apples. A matter of taste I guess. The white rabbit. That was a metaphor for himself probably. Trying to lead her into his bedroom, show her the eight wonders of the world. Give her some hashish and get her so high that she wouldn't remember where she had been or what she had done. Brainwash her to be his sex slave. Do anything he wanted. Never tell. The ultimate goal of every red-blooded male with two balls and a dick. If only they didn't have love. It's a weapon. It can kill. I know. I'm already dead.

Take me. If only she had said that. Just once. I would have been grateful to her for the rest of my life. I would have always been there for her. Think of the benefits versus the risk. But I couldn't tell her anything. She was the boss. She got what she wanted. A mulatto mud jock who

was a big man in the school. I can't even think about his black dick in her virgin white pussy. The horror, the horror. It's as if my whole world is caving in. I've known what it's like to be truly in shock.

So the woman took the buffalo rock. When she returned to her lodge, she said to her husband, "Call all the men and have them sing to bring the buffalo."

What are women anyway? They suck you dry, give you nothing but a few seconds of pleasure in return, and are cruel to you the rest of the time. You can't live with 'em, and you can't live without 'em. Like to put you in shock. Until I showed my true feelings to her, and she to me, I could only think the very best thoughts about her. Now I am in shock about her.

"Are you in earnest?" her husband asked.

Can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em. Can't say that about my boyfriend.

My eyes hurt. Behind my eyes. My head hurts. I've got to stop my mind from wandering, fill in the cracks. Else there's no telling where it will go. Where my mind is wandering, there I will go. And it really doesn't matter if I'm wrong or right, if people get past my door, does it?

Cunts. Women are cunts. They don't have cunts. They are cunts. Men have dicks. They aren't dicks. They just have dicks. Adam was originally made perfect, with no dick. But he couldn't live without 'em, so he had a dick grafted on by God when he made Eve from his rib. Then he found out, too late, that he couldn't live with 'em either. Look at how she tempted him, and caused his fall. That's the genesis of all sex. Even the book is called Genesis.

Their pussy is just a hole where the piss comes out. A piss flower. When not pissing, it tries to attract men, like a Venus flytrap. That's where that term came from. While sucking your juices with their pissy mantrap flowers, they give you a little smell of something delightful, and some juices of their own, along with the piss. Something in

them that calms you down for awhile, but only for awhile. Then they make you need them more than ever. A drug. And they call us gays fruits. Heteros aren't fruits, no. They are bees, always going after piss fruit. "Where do I come from?" children always ask. From your mother's ass, dummy, after your busy bee father pollinated her piss fruit with his stinger. That's why they call it the birds and the bees. Should be the flowers and the bees. They say birds because they want to make it a mystery as long as possible. A woman's bush is called a bird, but I'll bet that it was a case of folk entomology, after the phrase birds and bees got around long enough. Bees don't screw birds. They screw flowers. Piss bees screw piss flowers. Make nudity and pornography legal once and for all, and children wouldn't have to ask. If I could have seen Sandra naked just once, I might not be in the mess I am now. The Bible killed me.

"Yes, I am," the woman replied. "Call the men, and also get a small piece of the back of a buffalo from the Bear Medicine man. Ask some of the men to bring the four rattles they use."

Half of me is like Frankenstein, waiting for somebody to end it for me. The other half is my wounded soul, struggling to free itself from this mortal coil, and live. But to live I must first die, be dead to my old self. The self that thought it couldn't live without women.

The husband did as his wife directed. Then she showed him how to arrange the inside of the lodge in a kind of square box with some sagebrush and buffalo chips. Though it was the custom for the first wife to sit next to her husband, the man directed his second wife to put on the dress of the other woman and to sit beside him. When everything was ready, the men who had been summoned sat down in the lodge beside the woman and her husband. Then the buffalo rock began to sing, "The buffalo will all drift back. The buffalo will all drift back."

I know why I lapsed. It's Valentine's Day. One four of February. I saw people kissing, passing little gifts. No rattles though. They are so happy looking. Dylan and I don't go in for that sentimental hetero shit. Julius Caesar

made up the calendar we use today, and named a month after himself. Augustus was jealous so he took the one after that. Who is February named for? I know. It's named for menstruation. That's why Valentine's Day is symbolized by a red heart. It's really a menstruating cunt. I know I scored only average in the math portion, but my verbal SAT score was through the roof. Yet most people take one look at me and think I'm a dyslexic gung-ho redneck bozo. Even though I'm upper middle class and drive a better car than most people ever will see. I wouldn't even waste my time taking the ACT. The one for muds and rednecks and jocks.

Hearing this song, the woman asked one of the young men to go outside and put a great many buffalo chips in line. "After you have them in place, wave at them with a buffalo robe four times, and shout at them in a singsong. At the fourth time, all the buffalo chips will turn into buffaloes and go over the cliff."

What did that say? My tears make it hard to read the screen. There I go again, thinking about her. It always leads to the same result. Crying like a damned baby. Right in the library here in school. That's why I wear sunglasses so much, even at the computer terminal. If I don't let them see me wipe them, they don't know there are tears. I have a way of seeming to be cleaning my glasses and rubbing my tired strained eyes that covers it up. At least when I think of Dylan I don't think of her, don't cry. People who cry in broad daylight are crazy, I know. I'm one of them. At least I know that no other women can ever get under my skin, pussy-whip me like she did. I am immune to women forever. Adolf Hitler must have been like that. He got over women early, then rose to great heights, immune to them to the end. Almost to the end. He had that Eva Braun twat. But he kept her in her place, like I do Dylan.

He gives me everything she doesn't. I give him everything I can't give her. At least I'm faithful to her with respect to women. I will never have another woman. I have to have some release, some outlet, so I know she'll understand why I have to have Dylan. It's either that or jump off a bridge. Lover's leap. I'm not the only person who thought of using it. Or did use it. There's one in every fair sized town in

America. There probably aren't any in Africa. It's only the young who use them. The good die young.

The young man followed her directions, and the chips became buffaloes. At the same time, the woman led the people in the lodge in the singing of songs. One song was about the buffalo that would lead the others in the drive. While the people were chanting it, a cow took the lead and all the herd followed her. They plunged over the cliff and were killed.

See. Plunged over the cliff and were killed. Lover's leap. Exactly what I was thinking. Amazing the coincidences in life.

Then the woman sang:

More than a hundred buffalo
Have fallen over the cliff.
I have made them fall.
And the man above the earth hears me singing.
More than a hundred buffalo
Have fallen over the cliff.

And so the people learned that the rock was very powerful. Ever since that time, they have taken care of the buffalo rock and have prayed to it.

I pray to Sandra. Write poems about her.

I love you, Sandra. I'm white and you're white. So the big black stud can smile and talk to you and I can't? He never is serious. I know you love that. I wish I could not be serious when I'm around you. But I am. That's the difference between me and him. Why did you pick the wrong man? He's going to just use you, and dump you. I wish he would dump you, so I could have you. But he won't. He knows I want you, so he keeps you to spite me. I hate him. All muds. They're ruining this country. The whole world. They are able to get our white women easily because we white men are serious and they're not. It's not fair. I didn't have a chance.

Click.

The URL you requested is no longer in existence.

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Even the Web stands me up. Just when I don't need anything to remind me how lonely I am. Sitting here on a Sunday in the school library, taking advantage of them having it open for some testing shit.

Sometimes I want to make hundreds of buffalo fall over the cliff, make them jump over lover's leap, then follow them. If Dylan jumps with me, why not? If I can take Sandra and her black beau out with me. No, just her black beau. I want her to live a long, full life. Without me. So she one day wakes up and realizes what I couldn't tell her, and lives in pain a long, long time, realizing that she could be in bed with me every night, waking up in my arms, hearing my heart beat next to hers, raise a family with me, everything. And she lost it all in a single day, when she showed me her true feelings. I guess I'm just five orders of magnitude smarter than her, and we can't relate, aren't compatible, have nothing in common. Except sex. Opposite sex. Dylan and I are compatible in everything. And he's one or two orders of magnitude smarter than me. I guess that makes him the husband and me the wife. Even though I get higher grades. Chicks often do. Get higher grades than us. That doesn't make them smarter. Just more willing to go with the system without questioning it. Like docile cows. Imagine Bill Gates being a woman. Impossible to even imagine it. He quit college. Smart. Dylan and I are even smarter. We won't even go in the first place.

Dylan doesn't really get low grades. He's so smart that he grades his teachers, using reverse psychology. Most of his teachers suck, so he gives them a C or D. They never 'get' it. Neither will the colleges, so he's not going to get into a top college. Not that I want to go to college at all. Who needs it? I can study all I want on my own, using the Net. I can learn more than any college can cram down my throat, and for free. That way I can save a hundred thousand bucks, and buy a Ferrari or something. A used one

anyway. Sandra will never sit in it. Too bad for her. She passed the man of her life. Just prepared me for the next woman. No. Next man. I'll never sleep with a woman my whole life now. It's a matter of principle. I want to prove that men don't need women. I'm not going to be pussy-whipped. If Sandra can't do it, nobody can. I would just see her in every woman's face anyway. Every time.

One time. Just one time I looked up her dress and saw a bit of panties. And I think pubic hair. I wish I could drive that thought out of my mind. She shouldn't wear dresses. They're too provocative. Should stick to jeans and pants. Shows her cute cupcake ass and gorgeous rounded thighs off.

She spreads those snow white thighs for a nigger's dick now. Horror, horror. Big black dick. In her virgin white pussy. Imagine the two up close. Black dick. Raw undefended pink vagina, the white lips closed tightly around it as it defouls her obscenely, jizzes liquid niggers in her white eggs.

The horror. It's a crime against all that's true and good and right in nature itself. And yet he doesn't hold a gun to her head. She is the boss. Give her enough rope and she'll hang herself. My opinion doesn't mean shit to her.

She wouldn't even touch me with a ten foot pole. Wouldn't spend ten minutes talking with me, when I told her I loved her and wanted to discuss it. She was saving herself for a nigger her whole life I guess. Horror. She would rather let anybody have her booty than me. If not a nigger man, a nigger woman. She would sit on her black face and give her her entire poon to lick and eat at will. She must have been brainwashed. The Jews. They control Jewywood, its movies and TV shows. Look at Jean Harlow. They got a victim there all right. Back in 1937. The first American casualty of the Jews in WWII. Like me. When they took her away from the white race, they killed me just as surely as if they had shot me in the face with a machine pistol. Or the heart.

What was that I heard once about the mafia? They never get mad. They get even. The Jews are the mafia.

Platinum blonde hair. On her cunt. A hook-nose, swarthy Jew burying his face in it. The horror. I wonder what white man was dying thinking about it like me.

Ten foot pole. Snow white. Skiing. Gart Brothers. Sniagrab. That's bargains backwards. Every Labor Day. Their big hoop-de-doo ski equipment sale. Get a pair of skis for \$49.99. A snowboard for \$179.99. I can't remember how much the poles go for. At least the muds haven't taken over skiing. The Winter Olympics are still mighty white. Like tennis and golf. Full of lesbians though. The women's side. Country and western music is being infiltrated by mudlattoes though. Racemix with white women the first chance they get. Sniagrab. That's the unit of measurement used in Norway thousands of years ago to build their secret pyramids. In Egypt they used the cubit, in Norway the sniagrab. The pyramids are buried in thick ice caves. Only the truly white know the entrances. There is gold buried in them. That's how Gart Brothers got started, with Norwegian pyramid gold. Gart is one of the few secrets we have left. Norwegians have blonde hair. Platinum blonde. Gold blonde. Muds can't handle fjords. They're out of their element.

Her hair. I never even got to touch her hair. I wanted to so bad. To smell it. Now it has nigger odor all over it, forever. She is spoiled forever. Niggerized. She is a race traitor. I hate her. I hope the half of me that's strong can do what has to be done now. Like Adolf Hitler said, the world goes to the strong, not to the weak. Have the will to power, to be strong. Cast aside all the weak pussy-whipped stuff. You will never know true love in this world. But you still live in this world. So know true willpower, true strength. Life is hard and then you die. So be it. Selah. Amen. Why did they name this damn town after her? To mock me. My parents, how did they know to move here of all places? Just because dad was born in Chilton?

I guess it was JFK who said that. But maybe he got it from the mafia. Same difference. His daddy was in the mafia.

Dear old dad. He once had six theories of how to raise children, and no children. Then he had me, and five theories.

Sandra. I love you with all my soul. But I will never have you in this life. You may not understand. But we go to a far better place.

She's probably carrying his nigger sperm in her tubes right now. Just like it's as good as white sperm. The horror, the horror. I got to get out of school now, skip all my classes. Go home and get out some porno and masturbate. The tension is too much. I'm going to explode. Look at me. I'm sweating like a pig. My white sperm will never go in her tubes, never fertilize her white eggs. His will. I'm glad my dad moved me halfway across the country, else I would probably be dead by now.

Nigger sperm is just as white as white sperm.

Oh God I hate you. I hate the Bible. Why have you let this happen to me if you exist? Father, I cannot forgive you, for you do know what you do. You're a fraud. It's all a conspiracy to destroy the white race. It's race war, and I'm a casualty. My whole life ruined. I should have slept with Sandra every night for 3 years now. That's a thousand nights. She should have slept with me last night.

She should be carrying my sperm in her tubes, be in my arms right now, here at the computer terminal with me. I wouldn't be so crazy now, plotting dark things, the destruction of races, playing a philosopher. They say that married men can't be philosophers. That every unmarried man in college is a philosopher until her gets laid regularly. I will be a philosopher until I die. I hate being a philosopher. It's like being forced to stare at loneliness, wallow in it, study it, forever. Let somebody else be a philosopher, I want out of here. I never felt alone until I met Sandra. Now I always will. Even when I may never even see her again. At least she's safe from the schizo side of me and what it might do.

Maybe it's not me that's dead, but she. The Sandra I loved

is dead and buried in the past. I can never go back for her, for she's not there anymore. She burned her bridges with me. She was killed in a napalm attack, in the jungle. I saw her as my jet was shearing away back to my base in the Philippines, trying to gain altitude to avoid AK-47 fire. Not AK-47. That bigger gun they used. DC-3? No. Oh well.

No nigger fucks her on the porch at 3:50 a.m. while I have to drive by throwing papers and not watch. I took care of them both. The big black dick in the white booty of my princess, her white t-shirt raised so he can enjoy her white bouncing jugs, her gray sweatpants pulled down to her ankles, to her white socks and Nikes. On the front porch of her home, her white parents sleeping inside, not knowing the horror on the porch. Her back to the street, to me. Like I don't exist. The stateliness of her bone structure, the nourished look, the money that must have been spent bring her up. For what? A mud whose race can't feed itself? An Ethiopian who lucked his way into this easy life, riding on the white race's back?

He stares at me as I throw to the houses down the block, like I'm just a coolie, doing a menial job while he is the lord of my love's white booty. And you know, he will make a hundred times more money than me in this fucked-up country, and I will still be throwing papers when I'm 70, old ugly dried-up impotent prostrate problems dying from the inside from the shattering wound she gave me while I was just an innocent well-intentioned kid not knowing the horrors of the world I had been born into. I thought it would stay pretty much all white at least until I had got her and married her. Just a year let's say. She could have been a June bride. June, 1999. When we moved, she could have run away to be with me. Why didn't my parents fuck one year earlier, so that I would have come into this world then instead of too late? Then I'd only have to worry about my daughters going with niggers, like everyone else. My parents did it. Ruined my life.

But if there is a God, why did he make niggers have bigger dicks? So they could win our white women away from us? Even their teeth are bigger, better, whiter. They have that terrible armpit odor, thank God. Without that, we

wouldn't stand a chance. So, why did God give them that odor? But it's we white men who created technology, including deodorants to mask that odor, and bathrooms so they can be as clean as us. I don't get it, God. God, I don't get you. Maybe you don't exist. Yes, maybe science has made you irrelevant. If there is no God and evolution is at work, does this mean that white men are evolutionary losers in the race for white women? Some white women could hold out for awhile I guess, once we white men could no longer hold the nigger man down, no longer use the law, religion, authority on them. Some muds still fall for it. Religion especially. Think mixing the races is wrong, against God's laws. Hallelujah for those preachrs.

But sooner or later the bigger black dick must win. If we try to impress white women with our white ones, then we are just setting them up to be even more impressed with their black ones. Sucking black dick with their white angel mouths. Taking black dick up their white angel booties. Liking ever second of it. Giving them everything they got. That nigger sperm crawling up their tubes into their eggs. Their genetically pure white eggs. Forever destroying the purity. The eggs are the real place the white race defends, or gives it all up. White men can't have white babies, only white women can. But the big black dick causes them to lower their defenses, get hot, spread their white legs. As they grin that grin with their big white teeth flashing. They always grin. They're never serious. That makes winning women even easier. And what white woman can say no anymore? Pretty soon it will be a law.

The horror, the horror. Nuke it all. Start over. Like God did in Noah's day. A massacre based on love. Stop this world I want to get off.

The black dick must win. Or must it? What weapons do white men have to combat this menace? We still outnumber them in America. We still have more wealth. We still have more education and skills. But do we have the organization anymore?

Don't get mad. Get even. Hate is a healer. A purgatory. That's where the word must come from. It purges the pain.

The pain I get, and will probably get, every Valentine's Day for the rest of my miserable life. Among other days.

What is Valentine's Day most known for? A massacre. Hmmm. Things are looking up. Guess we won't pick that day. It's already taken. Just so it's before June I told him. I gave him a bullshit reason. How could I tell him that every June I go nuts thinking about her in her wedding dress, saying I do? I don't even smoke pot but tonight I'm going to ask Dylan for some and get high and let him take me while I pretend to be her, to be a white princess. I'll wear white pants, white shorts, white shirt. At least one white boy will get a white princess tonight in this damned cuntry, without an o.

I don't even have the courage to tell him about her. Or to ask him about his miserable love life with white women. We're both being shuttled to the back of the genetic bus, along with all white men. We're genetically obsolete. And there's no government we can go to to intervene on our behalf. We're like the new Indians. The new bison. It's our own fault. Our parents'. Our race's. Why oh why? Where could we have done something to save ourselves? I wish I were a better philosopher than I am. Oh God, if you really exist, I ask you for wisdom and knowledge, like Solomon did, to see how to save my race. Amen. And fuck you if you don't answer me. My race is tough. We're down now but we'll rise again from the mud if we have to. And next time, we'll take steps to make sure it never happens again. Never again. This century of horrors will be something we'll laugh about. Imagine, we'll tell our children, how stupid the whites were then to flirt with muds, before they woke up and got rid of them forever? Ha ha, they'll laugh. Just imagine. Ancient history.

Funny how I never made a hate list until I moved here. Else I'd probably have put them both on it.

Monday, February 15, 1999. 12:10 P.M.

Click.

THE CHUG CREEK MASSACRE: WHITE FLAG SLAUGHTER

Many have heard of the unjust slaughter of Indian men, women and children at Wounded Knee, but few know of the equally unjust slaughter of men, women and children at Chug Creek. The Chug Creek Massacre took place the dawn of November 29, 1864 on the Chug Creek reservation in southeastern Wyoming. More than two hundred Cheyenne men, women and children were slaughtered like vermin by white racists operating under U.S. government authority on a reservation where they were told by the same government that they would be safe.

Two frogs were sitting by a creek. One frog said to the other, "My how time's fun when you're having flies." I guess two hundred is a drop in the bucket compared to even one battle in the Civil War, when white people killed each other off like vermin over the muds. So who cares about two hundred damned Indians? Did they join in on the side of the Confederates when the war was in question, and earn the right to survive? No. So, the Union army wipes them out after they run out of rebel white men to kill, so they can move the carpetbagging niggers in on them and give their white women to them.

In 1859 gold was discovered in Boulder, Wyoming, northwest of Cheyenne, beginning the Pike's Peak gold rush. The discovery of gold brought an estimated 100,000 gold seekers to the Rockies. This led to serious white encroachments on Cheyenne lands.

Hmmph. At the same time the Union was exterminating the white race in the South, they were importing white trash from Europe. Irish. Like the Kennedys. Eastern Europeans. Jews. They then poured out of New York harbor to the west, where they were lured by lies about gold, to entice them to exterminate the Indians and populate the area with future race traitors forever beholden to the Union.

The Fort Laramie Treaty of 1851 guaranteed the Cheyenne a large area of Western Kansas and Eastern Wyoming and Colorado.

Right. Guaranteed. To Indian givers.

Rather than protect the Cheyenne from the whites as the Fort Larmie Treaty of 1851 said it would do, the government sought to resolve the problem by demanding that the former give up all of their lands with the exception of the small Chug Creek Reservation.

Told ya so. Told myself so.

A small band of Southern Cheyenne of about three hundred, led by their chief Holy Buffalo Pizzle, were sectioned into Chug Creek Reservation, a hellhole of badlands not worth a buffalo nickel.

At least until the discovery of uranium. Or casino gambling.

Scattered Indian raids had caused much ill will between the white settlers and the Native Americans. In the autumn of 1864, Wyoming territorial officers offered a vague amnesty if Indians reported to army forts. Holy Buffalo Pizzle, with many Cheyennes and a few Arapahoes, believing themselves to be protected, established a winter camp about 40 miles from Fort Saratoga, southeast of Cheyenne city. On November 29, Col. John Polk Chilton, who advocated Indian genocide, commanding about 700 men, arrived near the camp, having marched there from Fort Saratoga.

In spite of the American flag and a white flag flying over the camp of about 500 Cheyennes and a few Arapahoes, the troops attacked, killing and mutilating about 200 of the Indians, two-thirds of whom were women and children.

How quickly the white man forgot this "small incident." Let us never forget. The lessons to be learned are many.

Holy Buffalo Pizzle believed that white and red could

co-exist with each other. Through many broken promises and attacks on his life, he still believed that his tribe could obtain peace with honor and co-exist with the white man.

How stupid can you get? No wonder there's hardly any Indians left now. They're too stupid to survive, too weak, too trusting. Babes in the woods. Nobody to hold them by the hand. They never stood a chance. They don't even have the virtue of breeding like cockroaches to make up for losses, like the niggers.

In 1861, fearing that overwhelming U.S. military power might result in an even less favorable settlement, Holy Buffalo agreed to a new treaty and did what he could to see that the Cheyenne obeyed its provisions.

The lands given as the Chug Creek reservation could not feed and clothe the tribe. The barren land was unsuitable for growing crops or supporting enough wildlife to feed the tribe. It was a breeding ground for epidemic diseases which soon swept through the Cheyenne encampments.

By 1862, the nearest herd of Buffalo was over 200 miles away. Many of the young men began leaving the reservation, looking for a way to care for their families. They began to prey upon cattle of local settlers and passing wagon trains.

If they'd waited a hundred years, the government would have preyed on the settlers for them and given them welfare handouts.

One such raid so angered the Whites that they sent the military to investigate and patrol the area. A hunting party of Cheyenne saw the military approaching and rode up to meet them when the military opened fire on the band of Cheyenne. None of the Indians in this band had participated in the raid.

Really? Or is this just a whitewash by Indian lovers? I highly doubt all the Indians in that band were totally

innocent. They hang together like a bunch of grapes.

This incident touched off an uncoordinated Indian uprising across the Great Plains, as Indian tribes from the Comanche in the South to the Lakota in the North took advantage of the army's involvement in the Civil War by striking back at those who had settled upon their lands. Holy Buffalo Pizzle, however, understood the white military too well to support the cause of war. He spoke with the local military commander at Fort Weaver in Wyoming and believed he had secured a promise of safety in exchange for leading his band back to the Chug Creek reservation.

On the morning of November 29, 1864 Colonel John Chilton, leader of the Third Wyoming Volunteers, discouraged by the fact that his troops had been unsuccessful in finding a Cheyenne band to fight, learned that Holy Buffalo Pizzle had returned to Chug Creek. He attacked the unsuspecting encampment while the peaceful tribe slept.

Over two hundred Cheyenne died in the ensuing massacre, many of them women and children, and after the slaughter, Chilton's men sexually mutilated and scalped many of the dead, later exhibiting their trophies to cheering crowds in Cheyenne. Later, as the truth came out despite a government coverup, he became known as Colonel Chilling to Indians and many white men alike. Yet he was never prosecuted, and even went on to hold office and retain a lifelong celebrity status with whites.

Right. The entire Union army and its officer corps were race traitors and murderers of their own race, so his crimes against stinking red men were not even petty offenses.

Holy Buffalo Pizzle survived the raid, even after returning to rescue his seriously injured wife. He still believed peace was possible between the white man and his people.

In 1868, almost four years to the day of the Chug Creek Massacre, three columns of troops met to launch a winter campaign against the Cheyenne with the Seventh Cavalry,

commanded by George Armstrong Custer, selected to led the attack. Custer, following the tracks of a small hunting party through the snow, located an encampment of Cheyenne, and attacked at dawn.

This encampment was Holy Buffalo Pizzle's village, setting well within the Cheyenne reservation boundaries and with a white flag flying from his tepee. On November 27, 1868 Custer's troops charged the village, women and children running for their lives.

Holy Buffalo Pizzle along with his wife fell near the river's edge, their bodies riddled with bullets, and the 7th Calvary rode right over top of their bodies, pausing long enough to take the scalp of the man who always preached peace and believed that white and red could live together.

I guess your spirit has wisened-up, eh chiefy?

Why doesn't the government just go ahead and finish the job with the injuns, and use the former reservations for mud extermination centers? They can then process all the muds through in a matter of 2-5 years, nice and quiet and tidy. They can use all the mush as fertilizer, either to turn the reservation land into farms, or ship it to existing farms. Good use of the mush.

Don't use Zyklon-B for godsakes! I heard enough bullshit about that frameup in the revisionist web pages. Zyklon was an insecticide, used to delouse the prisoners' clothes. It was not, and could not be used to gas Jews en masse (pronounce that "on-moss"). It would stick to the prisoners, so that anybody trying to haul them out of the gas chambers or showers or whatever would get sick and die too. For the same reason the corpses couldn't be cremated. The shit would infect the so-called shower room, and how would they get anybody to go in there for the next batch? They said they tricked them in by claiming they were showers. Yet once I saw a picture of one of these "showers", and it had a big skull and crossbones, with a sign saying "Poison Gas: Danger", right on the door. Obviously, these delousing chambers had hooks for the clothes, that's all. What a

frame-up. After the Nazis lost the war, and were dead and/or couldn't fight back, the Allies found a few baths, a few crematoria, and a few pits with emaciated corpses in them, then made up one hell of a slander story, both to frame the defenseless Nazis, and guilt-trip the Germans into paying billions in "reparations" to the new bandit state of Is-Ra-El: War is hell. To the victor go the spoils.

Oi! I'm just sick of people actually believing the lies like they are gospel. Propaganda is misinformation, not information. Most of the starvation was actually caused by the Allies themselves, bombing out the rail lines for months before they "liberated" the camps, so that everybody was starving, Nazi and Jew, by the time they arrived. The Jews just didn't have any body fat in reserve like the Nazis did. But I'm sure they were all hungry as rats when the Allies rolled in. How did they feel murdering their own white brothers over some miserable Jew rats? This must have been the American white fathers' attempt at a coverup of their own racial guilt, as if the Jews weren't pulling the strings anyway and milking it like a cow for liquid cash.

Funny thing is, if the Germans had decided to exterminate the Jews, they could have done it. Like the Six Million Dollar Man, the six million Jew Nazis had the technology. Maybe they planned to, after they won the war, but in the meantime they chose to work them to supply their war machine. I would kill them with well water, after staging them in a cattle pen system, stripping them down, collecting clothes, glasses, wigs, false teeth, gold fillings. Examining body cavities. You can drown a person in two inches of water if you design the system well. No messy chemicals. Then crush up the corpses into mush, and pipe it into tanker cars, ready for shipment to farms. Can't use sea water, because of the salt. Salt turns fertile land sterile. Funny how the Israelis are the world leaders in desalinization technology. Can't use sewer water because it has to be clean enough to sprinkle on crops. Maybe they do use sewer water on crops, but I wouldn't. It's not only full of pesticides and other chemicals, but drugs that people piss out or flush down the toilet. Each corpse has maybe a hundred bucks worth of chemicals in it, as I learned once somewhere, Ripley's Believe It Or Not,

I think, but it might take thousands of bucks to extract it all in a useful form. So, as God said, man came from dust, and to dust he returns, to push up veggies. Just dehydrate the water from the mush to get dust. Good idea. Recycle the water to reduce costs all around, including shipping. Ship powdered fertilizer. Miracle Jew-Grow. Exempt the Nanny though. I'm gay but she gives me bi fantasies. She's as smart as I am. Self-made millionaire. One thing about the Jews. They're always at the head of the class. Too bad they use their intelligence for the wrong thing. I really don't want to exterminate them, but they leave me no choice. Like two scorpions in a bottle. No room for two master races on one planet, is there? Struggle to the finish, winner take all. Loser feeds the crops. Oi!

Click.

THE FORT LARAMIE TREATY OF 1851

In the year 1844, the completion of an accessible pass through the Rocky Mountains in Wyoming led to the opening of the Oregon Trail. Thousands of white settlers began to arrive in wagon trains, traveling through Indian lands in Nebraska, Wyoming, and Idaho to reach Oregon.

As a flood of thousands of white settlers poured across the Great Plains to the Oregon Trail, the U.S. military purchased Fort Laramie in the middle of Sioux land in Wyoming. This fort was at a key stop on the migration route, at the junction of the Laramie and North Platte rivers, where, by 1851, at least 5000 settlers yearly crossed on their way to Oregon or (via the Mormon Trail) to Utah. As this ever-increasing numbers of whites -- gold seekers, settlers and traders -- made their way westward, Native Americans reacted to this invasion by attacking wagon trains and, more often, warring against one another for territorial advantage. The problem was compounded by the displacement of tribes westward from the east (the Sioux originally came from Minnesota), who could communicate only through sign language. Finally U.S. Indian commissioners stepped in.

The United States and representatives of the Lakota,

Cheyenne, Arapaho, Crow Sioux, Arikara, Assiniboine, Gros Ventre, Mandan, and other tribes signed the Fort Laramie Treaty of 1851, intended to insure peace on the plains by dividing them into specific tracts for the signatories.

Wait a minute. Don't the Jews say Oi Vay or something? Why do I always say Oi? Where did I pick that up? The Aussies, right? The last island of pure whites left on the planet. Unsullied with Jews. Now I realize it's not. That's the last time I'll use that damn Jew word. Just imagine. Yiddish, all the way down there. If we were planning on using Australia as our backup escape route we might as well forget it. No wonder the Nanny is always fucking around with a rich Brit on that TV show. The Aussies are really just Brits trying to seem different. All Brits are in bed with the Jews. Oi vay!

The treaty divided the plains into separate tracts assigned to each tribe, who agreed to remain on their own land, to cease their attacks on each other and on white migrants, and to recognize the right of the United States to establish roads and military outposts within their territories. In return, the United States pledged that each tribe will retain possession of its assigned lands forever, that they will be protected by U.S. troops from white intruders, and that they will each receive \$50,000 in supplies and provisions annually for the next fifty years. The government also required each tribe to select a principal chief with whom it could conduct business.

That's it! Australia is the Jew's escape route. They had it laid out since when? WWII? WWI? Earlier? Just as they used America as their escape route from Europe, they have Australia waiting when America wakes up and fights them. No wonder the Nazis escaped, not to Australia, but to South America when they lost WWII. Truly, America is my last stand, my only home. I stand and fight here. I have nowhere else to go.

Both sides agreed to settle any future disputes, whether between tribes or between Indians and whites, through restitution. Unfortunately, the chiefs who signed the Fort Laramie Treaty did not have the authority over their

tribes that the United States negotiators assumed, and the negotiators themselves could not deliver the protections and fair treatment they promised. The U.S. failed to comply with almost every treaty provision, precipitating over 20 years of war on the Great Plains, culminating in the Battle of Little Bighorn in 1876. One infamous chapter was the discovery of gold in Montana in 1864, leading to the cutting of the Bozeman Trail, from the North Plate, through Wyoming, into Montana, across the Yellowstone River into the gold fields, right through Teton Sioux lands guaranteed by the treaty, precipitating a series of wars and fort-building.

Why do the Australians, the Argentinians, and the Americans all have cowboys?

A military commission investigating the Chilton Creek Massacre and the Indian wars which resulted from it alone reported: "No one will be astonished that a war ensued which cost the government 30 million dollars and carried conflagration and death to the border settlements." It was estimated that the government spent a million dollars for each Plains Indian killed.

The U.S. states of Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, South and North Dakota, Montana, and Nebraska were eventually carved out of lands stolen from the Plains Indian nations in violation of the Treaty of Fort Laramie. Legally speaking, they could one day get the land back in a world, or even U.S. court.

White man speak with forked tongue. The government never prosecutes itself, does it? You stupid halfwit stinking filthy savages. God gave us whites America as our promised land, and we can get away with anything with you, and nobody will stop us. You are waste products of history. We stole you blind. If I remember right, your damn land was already claimed as far back as 1778. By Captain James Cook, when he landed on Vancouver Island. For the British. So if we can't have it we'll let them come in and take it just to keep it white. Who do you think you are? The chosen people like us? Show us your Bible. Of course, the Jews own the Brits, and America too. But once they're out of the

way, all our white racial claims to this land are unassailable in any court.

Click.

THE BATTLE OF CHUG CREEK

The First Editorial from the Wyoming Prairie News 1864

Among the brilliant feats of arms in Indian warfare, the recent campaign of our Wyoming volunteers will stand in history with few rivals, and none to exceed it in final results. We are not prepared to write its history, which can only be done by some one who accompanied the expedition, but we have gathered from those who participated in it and from others who were in that part of the country, some facts which will doubtless interest many of our readers.

I'm joining the military, if they will have me. Marines I hope. I'm a volunteer. I want the people to be proud of my brilliant feats of arms. As long as I'm not called on to kill my fellow whites. That I cannot do. Court-martial me, lock me up. Discharge me. But I will never disgrace my uniform or the corps otherwise, when given lawful orders, such as to kill greasers, arab ragheads, filthy chinese, dirty niggers, even not-quite-white Russians.

The people of Wyoming are well aware of the situation occupied by the third regiment during the great snow-storm which set in the last of October. Their rendezvous was in Bison Basin, about eighty miles southeast of this city, and close up under the foot of the Divide. That point had been selected as the base for an Indian campaign. Many of the companies reached it after the storm set in; marching for days through the driving, blinding clouds of snow and deep drifts. Once there, they were exposed for weeks to an Arctic climate, surrounded by a treeless plain covered three feet deep with snow. Their animals suffered for food and with cold, and the men fared but little better. They were insufficiently supplied with tents and blankets, and their sufferings were intense. At the end of a month the

snow had settled to the depth of two feet, and the command set out upon its long contemplated march. The rear guard left the Basin on the 3rd of November. Their course was southeast, crossing the Divide and thence heading for Fort Saratoga. For one hundred miles the snow was quite two feet in depth, and for the next hundred it ranged from six to twelve inches. Beyond that the ground was almost bare and the snow no longer impeded their march.

On the afternoon of the 28th the entire command reached Fort Saratoga, a distance of two hundred and sixty miles, in less than six days, and so quietly and expeditiously had the march been made that the command at the fort was taken entirely by surprise. When the vanguard appeared in sight it was reported that a body of Indians were approaching, and precautions were taken for their reception. No one upon the route was permitted to go in advance of the column, and persons who it was suspected would spread the news of the advance were kept under surveillance until all danger from that source was past.

At Fort Saratoga the force was strengthened by about two hundred and fifty men of the first regiment, and at nine o'clock in the evening the command set out for the Indian village. The course was due north, and their guide was the Polar star. As daylight dawned they came in sight of the Indian camp, after a forced midnight march of forty-two miles, in eight hours, across the rough, unbroken plain. But little time was required for preparation. The forces had been divided and arranged for battle on the march, and just as the sun rose they dashed upon the enemy with yells that would put a Comanche army to blush. Although utterly surprised, the savages were not unprepared, and for a time their defense told terribly against our ranks. Their main force rallied and formed in line of battle on the bluffs beyond the creek, where they were protected by rudely constructed rifle pits, from which they maintained a steady fire until the shells from company C's (third regiment) howitzers began dropping among them, when they scattered and fought each for himself in genuine Indian fashion. As the battle progressed the field of carriage

widened until it extended over not less than twelve miles of territory. The Indians who could escaped or secreted themselves, and by three o'clock in the afternoon the carnage had ceased. It was estimated that between three and four hundred of the savages got away with their lives. Of the balance there were neither wounded nor prisoners. Their strength at the beginning of the action was estimated at nine hundred.

Sandra. I just couldn't talk to her. Yet I had so much to say to her. I needed a lifetime to tell her what I had to say to her.

Their village consisted of one hundred and thirty Cheyenne and with Arapahoe lodges. These, with their contents, were totally destroyed. Among their effects were large supplies of flour, sugar, coffee, tea, &c. Women's and children's clothing were found; also books and many other articles which must have been taken from captured trains or houses. One white man's scalp was found which had evidently been taken but a few days before. The Chiefs fought with unparalleled bravery, falling in front of their men. One of them charged alone against a force of two or three hundred, and fell pierced with balls far in advance of his braves.

There you are. A white man's scalp was found. That justifies the entire raid. If the feds raided an Aryan compound in Idaho and found even one nigger scalp, they would use it to justify murdering every last white there, man, woman, and child.

Our attack was made by five battalions. The first regiment, Colonel Chilton, part of companies C,D,E,G, H and K, numbering altogether about two hundred and fifty men, was divided into two battalions; the first under command of Major Andress, and the second under Lieutenant Clement, until the latter was disabled, when the command devolved upon Lieutenant Domhan. The three battalions of the third, Colonel Shuddup, were led, respectively, by Lieutenant Colonel Marietta, Major Bowles, and Captain Ken Caryl. The action was begun by the battalion of Lieutenant Clement, who occupied the right, and by a

quick and bold movement cut off the enemy from their herd of stock. From this circumstance we gained our great advantage. A few Indians secured horses, but the great majority of them had to fight or fly on foot. Major Andress was on the left, and the third in the centre.

Major Andress. Ursula Andress. The bikini girl in Dr. No. Bond, James Bond. Walked right up to them, talked to them. Never got shy or nervous, tongue-tied. Got every one he wanted, every time. And none complained of being dumped. Yet if I tried to pick up even one of them, they'd ignore me like shit, or call the cops on me. I couldn't talk to them. They'd have to talk to me first.

Of course the truth is that they were all phony actors, playing to a script. If reality were like that, those movies wouldn't have been so hot. People pay to see their fantasies come to life. Even after leaving the theater, the dumb women never learn to be that easy with men. No, they go back to their lifelong pussy-whipping program. Men go back to jacking off and looking at porno. Paying for it.

Women never have any problem talking to each other. When Sandra is alone with her girlfriends, I bet they get naked, hug, kiss, eat each other. Talk about boys. I bet they laugh when they dick-tease us. It's like war. Then they stand in front of the mirror and laugh at us.

Among the killed were all the Cheyenne chiefs, Holy Buffalo Pizzle, White Anteater, Ragged Robe, Butt Cheek, Knock-Kneed, Piss Eye, and another, name unknown. Not a single prominent man of the tribe remains, and the tribe itself is almost annihilated. The Arapahoes probably suffered but little. It has been reported that the Arapaho chief Butt Cheek was killed, but Colonel Chilton is of the opinion that he was not. Among the stock captured were a number of government horses and mules, including the twenty or thirty stolen from the command of Lieutenant Kesey at Jimmy's camp last summer.

White Anteater sang his own death song as he was massacred, scalped, defaced (his nose and ears cut off), and castrated.

I remember that from another web site.

Naked. Both of them. Only 14 years old. Pure white. Luscious pussy that has never known dick. Never been rubbed. Totally young, no aging process evident. The best there is. Eating each other all they want. And they never kiss and tell. All girls do it. That's why they never go crazy while we do. Until we go gay that is.

The Indian camp was well supplied with defensive works. For half a mile along the creek there was an almost continuous chain of rifle pits, and another similar line of works crowned the adjacent bluff. Pits had been dug at all the salient points for miles. After the battle twenty-three dead Indians were taken from one of these pits and twenty-seven from another.

If I could have just got Sandra, one time, to take off her clothes, sit in a chair, and just spread those legs as wide as she could, and let me see the stuff, examine it, feel it, smell it, eat it. I could. I could really eat pussy. Hers. Instead it's full of nigger goop now. Ruined for life. It's enough to make me cry again. Drop the subject. Drop the subject! Willpower. Show willpower. Drop it. That's it. It's dropped. Back to reading.

Whether viewed as a march or as a battle, the exploit has few, if any, parallels. A march of 260 miles in but a fraction more than five days, with deep snow, scanty forage, and no road, is a remarkable feat, whilst the utter surprise of a large Indian village is unprecedented. In no single battle in North America, we believe, have so many Indians been slain.

At least a computer never let me down like a woman did.

It is said that a short time before the command reached the scene of battle of an old squaw partially alarmed the village by reporting that a great herd of buffalo were coming. She heard the rumbling of the artillery and tramp of the moving squadrons, but her people doubted. In a little time the doubt was dispelled, but not by buffaloes.

I'll never eat pussy. Never. Would make me think of Sandra. I don't want to break down crying with my face in a pussy. That would be the ultimate in irony. Sticking your face in a pussy is like saying your life is a failure and you're trying to crawl back in and be born again.

A thousand incidents of individual daring and the passing events of the day might be told, but space forbids. We leave the task for eye-witnesses to chronicle. All acquitted themselves well, and Wyoming soldiers have again covered themselves with glory.

Why is it that the more we want someone, the less we can have them? If we don't really want them, we can have them? If we have them all the time, we get tired of them and don't want them? Sandra was cruel to me for life because she never let me have her long enough to not want her anymore. So I'm in suspended animation, hung up on the past, at a broken bridge, waiting for something I can never have. Even though she's not half a block away from me all day long, five days a week. She's so cruel. That's the greatest crime on earth. She could do it with me just one time so I won't burn inside, but she won't. That's the secret of all great men, like me and Adolf Hitler. Women have been cruel to us, making us cruel. Making us strong. Giving us the willpower to do anything to anybody, because they did nothing when our women were cruel to us, so we have no love loss with them either.

Click.

THE FORT SARATOGA AFFAIR

2nd Editorial from the Wyoming Prairie News 1864

Huh. She's half a continent away from me, not half a block. Funny how I can't seem to accept that. I'm sick, I know it. I am addicted to love. Addicted worse than any drug. A part of me knows what I'm doing in the woods, but the rest of me is totally lost in the woods. I literally have my head stuck up her ass, worshipping it as my god on this earth. An ass I can never have. How can I replace the

irreplaceable? I can make a hell of a show of it, since perhaps attitude and optimism are hereditary. And I'm a fine young man, even though I don't perhaps realize it yet. And God loves you anyhow big guy, I tell myself. Then my face creeps back up her ass, in my thoughts. I have undressed her with my eyes a hundred thousand times. Then stuffed my face up her ass, as if it didn't stink. And can't stop. I catch myself maybe every 10 to 15 minutes.

The issue of yesterday's News, containing the following despatch, created considerable of a sensation in this city, particularly among the Thirdsters and others who participated in the recent campaign and the battle on Chug creek.

Yet, at the same time, I have no real relationship with her, we aren't even compatible. We're incompatible, yes. I'm just too good for her, that's all. There's plenty of other fish in the sea for me. At least she doesn't give a shit if I look at other women. She could never complain if I were unfaithful to her. She would have no right to even speak to me again unless she apologized on her hands and knees, and begged me for forgiveness. And why would I grant it? Our relationship was so one-sided. Now it's no-sided. She's nothing but a piece of shit to me. She's probably no longer a 14-year-old sweet young thing anyway. Probably has acne now, has gained weight, gotten herpes, AIDS, who knows? Why be chained to the past? To a piece of shit? Was I really in love with her, or in love with her being a 14-year-old sweet young thing virgin that I thought I could own, teach the ropes to, and make my love slave? I cannot have her this way, so why want her at all? Find another to take her place. She's the loser, not me. She's replaceable, not me. Without me she's nothing but shit. She wasn't even well-off like me and my family. Probably will end up doing menial labor until she's an old hag.

Washington, December 20, 1864

"The affair at Fort Saratoga, Wyoming, in which Colonel Chilton destroyed a large Indian village, and all its inhabitants, is to be made the subject of congressional investigation. Letters received from high officials in

Wyoming say that the Indians were killed after surrendering, and that a large proportion of them were women and children."

Indignation was loudly and unequivocally expressed, and some less considerate of the boys were very persistent in their inquiries as to who those "high officials" were, with a mild intimation that they had half a mind to "go for them." This talk about "friendly Indians" and a "surrendered" village will do to "tell to marines," but to us out here it is all bosh.

The confessed murderers of the Horlick family -- a man and wife and their two little babes, whose scalped and mutilated remains were seen by all our citizens -- were "friendly Indians," we suppose, in the eyes of these "high officials." They fell in the Chug creek battle.

Okay. I'm over Sandra. I'm over women. I never really wanted women anyway. I was born gay. It's genetic. Even if I got Sandra, I'd grow tired of her, use her, slap her around, cheat on her, have gay sex on the side. I want to have many lovers in life, not just one. With her, it was for life or not at all. So it will be not at all.

The confessed participants in a score of other murders of peaceful settlers and inoffensive travelers upon our borders and along our roads in the past six months must have been friendly, or else the "high officials" wouldn't say so.

I'm mature now. I don't have silly baby emotions. I don't even believe in love. It's for dopes. I believe in lust, not love.

The band of marauders in whose possession were found scores of horses and mules stolen from government and from individuals; wagon loads of flour, coffee, sugar and tea, and rolls of broad cloth, calico, books, &c, robbed from freighters and emigrants on the plains; underclothes of white women and children, stripped from their murdered victims, were probably peaceably disposed toward some of those "high officials," but the mass of our people "can't

see it."

Right now I'm getting all the sex I can handle. Sex doesn't have to be a dick in a pussy. No, that's reproduction. Sex is getting off, having an orgasm. Two males can do it as good or better than two females. Females don't even really have orgasms, only men do. They just fake it. Men are the truly sexy creatures, women are just their toys and baby factories. Now drop the subject and finish reading this interesting article. From right here. It all really happened right here. 135 years ago. Closer to 134. It's almost time to get out of here, time to read fast.

Probably those scalps of white men, women and children, one of them fresh, not three days taken, found drying in their lodges, were taken in a friendly, playful manner; or possibly those Indian saddle-blankets trimmed with the scalps of white women, and with braids and fringes of their hair, were kept simply as mementos of their owners' high affection for the pale face. At any rate, these delicate and tasteful ornaments could not have been taken from the heads of the wives, sisters or daughters of these "high officials."

Why waste your breath, brother? The Jews by then had taken over Washington, else there wouldn't have been a Civil War. That you have to defend this ethnic cleansing in the first place shows the set-up you're in. You're playing into their hands, brother. If you could see the next century, you'd shit your breeches.

That "surrendering" must have been the happy thought of an exceedingly vivid imagination, for we can hear of nothing of the kind from any of those who were engaged in the battle. On the contrary, the savages fought like devils to the end, and one of our pickets was killed and scalped by them the next day after the battle, and a number of others were fired upon. In one instance a party of the vidette pickets were compelled to beat a hasty retreat to save their lives, full twenty-four hours after the battle closed. This does not look much like the Indians had surrendered.

But we are not sure that an investigation may not be a good thing. It should go back of the "affair at Fort Saratoga," as they are pleased to term it down east, however, and let the world know who were making money by keeping those Indians under the sheltering protection of Fort Saratoga; learn who was interested in systematically representing that the Indians were friendly and wanted peace. It is unquestioned and undenied that the site of the Chug creek battle was the rendezvous of the thieving and marauding bands of savages who roamed over this country last summer and fall, and it is shrewdly suspected that somebody was all the time making a very good thing out of it. By all means let there be an investigation, but we advise the honorable congressional committee, who may be appointed to conduct it, to get their scalps insured before they pass Plum creek on their way out.

Tuesday, February 16, 1999. 12:10 P.M.

Where is my bookmark from yesterday? Here it is. This school browser sucks compared to the one I use at home. Why do they use a damn red heart for the icon for saving a bookmark?

Click.

Congressional Testimony of the Chug Creek Massacre

Testimony of Mr. John S. Smythe

Washington, March 14, 1865

Mr. John S. Smythe sworn and examined.

By Mr. Grouch:

Question. Where is your place of residence?

Answer. Fort Saratoga, Wyoming

Question. What is your occupation?

Answer. United States Indian interpreter and special Indian agent.

Question. Will you state to the committee all that you know in relation to the attack of Colonel Chilton upon the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians in November last?

Answer. Major Andress was in command at Fort Saratoga at the time. Those Indians had been induced to remain in the vicinity of Fort Saratoga, and were promised protection by the commanding officer at Fort Saratoga. The Commanding officer saw proper to keep them some thirty or forty miles distant from the fort, for fear of some conflict between them and the soldiers or the traveling population, for Fort Saratoga is on a great thoroughfare. He advised them to go out on what is called Chug creek, about forty miles, a little east of north from Fort Saratoga. Some days after they had left Fort Saratoga when I had just recovered from a long spell of sickness, I was called on by Major S.G. Collie, who asked me if I was able and willing to go out and pay a visit to these Indians, ascertain their numbers, their general disposition toward the whites, and the points where other bands might be located in the interior.

All that shit happened right on the ground under my feet. If only I could have lived then rather than in these sorry times, knowing what I do now. I would have given my followers the atomic bomb and cleansed the world in 40 days and nights.

Question. What was the necessity for obtaining that information?

Answer. Because there were different bands which were supposed to be at war; in fact, we knew at the time that they were at war with the white population in that country; but this band had been in and left the post perfectly satisfied. I left to go to this village of Indians on the 26th of November last. I arrived there on the 27th and remained there the 28th. On the morning of the 29th, between daylight and sunrise -- nearer sunrise

than daybreak -- a large number of troops were discovered from three-quarters of a mile to a mile below the village. The Indians, who discovered them, ran to my camp, called me out, and wanted to me to go and see what troops they were, and what they wanted. The head chief of the nation, Holy Buffalo Pizzle, and head chief of the Cheyennes, was encamped there with us. Some years previous he had been presented with a fine American flag by Colonel Greensleeves, a commissioner, who had been sent out there. Holy Buffalo Pizzle ran this American flag up to the top of his lodge, with a small white flag tied right under it, as he had been advised to do in case he should meet with any troops out on the prairies. I then left my own camp and started for that portion of the troops that was nearest the village, supposing I could go up to the men. I did not know but they might be strange troops, and thought my presence and explanations could reconcile matters. Lieutenant Clement was in command of the detachment to which I tried to make my approach; but they fired several volleys at me, and I returned back to my camp and entered my lodge.

Question. Did these troops know you to be a white man?

Answer. Yes, sir; and the troops that went there knew I was in the village.

Question. Did you see Lieutenant Clement or were you seen by him?

Answer. I cannot say I was seen by him; but his troops were the first to fire at me.

Question. Did they know you to be a white man?

Answer. They could not help knowing it. I had on pants, a soldier's overcoat, and a hat such as I am wearing now. I was dressed differently from any Indian in the country. On my return I entered my lodge, not expecting to get out of it alive. I had two other men there with me: one was David Lowdermilk, a soldier, belonging to company G, 1st Wyoming cavalry; the other, a man by the name of Watson, who was a hired hand of Mr. D.D. Coolie, the son of Major

Coolie, the agent.

After I had left my lodge to go out and see what was going on, Colonel Chilton rode up to within fifty or sixty yards of where I was camped; he recognized me at once. They all call me Uncle John in that country. He said, "Run here, Uncle John; you are all right." I went to him as fast as I could. He told me to get in between him and his troops, who were then coming up very fast; I did so; directly another officer who knew me -- Lieutenant John Benet, in command of a battery -- tried to assist me to get a horse; but there was no loose horse there at the time. He said, "Catch hold of the caisson, and keep up with us."

By this time the Indians had fled; had scattered in every direction. The troops were some on one side of the river and some on the other, following up the Indians. We had been encamped on the north side of the river; I followed along, holding on the caisson, sometimes running, sometimes walking. Finally, about a mile above the village, the troops had got a parcel of the Indians hemmed in under the bank of the river; as soon as the troops overtook them, they commenced firing on them; some troops had got above them, so that they were completely surrounded. There were probably a hundred Indians hemmed in there, men, women, and children; the most of the men in the village escaped.

By the time I got up with the battery to the place where these Indians were surrounded there had been some considerable firing. Four or five soldiers had been killed, some with arrows and some with bullets. The soldiers continued firing on these Indians, who numbered about a hundred, until they had almost completely destroyed them. I think I saw altogether some seventy dead bodies lying there; the greater portion women and children. There may have been thirty warriors, old and young; the rest were women and small children of different ages and sizes.

The troops at that time were very much scattered. There were not over two hundred troops in the main fight,

engaged in killing this body of Indians under the bank. The balance of the troops were scattered in different directions, running after small parties of Indians who were trying to make their escape. I did not go so see how many they might have killed outside of this party under the bank of the river. Being still quite weak from my last sickness, I returned with the first body of troops that went back to the camp.

The Indians had left their lodges and property; everything they owned. I do not think more than one-half of the Indians left their lodges with their arms. I think there were between 800 and 1000 men in this command of United States troops. There was a part of three companies of the 1st Wyoming, and the balance were what were called 100 days men of the 3rd regiment. I am not able to say which party did the most execution on the Indians, because it was very much mixed up at the time.

We remained there that day after the fight. By 11 o'clock, I think, the entire number of soldiers had returned back to the camp where Colonel Chilton had returned. On their return, he ordered the soldiers to destroy all the Indian property there, which they did, with the exception of what plunder they took away with them, which was considerable.

Question. How many Indians were there there?

Answer. There were 100 families of Cheyennes, and some six or eight lodges of Arapahoes.

Question. How many persons in all, should you say?

Answer. About 500 we estimate them at five to a lodge.

Question. 500 men, women and children?

Answer. Yes, sir.

Question. Do you know the reason for that attack on the Indians?

Answer. I do not know any exact reason. I have heard a great many reasons given. I have heard that that whole Indian war had been brought on for selfish purposes. Colonel Chilton was running for Congress in Wyoming, and there were other things of that kind; and last spring a year ago he was looking for an order to go to the front, and I understand he had this Indian war in view to retain himself and his troops in that country, to carry out his electioneering purposes.

Question. In what way did this attack on the Indians further the purpose of Colonel Chilton?

Answer. It was said -- I did not hear him say it myself, but it was said that he would do something; he had this regiment of three-months men, and did not want them to go out without doing some service. Now he had been told repeatedly by different persons -- by myself, as well as others -- where he could find the hostile bands.

The same chiefs who were killed in this village of Cheyennes had been up to see Colonel Chilton in Cheyenne but a short time previous to this attack. He himself told them that he had no power to treat with them; that he had received telegrams from General Cunanan directing him to fight all Indians he met with in that country. Still he would advise them, if they wanted any assistance from the whites, to go to their nearest military post in their country, give up their arms and the stolen property, if they had any, and then they would receive directions in what way to act. This was told them by Colonel Chilton and by Governor Evans, of Wyoming. I myself interpreted for them and for the Indians.

Question. Did Colonel Chilton hold any communication with these Indians, or any of them, before making the attack upon them?

Answer. No, sir, not then. He had some time previously held a council with them at Cheyenne city. When we first recovered the white prisoners from the Indians, we invited some of the chiefs to go to Cheyenne, inasmuch as they had sued for peace, and were willing to give up

these white prisoners. We promised to take the chiefs to Cheyenne, where they had an interview with men who had more power than Major Woolwine had, who was the officer in command of the detachment that went out to recover these white prisoners. Governor Evans and Colonel Chilton were in Cheyenne, and were present at this council. They told the Indians to return with Major Woolwine, and whatever he agreed on doing with them would be recognized by them.

I returned with the Indians to Fort Saratoga. There we let them go out to their villages to bring in their families, as they had been invited through the proclamation or circular of the governor during the month of June, I think. They were gone some twelve or fifteen days from Fort Saratoga, and then they returned with their families. Major Woolwine had made them one or two issues of provisions previous to the arrival of Major Andress there to assume command. Then Major Woolwine, who is now in command at Fort Saratoga, was ordered to Fort Leavenworth on some business with General Cunanan, I think.

I want to become a M.D. That way I can dissect cadavers and get away with it. I know I'd enjoy that totally immensely. Maybe try a little gourmet cannibalism on the side.

Then Major Andress, through me, told the Indians that he did not have it in his power to issue rations to them, as Major Woolwine had done. He said that he had assumed command at Fort Saratoga, and his orders were positive from headquarters to fight the Indians in the vicinity of Fort Saratoga, or at any other point in the Territory where they could find them. He said that he had understood that they had been behaving very badly. But on seeing Major Woolwine and others there at Fort Saratoga, he was happy to say that things were not as had been presented, and he could not pursue any other course than that of Major Woolwine except the issuing rations to them. He then advised them to out to some near point, where there was buffalo, not too far from Fort Saratoga or they might meet with troops from the Platte, who would not know them from the hostile bands. This was the

southern band of Cheyennes; there is another band called the northern band. They had no apprehensions in the world of any trouble with the whites at the time this attack was made.

I'm smart enough to get into medical school, if I quit bucking the system and settle in, go for the grades, kowtow to the authorities. It would be humiliating, but I'd know why. To get to handle real butcher's utensils, the finest money can buy. To slice exquisitely into real human meat. To make a science out of it. It already is a science, that's the best part about it. Then I could go on and become a surgeon. I love cutting up chickens.

Question. Had there been, to your knowledge, any hostile act or demonstration on the part of these Indians or any of them?

Answer. Not in this band. But the northern band, the band known by the name of Dog soldiers of Cheyennes, had committed many depredations on the Platte.

Question. Do you know whether or not Colonel Chilton knew the friendly character of these Indians before he made the attack upon them?

Answer. It is my opinion that he did.

Question. On what is that opinion based?

Answer. On this fact, that he stopped all persons from going on ahead of him. He stopped the mail, and would not allow any person to go on ahead of him at the time he was on his way from Cheyenne city to Fort Saratoga. He placed a guard around old Colonel Blackman, the former agent there; he stopped a Mr. Owsley and many men who were on their way to Fort Saratoga. He took the fort by surprise, and as soon as he got there he posted pickets all around the fort, and then left at 8 o'clock that night for this Indian camp.

Question. Was that anything more than the exercise of ordinary precaution in following Indians?

Answer. Well, sir, he was told that there were no Indians in the vicinity of Fort Saratoga, except Holy Buffalo's band of Cheyennes and Butt Cheek's band of Arapahoes.

Question. How do you know that?

Answer. I was told so.

By Mr. Buckhorn:

Question. Do you know it of your own knowledge?

Answer. I cannot say I do.

Question. You did not talk with him about it before the attack?

Answer. No, sir.

By Mr. Grouch:

Question. When you went out to him, you had no opportunity to hold intercourse with him?

I wish I had the opportunity to hold intercourse with Sandra.

Answer. None whatever; he had just commenced his fire against the Indians.

Question. Did you have any communication with him at any time while there?

Answer. Yes, sir.

Question. What was it?

Answer. He asked me many questions about a son of mine, who was killed there afterwards. He asked me what Indians were there, what chiefs; and I told him as fully as I knew.

By Mr. Buckhorn:

Question. When did you talk with him?

Answer. On the day of the attack. He asked me many questions about the chiefs who were there, and if I could recognize them if I saw them. I told him it was possible I might recollect the principal chiefs. They were terribly mutilated, lying there in the water and sand; most of them in the bed of the creek, dead and dying, making many struggles. They were so badly mutilated and covered with sand and water that it was very hard for me to tell one from another. However, I recognized some of them -- among them the chief Piss Eye, who was employed by our government at \$125 a month and rations to remain in the village as a spy.

An injun double-agent? Sounds like a movie in the making. The Wild Wild West. Starring a mud James West. A white Artemus Gordon as his man Friday. Yessuh, massah. What can I do for yuse, massah? Give me a cigar, some bourbon and branch, and spread your cheeks for a quickie. Yee haw. Ride 'em cowboy.

There was another called Blue Bonnet, who was here two years ago with me. There was another by the name of Pissing-in-the-Water, and I supposed Holy Buffalo Pizzle was among them, but it was not Holy Buffalo Pizzle. There was one there of his size and dimensions in every way, but so tremendously mutilated that I was mistaken in him. I went out with Lieutenant Colonel Marietta, to see how many I could recognize.

By Mr. Grouch:

Question: Did you tell Colonel Chilton the character and disposition of these Indians at any time during your interviews on this day?

Answer. Yes, sir.

Question. What did he say in reply?

Answer. He said he could not help it; that his orders were positive to attack the Indians.

Question. From whom did he receive these orders?

Answer. I do not know; I presume from General Cunanan.

Question. Did he tell you?

Answer. Not to my recollection.

Question. Were the women and children slaughtered indiscriminately, or only so far as they were with the warriors?

Answer. Indiscriminately.

At least they didn't discriminate.

Question. Were there any acts of barbarity perpetrated there that came under your own observation?

Answer. Yes, sir; I saw the bodies of those lying there cut all to pieces, worse mutilated than any I ever saw before; the women cut all to pieces.

By Mr. Buckhorn:

Question. How cut?

Answer. With knives; scalped; their brains knocked out; children two or three months old; all ages lying there, from sucking infants up to warriors.

I would have loved to see it in person. Or I could do it myself.

By Mr. Grouch:

Question. Did you see it done?

Answer. Yes, sir; I saw them fall.

Question. Fall when they were killed?

Answer. Yes, sir.

Question. Did you see them when they were mutilated?

Answer. Yes, sir.

Question. By whom were they mutilated?

Answer. By the United States troops.

Question. Do you know whether or not it was done by the direction or consent of any of the officers.

Answer. I do not; I hardly think it was.

That's all women are good for. Use them like meat. Who cares what they think? They invented the love thing to pussy-whip men. We men didn't invent love, or have any use for it. It's a pure one-sided trap they throw on us, to keep us from doing what we want. Using them, abusing them, and losing them. They are nothing but shit.

By Mr. Buckhorn:

Question. What was the date of that massacre?

Answer. On the 29th of November last.

Question. Did you speak of these barbarities to Colonel Chilton?

Barbarities. What a loaded word. Objection, your honor! He's badgering the witness!

Answer. No sir; I had nothing at all to say about it, because at that time they were hostile towards me, from the fact of my being there. They probably supposed that I might be compromised with them in some way or other.

Question. Who called on you to designate the bodies of

those who were killed?

Answer. Colonel Chilton himself asked me if I would ride out with Lieutenant Colonel Marietta, and see how many chiefs or principal men I could recognize.

Question. Can you state how many Indians were killed -- how many women and how many children?

Answer. Perhaps one-half were men, and the balance were women and children. I do not think that I saw more than 70 lying dead then, as far as I went. But I saw parties of men scattered in every direction, pursuing little bands of Indians.

Question. What time of day or night was this attack made?

Answer. The attack commenced about sunrise, and lasted until between 10 and 11 o'clock.

Question. How large a body of troops?

Answer. I think that probably there may have been about 60 or 70 warriors who were armed and stood their ground and fought. Those that were unarmed got out of the way as they best could.

Question. How many of our troops were killed and how many wounded?

Answer. There were ten killed on the ground, and thirty-eight wounded; four of the wounded died at Fort Saratoga before I came on east.

Question. Were there any other barbarities or atrocities committed there other than those you have mentioned, that you saw?

Answer. Yes, sir; I had a half-breed son there, who gave himself up. He started at the time the Indians fled; being a half-breed he had but little hope of being spared, and seeing them fire at me, he ran away with the

Indians for the distance of about a mile.

Fuckin' race traitor. Ya knew they'd correct your fuck-up for ya, didn't ya? Did she have the bastard while stopping off her horse at a creek, while you hid in the bushes and watched? I saw that in a movie once.

During the fight up there he walked back to my camp and went into the lodge. It was surrounded by soldiers at the time. He came in quietly and sat down; he remained there that day, that night, and the next day in the afternoon; about four o'clock in the evening, as I was sitting inside the camp, a soldier came up outside of the lodge and called me by name. I got up and went out; he took me by the arm and walked towards Colonel Chilton's camp, which was about sixty yards from my camp. Said he, "I am sorry to tell you, but they are going to kill your son Jack."

Jack Wilson probably.

I knew the feeling towards the whole camp of Indians, and that there was no use to make any resistance. I said, "I can't help it." I then walked on towards where Colonel Chilton was standing by his camp-fire; when I had got within a few feet of him I heard a gun fired, and saw a crowd run to my lodge, and they told me that Jack was dead.

Another good injun named Jack. The other one started a revenge movement. That's what happens when you start a job but don't finish it.

Back then white people worked hard and finished their jobs. I'm thinking about that episode of "The Waltons" that I saw when I was maybe 8 or 9. About that old grandmother of the family. Martha something. She was 90 years old, and suddenly tried to move in with the other three generations of Waltons, and give away her personal effects as gifts. She had been having heart attacks, and knew she didn't have much time. She caused them a burden, trying to tell them all what to do. She worked as hard as ever, despite her age. Got every job done. Not that she didn't have a store

of knowledge greater than them, although limited in scope. She saw that the world was changing fast and she was too old to keep up with it. If she knew her descendants would be mulattoes she'd have shit a brick. She finally died while plucking daisies, and looked up in the sky as the final heart attack came, as if to thank God for taking her home to be with her loved ones, all who had passed away, one by one, as she put it. All of them white too probably. In reality, they were all nothing but shit under her feet, as she soon became. They made a big deal about her leaving a pony cart, that she had painted in the "old way", with some shitty flowers on it, in her last day. That was the title. The Pony Cart. I remember it like yesterday.

Question. What action did Colonel Chilton take in regard to that matter?

And the funniest thing was, her family treated her like shit. It was all for nothing. They didn't need her. She didn't need them. She might as well have not had them. The love thing was just a blind survival instinct, nothing more. Our genes. Using us. To spread like shit.

Answer. Major Andress, who was present, told Colonel Chilton that he had heard some remarks made, indicating that they were desirous of killing Jack; and that he (Colonel Chilton) had it in his power to save him, and that by saving him he might make him a very useful man, as he was well acquainted with all the Cheyenne and Arapahoe country, and he could be used as a guide or interpreter. Colonel Chilton replied to Major Andress, as the Major himself told me, that he had no orders to receive and no advice to give. Major Andress is now in this city.

That episode depressed me ever since. Great acting there, I know. She was just an actress. Probably not even near 90. But it deeply affected me. I was so young, and yet I suddenly saw that life is a far more serious and futile endeavor than I had realized. It was literally a game that can never be won. It has no purpose, other than to leave children and grandchildren, be used by our own genes as a carrier, a host. And they end up the same way. I wonder if

she ever helped kill any injuns or niggers.

By Mr. Buckhorn:

Question. Did Chilton say anything to you, or you to him about the firing?

The God trick is to make people look up in the sky, to avoid facing the fact of the shit under their feet. And is there a God calling them home really? No, they just all made it up, because they can't face the black reality of the void. The human mind is capable of infinite self-deception. That is the fountain of all religions and bibles. Shit wanting to live forever.

Answer. Nothing directly; there were a number of officers sitting around the fire, with the most of whom I was acquainted.

What a nihilistic view I have at my tender age, ha ha.

By Mr. Grouch:

Question. Were there any other Indians or half-breeds there at that time?

Back then anybody who wasn't pure white was considered non-white. Period. No exceptions. The white race maintained its purity beautifully. Then here come the Jews. By the dawn of the 21st century, the shit is hitting the proverbial fan. These are the end times for white racial purity. I don't know about Christianity. But white racial purity. It's as if there's no one to punch in the face, shoot, to stop it. Nowhere to go to escape it. Australia? If they didn't have their own indigenous blacks, the Jews would ship them in. That's where the damned Bee Gees come from, and Olivia Newton-John, gag.

Answer. Yes, sir; Mr. Blackman had three sons there; one employed as a guide for these troops at the time, and two others living there in the village with the Indians; and a Mr. Gerry had a son there.

Question. Were there any other murders after the first day's massacre?

Answer. There was none, except of my son.

Your son? Well, that makes you a prejudiced witness, doesn't it? You aren't trying to get even are you, fella?
Next witness!

Question. Were there any other atrocities which you have no mentioned?

Answer. None that I saw myself. There were two women that white men had families by; they were saved from the fact of being in my lodge at the time. One ran to my lodge; the other was taken prisoner by a soldier who knew her and brought her to my lodge for safety. They both had children. There were some small children, six or seven years old, who were taken prisoners near the camp. I think there were three of them taken to Cheyenne with these troops.

Dylan and me going through the school, shooting them like shit, like in that Leonardo Di Caprio flick, "The Basketball Diaries." We'll separate the sheep from the goats. Anybody who is a race traitor is a goat. Any mud is a goat. Any mudlatto is a goat. We'll kill without judgment, like in that flick, "Apocalypse Now". We do it because it has to be done. We're angels, messengers of God. We're sending a message. We're judging them for their sins, like in "Carrie". We are getting even with them for their abuses against us. We will drive them into a last audience, flush out the goats in our hate list, and sacrifice them to Baal in front of the others as scapegoats for their sins. Then we'll Chug the rest in a stampede, like Caul taught us.

Question. Were the women and children that were killed, killed during the fight with the Indians?

Answer. During the fight, or during the time of the attack.

Question. Did you see any women or children killed after the fight was over?

Answer. None.

Question. Did you see any Indians killed after the fight was over?

Answer. No, sir.

Nobody will see anything while we're doing it. They'll be too busy running and hiding. No witnesses. Even better, conflicting witnesses. But they'll find us out anyway, put out an APB. When we hijack a plane to Cuba, they'll know for sure it's us. They'll put us on wanted posters in every post office. The FBI's Ten Most Wanted List. We'll live in fear, always running and hiding ourselves.

If life is just a one-shot affair, then I want to do it my way. Why live 90 years and then keel over? What's the difference between 90 and 18 years? Just like treading water. Maybe people don't want to tread water. It's quality not quantity. The older you get, the worse life becomes. You become unable to keep up with the changes, everybody you know dies, and your body quits working, wears out, as does your mind. You start living in the past, repeating it over and over, like a broken record. Even records are obsolete in my day. I don't believe I have ever had a record player.

By Mr. Buckhorn:

Question. Were the warriors and women and children all huddled together when they were attacked?

Answer. They started and left the village altogether, in a body, trying to escape.

By Mr. Grouch:

Question. Do you know anything as to the amount of property that those Indians had there?

Answer. Nothing more than their horses. They were supposed to own ten horses and mules to a lodge; that would make about a thousand head of horses and mules in that camp. The soldiers drove off about six hundred head.

Question. Had they any money?

Maybe some people want to just go to sleep and never wake up. Not want religions to be true. Maybe we don't want to leave children and grandchildren. They are nothing but shit that came out the wrong hole. That's what we all are. Shit that came out the wrong hole. For a season. Then back into the toilet, after leaving more shit to stink the place up.

Answer. I understood that some of the soldiers found some money, but I did not see it. Mr. D. D. Collie had some provisions and goods in the village at the time, and Mr. Louderback and Mr. Watson were employed by him to trade there. I was to interpret for them, direct them, and see that they were cared for in the village. They had traded for one hundred and four buffalo robes, one fine mule, and two horses. This was all taken away from them. Colonel Chilton came to me and told me that I might rest assured that he would see the goods paid for. He had confiscated these buffalo robes for the dead and wounded; and there was also some sugar and coffee and tea taken for the same purpose.

And the stupid Waltons. Living in that remote mountain, all in one big house. Yet virtually nobody had sex. There were all those good young cocks and pussies on the hoof, dormant, reduced to nothing but breeding tools, like cattle. They were all just treading water, existing, not living. I guess that's the difference between a Bible-thumper and a smart person. They were all starry-eyed Bible-thumpers. It was sickening.

I would state that in his report Colonel Chilton states that after this raid on Chug creek against the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians he traveled northeast some eighty miles in the direction of some hostile bands of Sioux Indians. Now that is very incorrect, according to my

knowledge of matters; I remained with Colonel Chilton's camp, and returned on his trail towards Fort Saratoga from the camp where he made this raid. I went down with him to what is called the forks of the Chugy. He then took a due south course for the Arkansas river, and I went to Fort Saratoga with the killed and wounded, and an escort to take us in. Colonel Chilton proceeded down the Arkansas river, and got within eleven miles of another band of Arapahoe Indians, but did not succeed in overtaking them. He then returned to Fort Saratoga, re-equipped, and started immediately for Cheyenne.

Question. Have you spent any considerable portion of your life with the Indians?

Answer. The most of it.

If somebody burst into the Walton home and just shot them all, he would be doing the world a favor. Why? Because their genes were coiled up in them, waiting to spread out over the world, covering it with yet more shit. When you kill a person, you kill his genes. The genes are the enemy, the evil thing, the alien inside them. If an alien pops out of somebody's chest, everybody knows to pick up a fork or a knife and kill it before it high-tails it into a ventilation duct. But if he pops out of a woman's ass, that's different. Is it?

Question. How many years have you been with the Indians?

Answer. I have been twenty-seven successive years with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Before that I was in the country as a trapper and hunter in the Rocky mountains.

Question. For how long time have you acted as Indian interpreter?

Answer. For some fifteen or eighteen years.

Fifteen or eighteen years. The Bible-thumpers want a person to wait that long or longer before getting married and having sex. No sex before or outside marriage they say. Why not let people marry when they're five or six and start

having sex then? Maybe it will only be playing doctor or lickee-suckee, but at least they will not have to be sex-starved way past the time when their gonads are torturing them.

Question. By whom have you been so employed?

Answer. By Major Fitzhugh, Colonel Blackman, Major Collie, Colonel J.W. Whittle, and a great deal of the time for the military as guide and interpreter.

By Mr. Buckhorn:

Question. How many warriors were estimated in Colonel Chilton's report as having been in this Indian camp?

Answer. About nine hundred.

Question. How many were there?

Answer. About two hundred warriors; they average about two warriors to a lodge, and there were about one hundred lodges.

[TEXT: Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, Massacre of Cheyenne Indians, 38th Congress, 2nd Session (Washington, 1865), pp. 4-12, 56-59 and 101-108.]

There are two thousand warriors in the Harlow High camp that I go to now. They average about 20-30 warriors to a lodge, and there are about 100 lodges, yes. Colonel Chilling was right. The newspaper writers were right. The white people of Wyoming were right. Here's his own testimony. I'm sure he can explain it.

Click.

TESTIMONY OF COLONEL J. M. CHILTON ABOUT THE CHUG CREEK MASSACRE

TESTIMONY OF COLONEL J. M. CHILTON

April 26, 1865

Interrogatories propounded to John M. Chilton by the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, and answers thereto given by said Chilton reduced to writing, and subscribed and sworn to before Alexander W. Atkins, notary public, at Denver, in the Territory of Kansas.

Denver. Hmmp. Who put that in? Everybody knows it was Cheyenne, in the Territory of Wyoming. It seems that every fiction author loves to use Denver as a fictional resource, especially when their imagination is running on empty. For instance, in every TV western, somebody's aunt or mother is always from Denver. In "Gilligan's Island", somebody inherits so many acres of downtown Denver. I get tired of Denver Denver Denver Denver all the time. In reality, nothing interesting ever goes down there. The place is a bore. A cowtown. Without their precious Broncos, people would have nothing to do at all but watch paint dry. Ever since the 1980s, half the city is taken over by John Elway automobile dealerships. And this town hero is really a California surfer boy. Oi!

1st Question. What is your place of residence, your age and profession?

The whole city is flatland. They got the whole country thinking it's up in the mountains near ski lifts. Actually, the front range of the Rockies begins just west of Denver, at Golden, home of Sewers beer. People living anywhere within five hundred miles of Golden won't touch the swill, but outside that zone, people think it's the nectar of the gods, ambrosia. Go figure. They have drawings of their "pure Rocky Mountain spring water" on the cans. Truth is, the picture was out of date a century ago or something. I have seen the "Clear Creek" as they call it. Full of shit like any other river nowadays. They have an extensive filtering system, and that's about it. Denver is flatland, fit for flatlanders, buffalo, and it sucks. All the people there are just buffalo. The Sewers beer is just like the whole region, flat. A beer for women, for people who don't really like to drink beer. My dad used to watch "Magnum, P.I.," and make me watch with him. Guess who loved to drink the pig piss? Both of them, Magnum and my dad. They

were both the same age, forty or forty-five or something. They have this giant airport, DIA, Die Inflight Airport, that you have to land in to change planes to go to the ski zones, like Aspen and Vail. Or Wyoming. And even that is way outside the city, thirty miles or something, I forget. Too far. The taxicab drivers laugh. The ski zones are maybe a hundred miles from the city, but now you have to tack on the distance to the new DIA dick-in-assport. That and a one-mile rise in altitude to the ski lifts. Buffalo would never venture outside the prairies to the mountains. Their weight wouldn't permit it. Even if they could get up, they'd never be able to get down. So they're stuck on the flatlands, where they can be slaughtered at will. Who acts as their police force? They actually had an airport inside the city and some global-thinking cowtowners decided that instead of enlarging it they'd just start over far outside the city, as if that would make Denver the leading hub of the world's air traffic or shit. Instead everybody is trying to figure out how to fly over it without stopping.

Answer. My place of residence is Cheyenne, Wyoming; my age, forty-five years; I have been colonel of 1st Wyoming cavalry, and was mustered out of the service on or about the eighth day of January last, and have not been engaged in any business since that time.

Forty-five is a good age for power. If you can get some, that is. Me, I'll never get any power in this world, except as a martyr. So I might as well die young.

2d question. Were you in November, 1864, in any employment, civil or military, under the authority of the United States; and if so, what was that employment, and what position did you hold?

Answer. In November, 1864, I was colonel of 1st Wyoming cavalry, and in command of the district of Wyoming.

3d question. Did you, as colonel in command of Wyoming troops, about the 29th of November, 1864, make an attack on an Indian village or camp at a place known as Chug creek? If so, state particularly the number of men under your command; how armed and equipped; whether

mounted or not; and if you had any artillery, state the number of guns, and the batteries to which they belonged.

If I had an army of even five million white men, I could turn this country around, whiten it up. Either exterminate or expell all muds from the borders. Then set a shining example to the world. Some chance. I feel like old Martha, knowing too much about some things and not being able to get people to listen. Some things are not progress just because they come after other things. In Martha's day (she was born in 1847, since she said it was 1937 and she was 90), whites ruled America without question, and preserved their racial purity fastidiously without question. When later floods of muds started to infest their body racial and politic, that wasn't progress. It was regress. America stumbled over the muds, and didn't know. But the older whites couldn't tell the younger whites anything. They stumbled and fell in love with muds, and threw the old white grandparents out of the house to go die somewhere like shit.

Answer. On the 29th day of November, 1864, the troops under my command attacked a camp of Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians at a place known as Big Bend of Chugwater, about forty miles north of Fort Saratoga, Wyoming Territory. There were in my command at that time about (500) five hundred men of the 3d regiment Wyoming cavalry, under the immediate command of Colonel George L. Shuddup, of said 3d regiment, and about (250) two hundred and fifty men of the 1st Wyoming cavalry; Major Scott J. Andress commanded one battalion of said 1st regiment, and Lieutenant Robert Michael Franks Clement commanded another battalion of said 1st regiment. The 3d regiment was armed with rifled muskets, and Star's and Sharp's carbines. A few of the men of that regiment had revolvers. The men of the 1st regiment were armed with Star's and Sharp's carbines and revolvers. The men of the 3d regiment were poorly equipped; the supply of blankets, boots, hats, and caps was deficient. The men of the 1st regiment were well equipped; all these troops were mounted. I had four 12-pound mountain howitzers, manned by detachments from cavalry companies; they did not belong to any battery company.

I wonder why nobody had Colt 45s. I thought that was what they all used back then. Tamed the Wild West. Maybe they hadn't come out yet. Maybe that was ten or so years later. I'll check on that when I get a round tuit.

4th question. State as nearly as you can the number of Indians that were in the village or camp at the time the attack was made; how many of them were warriors; how many of them were old men, how many of them were women, and how many of them were children?

Answer. From the best and most reliable information I could obtain, there were in the Indian camp, at the time of the attack, about eleven (11) or twelve (12) hundred Indians: of these about seven hundred were warriors, and the remainder were women and children. I am not aware that there were any old men among them. There was an unusual number of males among them, for the reason that the war chiefs of both nations were assembled there evidently for some special purpose.

5th question. At what time of the day or night was the attack made? Was it a surprise to the Indians? What preparation, if any, had they made for defence or offence?

Answer. The attack was made about sunrise. In my opinion the Indians were surprised; they began, as soon as the attack was made, to oppose my troops, however, and were soon fighting desperately. Many of the Indians were armed with rifles and many with revolvers; I think all had bows and arrows. They had excavated trenches under the bank of Chug creek, which in the vicinity of the Indian camp is high, and in many places precipitous. These trenches were two to three feet deep, and, in connexion with the banks, were evidently designed to protect the occupants from the fire of an enemy. They were found at various points extending along the banks of the creek for several miles from the camp; there were marks of the pick and shovel used in excavating them; and the fact that snow was seen in the bottoms of some of the trenches, while all snow had disappeared from the

surface of the country generally, sufficiently proved that they had been constructed some time previously. The Indians took shelter in these trenches as soon as the attack was made, and from thence resisted the advance of my troops.

We'll be smarter than that. Our surprise attack will leave them with no weapons, no trenches. It'll be a pure numbers game on our part.

My stomach sometimes flutters when I think of the future of the white race. It's a feeling like fear, but it lasts for hours, days sometimes. It gives my whole nervous system an acid bath. Something in me is trying to tell me to do something, but I can't figure out what.

6th question. What number did you lose in killed, what number in wounded, and what number in missing?

I do know what. Kill, wound, and make muds into the missing.

Answer. There were seven men killed, forty-seven wounded, and one was missing.

That was a pretty high kill ratio. When the superior white man fights the inferior mud races, the kill ratio is the all-important target parameter. We whites will always be a minority when it comes to reproductive rate alone. We have to use our superior technology to rig the odds highly in our favor, and then go in and thin out their herds. Even one white casualty is too many. That's my motto.

7th question. What number of Indians were killed; and what number of the killed were women, and what number were children?

Of course, if you raise a finger against a mud the feds will shit in your mouth and fuck you over like a cockroach, and imprison you for life if they can't give you two thousand volts up your beaver. But if you plan on taking your own life after your mission, and your mission has a high enough kill ratio, your stomach quits fluttering, the nervous

tension disappears, because your genes tell you you're winning the numbers game, you're on top, spinning the wheel good. And so far there's nothing they can do about it, except to try and keep others from figuring out you're a hero and imitating you.

Answer. From the best information I could obtain, I judge there were five hundred or six hundred Indians killed; I cannot state positively the number killed, nor can I state positively the number of women and children killed. Officers who passed over the field, by my orders, after the battle, for the purpose of ascertaining the number of Indians killed, report that they saw but few women or children dead, no more than would certainly fall in an attack upon a camp in which they were. I myself passed over some portions of the field after the fight, and I saw but one woman who had been killed, and one who had hanged herself; I saw no dead children. From all I could learn, I arrived at the conclusion that but few women or children had been slain. I am of the opinion that when the attack was made on the Indian camp the greater number of squaws and children made their escape, while the warriors remained to fight my troops.

Good work there, Colonel. You're hereby promoted to General. We need more men like you. Fine job.

8th question. State, as nearly as you can, the number of Indians that were wounded, giving the number of women and the number of children among the wounded.

Answer. I do not know that any Indians were wounded that were not killed; if there were any wounded, I do not think they could have been made prisoners without endangering the lives of soldiers; Indians usually fight as long as they have strength to resist. Eight Indians fell into the hands of the troops alive, to my knowledge; these, with one exception, were sent to Fort Saratoga and properly cared for.

Modesty prevents me...

9th question. What property was captured by the forces under your command? State the number of horses, mules and ponies, buffalo robes, blankets, and also all other property taken, specifying particularly the kinds, quality, and value thereof.

Answer. There were horses, mules, and ponies captured to the number of about six hundred. There were about one hundred buffalo robes taken.

I am envious of you, Colonel. A buffalo robe costs a thousand bucks in today's world. That's quite a good haul there. One hundred in one foray. The mules were expendable, just like the buffalo were.

Some of this stock had been stolen by the Indians from the government during last spring, summer and fall, and some of the stock was the property of private citizens from whom they had been stolen during the same period. The horses that belonged to the government were returned to the officers responsible for them; as nearly as could be learned, the horses and mules that were owned by private citizens were returned to them on proof of ownership being furnished; such were my orders at least. The ponies, horses, and mules for which no owner could be found, were put into the hands of my provost marshal in the field, Captain J.J. Janssen, of company E, 3d Wyoming cavalry, with instructions to drive them to Cheyenne and turn them over to the acting quartermaster as captured stock, taking his receipt therefor. After I arrived in Cheyenne I again directed Captain Janssen to turn these animals over to Captain Girdle, assistant quartermaster, as captured stock, which I presume he did. Colonel Thos. Moonpie relieved me of the command of the district soon after I arrived in Cheyenne, that is to say, on the _____ day of _____, A.D. 186 -, and I was mustered out of the service, the term of service of my regiment having expired. My troops were not fully supplied with hospital equipage, having been on forced marches. The weather was exceedingly cold, and additional covering for the wounded became necessary; I ordered the buffalo robes to be used for that purpose. I know of no other property of value

being captured. It is alleged that groceries were taken from John Smythe, United States Indian interpreter for Upper Arkansas agency, who was in the Indian camp at the time of the attack, trading goods, powder, lead, cap, &c., to the Indians. Smythe told me that these groceries belonged to Samuel G. Chubby, United States Indian agent. I am not aware that these things were taken; I am aware that Smythe and D.D. Chubby, son of the Indian agent, have each presented claims against the government for these articles. The buffalo robes mentioned above were also claimed by Samuel G. Chubby, D.D. Chubby and John Smythe. One bale of Buffalo robes was marked S. S. Steele, 1st Wyoming cavalry, and I am informed that one bale was marked Address, Major Address being in command of Fort Saratoga at that time. I cannot say what has been done with the property since I was relieved of the command and mustered out of service. There was a large quantity of Indian trinkets taken at the Indian camp which were of no value. The soldiers retained a few of these as trophies; the remainder with the Indian lodges were destroyed.

10th question. What reason had you for making the attack? What reasons, if any, had you to believe that Holy Buffalo Pizzle or any other Indian or Indians in the camp entertained feelings of hostility towards the whites? Give in detail the names of all Indians so believed to be hostile, with the dates and places of their hostile acts, so far as you may be able to do so.

Answer. My reason for making the attack on the Indian camp was, that I believed the Indians in the camp were hostile to the whites. That they were of the same tribes with those who had murdered many persons and destroyed much valuable property on the Platte and Arkansas rivers during the previous spring, summer and fall was beyond a doubt. When a tribe of Indians is at war with the whites it is impossible to determine what party or band of the tribe or the name of the Indian or Indians belonging to the tribe so at war are guilty of the acts of hostility. The most that can be ascertained is that Indians of the tribe have performed the acts.

Colonel, a white man doesn't need any reason to kill muds. Just an excuse. When you kill a male, you're really killing potentially millions of mulatto muds. When you're killing a female, you make new pure muds that less possible. What bullshit they're putting you through, the Jew-controlled feds from Wasting Time, Deceased.

During the spring, summer and fall of the year 1864, the Arapaho and Cheyenne Indians, in some instances assisted or led on by Sioux, Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches, had committed many acts of hostility in the country lying between the Little Blue and the Rocky mountains and the Platte and Arkansas rivers. They had murdered many of the whites and taken others prisoners, and had destroyed valuable property, probably amounting to \$200,000 or \$300,000. Their rendezvous was on the headwaters of the Runningnose, probably one hundred miles from where the Indian camp was located. I had every reason to believe that these Indians were either directly or indirectly concerned in the outrages which had been committed upon the whites. I had no means of ascertaining what were the names of the Indians who had committed these outrages other than the declarations of the Indians themselves; and the character of Indians in the western country for truth and veracity, like their respect for the chastity of women who may become prisoners in their hands, is not of that order which is calculated to inspire confidence in what they may say. In this view I was supported by Major Andress, 1st Wyoming cavalry, commanding at Fort Saratoga, and Samuel G. Chubby, United States Indian agent, who, as they had been in communication with these Indians, were more competent to judge of their disposition towards the whites than myself. Previous to the battle they expressed to me the opinion that the Indians should be punished. We found in the camp the scalps of nineteen (19) white persons. One of the surgeons informed me that one of these scalps had been taken from the victim's head not more than four days previously. I can furnish a child captured at the camp ornamented with six white women's scalps; these scalps must have been taken by these Indians or furnished to them for their gratification and amusement by some of their brethren, who, like themselves, were in

amity with the whites.

11th question. Had you any, and if so, what reason, to believe that Holy Buffalo Pizzle and the Indians with him, at the time of your attack, were at peace with the whites, and desired to remain at peace with them?

There is no peace when the job isn't finished yet. What a monstrosity to see the Indians survive, redden up millions of whites, and create a subnation of red-white injun fuckfaces who want to go naked in the sun and war for fun, yet have to put on sunblocker first, and make sure the dash protector on their BMW is in place in the parking lot. The red race is genetically obsolete. You are just doing the will of God and Uncle Sam, no different than any buffalo hunter, and for a lot less pay too. You, Colonel Sir, are one unselfish public servant.

Answer. I had no reason to believe that Holy Buffalo and the Indians with him were in good faith at peace with the whites. The day before the attack Major Scott J. Andress, 1st Wyoming cavalry, then in command at Fort Saratoga, told me that these Indians were hostile; that he had ordered his sentinels to fire on them if they attempted to come into the post, and that the sentinels had fired on them; that he was apprehensive of an attack from these Indians, and had taken every precaution to prevent a surprise. Major Samuel G. Chubby, United States Indian agent for these Indians, told me on the same day that he had done everything in his power to make them behave themselves, and that for the last six months he could do nothing with them; that nothing but a sound whipping would bring a lasting peace with them. These statements were made to me in the presence of the officers of my staff whose statements can be obtained to corroborate the foregoing.

Behave themselves? Sound whipping? There, by the bank of the rinsing stream. There. That's right. Just there. See? It's a naked Indian maiden, bent over after her bath, kneeling on a flat dry rock in the rinsing sun, with one ugly mean pigtailed Indian fucking her from behind. Look at his ugly stinking red pizzle up her soft clean glistening

poontang, her wide hips and bouncing jugs posed like a statue without the water spout. One red leg going up and back, like a deer. Look how high she kicks. Kicking, kicking, back, forth, back, forth. He's having fun. So is she. How dare they? Good horny white men aren't getting any. They've been resorting to horses, mules, sheep, even each other. Wasting their good white seed in sterile holes. How can this mud ugly murderer liar thief come in line ahead of them all? It's obscene. Shoot them both. Stop them from making more bloodthirsty savages and setting them loose on our white land. They can never be taught religion, morality, civilization, anything. They can never be made white. They'll never assimilate. They'll hang together like a bunch of grapes. They're sick. Squash them like roaches.

12th question. Had you reason to know or believe that these Indians had sent their chief and leading men at any time to Cheyenne city in order to take measure in connection with the superintendent of Indian affairs there, or with any other person having authority, to secure friendly relations with the whites?

Answer. I was present at an interview between Governor Evans on the part of the whites, and Holy Buffalo Pizzle and six other Indians, at Camp Smith Wesson, Cheyenne, about 27th of September, 1864, in which the Indians desired peace, but did not propose terms. General Cunanan, by telegraph to me, declined to make peace with them, and said that there could be no peace without his consent. Governor Evans declined to treat with them, and as General Cunanan was then in command of the department, and, of course, I could not disobey his instructions. General Cunanan's terms of peace were to require all bad Indians to be given by the Indians for their good conduct. The Indians never complied with these terms.

How could they? All injuns are bad. Smart terms. If they do give some up, shoot them on the steps as they come up, then retire to your riverboat and fuck and suck with a Do Not Disturb sign on the door.

13th question. Were those Indians, to your knowledge,

referred by the superintendent of Indian affairs to the military authorities, as the only power under the government to afford them protection?

Answer. Governor Evans, in the conference mentioned in my last answer, did not refer the Indians to the Military authorities for protection, but for terms of peace. He told the Indians "that he was the peace chief, that they had gone to war, and, therefore, must deal with the war chiefs." It was at this time I gave them the terms of General Cunanan, and they said they had not received power to make peace on such terms, that they would report to their young men and see what they would say to it; they would like to do it, but if their young men continued the war they would have to go with them. They said there were three or four small war parties of their young men out on the war path against the whites at that time. This ended the talk.

14th question. Did the officer in command of Fort Saratoga, to your knowledge, at any time extend the protection of our flag to Holy Buffalo Pizzle and Indians with him, and direct them to encamp upon the reservation of the fort?

Answer. Major E.W. Woolwine, 1st cavalry, Wyoming, did, as I have been informed, allow some of these Indians to camp at or near Fort Saratoga, and did promise them the protection of our flag. Subsequently he was relieved of the command of Fort Saratoga, and Major Andress placed in command at that post, who required the Indians to comply with General Cunanan's terms, which they failed to do, and thereupon Major Andress drove them away from the post.

You see? They were driven away from the post. So they were fair game. Case closed. Leave the man alone, assholes!

15th question. Were rations ever issued to those Indians either as prisoners of war or otherwise?

Answer. I have been informed that Major Woolwine issued rations to the Indians encamped near Fort Saratoga while

he was in command, but whether as prisoners of war I do not know. I think that Major Andress did not issue any rations.

16th question. And did those Indians remove, in pursuance of the directions, instructions, or suggestions of the commandant at Fort Saratoga, to the place on Chug creek, where they were attacked by you?

Probably more than they deserved, too. A starving Indian is a good Indian. And they don't even work well as slaves, like the blacks and even Jews did.

Answer. I have been informed that Major Andress, commandant at Fort Saratoga, did order the Indians to remove from that post, but I am not aware that they were ordered to go to the place where the battle was fought, or to any other place.

17th question. What measures were taken by you, at any time, to render the attack on those Indians a surprise?

Answer. I took every precaution to render the attack upon the Indians a surprise, for the reason that we had been able to catch them, and it appeared to me that the only way to deal with them was to surprise them in their place of rendezvous. General Cunanan, in his campaign against them, had failed to catch them; General Hitler had met with no better success; General Phillies Blunt had been surprised by them, and his command nearly cut to pieces.

18th question. State in detail the disposition made of the various articles of property, horses, mules, ponies, buffalo robes, &c., captured by you at the time of this attack and by what authority was such disposition made?

Answer. The horses and mules that had been stolen from the government were turned over to the officer who had been responsible for the same; and the animals belonging to Atzins was returned to them upon proof being made of such ownership. The animals not disposed of in this way were turned over to Captain S.J. Janssen, 3d regiment

Wyoming cavalry, with instructions to proceed with the same to Cheyenne, and turn them into the quartermaster's department. After the command arrived in Cheyenne, I again directed Captain Janssen to turn over the stock to Captain C.L. Girdle, assistant quartermaster, at that place. The buffalo robes were turned into the hospital for use of the wounded as before stated.

19th question. Make such further statement as you may desire, or which may be necessary to a full understanding of all matters relating to the attack upon the Indians at Chug creek.

Answer. Since August, 1863, I had been in possession of the most conclusive evidence of the alliance, for the purposes of hostility against the whites, of the Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanche River, and Apache Indians. Their plan was to interrupt, or, if possible, entirely prevent all travel on the routes along the Arkansas and Platte rivers from the States to the Rocky mountains, and thereby depopulate this country. Rebel emissaries were long since sent among the Indians to incite them against the whites, and afford a medium of communication between the rebels and the Indians; among whom was Gerry Blackman, a half-breed Cheyenne Indian, but educated, and to all appearances a white man, who, having served under Price in Montana, and afterwards becoming a bushwacker, being taken prisoner, took the oath of allegiance, and was paroled, after which he immediately joined the Indians, and has ever since been one of their most prominent leaders in all depredations upon the whites. I have been reliably informed that this half-breed, Blackman, in order to incite the Indians against the whites, told them that the Great Father at Washington having all he could do to fight his children at the south, they could now regain their country.

Aha. I thought this Blackman joker was a race traitor. All half-breeds will go against the white race for the red race. It's a law of nature. Red grapes all hang together. Therefore, there is no purpose in letting any of the males live. Those balls of theirs must be squashed like roaches.

And only the choicest young maidens, those who are the whitest and smoothest and shapeliest, should be allowed to live, and only as long as it takes to wear their cunts out and make hatbands of their vaginas. All he could do to fight his children to the south? That Lincoln was the greatest race traitor in American history. I just can't stand it. If only I were born back then, I'd have gone in as a commando and taken Lincoln out on day one, and stopped this traitor cold, before he could do any more damage.

When John Evans, Governor of Wyoming Territory, and ex official superintendent of Indian affairs, visited by appointment the Cheyenne Indians on the Runningnose fork of the Kansas river, to talk with them in regard to their relations with the government, the Indians would have nothing to say to him, nor would they receive the presents sent them by the government, but immediately on his arrival at the said point the Indians moved to a great distance, all their villages appearing determined not to have any intercourse with him individually or as the agent of the government.

This state of affairs continued for a number of months, during which time white men who had been trading with the Indians informed me that the Indians had determined to make war upon the whites as soon as the grass was green, and that they were making preparations for such an event by the large number of arrows they were making and the quantity of arms and ammunition they were collecting; that the settlers along the Platte and Arkansas rivers should be warned of the approaching danger; that the Indians had declared their intention to prosecute the war vigorously when they commenced. With very few troops at my command I could do but little to protect the settlers except to collect the latest intelligence from the Indians' country, communicate it to General Cunanan, commanding department of Montana, and warn the settlers of relations existing between the Indians and the whites, and the probability trouble, all of which I did.

Last April, 1864, the Indians, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and

others, commenced their depredations upon the whites by entering their isolated habitations in the distant parts of this territory, taking therefrom everything they desired, and destroying the balance; driving off their stock, horses, mules and cattle. I sent a detachment of troops after the Indians to recover the stolen property, when the stock &c., being demanded of them they (the Indians) refused to surrender the property so taken from the whites, and stated that they wanted to fight the troops. Again, when a few weeks after the country along the Platte river, near Friday's beach, became the theatre of their depredations, one Ripley, a ranchman, living on the Big Toe creek, near Camp Simpson, came into camp and informed Captain Simpson, commanding, that his stock had all been stolen by the Indians, requesting assistance to recover it.

Captain Simpson ordered Lieutenant Clark Domhan, with a detachment of troops, to pursue the Indians and recover the stock; but, if possible, to avoid a collision with them. Upon approaching the Indians, Lieutenant Domhan dismounted, walked forward alone about fifty paces from his command, and requested the Indians to return the stock, which Mr. Ripley had recognized as his; but the Indians treated him with contempt, and commenced firing upon him, which resulted in four of the troops being wounded and about fifteen Indians being killed and wounded, Lieutenant Domhan narrowly escaping with his wife. Again, about one hundred and seventy-five head of cattle were stolen from Messrs. Inchon and Jerk, government freighters, when troops were sent in pursuit toward the headwaters of the Runningnose. They were fired upon by the Indians miles from where the Indians were camped. In this encounter the Indians killed one soldier and wounded another. Again, when the troops were near Humpback Whore Hill, after stock, while passing through a canon, about eighty miles from Fort Lariat, they were attacked by these same Cheyenne Indians, and others, and almost cut to pieces, there being about fifteen hundred Indians. Again, when on a Sunday morning the Kiowas and Comanches were at Fort Lariat, to obtain the rations that the commanding officer, on behalf of the government, was issuing to

them, they, at a preconcerted signal, fired upon the sentinels at the fort, making a general attack upon the unsuspecting garrison, while the balance of the Indians were driving off the stock belonging to the government, and then as suddenly departed, leaving the garrison afoot excepting about thirty artillery horses that were saved; thus obtaining in all about two hundred and eighty head of stock, including a small herd taken from the sutler at that post.

Again, a few days after this, the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians, with whom I had the fight at Chug creek, meeting a government train bound for New Mexico, thirty miles east of Fort Lariat, at Skunk creek, who, after manifesting a great deal of friendship by shaking hands, &c., with every person in the train, suddenly attacked them, killing fourteen and wounding a number more scalping and mutilating in the most inhuman manner those they killed, while they scalped two of this party alive, one a boy about fourteen years of age, who has since become an imbecile. The two persons that were scalped alive I saw a few days after this occurred within sight of Fort Zarah, the officer commanding considered his command entirely inadequate to render any assistance. But we think we have related enough to satisfy the most incredulous of the determined hostility of these Indians; suffice it to say that during the spring, summer, and fall such atrocious acts were of almost daily occurrence along the Platte and Arkansas routes, till the Indians becoming so bold that a family, consisting of a man, woman, and two children, by the name of Horlick, were brutally murdered and scalped within fifteen miles of Cheyenne, the bodies being brought to Cheyenne for interment. After seeing which, any person who could for a moment believe that these Indians were friendly, to say the least, must have strange ideas of their habits. We could not see it in that light.

This last atrocious act was referred to by Governor Evans in his talk with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes Indians on about the 27th day of September, 1864, at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory. The Indians then stated

that it had been done by members of their tribe, and that they never denied it. All these things were promptly reported to Major General S. R. Cunanan, commanding department, who repeatedly ordered me, regardless of district lines, to appropriately chastise the Indians, which I always endeavored to do. Major General S. R. Cunanan himself and Brigadeer General R.

Click.

That's enough about the great and illustrious Colonel Chilling, the original cool cat of the '60s. Back then a white man had the government and media on his side, and could get away with anything, even if the Jews, operating behind the scenes, tried to get at him. They just weren't all-powerful then like they are today. Just powerful enough to split the country in half and fight it out to the death.

Colonel Eric "Chilling" Horst. Yes. "He coolly sidesteps the accusations of muds and their politicians. People are impressed with the quiet dignity with which he handles these accusations, and even breaks out of his entourage of bodyguards to shake hands with whites in the crowds as he passes in his retinue. Rumors that he is being asked by the White is Right Party to run for president are calmly denied, with a wink."

Where would I do it? How about the Cheyenne Rodeo Happy Days? A whole week of shit. People crowded together like buffalo waiting to be chugged. They even got rides and ferris wheels. Yes, ferris wheels. Imagine a ferris wheel full of bloody corpses, their tongues cut out along with their hides. Cool cool cool cool cool. Me and Dylan. Dressed in cowboy hats along with our buffalo robes. Packing a dozen guns each. We could go in plain clothes first, seed bombs in packages under things, in refuse containers. Like in the Atlanta Olympics. The FBI can't protect the public. They'll probably try to frame a security guard later. Take a camera with us and get a picture of us out in the middle of the carnage, displaying our hunting prowess. We can just stroll out in the confusion untouched. As soon as people see us holding hands, and know we're gay, they look the other way. It's

a good idea. I'll take it up with Dylan right away. I know it's held in the summer. July, I think. I saw it on the front page of a newspaper we were folding. A big bucking bronco with a white cowboy on its back. Never went to it myself, but then I'm new to this part of the woods. It's such a long ride anyway. Imagine if they had Jesse Jackson and Michael Jackson there when we raided it. And a tour bus full of Jews from Jew York City, Jewywood, or even Israel. Forget Israel. They have the Mosad. The American ones only have the FBI. Bucking Broncos. Like in Dove Valley. A whole herd of them.

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CHEYENNE RODEO HAPPY DAYS: THE GRAND-DADDY OF 'EM ALL

Cheyenne Rodeo Happy Days (TM) has become America's premiere celebration of the West. But its roots are pure rodeo. The first Rodeo Days was held in 1897, before the word "rodeo" had even been invented. Saddle bronc riding was the featured event, although they called it "bucking and pitching" in those days. Famous people such as Teddy Roosevelt and Buffalo Bill and Adolf Hitler and Welcome Back Kotter are among its visitors.

Today, happy spectators are treated to more cowboy, bronco, bull, steer and calf action every single afternoon that they would be likely to see during the entire run of other rodeos. And it all takes place in the biggest outdoor rodeo arena in the world.

But the action doesn't stop with rodeo. Today Cheyenne Rodeo Happy Days (TM) also features exciting concerts by the biggest names in country and popular music... A world-class Western art show and sale... A renowned year-round museum that puts Cheyenne Rodeo Happy Days (TM) and the American West on display... Annual spectacular air shows by the U.S. Air Force Thunderbirds... Colorful and authentic examples of Native American art and culture... The best little whorehouse in Wyoming... Free pancake breakfasts that attract tens of thousands of hungry visitors daily... Gold panning, nut taking, squaw raping clinics...

Racial and sexual sensitivity seminars...
Grand parades featuring one of the world's largest
collections of horse-drawn vehicles... and more!

The world's largest and most action-packed rodeo, the
events that take place during Cheyenne Rodeo Happy Days
(TM), in the second full week of July, all combine to
make this celebration truly the "Grand-daddy of 'em All".

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We'll make it the granddaddy of 'em all. Well, time to
leave this boring library and find Dylan and skip school, go
home and make love, then go deliver some pizzas and get some
money to buy some toys for boys that make noise.

Chapter 27

Monday, January 18, 1999. 2:21 P.M.

Click.

THE GHOST DANCE RELIGION AND THE MASSACRE AT WOUNDED KNEE

On December 29, 1890 there was an encounter between Big
Foot's band of Miniconjou Sioux and the 7th U.S. Cavalry
at Wounded Knee Creek on the Pine Ridge Reservation of
South Dakota. This confrontation is touted as the last
major armed conflict between the Indians and the whites
in the United States, but in reality it was pure,
hate-filled genocide. Although some authors make a brief
mention of the incident in U.S. histories, Wounded Knee
was a crucial event in a saga of hostility between, not
just the Sioux, but all Indians and the U.S. government.

The outbreak of Wounded Knee was in part the result of
the growing support of the Ghost Dance religion. Founded
about 1887 by Wovoka, alias Jack Wilson, a Paiute (Water
Utes of Nevada) Indian religious leader, the religion
rapidly gained many followers among the Plains Indians.

Jack Wilson. One of our BRM members is named Jack. I'll tell him about this.

The basic belief of the Ghost Dance religion was a hope of returning to the "old ways". Wovoka claimed to have obtained his revelation in a vision in which he had been taken into the spirit world and talked with God, who had promised a speedy return to the old Indian life through the reincarnation of all the dead Indians, the buffalo and other game, upon a new earth, which was already advancing from the west and would push before it the alien whites to their own proper country beyond the ocean, while the Indian believers would be taken up, as by wings, upon the new surface, and there reunited with their old-time friends. By performance of the prescribed dances and songs the consummation would be hastened, while in the frequent hypnotic trances brought about by the efforts of the priests, true believers were enabled to anticipate the event in visions.

In the dance, men and women held hands, facing toward the center of the circle, singing the ghost songs, without instrumental accompaniment, while the priests within the circle brought the more sensitive subjects into a trance condition by means of hypnotizing performances.

The belief spread among nearly all of the tribes eastward of the Missouri, and produced much excitement for several years, until several predicted dates of the great change had passed without realization of the prophecy, and the ferment gradually subsided. In Dakota it lead indirectly to an outbreak among the Sioux in the winter of 1890-1, notable events of which were the killing of Sitting Bull and the massacre at Wounded Knee.

An essential doctrine of the new religion was the brotherhood of man, and in consequence of this all acts or ceremonies of a warlike nature were prohibited. This last fact was totally lost on the U.S. government and its agents. Instead, the Army leaders feared the religion would lead to an Indian uprising and called for troops to be sent to keep things under control.

Hmmm. Maybe we can set up a ghost dance religion for whites who believe that the muds will go away, and the pure white nation of a hundred years ago return. Minus the Indians of course.

The roundup of the Lakota was in response to the growing fear and ignorance of the U.S. government officials. The white people did not care about the culture, beliefs, or lives of the Lakota, and saw them as a threat to the white society they were trying to preserve. The Lakota were seen as outsiders, their looks and cultural background alien, unassimilable, their own recent war to free the black man from slavery notwithstanding. The white people refused to recognize the Lakota's right to their own land and did everything in their power to remove them by any means fair or foul. Violence was inevitable as a demonstration proving power and control, to inculcate terror, and paralyze opposition.

Would the government round us up and put us on reservations? I don't see how. More like prisons or concentration camps. They'd have to convict us of a crime first. But that would be no problem. They have a whole new breed of laws called "hate crimes", which makes hating a crime per se. They say you have to do something to someone first, not just think about it, but in practice they can blow anything up out of proportion as an excuse to do what they are going to do anyway, namely, round you up. Remember, it's race war, and a numbers game. Don't get mad, get even. It's not the person you're fighting, but the genes inside him.

General Nelson A. Miles assembled an army of over 5,000 soldiers to handle the Lakota people. During an attempt to arrest him on trumped-up charges in his own camp, Chief Sitting Bull was killed, along with his son and six bodyguards, on December 15, 1890. As Big Foot and his band of 350 people, which consisted of 120 men and 230 women and children, were trying to flee south to a more protected area of the Pine Ridge Agency in response to the news, the 7th Cavalry intercepted them. Federal troops rounded up the starving, nearly leaderless Sioux and placed them in a camp on Wounded Knee Creek.

So much for starting our own peaceful religion. Power comes out of the barrel of a gun.

The army were under vague orders to eliminate the Ghost Dance religion, and Col. James W. Forsyth ordered the Sioux people under ailing Chief Big Foot (pneumonia) to be disarmed. Under a flag of truce Big Foot's men were giving up their guns when one accidentally discharged (no one knows the source). The 500-man army responded by firing four big howitzers into the center of the camp, along with rifles and rapid-shooting Hotchkiss guns. Some 250 survivors fled down adjacent ravines, only to be pursued and butchered by U.S. troops, leaving a trail of bodies resembling slain buffalo that stretched for miles.

Sioux casualties totaled over 140 dead and 51 wounded, half of them unarmed women and children. Cavalry losses totaled 25 dead and 39 wounded, probably many of these by "friendly fire". The bodies were further insulted by being left unburied in a blizzard for five days. Charges were brought against Col. Forsyth for his part in the bloodshed, but a white man's court of inquiry exonerated him.

The Lakota people regarded the confrontation as a cruel massacre by an overwhelming, implacable enemy, that they could never call friend or trust again. The failure of their god to fight the white man for them was a terrible blow to the Lakota people and proved to break their strength in fighting back ever since. To subsequent generations of Indians, Wounded Knee symbolized the injustices and degradations inflicted on them by the U.S. government. It later served as an inspiration for the 1973 occupation of Wounded Knee by more than 2000 courageous Indians, which lasted 71 days and involved more than 300 federal marshals and FBI agents equipped with guns, armored personnel carriers, and other military weapons, and resulted in two Indians being killed, and 185 more indicted on trumped-up charges.

Maybe we can occupy Selma, Alabama or something. Throw muds off the bus, off lunch counters, and sit in their places.

No way. Counterproductive. We're still the majority. All we have to do is wake millions up, and in two weeks, we can rid the country of the muds forever. Two months at the outside. What will the muds do, call for U.N. intervention? What if they do? Nuke the U.N. It's nothing but a Jew front for a new world order.

We must never forget this moment in U.S. history, the horrific destruction of human life and liberty by a government that has never apologized, nor allowed its agents to be punished, nor permitted itself to be sued for damages, nor recognized any petition to redress grievances. The subsequent abuses of the rights of other non-whites could be seen to stem from this failure to admit wrongdoing. For many, the picture of U.S. history is filled with tales of the brave and honorable fighting triumphantly for a belief in the equality of all men, the capstone of the edifice of the Constitution. However, not many recognize the hypocritical actions of the officials of this nation with regard to non-white men. Be it even granted that the Ghost Dance religion was itself racist, considering white men as aliens in "their" land, the equally racist reaction of the U.S. government gives the lie to its professed belief in ideals higher than that. After all, the white men were invaders, squatters, and had no historical right to the land, which they simply stole at will, when they could not swindle it. Even when Indians were granted U.S. citizenship, the Lakota were never allowed a place in the American nation, were forced to give up their land, and suffered immensely in loss of lives and rights ever since. The Wounded Knee massacre serves as a reminder of a time when genocidal racism was officially sanctioned by the U.S. government.

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At the rate things are going now, fifty years from now the Indians will all be rich from running legalized gambling casinos, and white people will call them boss and sir. But not if I have anything to do with it. How? I ain't telling anybody how right now. My actions will speak for me.

Part 5. Horror High School

(The utter horror of the two shooters in complete control of the school -- as demons flood the hallways stealing souls, tasting of blood, and celebrating the victory of evil over good -- is interrupted by the spirits of the Amerindians and the bison rising up to make war on them, just as they are about to stampede the herd into a killing trap, where a large bomb is waiting. This war rages invisibly in the hallways and classrooms and grounds of Harlow (now a.k.a. as Horror) High School, while the two shooters are in a trance in the library, transported back in time to the Chug Creek Indian camp, as Indians, to be massacred by the white soldiers. The spirits of the dead from the Titanic enter as reinforcements to turn the tide for a time, but the good guys, the Indian spirits, win, resulting in the doors to the school being opened and the students being allowed to flee.)

Chapter 28

Tuesday, January 19, 1999. 12:05 P.M.

Click.

BOOK OF MORMON ADVOCATES WHITE SUPREMACY

Quotes from the Book of Mormon, "translated" by Joseph Smith, Jr., of New York State, and first published in 1830.

"And he had caused the cursing to come upon them [the Lamanites], yea, even a sore cursing, because of their iniquity... wherefore, as they were white, and exceedingly fair and delightsome, that they might not be enticing unto my people the Lord God did cause a skin of blackness to come upon them." (2 Nephi 5:21)

"And thus saith the Lord God: I will cause that they [the Lamanites] be loathsome unto thy people [the Nephites], save they shall repent of their iniquities. And cursed shall be the seed of him that mixeth with their seed; for they shall be cursed even with the same cursing. And the Lord spake it, and it was done. And because of their cursing which was upon them they did become an idle people, full of mischief and subtlety, and did seek in the wilderness for beasts of prey." (2 Nephi 5:22-24)

"O my brethren, I fear that unless ye shall repent of your sins that their skins will be whiter than yours, when ye shall be brought with them before the throne of God." (Jacob 3:8)

"And it came to pass that those Lamanites who had united with the Nephites were numbered among the Nephites; And their curse was taken from them, and their skin became white like unto the Nephites." (3 Nephi 2:14,15)

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Mormonism. The last bastion of the white supremacist religions in America. The regular Bible being too hard to defend white supremacy from, create a new one, one hundred percent white supremacist, and lay it on top of the old one, like a reading glass. Mighty white of Joseph Smith. Good idea, polygamy. He didn't put it in the original book, but when he was caught fornicating around, he could get inspirations from God at will. Nice way to create your own dynasty. One white man and twenty or thirty white women equals a hundred or more white children in just a few years. No wonder there are so many Smiths now. No need to be super-selective and pick only the choicest flesh, because even in ugly women the genes are more or less the same, so you start a breeding farm and it becomes a numbers game. If polygamy had been allowed to endure long enough, I'm sure the patriarchs would have started marrying their own descendants, if they chanced to be more beautiful than the ugly wallflowers they had to start with. They didn't have time to waste their precious seed on homosexuality. No, they had a use for every last drop of it back then. Joseph

Smith should see us white boys now.

Despite the Bible showing King Solomon having hundreds of wives, the white Christian establishment professed to be outraged by it, and they fled government persecution west to their promised land in Utah, the Utes being exterminated in advance, compliments of the same government. I wonder what Paiute Jack Wilson thought of them, what history he had with them. Maybe it was they who gave him the idea of setting up his own religion. Could be. They then suffered a military invasion (probably Indian killers with nothing to do) to force them to give up their cherished practice. So much for freedom of religion. What year did that happen? Before or after Wounded Knee? Check later.

But at least they are survivors. Compromising with the great satan in Washington, they lie low, waiting their day to break free and do what they want. But now, with the government taken over by race traitors, they seem doomed to suffer terrific persecution if they seek to stay white at the top, or to sell-out and become a parody of themselves, run by muds, and perhaps even promoting a new interracial polygamy, to faster mongrelize America. Imagine a black Mormon elder marrying a hundred white women and producing mulattos like cockroaches. Then the name Ali or Jabbar or Tyson will get bigger than Smith. Maybe in another generation the Mormons will become the new Indians, attacked by the U.S. government like shit, and exterminated like vermin, for being "alien". I just wish they had chosen a better name than Mormons (morons). I can't join that outfit anyway, since they have a cover story of promoting morality, and don't let people take drugs, smoke, drink, fornicate, or indulge in homosexuality. Too bad. I could have worked up to the top and led it into the next millennium, keeping its whiteness safe and secure no matter what shit the government tried on me. Alas, I will not enjoy the gift of long life. The good die young. Messiahs do more good dead than alive.

It's a numbers game. If each white would go out now and kill ten muds, even if he gives his own life doing it, just figure it out. In just a short time, no more muds, yet plenty of whites left to carry on. Too bad it's not that simple. There will be plenty of race traitor whites left,

who will just open the borders and let the muds flow on in to fill up the gap. So, the race traitors have to be disposed of too. Call it the White Ghost Dance religion.

Sorry, but that's reality. The grim game of survival of the fittest. Right now they lock up anybody they seriously think will do what's right, so I better make them think I'm just a kid who's rebelling and trying to look serious but is not. It's actions anyway, not words, that are needed now. I sure don't want to be another Hannibal Lecter, locked up in a shithouse, with a hockey mask on me, and forced to watch TV evangelists while I try to break out. If he was so smart why did he allow himself to be captured alive? He was a psychopath, because he killed without a cause, just to amuse himself and get some fresh liver to eat with fava beans and chianti, fff-fff-fff-fff-fff. Fava beans and chickpeas make filafel, a Jewish delicacy. He probably was Jewish. A race traitor. Else why would Jewywood let him go on a major movie with their money behind it? But then Jews don't own Jewywood as much as they used to. Jap money, Arab money, it's buying them out now. Still, they stay at the top, as "essential experts", that the money just purchases along with the stock. Then they can do their thing at will, business as usual.

Who are our real enemies anyway? Ourselves. If we didn't become race traitors, the war would be won in a week. Remember that. A week.

Remind me to kill all the Mormons and Christian whites while I'm at it. If it weren't for the Jews and muds, gays like me wouldn't stand a chance here. There wouldn't be any cool Satanist music and video games either. No pornography either. They'd be back to inculcating respect for authority and all that. Spanking kids. Using sticks and belts. An all-white Christian America would suck worse than hell.

Now that I think about it, what's so wrong with killing by the numbers without a cause? Life is just a numbers game, right?

But what if I were born a mud? Wouldn't I think I was nuts for wanting to kill muds? Wouldn't I want to kill whites

instead? That's just it. Hate. It's the driving force. Hate makes one want to kill anyone that is different. It is the most basic survival instinct. Without it there is no survival. Racemixers want races not to survive, hence they preach love. They are smart. That's how they hooked the baby boomers, using that hippie shit, that Woodstock crap, that LSD shit. Timothy Leary was a race traitor, so was Ken Kesey, Tom Wolfe. They started back in the first decade of the 20th century. Jazz, movies, beatniks, rebellion, James Dean, Allen Ginsburg, Bob Dylan. Elvis Presley probably. Once they "believe in love", and plenty of mud music, they are suckers for racemixing. Ask Jimi Hendrix. Play America the Beautiful for me one more time, nigger. Beautiful. The new national anthem. He managed to make the song itself sound like the races mixing into shit. Yes, Elvis was a race traitor. "In the Ghetto". Don't be cruel. He had mud blood in him. You can see it in his vocal chords and rhythm.

So, the key for white supremacists is to inculcate hate. Any kind of hate. Just hate. Then show the way by killing. If we can set up the ten-for-one model, it will duplicate, franchise out, like Boston Chicken, like Subway, like Buffalo Pizza. Then it's a numbers game. Enough ten-for-one massacres, and the result will surely be an all-white nation of haters, immune to racemixing propaganda like their hippie parents. Let's see. There are how many people in America? 300 million. How many are white? 80 percent, no, 75 percent. That's over 200 million. How many are race traitors? Probably a quarter or a third, I'm sorry to say I don't know. So, there's around 150 million that need exterminating. So, we need 15 million ten-for-oners. That's only three hundred thousand per state (50 states). That does sound like a lot. Maybe we could try hundred-for-oners. Then we'd only need 1.5 million. If they would all spontaneously rise up in the same year, nothing could stop them. The army doesn't even have that many people in it stationed at home. There's not even that many cops probably. As if they could do anything but mop up the mess later. Arrest the corpses. Arrest innocent co-conspirators. Fill the Bastilles with innocent framed patsies. That would only stoke the fires of hate more. Like in the days of the French revolution. I'm a genius and

they call Dylan one instead. All geniuses do their best work before 30. Me included.

That's just it though. Religion. That is the number one obstacle in the way of the final solution. I can just see the stupid white race falling for the crap about murder being against the Ten Commandments, and all that dope. The real war for white men's minds was won long ago when the Jews created Christianity and foisted it on every white in sight that they could get their hands on. Now even white supremacist groups are divided over it, letting it come between them. I think any white supremacist who lets religion stop him from hundred-for-oneing, is a race traitor and should be considered on the hit list.

What's really sick is the dream some of these people have for a new all-white nation run by Christian priests or ministers. They don't seem to see that that's like having a henhouse run by the foxes. There can be no lasting white nation that is still attached to that Christian bullshit, sorry. Take your pick but it's one or the other, not both. Back to the days of the pagan white Greeks and Romans, or forward to the days of racemixed mulatto Egyptians and Hindus, thinking they will be reincarnated as insects. History will repeat itself. I hope not. Is it a coincidence that the founding fathers of America were religious liberals, not taking the Bible literally, and some even what they used to call Deists, who believed that the Bible god was crap, but not having the scientific knowledge or courage to discard some kind of creator god entirely? A creator god is one thing, a father god another. Oh well, if the white race can't shake off Christianity, it doesn't deserve to survive anyway. Thought for the day. Time to go find Dylan and ditch some more classes.

Chapter 29

(The battle in the hallways is joined by Amerindian forces.)

Wednesday, January 20, 1999. 2:31 A.M.

I keep wishing I was somewhere else, walking down a strange new street. I'm as busy as a spider spinning daydreams. As a bee on a crocus. I feel so gay in a melancholy way.

It's supposed to snow today but I think the weathermen are full of shit. It's damn springy. It might as well be spring. Cool breeze, but that's the way I like it when I'm throwing. Very refreshing. Shirt sleeve weather for a Marine. Look at the other dopes wearing winter coats. That white girl who's always bending over and showing me her ass. Her coat is just short enough to let her ass show out. Who wants it? She wouldn't give it to me if I asked anyway. Just dick-teasing me. Hearing words I have never heard. Unless I were a mud. Then her legs would spring open like a switchblade. A mud doing some one-day service for another mud actually befriended me last Sunday, and opened up his wallet to show me a nude photo of a white woman whom he had been balling he said for ten years. She was bitchin'. She probably wouldn't look at me twice. And to add insult to injury, they fouled the day up with the Martin Luther King Junior bullshit. He fucked white mares in every town he visited. The real reason he did it. A coon let loose among whites will turn black white and white black to get his hands on some green. Or some white poon. All the muds think about is crime and sex. Not necessarily in that order. Can't help themselves. God made them that way. He makes garbage, and labels it with a black bag, and gives it a stench so everybody will know it's garbage. Yet he made them clever, cagey, resourceful. That's why they are so dangerous to us whites. Not that we can't handle them when we decide to. But that's just it. They try to convince us they're white, by acting white. But they can never really be white, so when we accept them as white for a little while and turn our backs on them, they will then be free to be what they really are, and decide whether to fuck us, or go for our wallet. And it is our own fault. God warned us. It's as plain as the nose on their face. Why don't they honor Adolf Hitler day instead? When is his birthday? I'll have to check on that today at school.

If a white tries to kill a mud just because they're a mud,

the new politically-correct government will try to fry him on the chair. One of the greatest injustices of history. Would they fry a white man for killing a coon because it's a coon? Yet they will if it's a mud. Not that that's any real problem. Just give a mud enough rope and they will hang themselves. Commit some crime they can't get away with. Maybe do time, maybe even fry. For every coon in prison, there's ten that got away with something and are still free. And ten percent of all coons are in prison. I better look that up to be sure. They should never have been brought here in the first place. White man's fault I suppose. Maybe the Jews were behind it. If money is involved, as it surely was in the slave trade, you can be sure there's Jews involved. The great white fathers killed the red Indians just to move in black niggers that are fucking them into mulattoes. Good move, there, John Wayne. He supposedly once stated that he's in favor of white supremacy. And his Alamo movie showing whites fighting a last stand against brown muds bombed at the box office. I liked it. Watching them mow down muds like cockroaches. Cucarachas. One white man could kill ten, a hundred muds. But they overwhelmed them with numbers. Object lesson. Caused him to go broke and scrap for money for years. Maybe the Jews were behind that too. And to think my dear dad is named after him.

Dylan and I found a cool new site on the web the other day, an Indian who is a self-styled prophet claiming to be God. He calls himself Dove. He draws lines on maps and predicts things, and sure enough, things happen on those lines.

Dove. Funny, that's what the name Jonah means in Hebrew. Jonah and the whale. An atheist-maker of a story. Every atheist cites it to prove the Bible is bunk. And why shouldn't they? Not that they ever really read it. I have. Maybe I am ashamed to admit it, but I studied it with the rest of the Bible. Now my mind is mush. They say that too much study of the Bible leads certain unstable persons to start a killing spree, usually in the name of God. Hee hee. Here's Johnny!

Jonah was told by Jehovah to go to the Assyrian capital of Nineveh in 800-odd B.C. and warn them that they were to be

destroyed if they didn't repent in sackcloth and ashes. He didn't like the assignment, so he high-tailed it the other way, to the port city of Joppa, taking a ship to Tarshish, or Spain. God caused a storm to blow up, and the other men on the ship figured it out, and, at his own suggestion, threw him overboard to stop the storm. Then God caused a great fish to swallow Jonah up and send him back to Israel, where he went to Nineveh and did what he was told.

The Ninevites actually listened to him, repented, and saved themselves. Jonah took it personally, claiming he knew all along that they would, and that's why he didn't want to warn them. He must have had it in for them. So he moped out east a ways and hunkered down, apparently praying God to take his life. Instead, God raised up a bottle-gourd to give him shelter for awhile, but then caused a worm to eat it, and blasted an east wind in his face. I can show mercy or withdraw it at my own pleasure, says God. You felt sorry for the little gourd, God told Jonah, yet you didn't understand why I felt sorry for the big town of Nineveh, with over a hundred thousand people plus animals. A silly little story. All of four chapters. One of the big sixty-six. They usually place it right after the book of Obadiah, the shortest of all, at 21 verses and only one chapter. All these damn Yah prophets have names ending in Yah. Obviously a conspiracy. Even Germans say Ja.

Speaking of capitals. Everybody thinks the highest capital city in America is Denver, with their mile high golden dome. Well, it isn't. Cheyenne's beats theirs by almost 800 feet. 6067 to 5280. Not that Santa Fe's doesn't beat them both at 6989 feet. As if anybody cares about muds and their adobe palaces. The Denver capitol has mysterious subways where they once kept the heads of two outlaws that had been sent in by bounty hunters. White outlaws I think. Pity. Maybe muds, but I forget. Cheyenne's capitol has all kinds of red injun body parts kept in jars, boxes, and such. Big Nose George. Makes one feel safe.

When Jonah was in the great fish's belly, he described himself as being in Sheol. When Jesus came along 800-plus years later, he told his followers that the Israelites would only get the "sign of Jonah", meaning that he would go into

Sheol for three days and nights like he did, and his followers could preach the imminent destruction of Jerusalem like Jonah did. So, supposedly Jehoshuyah or Jesus was the new Jonah, even though he wasn't exactly in Sheol three days and nights, since he died on a Friday, had his body taken down by sunset, and was gone from the tomb on Sunday morning. Of course, the Israelites' hearts were hardened, and they didn't buy it anyway, so Jerusalem was destroyed in 70 A.D. I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string, but I'll never get enough spring fever to accept this load of hooley.

Now this new Dove comes along, preaching the end of the white civilization in America. He claims we stole his land and he wants to evict us, and speaks for the true God. He probably took a kayak in Oregon or Washington, caused a storm, was thrown overboard, and rode a tramp steamer back to shore, where he now reluctantly preaches his warning on the world wide web, hoping the American palefaces won't accept it, repent, and receive mercy. What a dope. A ferry not a tramp steamer. The one at Winslow, Washington, facing Seattle. Probably didn't make it three miles from shore. A fish can't swallow a man whole and keep him alive in his belly for three days and nights in the first place. And I know it isn't spring. He probably isn't a real Indian. Probably a paleface Christian nut using the Internet as a mask. A new Joseph Smith trying to start his own religion. America is a fertile ground for those kind of nuts. I wonder how we can use him to fuck over our enemies' minds.

Chapter 30

(The shooters while holing up in the library are transformed into Indian victims in the Chug Creek Massacre)

Friday, January 22, 1999. 3:05 A.M.

Damn truck was a little late again. Something about the presses. Always the presses.

Here I am chugging bagged papers into the half-open back window of the car. In they go, one by one, into the oven. Just like Jews into the crematoria. My how they all look alike in the blue flames. Like when I cook a pizza. The faces look like Jews. All pock-marked and pimply. Big noses. Thick lips. Ugly faces. An ugly race. No such thing as blonde-haired blue-eyed Aryan pizzas. The Nazis could do their job, so I can do mine. It's just a job. Just doing my duty. It's a numbers game. People just think they are individuals. Turn up the flames and oh yeah. There are no such things as immortal souls. Just races competing for supremacy. Winner take all. To the victor belong the spoils. Hitler lost and that's why I can't get any white women. The end justifies the means. I can make pizza, so I can kill. I just hope I can deny that I'm planning anything if I'm caught and interrogated. That's true racial dedication. The ability to withstand interrogation and torture in the face of the enemy. Be put under the hot lamps. Funny. That makes the pizzas into the cooks, the cook into the pizza. Heaven forbid. I'm tough as any Marine. I won't crack. Just name rank and serial number. Eric Horst, Captain, KMFDM420. No. That would be stupid. KMFDM666. Always put 666 into something and it raises people's blood pressure and puts them on the defensive.

I just had a thought. Who owns this damn newspaper anyway? Probably Jews. And the damn pizza company? The horror. I'm working to make rich Jews richer. Still, all I can do under an occupation army is pretend to go along and make my plans, bide my time, and then do my duty. My job. My real job. And that job I'll gladly do for free.

Saturday, January 23, 1999. 12:15 A.M.

Eric throws on the run. One man to beat. Dylan "Javon" Boulding. Ten yard line. Five. He's got it. Touchdown Wyoming.

We are celebrating after the game, in the local seafood sports oyster bar. So warm and cheery. Having Coach Horst

my father in our corner doesn't hurt. We're such happy jocks. The shrimp and beer are great. Free. Everything is free. We get the best of everything. We're the favored few. We chose the right path.

Shit is what we are. Me and Dylan are losers. We're sick. We suck. We're permanently at the bottom of the feeding frenzy. We're bottom feeders. We are the shrimp and oysters. We're smart. That is a poor excuse for being a loser. Having to rely on your scatterbrains for things only others can provide, such as love and acceptance, and free things, is a failure mode. This life wasn't fair. We can't afford to be magnanimous or big with muds, since we're looking up at them from the bottom, rather than down from the top. We're just huge lumps of scars that everyone sees but no one sees. Notices. You can be accepted as a racist as long as you magnanimously give them things. Helping hands. A genteel form of racial war. The rules are not defined, but it's a matter of give and take. Give them enough so they don't revolt and attack. Mao Tse Tung standing in a magnificent open air plaza, his head a hundred feet higher than anyone else, waving in the sun stiffly and formally. His mud head sees no whites. He wears that green coat, a white cuff peeking out under his palm. A red thingie on his collar. The future? The yellow race achieves superiority through working as one, like worker bees or ants. No one has a life apart from the hive and the leader. White people all want to be lone saviors, and rule tough independent tribes of other whites. Are we the cavemen? Evolutionarily obsolete? If we could turn the clock back, where could we have scored a total victory that lasted forever? When we got the a-bomb first? Pointless to speculate. We blew it. Now the a-bomb is the main deterrent to a new Reich and a conventional all-out racial war.

The Twentieth Century. The one where we lost it. The face of pure white Winston Churchill, running what was once the leading empire of the world. He lost it all in WWII, after refusing all reasonable attempts to work with Adolf his best possible friend on this horrible planet. The brown face of Gandhi, smiling the smile of mud rising after WWII ended and Britain was a paper tiger. The grotesque face of Lenin, white but melted into hideous angles by mud blood. The

occasional white symbol of assurance. Neil Armstrong on the moon. The mushroom cloud, on which Hitler's spirit ascended to heaven on a judged world. The mud concentration camp prisoners in WWII. Used forever after to blackmail or guilt-trip whites to aid the new state of Is-ra-el. There aren't any real Jews anymore. Jehovah destroyed them in A.D. 70, and wiped out their temple, priesthood, and genealogical records, so that nobody can even prove which tribe they're part of now. So the new Jews are just muds putting on an act. The spectacle of great armies of whites killing each other for nothing in WWI, turning the land beneath them to mud filled with their blood, as Britain nurtures the Zionist movement on the side. It's now 1999, and the white race has nothing ahead of it but horror. The horror. The horror.

Do you live again? How can one live again? One consists of a lump of flesh containing the scars of life, and it is the scars that define you. If you live again, you either come back with all the scars or it's meaningless. Being cloned is not living again.

If I was even put through a one hour test I would fail. For instance, if I was asked to remember everything that happened in the past hour, I couldn't. So how could I live again? I'm not even fully living now. Let's say they give me hints, the initials of all the words in the story of the last hour. Like "I a s s a d s b." I ate some shrimp and drank some beer. Even with a help like that, I couldn't live again. What if they added "t m t" to it. Tapped my thumb. I'd get stumped pretty quick. Who wouldn't? Therefore, there is only one life, and this is it. It's happening now and you're forgetting it, and all you have left to remind you are scars. To even have the privilege of leaving a lot of scars in others might be the best you can hope for. Pop. Touchdown Wyoming.

Chapter 31

(The battle in the hallways is joined by Titanic forces, led by the ghost of John Jacob Astor IV. The unnamed BRM member joins the struggle on the good side.)

Sunday, September 20, 1998. 6:05 A.M.

This is the best moon of the year. Ever since I got up, it has been spectacular. Big, bright, clear. Magnificent. The fabled harvest moon. The way a bank of clouds passes it reminds me of a spectacular flag flying in the sky. The original Old Glory maybe. Awe-inspiring. Even more spectacular is the way it appears to grow in size as it plummets out of the sky towards the west starting a little while ago. Must be an optical illusion. Caused by the thicker atmosphere near the horizon. It is so big now I swear I could reach out and touch it. It is so white. Unattainably white. Meanwhile, down here on earth, white is going the way of the buffalo.

I had a terrible dream. Me, on a fence, like a scarecrow. A drunken doped-out white boy beating me with a pistol for making a pass at him. He was white, I was white. But I wanted to give him a good time, so he beat me to death. Anything to keep me from giving him a good time. Anything. And you know what? I half-enjoyed it. Up on that fence, spread out like that, my cock was just waiting for him to take a dare. And he almost did. He had to beat me to death. To stop himself from having a good time. He had no other choice. It was right there, in his face, ready to take a dare. And he knew it. His eyes kept wandering down there. I smiled. I was Christ. He was that Roman soldier.

I had a terrible thought Friday. The school. It was too damn white. I know the muds are going to take over the world. Everybody does. I'm not racist, just aware. No more racist than millions of other whites in America. No more racist than John Wayne. No more racist than his millions of fans. Everytime I think about the issue, I know that the white race is doomed. It will not stand up and fight. Like at the Alamo. It will not organize. Like the Nazis did. Like the KKK did. It finds the Nazis abhorrent. It finds the KKK abhorrent. The Aryan Nations. Anything pro-white race. The new federal laws the Jews are pushing through make it a federal offense to even

sneeze in the vicinity of a mud if you're white. The mud men can go after our white women at will now, and are fucking them as fast as they can. I see mixed couples walking in the malls, their mulatto children trailing behind, every weekend. Yet when I go to school, where are the muds? Our school, it's so very very white. Too white. But then we're the suburbs. The last refuge.

It's like the Indian legend of the white buffalo. On August 20 of this year a calf was born right outside Cheyenne. As white as divinity. That's white fudge. One month ago today. The Indians take it as a sign. So do I. A sign that one day all Americans will be like the buffalo. Dark, mud-colored. Even the white ones dark underneath. A white person will be so rare that it will seem like a miracle, an omen, for one to be born. An embarrassment maybe. Embarrassed to admit that they have given whiteness up because of their own stupidity. They could all have been white, like they are today. But they gave it up through stupidity. The ghost of Adolf Hitler is laughing at them.

From now on when I see white students at Harlow, I will not see white students. I will see mud students. Mud buffalo. And when I see myself, I will see a white buffalo. A lone survivor of a once-dominant type. Not alone. Dylan too. My new love. We're all that's left. We suck each other now. Drink each other's white cream. The cream that could repopulate the white race in utter purity across the land. But no white women want our cream in their white eggs. They can't put it in words, but the Jewywood brainwashing since birth is preparing them to give their eggs to mud cream. So when Dylan and I drink each other's cream, we are saying in effect that we have lost the war without a shot being fired. We have been beaten. We have no balls to fight for our race. The other morning, while throwing newspapers, I had the radio on. To what? Howard Stern. The king of the anti-white sicko Jews in America. He romps on white peoples' minds full time, teaching them to become degenerate race-mixing lovers of mud. And to regard the Jews as the master race, that tells them what to think.

We have no balls to fight for our race now. Howard Stern would come at us like a junkyard dog.

Yes we do. We know everything now, so why live forever? I don't think I can go even another year like this. I keep telling him, let's go out in a blaze of glory. Like John Wayne at the Alamo. Go out swinging, killing, blowing things up. Sneaking into their camp and stealing their white women, herding them back into our fort. Send a message to the rest of the whites out there to fight. Send a smoke signal. A media event. Make people notice. Everybody, not just locally, but everywhere. Give those with some frontal lobes something to think about. They'll get it if they think hard enough. We'll leave a testament behind. Like Hitler's "Mein Kampf". My personal war. Something like that.

Nobody seems to care. I ought to pack my suitcase. Move on down the line. There ain't nobody rubbing, nobody crying when I leave. Nobody. Nobody loves me. Nobody seems to care. When it comes to trouble, I know I've had my share. I ought to pack. Pack my suitcase. And move on down the line. But I can't. I have to make my stand here. Like John Wayne. As bad as it is, I will make my stand here. Ya.

Part 6. The Color of the Rinsing Sun

Chapter 32

(The battle in the hallways is joined by Titanic forces, led by the ghost of John Jacob Astor IV. The unnamed BRM member joins the struggle on the good side.)

Chapter 33

(The struggle between the real spirit of Buffalo Calf Caul and the evil fake spirit in the computers. The good spirit wins.)

Chapter 34

(The shocking story of the double suicide. It is revealed that Eric and Dylan become the souls of Brave Eagle and Weeps Not, and relive their horror, ending up on their backs on the ground, looking up, as the curse on the land is lifted and the White Tatanka is resurrected in glory. The unnamed BRM member shot Eric with a shotgun after Eric shot Dylan with an automatic. It is suddenly revealed that the real location of all this is Littleton, Colorado, and the real school is Columbine High School -- the entire location in Wyoming was a figment of the two lovers' warped imaginations, as were many historical events they based their thinking on. They literally didn't know where they were. The prophet Dove was actually Sollog. The fake Caul was probably Satan.)

Part 7. Old Souls, New Souls

"O Man, look into the Mind and its mysteries, for therein lie the secrets of immortality." -- THOTH

"The rats may be jumping off the ship, but the ship isn't sinking." -- Dan Quayle, August, 1999

Chapter 35

Tuesday, April 20, 1999. 1:20 P.M.

This is Channel 8 News, Chilton, Wyoming. We interrupt this regularly-scheduled program to take you to the scene of a police and fire rescue in progress in our sister state of Wyoming.

Ann? This is John Zucker at Channel 8 News Center. What is happening there?

Hi, John. This is Ann Dove, in front of Harlow High School in Madeline, Wyoming. About 11:25 a.m. several calls were received on 911 that said there were bomb blasts and gunshots in the school. Officers have cordoned off the school and the closest that we can get to it is right here, as you can see. There appears to be two students down on the sidewalk in front of the school, apparent gunshot victims. The SWAT team is here, and the officers that have arrived are taking cover behind their cars while the situation is being assessed.

This is very disturbing, Ann. Are there any reports of any fatalities?

None at this time, John. One 911 calls said that the shooters were members of a local homosexual group called the Buffalo Robe Mafia, from their practice of wearing them to school.

Buffalo robes? Like...

(The sound of explosions coming from the school.)

John, I believe you all heard that. Explosions coming from within the school.

Yes, Ann. How many students are in attendance at the school now?

I'm afraid almost two thousand, John.

That many. Have any been evacuated?

None at this time. There doesn't seem to be any movement into or out of the school entrances, John, and I have no clear reports of who or what is causing all this mayhem.

(breaking in) Folks, we have a Harlow High School student live, who says he has some information.

(on the remote camera) I saw them coming in from the parking lot, two of them, throwing pipe bombs. They had buffalo robes on, and masks. I couldn't see their faces. I think they attend this school, I ain't sure.

(remote reporter) Did you see any guns?

Yes, they were both carrying rifles and pistols, and had more under their robes. They were shooting them. I saw them shoot my friend and she's down in the sidewalk now. (sobbing hysterically)

Did you see anybody else shot?

Yes, several. They came in the school shooting anybody they wanted, and throwing bombs. They were laughing and joking. They are crazy. They said they wanted to kill all niggers and jocks. I hid until they couldn't see me, then I ran with some others out the fire escape. They shot one boy just because he was black. They shot him in the face. And they shot my girlfriend. (sobbing)

(breaking back in) We'll get back to this story later. Right now we have a student live, in the school, calling on a cell phone. Raul? Are you still there?

(Raul) Yes. I want you to tell everybody there's crazy guys in our school and they're shooting people. I'm hiding in a classroom on the floor above. I can see the school on the TV screen in the classroom.

(voice, in the background, in the news studio) They have TV screens in every classroom there.

Where are you? No, don't answer that. They might be

watching TV right now. Are you hurt, Raul?

No, not yet. I'm afraid. Mama.

Raul? Don't talk anymore, OK? They might be listening and use this to search for you. Sit tight and we'll inform the police and they'll rescue you.

Uh-huh.

(breaking in) This is John Zucker with more information on the gang of high school students known as the Buffalo Robe Mafia. But first a word from our sponsors.

(after commercial) This is a News 8 Update. Shooting at Harlow High School in Madeline, Wyoming.

(reporter and female student on camera) Tell us what you know about the Buffalo Robe Mafia.

(girl) I have seen them several times in and around our school. They are all students here I think. They wear buffalo robes all the time. They are all brilliant students, but nobody likes them. They are outcasts. They are homosexuals I think.

(breaking in) This is John Zucker at News 8 Central. We have tape of a teacher inside the school recorded calling 911 some time ago, around 11:40 a.m.

(the teacher's voice) I've got every student in this library down on the floor. (screaming at the students) You guys just stay on the floor! (sound of five or six gunshots in the background) My god, the gun is right outside the door! OK, I don't think I'm going to go out there. We're not going to that door. I've got the kids on the floor. I got all of the kids in the library on the floor here. (in the background, Eric's voice)

The station cuts off the 911 tape at this point. The rest is as follows:

All jocks stand up! (sound of furniture being moved, as

students tried to shield themselves with tipped chairs) (Dylan's voice) There's a nigger over here! (sound of a shotgun going off, then whoops of celebration) Look at this nigger's brain! Awesome, man! (another shot, as a jock football player falls dead) Who's ready to die next? (The shooters pass a male student who has thrown his body over a female student's body to shield her, ignoring them.) We've waited our whole lives for this!

* * *

The events, as later reconstructed by police (the official story):

Two students, hiding under a table. One says to the other: "Stay tight. The cops will come." Dylan shoots them with a shotgun, killing one and wounding the other.

The silence in the library is now broken only by the clinking of ammo and bombs beneath the killers' buffalo robes. "Peekaboo!" said one killer to a girl beneath a table, before blasting her in the face.

A few tables over, three students know trouble is heading their way. One student knew Dylan personally, so he bravely looked him in the eyes from 20 feet away. Without breaking eye contact, Dylan raises his sawed-off shotgun, and fires. All three are ripped by buckshot. As one student attempts to stanch the blood flow of another, his head rises just above the top edge of the table, drawing two rifle blasts, in the left side of the head. One of the students blacks-out, and comes to just in time to see the fuze of a palm-sized bomb sizzling beneath his table. He frantically hurls it, but it explodes just six feet away, wounding them with shrapnel.

Nearby, one shooter waves a gun at a female student. "Do you believe in God?" "Yes, I do believe in God," she replied. He shoots her, killing her instantly. "Why?" he asks the corpse.

Moving away from the library windows where they started, they come to a table where five female students are

huddled. A shotgun blasts hits four of them simultaneously. As one of them tumbles backward, exposing her torso, another mumbles, "Oh, my God." "Do you believe in God?" demands the shooter of her. "Yes, my mom and dad brought me up that way," she replied. She then faints and falls to the floor. The student who had tumbled closed her eyes and played dead, but is shot again.

Cruising through the library, firing and exploding bombs, the shooters spot a student with cerebral palsy, and use him for target practice, in the head and the neck. He survives. They then kill four more students, reaching the middle of the library.

"Who is under the table?" shouted Eric. "Identify yourself!"

"It's me", replied the male student, an acquaintance of Dylan, but not any better of a friend than other people were.

"Oh," Dylan told him. "It's you."

"Hi, Dylan. What are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm killing people."

"Are you going to kill me?"

A pause. Then: "No. Run. Just get out of here." He runs to freedom. Other students, seeing this, think that the killing spree is over. But Eric soon shoots another student, who tries to defend himself by pushing chairs at him, drawing a second shot.

Then the shooters spot a police car through the library window. "I'm out of ammo" one of them complains. Replies the other: "Maybe we should start knifing people. That would be more fun." The shooters start walking to the door, then spot the teacher who made the 911 call crouching under the librarian's desk. "Wait, there's one more thing," Dylan tells Eric. The teacher

can only see Dylan's black combat boots from under the table. Suddenly, a chair smashes onto the desk. "Let's get down to the commons," says Dylan. They both left the library, leaving 10 dead and 9 wounded, all in less than 20 minutes.

Soon, a student shouts: "They're gone! Let's get out of here!" At least 30 survivors flee through the library's rear emergency exit. The teacher stays behind with 10 dead and 2 wounded, hiding now inside a cabinet.

Five minutes later, gunshots and explosions rock the commons, or cafeteria area, as they try to set off a gasoline tank and propane barbecue tank bomb, packed with nails and BBs. The big one never blew up.

Outside the school, nine SWAT officers pile into a fire truck and a pickup truck to mount a rescue of two students seen sprawled on the ground. Hearing more explosions inside the school, they reach one of them, and find her dead, shot in the head. The other raises his hand, and they drag him 40 feet to a fire truck, passing by the library emergency exit, still open. At that point one of the shooters tossed a grenade, and shots ring out. The officers return fire, as the grenade goes off, zinging them with shrapnel. The officers then go back and get the dead girl. In moving her down a long flight of concrete steps, they find another dead male. Looking up, they see both shooters in a library window. They exchange fire, shattering windows. In the confusion, paramedics affect rescues of wounded students.

Around 12:15 p.m., a teacher hears a shooter shout from the library: "Today I am going to die!"

Around 1 p.m., the two shooters, having shed their buffalo robes, huddle in back of the library and commit suicide: one to the temple, the other through the mouth.

At 2:40 p.m., the male student who was shot in the head while trying to staunch the flow of blood of another student, tries to escape out of a library window. Paralyzed on one side with two bullets in the head, he

finally drops into the arms of waiting officers, like a rag doll.

Around 4 p.m., a paramedic was ushered into the library, and told that bodies might be booby-trapped with bombs. He checks each body for signs of life. One girl, face down, is warm. He rolls her over and finds open eyes full of tears. She was crying for joy: the pain of being rolled over told her that she was still alive.

Chapter 36

Click.

Greetings Gay Leather Lovers,

Today a few brave fellow homosexuals at Harlow High School in Madeline, Wyoming known as the Buffalo Robe Mafia, decided that they had had enough crap from the gay-bashing straight community that had been abusing them, hanging them on fences like scarecrows, beating them up in bathrooms, flaunting their hetero shit in their faces, and other crap, and take matters into their own hands.

We should all applaud and support their bravery and pray that they can hold out in the school which they have captured for as long as possible as a symbol to all gays everywhere to fight on. If they can hold out for 13 days, they will have a Gay Alamo. If even for 2 days, that should give gay bikers everywhere from coast to coast time to ride into Madeline as a relief force. Pack up and ride!

Anti-gay forces will seek to spread disinformation, attributing their acts to pot, gun control laxity, violent entertainment, or godlessness. The truth is that their acts are based on gay love, gay pride, gay truth, gay justice, gay vengeance. The anti-gay masses had it coming.

Gay Pride Forever,

The Jazzy Gay Leather Bearded Honey Bear Biker from Cheyenne

Click.

BOULDING AND HORST HATED ONLINE AS WELL AS OFFLINE

Blue Balls News Service

Who were Eric Horst and Dylan Boulding, the gunmen in America's greatest school shooting tragedy? Reports are pouring in from many sources, putting together pieces in a jigsaw puzzle that adds up to a picture of insanity before the age of majority.

MSNBC and CNN reported that Eric Horst had an America Online web site that included photographs of their Buffalo Robe Mafia group, as well as recipes for making pipe bombs, violent music lyrics from a German techno-music group KMFDM, and crude, horrific hand-drawn sketches of a knife-welding man standing atop a pile of human skulls, masturbating.

AOL spokesmen acknowledged that it's been taking down files associated with the gang since Tuesday evening pending an investigation. The company has not confirmed, however, whether that includes all the sites identified by both news services.

ABC News claims to have captured a screen shot of a chat room dedicated to the Buffalo Robe Mafia that includes profiles of the groups' associates and a "hit list" of its targets, including Reverend Jesse Jackson, football star Terrell Davis, and actor Whoopi Goldberg.

Messages were posted on a Deja News discussion group claiming to know inside information concerning the shootings. The messages are believed to be hoaxes by publicity seekers.

Reuters reported that researchers at the Los Angeles-based Simon Wiesenthal Center said they downloaded an Internet file belonging to Horst in which he talked about how easy it was to make pipe bombs, saying, "Pipes are about as easy to purchase as a CD." The file went into elaborate details on how to make the bombs and what kind of powder to use.

The Internet may provide some insight into who the two gunman were, and why they committed this heinous crime, but many more hints exist offline than online.

Both boys wore expensive buffalo robes everywhere they went, claimed to admire white pioneers of Wyoming and Adolf Hitler, and made videotapes championing violence. One videotape was even part of a school project, and didn't cause their arrest. Both were arrested last February for breaking into a car, and according to the San Francisco Chronicle, Boulding was suspended from school once for stealing credit card numbers off the Net, but was not prosecuted.

Click.

WORLD JOINS WYOMING IN MOURNING HARLOW HIGH TRAGEDY

By Gay Andelez

Wyoming Pioneer Telegraph

Wednesday, April 21, 1999 -- While the world mourned the senseless killings of one teacher and over a dozen students at Harlow High School in Madeline, Wyoming, the day before, survivors recalled acts of heroism and police removed bodies from the grisly massacre site.

Thousands grieved for the dead at religious services and public gatherings in Cheyenne, President Clinton asked for a moment of silent prayer at the White House, and the Pope decried the violence from Rome. Meanwhile, investigators in Chilton County pored over the lives of the two dead murder suspects, Eric Horst, 18, and Dylan

Boulding, 17, and asked a simple but troubling question... Why?

"I don't know what the motive was, other than pure, simple, undisguised hate," said District Attorney Dave Tempest.

The Harlow crime scene was so gruesome, Tempest said, that some law enforcement officers were reduced to tears. "There were SWAT team people who were in Beirut, Rwanda, and Kosovo who were crying and weeping over what they saw," he said.

They were witnessing the worst mass school shooting in U.S. history so far. Though the sheriff said Tuesday that as many as 25 were dead, by Wednesday the confirmed number was down to 15, which included the two killers. Of the 22 others wounded, six have been released from hospitals, and five remain in critical condition.

At one point during the four-hour rampage, Boulding's father called the DA to offer help with his son. Law enforcement officials told the father it was too late for that.

The Boulding and Horst families both issued statements, through their attorneys, expressing grief. "Our thoughts, prayers and heartfelt apologies go out to the victims, their families, friends, and the entire community," the Boulding statement said. "Like the rest of the country, we are struggling to understand why this happened. Our son was just one heck of a nice kid who wouldn't hurt a fly."

Police found more than 30 pipe bombs around the school, inside boobytrapped cars and in the suspects' two affluent suburban homes. Some bombs were palm-sized carbon-dioxide BB gun cartridges wrapped with nails and BBs to maximize killing power. Other bombs, equipped with timers, were made from propane barbecue tanks. The sheer weight of the devices made authorities speculate as to the existence of accomplices, but so far none have been identified.

In the school library, where one shooter died from a gunshot wound to the back of the head and another had a hole in the side of his head, police counted four guns: a 9mm semiautomatic carbine, two sawed-off shotguns, and a handgun. It's still unknown where they got the guns.

There were at least eight empty ammunition clips, which each carried at least 10 bullets, plus dozens of spent shotgun shells, investigators said. Bullet holes could be seen in doors and walls in several places in the school.

The two teenagers, part of an outcast school group called the Buffalo Robe Mafia (BRM), were caught burglarizing a car in January 1998. They completed their probation in February of this year.

Police investigated whether the two killers got help from accomplices. "This is not something they did overnight," said Sheriff John Steinmetz. "A lot of planning went into this." As of now no other BRM members are charged with conspiracy.

Harlow High School will remain closed indefinitely, officials said. All other Chilton County and Cheyenne schools are to reopen today with heightened security.

Rocky Hassenbender, father of star Harlow wrestler Rocky Jr., said police told him one shooter kept a "hit list" with his son's name on it. His son escaped unharmed. A sheriff's spokesman said he knew of no such list.

List or no list, witnesses said the two laughing killers specifically targeted "jocks" (prep athletes) and "niggers" or "muds" (Afro-Americans). Several students recalled earlier tension between the shooters and athletes.

"It was an ongoing thing. They didn't like us and we didn't like them," John Hesse, a junior, said of the BRM. Athletes often mocked the outcasts, he said, by calling them "dirt bags", and commenting on their "Gothic" dress with expressions such as "nice cape" and "cute makeup."

The BRM was notorious for its admiration of Adolf Hitler.

In a before-school bowling class the two shooters often would shout "Heil Hitler" after scoring a strike, Hesse said. The morning of the Tuesday massacre, Horst showed up at his 6:15 a.m. bowling class wearing, not his usual buffalo robe, but a flannel shirt and blue jeans.

He returned to school with his friend Boulding five hours later dressed in buffalo robes and masks, armed with an arsenal of bombs and guns. Rumors of their homosexual love affair abound but have not been confirmed.

The attack was launched during the 11:30 a.m. lunch hour when one shooter heaved a pipe bomb onto the school roof and started spraying students with gunshots, witnesses said. Two students fell dead, and the two shooters proceeded to the school hallways through unguarded student entrances.

Neil Goldberg, a sheriff's deputy stationed at the school, exchanged gunfire with one of the shooters but didn't hit him. Twenty minutes later, a SWAT team of officers from Cheyenne and Chilton counties entered into the eerily normal-looking complex. Deputy Paul Smucker and Lt. Mary Mansonici fired at a shooter and missed.

At that point, because the situation was so volatile and deputies were unsure how many shooters there were, police said they retreated and set up a safe perimeter outside the school.

"A deputy can't help if he's dead," said department spokesman Steve Drabinsky in response to some public comments that the police showed cowardice.

Dozens of students fled. Hundreds remained trapped inside. Chaos reigned.

With pipe bombs exploding, smoke filled the hallways, and the fire alarm blared. A broken fire-sprinkler system gushed cold water and flooded the cafeteria. More bombs blasted, spraying students with shrapnel and collapsing ceiling tiles. It seemed literally as if the sky were falling to some of the terrified students.

Students cowered under desks. A science teacher, Dave Singalls, the girls basketball coach, was shot and bleeding profusely, but still directed panicking teenagers away from the mayhem.

Teenagers ripped off their shirts and tried to save Singalls' life with makeshift tourniquets. One student, Kevin Strange, worked to keep Singalls conscious for hours by pulling family photos from the teacher's wallet and asking about them. Singalls died.

In the library, Crystal White, 16, said a boy, Seth Van Tranh, threw his body over hers and whispered a vow to take a bullet for her. For some reason, the shooters spared them.

"I could feel them in there," White said, "but I was too smart to look and give them an easy target".

"They asked a girl if she believed in God. She said yes, and they shot her. I could hear them talking. They said they waited their whole lives for this. They were saying, 'Who's ready to die next?' Then they would whoop and holler when they shot someone."

Another student trapped in the library, Isiah Jeffers, 18, a prep wrestler, was shot and killed because he was black, survivors said.

"He had two strikes against him," said his grieving father, Michael Jeffers. "He was black and he was an athlete. That's not a reason to die."

Outside, ambulance crews raced to the school to whisk away the injured. The shooters fired at paramedics on the school's south end, police said, but didn't hit them.

Lakewood Sgt. George Hunley raced to help. "There was a body of a boy in front of our armored car that I was going to rescue, but some of my guys said, 'He's dead, Sarge,' so I left the body," Hunley said. "It was devastating. I've been a cop for 26 years and in SWAT

since 1985, and this was clearly the most traumatic and devastating thing I've ever seen. I know for the next couple of weeks I'll have nightmares."

This incident falsely led police to believe there were more shooters than there were, and later to believe that some shooters had disguised themselves as students or victims in order to escape the school dragnet. Attempts to rescue lines of students were complicated by the need to make them keep their hands up, and to search them.

Meanwhile, a bloody boy begged for help from a window on the school's second floor. Two Lakewood SWAT team members, Sgt. John Rudin and Agent Donn Knorr, saw the boy starting to pass out. They called to him, "Stay with us! Stay with us!"

The police stood on top of an armored car and caught the falling rag doll of a boy (some say they didn't catch him but just let him fall), as television cameras saw it all. Later, the recovered boy thanked his "saviors" at a mass medal-awarding ceremony that received extensive coverage.

Down the hall, 60 students crammed into an office next to the choir room. For two hours, they huddled and cried and prayed the shooters wouldn't find them. They heard 25 shotgun blasts and 30 more shots from a handgun, according to one of them.

"We had a phone in there. We contacted the outside, then we said we didn't want to make any noise," said Craig Moose, 17, a junior. "We could tell they were coming closer, to the top of the stairs."

The students barricaded themselves in the office, flipped off the lights and ducked.

"You could tell he was right outside," Moose said. "After the first 20 minutes, things got quiet."

"It seemed like every kid had a pager and people's pagers started going off," said Moose. "One student called and said, 'Mom, I love you and I hope I see you, but I don't

know if I'll make it."

Meanwhile, Theresa McCandless, a chemistry teacher, doused flames from a bomb lobbed through a window in an office next to her classroom. Her heroism was singled out by President Clinton.

"We see, in a moment of agony, what is best in our community and in our country," Clinton said on national television.

Asking the nation for a moment of silent prayer, he went on to say:

"We all must do more to recognize and look for the early warning signals that deeply troubled young people send, often before they explode into violence. Surely more of them can be saved and more innocent victims and tragedies can be avoided."

From Vatican City, Pope John Paul II said he was "deeply shocked" by the rampage.

The pope sent a telegram to Chilton Catholic Archbishop Charles Manchild expressing hope the American society will react "by committing itself to promoting and transmitting the moral vision and the values which alone can ensure respect for the inviolable dignity of human life."

Investigators said they need at least two more days inside the school to collect crime evidence. All bodies finally were removed by 5:30 p.m. on Wednesday. The grim task was delayed in part because the killers spread live bombs around bodies. Most officers had left the scene by 7:30 p.m.

Though robots are often used to handle bombs, they couldn't be used in the library crime scene because the machines couldn't move around so many bodies, police said. Ten victims and both shooters died in the library alone, the worst scene in the school.

Surrounded by scores of newspaper and television

reporters from around the world, the students who returned to Harlow High School cried, hugged, reminisced and contemplated the rampage.

"I cried hysterically," said Melanie Krupp, a 17-year-old senior who had been looking forward to her last 17 days of school. "Cried and cried and cried. Right now, I'm dry of tears."

At suburban churches and Cheyenne's Civic Center (Astor) Park, thousands of survivors and well-wishers gathered at commemorative services. Many reflected on their fate.

Justin Whistler, a 15-year-old freshman, was playing basketball outside the school when the shooting erupted. He saw the shooters shoot three girls, then turn their weapons on him and his buddies. The bullets whizzed by their heads without hitting them.

"I'm lucky to be here," Whistler said. "I didn't eat lunch. I just wanted to play basketball. I guess basketball saved my life. I must have big balls."

He paused and corrected himself.

"No, God saved my life."

Click.

This is America's Schools in the Crosshairs. I'm Sam Bud McDonaldeen.

During the last few school years the American public has been riveted by disturbing images of small town and suburban schools taped off by police lines, as paramedics rush to wheel juvenile bodies away on gurneys, while unrepentant kids are being carted off in handcuffs, facing life imprisonment before their lives have even half begun. Were these kids just involved in an innocent little shootout like in the legendary OK corral? No, for in school guns are totally prohibited. But these cowards snuck in loaded for bear, gunning down defenseless students.

The national news media poured first into Moses Lake, Washington, on February 2, 1996, then Pearl, Mississippi, West Paducah, Kentucky, Jonesboro, Arkansas, Edinboro, Pennsylvania, Springfield, Oregon, then Madeline, Wyoming, on April 20, 1999. How long ago the halcyon days before all this seem now. The increasingly magnified coverage of these highly unusual yet seemingly connected crime stories turned into what some news outlets described as "an all-too-familiar story" or "another in a recent trend", while off the mainstream, on the Web, conspiracy theories multiplied. Even a non-fatal shooting in Richmond, Virginia garnered national headlines in June of 1998 because it occurred in a high school hallway during final exams. (Quinshawn Booker, 14, wounded a teacher and a Head Start volunteer, was charged as an adult, and was sentenced to a home for troubled boys).

It looks so easy for a child to kill other children in school, you wonder why every child doesn't do it. The obvious quick-fix of allowing every student to pack a gun for self-defense being ruled-out without discussion, policy makers reacted abruptly to what they perceived to be a huge swing in public opinion about turning schools from free campuses of learning and social activities into little more than closely-guarded reform schools. A moral panic swept the country as parents suddenly feared for their childrens' safety at school, with the children themselves seconding that motion. As one parent recently put it: "It scares me to death that I'm sending my child to a school, but instead of getting a diploma, I may end up getting a call to the morgue and a death certificate." It truly could happen any place in America, a land with one privately-owned gun per capita. And the Colts, the all-American guns that won the Wild West, the ones that brought you the revolving cylinder, are only about one-sixth of the market now.

In most other supposedly civilized countries, guns are kept out of the hands of children. According to the Centers for Disease Control, children in America are 12 times more likely to die from guns than children in 25 other

industrialized countries, including even strife-torn, violence-filled Israel and Northern Ireland. But then, American children are being raised up to take over this country and defend it, and raising a generation of whimps who can't shoot might bring a national catastrophe far greater than statistics-thumping social do-gooders can imagine. God save us from statistics thumpers.

So, despite the hysteria, can we calm down and reason together?

School shootings are still extremely rare, thank God. The total number of people who were shot and killed in American schools during the academic year 1997-8, for instance, was 40. That's right, 40. Only 11 children actually were shot and killed in Pearl, West Paducah, Jonesboro, Edinboro, and Springfield put together. In reality, homicides committed by children under age 13 occur less frequently today than in 1965, when today's parents were in school. According to the FBI's Uniform Crime Reports, there were 25 homicides committed by juveniles under age 13 in 1965 compared to 16 homicides in 1996, a 36 percent decline.

In contrast, the number of children who die in just two days from family violence in America, that is, child abuse or neglect at the hands of parents or guardians, is the same as the number quoted above, namely, 11. Eight children die from gunfire every day in America, or 3,000 per year. Ninety percent of homicide victims under the age of 12 are victims of adults; for ages 12-17, the percentage is still seventy-five.

And these shootings, however headline-grabbing, are still extremely rare events, even in the communities in which they occurred. 85 percent of all the communities in America recorded no juvenile homicides in 1995, and 93 percent recorded zero or one juvenile arrests for murder. Three times as many juvenile homicide victims are killed by adults as by other juveniles, and only about 3 percent of U.S. murders consist of a person under 18 killing another person under 18. The best estimates reveal that children face a one in a million chance of being killed

at school. The number of children killed by gun violence in schools is about half the number of Americans killed annually by lightning strikes.

In case you didn't read that, the chance of your child being killed in school is half the chance of their being struck and killed by lightning. We've all lived with those odds for millennia. So why rush to your Legislature now and do something hasty you might regret?

Rather than providing context, the media's irresponsible linking of these shootings as a trend or even as a sinister conspiracy has tended to exacerbate people's fears about the safety of their children in schools. The result is that misdirected public policy is being generated to safeguard the schools, even though the real threat may lie elsewhere. To remedy the purported so-called crisis of classroom violence, politicians have proposed solutions ranging from posting additional police officers in our schools (as if they wouldn't be better used on the streets, including at the homes), to eliminating any minimum age at which children may be tried as adults (as if fear of authorities would have any effect on these kids, and as if the Supreme Court wouldn't ultimately reverse these convictions after finding that children aren't adults), to expanding the death penalty to juveniles (get this: have the state itself kill children -- fine example of state child care there). The Governor of Virginia, James Gilmore, recently suggested ending school after-hours programs due to the violence, even though a wide spectrum of criminologists, educators and law enforcement officials said that these programs are vital in crime reduction and enhance rather than harm community strategies to combat violence.

No surprise that overconcern among school administrators has reached such a fever pitch that children are now being expelled or suspended from school even for making fake threats to harm the musical band The Spice Girls and Barney the purple dinosaur, and thousands of other ridiculous peccadillos and imagined threats by "little people" who are just being... children. Once expelled, they are far more liable to experience crime. Far better

to keep them in school, where, despite the isolated sensational shootings, it is still much safer.

A good indication that schools remain a relatively safe haven for our children is the fact that 90 percent of all childhood deaths occur, not in school, but in and around the home. According to data compiled by the National Safe Kids Campaign, unintentional shootings of children are most likely to occur at times when children are unsupervised. Peak hours for these shootings are not during school hours but rather after school between 4 and 5 p.m., during the late afternoon, on weekends, over the summer months of June-August, or during the holiday season months of November-December. Fifty percent of childhood unintentional shooting deaths occur in the home of the victim and approximately 40 percent occur in the home of a friend or relative. Above all, virtually all the kids who came to school with guns blazing brought them from home. Who originally bought them? And who wasn't supervising them?

Another way of looking at the context of the threat children face during the day is to measure admissions to hospital emergency rooms for violence-related injuries. In a 1997 U.S. Department of Justice survey of over a million violence-related admissions to hospital emergency rooms, only 6 percent of the recorded places of occurrence were listed as school. By contrast, 48 percent of the injuries occurred at home, 29 percent at work and 15 percent on the streets.

In short, get guns out of questionable childrens' reach, and the schools will take care of themselves. There is no conspiracy, just adults who still need to grow up and be responsible for their kids. Spare the rod and spoil the child -- God's advice is vindicated.

Click.

HARLOW MASSACRE PART OF MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX (MIC)
CONSPIRACY

Everybody knows that Lee Harvey Oswald wasn't a lone nut, and JFK was assassinated as part of a political coup d'etat backed by the Military-Industrial Complex (MIC), the very monster that President Eisenhower had warned was threatening our basic constitutional system with internal perversion, placing power in the hands of a few hidden all-powerful puppetmasters, able to thwart the will of the People, even as to the choice of their Chief Executive. (They thought JFK was soft on Communism, and wanted their puppet LBJ to take his place without winning a vote.) To this day, the government and the MIC work hand-in-hand, hand-in-glove to resist every effort to get to the truth of the Kennedy plot.

Did they get what they wanted? Don't they always? The law is not above all of us; some are above the law.

What needs to be known is that the Harlow High School Massacre is another MIC conspiracy, and the two patsies, Boulding and Horst, weren't the only participants.

Harlow High School is located in Madeline, Wyoming, a Republican stronghold within the state that's the center of ultra-right Christian fundamentalist operations. They were instrumental in getting cattle-heir Governor Charles Monfort elected in 1998. The MIC always finds hard core support in this political group.

In the late 1950s, the Pentagon ordered construction of the nation's first intercontinental missile factory at a secluded canyon (Waterton Canyon) in the Wild West. Where? Littleton, Colorado. The factory is owned by Lockheed Martin (earlier Martin-Marietta), and it now is said to build unmanned rockets and satellites for telecommunications and space exploration, as well as "classified military projects", probably spy satellites. According to the Los Angeles Times, Lockheed Martin is listed first among the top employers in the area, followed by U.S. West, AT&T, and the National Cable Training Institute. Also in Littleton, the National Digital Television Center is the research arm of the entire telecommunications industry.

The total population of Littleton is 39,000, with a total of 16,000 families. Since over 10,000 people work as employees at Lockheed Martin, this defense industry titan practically owns that town. Few know the chilling power that a tiny number of high-ups have to blacklist an employee in that entire area. (For a bit of levity, this town, with thrilling views of the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains, and located near inspiring naked red rock formations in the foothills, such as Red Rocks Amphitheater, and Roxborough State Park -- part of a range of red rocks going south to Colorado Springs and the famous Garden of the Gods -- actually has a street named Jackass Road. For another curious coincidence, the Bureau of Indian Affairs office in Littleton was one of a number of targets of sit-ins in 1970 by Indian demonstrators angry over abuses.)

For decades, people interviewing with this Martin outfit reported the weird, repulsive, super-patriotism imbued by the top management -- flags flying everywhere, white shirts and ties and short haircuts part of an unwritten dress code.

Lockheed Martin also manages the ICBMs in and around Madeline, Wyoming. The latter town, too, is dependent on this company for its economic base. Many if not all of the affluent, middle-class parents there are Lockheed Martin employees, or dependent on the company.

Lockheed Martin is also the parent company behind the billion dollar company Access Graphics, the Boulder, Wyoming firm run by John Ramsey, father of JonBenet Ramsey. Access Graphics has been accused of being involved in the underground kiddie porn market.

The MIC has long preferred to use younger people in mind control operations, since they are then dealing with people whose personality isn't completely formed. These operations tend to take place in areas where a heavy concentration of defense contractor resources and military bases are located. Besides children, those who are targeted for such operations are criminals.

Dylan Boulding, 17, and Eric Horst, 18, were caught breaking into a van in 1998, and entered a juvenile-court diversion program allowing them to clear their records. They finished the program in February of 1999.

In any MIC conspiracy, they program patsies to participate in the dirty work, then cut them loose for the media in order to blind-off the trail to themselves. Just who are the patsies this time?

Eric Horst, 18. His father is a former Air Force Pilot who now works for an unidentified "flight-safety business." He and wife were considered a "quiet couple" who made "little effort to socialize."

Dylan Boulding, 17. His father is a former geophysicist. Mother was raised Jewish. He is the great-grandson of a prominent Jewish real-estate developer, a philanthropist from Columbus, Ohio, one Leo Yehudenoff.

Boulding was described as the "nicest of guys" by some students. Described as "brilliant" in math and computers -- "possibly best math mind in school", according to one student. One early television report said one of the suspects' fathers was missing. Said student Malachi Honke (wounded nine times): "He's not the kind of person he's being portrayed as." Crystal Purewhite quoted them as stating: "We've waited to do this our whole lives." Every time they shot their guns they "hollered like they were excited". According to Nick Fondick: "The guys' eyes were just dead." Several students described Boulding's sporadic and severe bouts of depression.

"School never taught the truth about humanity. They constantly feed us lies. Some of us are smart enough to recognize the lies, the others just sit blindly there absorbing useless information." -- Dylan Boulding.

News Media Soon Flood the People With Patsy Profiling:

- o Classmates said both "had made several class video projects last fall foreshadowing their spasm of violence." "They had their friends pretend to be the

jocks, and they pretended to be the gunmen shooting them."

- o Horst had made his own video where he bragged about his new guns. Yet, like with Oswald, the authorities strangely let them remain at large, free to carry out their plans. They close in only after the dirty deeds are complete, to "take charge of the investigation", i.e., run the coverup of the strings to the higher-ups.
- o CNN cites unidentified sources as saying investigators have found a suicide note in one suspect's home, and that the two "acted alone." "This is the way we want to go out," says the note.
- o Yearbook photo of some BRM members captioned "Who says we're different? Insanity's healthy."
- o Boulding's yearbook caption: "After going through many experiences in their lives, oftentimes students have regrets of past actions."
- o Court officer (name blacked out) found them "bright young (men) with a great deal of potential" three months earlier -- profiled after car break-in.
- o Both were recent newcomers to the Buffalo Robe Mafia, and described as outsiders within an outsider group. Their homosexuality has been claimed and denied. Who knows for sure?

Of course, Horst was certainly available to recruiters long before. From 1993 to 1996, according to the Plattsburgh Press-Republican, Horst lived at the Air Force base in Plattsburgh, N.Y., where his father, Wayne Horst, was a pilot. Montauk is nearby.

Interestingly, the Oak Ridge National Laboratory (ORNL) of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, officially operated by the U.S. Department of Energy (DOE), but also associated with the Department of Defense and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, is managed via contract by the Lockheed Martin Energy Research Corporation. The contract began

January 1, 1996. Previously, research and development activities at ORNL were managed under the contract with Lockheed Martin Energy Systems, which continues to operate the DOE's Oak Ridge Y-12 Plant and K-25 Site, as well as environmental restoration activities at DOE uranium enrichment facilities in Paducah, Kentucky. What's so unusual about that? Paducah is where a previous student outburst -- of almost identical plan -- happened 16 months earlier.

Description of experiments conducted at ORNL point to weather modification machines and mind control experiments.

What does all this integrate to?

The Madeline shooting conforms to a pattern: an apparently contented suburb, invariably described as "Heartland, USA", is suddenly rocked by fatal violence, and blamed by the powers that be on the historic right to personal gun ownership, which they immediately leap to weaken. The perpetrators are kiddie outcasts or loners (nuts). The anti-gun forces immediately make use of the publicity to cry for more gun ownership restrictions on citizens of all ages, while simultaneously pushing for less restrictions on gun ownership for government agents. You are lulled into half-believing that you are safest when only government agents have the guns.

Immediately after the massacre became known to the media, President Clinton went on camera:

"Perhaps now America will wake up to the dimensions of this challenge. If it could happen in a place like Madeline... kids build up grievances in their own minds and who are not being reached... Perhaps we may not fully understand. St. Paul reminds us that we all see things in life through a glass darkly, that we only partly understand what is happening."

Through a glass darkly? Who is doing the darkening, Bill? You won't talk, will you?

Clinton had grief counselors at his command standing ready to make the trip when called.

Bill Reisman (criminologist who advised officers from several school districts that were the sites of earlier shootings): "Increasingly, the shootings are suicide missions, as was the apparent case Tuesday... Most of them believe that dying is now the solution... You're going to have a lot more. I was involved in Pearl [Miss.]... Every time this has escalated, the kids have learned from the previous one."

The previous one? It's party time! The puppetmasters are pulling out all the stops!

Justice Department response: ask for \$70 million for 600 police officers in 336 communities -- armed police officers.

Later, from Diane Feinstein: "It's time to break the NRA lock on Congress."

So, why would the MIC be behind an effort to disarm the American people? Simple. They want the government to have all the guns! Then the puppetmasters of a planned new One World Government with a worldwide Big Brother police force can impose their will on the People by force, and the People can't fight back; much like in China recently, only on a global scale. The total number of people harmed by "gun nuts" is miniscule compared to the damage that a totalitarian government, which had all the guns, could do in even one day.

Why did Horst and Boulding claim to admire the Nazis and Hitler, even when Boulding's mother was Jewish? Because they were one nation that had 100% gun control! So, the conspirators want to use "kiddie nut gunmen" to scare the American people into surrendering all their remaining liberty to the "all-caring government", in the name of "law and order". By using kids as the patsies, they can use the often terrific political force of frenzied, irrational mommies and daddies to railroad the

legislation they want through without analyzing it; the legislation, of course, is not limited to minors (sinister grin).

Then, one day, when Americans are completely disarmed and dependent on the government for all protection, the hidden puppetmasters can come out from hiding and rule openly -- a protection racket! Anybody disagreeing with them can then be summarily disappeared, by gun-toting government agents, and the nation will become a "happy family" like Ceaucescu's Romania. It would be the ultimate joke if the only pretense Big Brother needed to disappear you is that they are arresting you for having a gun to defend yourselves from them.

It can happen here in America. It is happening. Only you can stop it from happening. Freedom isn't free. It must be won anew by each generation, or it will be lost by all generations. In vain did they suppress the movie "The Manchurian Candidate" for years, only to release it in a world where it was happening for real -- but the "oldness" of the movie made it seem quaint and out of date (it was even aired on the golden oldies cable channel, AMC).

THE POLICE RESPONSE AT HARLOW HIGH: THE MYTH OF POLICE PROTECTION

Should we disarm ourselves because the police will "protect us and keep us from harm?" Ask the kids at Harlow.

- o It took at least two hours for police to surround the building and move in. By then the massacre was over. If the kids had been taught how to use guns, and even a few of them regularly packed a concealed weapon, they might have defended themselves.
- o There was known to be ATF and FBI presence in the area.
- o 30 Biology students and 1 teacher waited 4 hours.
- o Sheriff Jim Steinmetz: "We were way outgunned." Also:

"It appears to be a suicide mission."

- o The dead were left overnight in the school, adversely affecting the autopsies. Twelve inches of snow fell on the school overnight, adversely affecting the external evidence.

All of this in light of the following later found in the school:

- o At least two "fairly sophisticated" propane tank bombs (20 lbs.).
- o At least 32 homemade timing and incendiary explosive devices plus homemade hand grenades (possibly with butane and shrapnel -- BBs and nails).

Sheriff Steinmetz: "They were going to burn the school up."

District Attorney Dave Tempest: "No one saw them carry it into the school and people did see them enter."

The shooters were bowling with their gym classmates at 6:30 a.m. that morning, and were described as "bright and cheerful."

Wyoming Governor Charles Monfort (elected six months earlier): "There are backpacks with bombs in there everywhere. The officers in there are convinced there had to be more people involved. There's just too much stuff in there." He later corrected himself, saying, "I spoke prematurely. There were only two shooters."

VICTIM? OR PREDATOR?

William Dave Singalls. Teacher. White. Married to a black woman. Father of Alexis Dusky, porn star (like Syd Deuce, Kylie Ireland, Alexis Devell, Shayla Laveaux, and Juli Ashton, also from Colorado-Wyoming). Described by the AP as "married with at least five daughters," he was the girls basketball coach. Hmmm.

MADELINE OR MADALYN?

Everybody has heard of Madalyn Murray O'Hair, the famous atheist leader who got prayer out of our American public schools, way back in the 60s. A few years ago, this disagreeable old bag suddenly disappeared, and now she is suspected of being murdered by her own associates, and buried somewhere, so they could get some of her money probably. Others think she faked her own death to run away with the loot. Isn't it ironic that it is just this "lady" who is, more than anyone, responsible for putting God and the Bible out of our public schools? Was she a victim of her own preaching? Was her own murder a fruit of her own planting? Why did this insane massacre happen if not precisely because of godlessness being taught in our schools? In a way, the massacre was terribly logical, since the shooters had been taught all their lives that there is no God, no moral standard, no compass showing right from wrong, and all morality is relative, and all people are just animals anyway, without souls. Above all, they don't believe that their sins will be punished ultimately. People still praying, still believing in God, left them cold, asking why?

All they needed was the violent video game, to teach them technical proficiency in mass murder. And they got it, because certain misguided lawyers and judges, educated beyond their intelligence, particularly those in the ACLU, pervert our Constitution to protect them. And then, in our Christian country of America, where the Constitution rightfully protects the right of every citizen to keep and bear arms -- every RESPONSIBLE citizen, but until then who knew? -- the rest was easy. Ironically, the ACLU would defend the right to sell a violent video game teaching mass murder, but not the right to buy a gun to protect oneself from the crazies they produce. Criminals can always get guns easily; it's the law-abiding citizens who have to worry now, in more ways than one.

Ironic indeed that this old white buffalo was named Madalyn, and her last name was O'Hair. Hair, like in a buffalo robe?

THE BILL GATES CONNECTION

Is it a coincidence that, as the massacre was taking place, Teledesic, a private partnership founded by Microsoft billionaire Bill Gates, was closing a \$1 billion deal with Lockheed Martin? What for? To launch several Atlas 5 rockets built at their Waterton Canyon plant, in order to implement the first "Internet in the Sky" (288 satellites, 435 miles up), that can flood any point on the earth with a torrent of digital data. This was the first commercial contract for the Bethesda, Maryland based company; the U.S. Air Force had been funding their Atlas 5 rockets, to the tune of \$1.5 billion. Eric Horst' father is connected with the U.S. Air Force.

Is the real plan to disarm all citizens on the planet, and use the Internet in the Sky to help a global Big Brother world policeman track and control us all? America is the hardest nut to crack when any plot against individual liberty is planned; indeed, it is the world's last and only bastion of freedom. Once the citizens of America are disarmed, through hook or crook, their freedom and independence would only be an illusion. America's highest officials have seemingly already sold out. Anybody now knows that they are professional liars.

Is Bill Gates the front for a new One World Government? Is his mind being controlled? Is the Madeline massacre part of a conspiracy to get Americans to disarm themselves, so that an international gang of elitists can take over with a minimum of trouble, and then rule the world with an Internet in the Sky?

Stop! Where's your search warrant? Don't arrest me!
Hey, that hurts!

Shut up!

Click.

Chapter 37

(More coverage. The arrest of Buffalo Robe Mafia (BRM) members returning from the local home to the school; their release for lack of evidence. The injured student who bails out of the library window. The arrest of BRM members returning from the local home to the school, right on TV. Their release for lack of evidence, like the railroad bums in the Stone JFK movie. The injured student who bails out of the library window.)

Chapter 38

(The school is secured by the authorities, but bombs continue to be discovered and go off for days. The students who survived and their struggles. The horrors uncovered by the authorities inside the school. The school is cleared, and students permitted to return to pick up their belongings. The funerals and speeches. The story of the wooden crosses. The money collected from the public is put to good use. The school reopens after remodeling, change in fire alarms, and permanent closure of library media center. There are even calls for razing the school and returning the land to the Indians in the media, but nobody knows why.)

Chapter 39

(How survivors remember a miraculous intervention of God in the school, but little else. Curious attempts in the legislature to prevent another massacre in a school: the law to force students to call teachers "sir" and "maam"; the law requiring metal detectors at all entrances; the law prohibiting buffalo robes; the law requiring students to learn gun safety and marksmanship, and pack a gun at school; the law requiring teachers to wear school-issued nametags; background checks for parents who volunteer to work at

school; the 4th and 5th Rs, respect and responsibility, to be taught; the Ten Commandments in schools; a police officer assigned to each school, with a cellular phone, along with more cellular phones, one in each classroom; the push to equalize the esteem of other groups in school vis a vis the jocks.)

Chapter 40

(It is revealed that one of the shooters, Dylan Boulding, is a descendant of Colonel Chivington, while the other, Eric Horst is a descendant of John Jacob Astor. Furthermore, they are their spitting images.)

Part 8. The Coverup.

Chapter 41

Cut! Retake Act 3 Scene 20! 1-2-3, and roll 'em!

Click.

Big*Eye WORLD WIDE NEWS WEB PAGE PRESENTS

POLICE COVERUP IN WYOMING

Police in Wyoming gather evidence and give bits and pieces to an eager media. This leaves the door to corruption wide open! This means the police can alter any evidence they want because NO independent press is allowed to document the crime scene. The press was held back 10 miles at the Republic of Texas, three miles in Waco, and run out of the war zone in Kosovo. Police are being charged with corruption every day in this country -- the little that can't be covered up.

NATO TRUCKS AT HARLOW

JUDGE WON'T RELEASE HARLOW AUTOPSIES (MAY 29, 1999)

FBI LEAD INVESTIGATOR'S SON LINKED TO BUFFALO ROBE MAFIA

THE MADELINE MASSACRE -- THE MYSTERY DEEPENS

GOVERNMENT CREATED MADELINE, WYOMING SO THEY WOULD HAVE AN
EXCUSE TO TAKE YOUR GUNS AWAY

POLICE WERE WARNED A YEAR AGO OF THE BUFFALO ROBE MAFIA

THE BUFFALO ROBE MAFIA BOYS COULD BE VICTIMS OF A SECRET CIA
MIND CONTROL PROGRAM CALLED MKULTRA

Due to FBI research there is a very real possibility the two
shooter boys could be victims of a once-secret CIA mind
control program called MKULTRA. It is possible the
government tortured these boys into becoming killing
machines and programmed them to commit suicide afterward.
In order to completely understand this you must know about
MKULTRA.

THE SECRET CIA MIND CONTROL PROGRAM CALLED MKULTRA

BUFFALO ROBE MAFIA * MKULTRA * 5.29.99

WHY AREN'T WE SEEING THE CAFETERIA VIDEO?

MEDIA SAYS NO VIDEO ON FIRST DAY. NOW THEY SAY THERE ARE
TWO VIDEOS.

DEATH EDUCATION WAS TAUGHT AT HARLOW HIGH SCHOOL!

WHY ISN'T THE REST OF MAINSTREAM MEDIA TALKING ABOUT THIS?

WHY DID THE POLICE WAIT FOR 3-1/2 HOURS BEFORE GOING IN?

WHY DID THE POLICE BLOCK THE MAFIA FROM EXITING THE SCHOOL
THREE TIMES? MANY LIVES COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED BY LETTING
THEM EXIT!

POLICE ARRIVE AT 11:45 AM? BOYS DEAD BY NOON?

THREE SUSPECTS A WEEK LATE?

MAINSTREAM MEDIA SHOWED VIDEO OF THESE BOYS BEING HANDCUFFED ON THE FIRST DAY OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL, AFTER THEY HAD SUPPOSEDLY JUST DROVE UP TO WATCH THE GOINGS-ON.

WHY DID SOME FAMILIES NOT RECEIVE THEIR CHILDRENS' BODIES FOR 2-1/2 DAYS? SURGICAL ALTERATIONS HAD TO BE MADE?

THESE BOYS COULD HAVE BEEN WILLING COVERT GOVERNMENT AGENTS.

WHERE ARE THE INTERVIEWS WITH THE PARENTS WHO KNEW OF THE BOMBS?

WHERE ARE INTERVIEWS WITH THE OTHER SIX MAFIA BOYS REPORTED ON THE FIRST DAY?

WHERE ARE PICTURES OF THE BOYS IN THEIR ALLEGED BUFFALO ROBES? WHERE ARE THESE ALLEGED BUFFALO ROBES ANYWAY?

WE RECEIVE DIFFERENT NUMBERS ON THE BOMBS FOUND EVERYDAY. VERY SUSPICIOUS!

IF THEY HAD PROPANE BOMBS, WHY WEREN'T THEY EXPLODED?

WHY DO WE GET 25 REPORTED DEAD ON FIRST DAY WHEN IN REALITY 15 ARE DEAD? IT'S VERY EASY TO COUNT BODIES. WERE THERE TEN EXTRA DEAD BRM MEMBERS THAT HAD TO BE COVERED UP?

BOTH WACO AND OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING DONE ON APRIL 19. HITLER'S BIRTHDAY IS APRIL 20. THE BOYS' FAVORITE BAND KMFDM RELEASE A CD ON APRIL 20?

THE BOYS' GIRLFRIENDS WEREN'T IN SCHOOL ON APRIL 20? WHERE ARE THE INTERVIEWS WITH THE GIRLS?

Click.

ATLANTA: THE PLATTSBURGH MIND-DRUGS COMBINE

Information has come to Big*Eye that the shooter in the Atlanta school shooting incident on May 20, 1999 has ties to the area near Plattsburgh Air Force Base in N.Y.

In addition the boy was under the influence of the psychiatric drug Ritalin, a drug in the meth family which has effects similar to cocaine, yet is used on young children.

It is now clear that increasing, frequently mandated administration of these drugs is in pursuit of an agenda inextricably linked to those of the Nazis who have infested every nook and cranny of our federal government, almost all national governments, the secret world government, the UN, NATO, the World Bank, the World Health Organization, the International Monetary Fund, the Centers For Disease Control. Let's see, did we leave out the CFR, the Bilderburgers, the Trilateral Commission, the NSA, the CIA, the oil companies (Bush & Rocky), the Illuminati and Masons? Get the picture?

What must be pointed out here is that this ever-increasing "pathologizing" of perfectly normal kids and the resultant psych-counseling/drug therapy combo they're subjected to is a big money-maker for almost everyone involved: for the counselors, for the school district, which gets extra funding for every "special ed" youngster on their rolls, and for the pharmaceutical companies.

What's most outrageous is that parents who balk at turning their children into guinea pigs for mood-altering drugs and can find their children snatched from them by Orwellian social workers of the BRAVE NEW WORLD ORDER (NWO), where they have no say at all. It's happening with increasing frequency all over the country!

In fact the multinational pharmaceutical corporations who profit most heavily from all this, in particular Ciba/Geigy, trace their lineage directly back to the grand-daddy of proto-fascist multinational, monopolistic juggernaut corporations: I.G. Farben. You know, the boys with the presence of mind to see the potential for major profit in Hitler's race-based mass enslavement/murder operation. The ones who worked a deal with Nazis to turn concentration

camps into slave labor death camps.

It does not take a brain surgeon to realize that neither the Nazi vermin nor their business partners who ran I.G. Farben vanished into thin air after WWII, nor did their agendas. Hordes of these blights upon humanity, along with their corporate paramours in butchery, genocide, slavery and thuggery came here, along with their agendas, to Amerika (notice the k). Putting a huge percentage of America's youth on mind and soul-destroying psychiatric drugs certainly fits into such agendas, doesn't it?

The shooting in Atlanta was a weak, rushed programming job most probably, an early field test. The programming literally came apart, e.g., the perpetrator didn't commit suicide. Though the Georgia shooter did put the gun to his mouth subsequent to the shooting, he was talked down by an assistant principal, Cecil Brinkley, which is the reason that within only two days the story literally vanished from sight. Somebody sure doesn't want anybody asking that guy too much. By the way, he reportedly had absolutely no memory of why he did what he did or even that he actually did it. Total or near-total memory blackout is a sign of programming. All robots are the same in the end.

This forgetful boy also had definite and distinct ties to the Plattsburgh area, near the AFB, which conducts much highly classified covert research, including mind control operations. His family had spent much "vacation time" in the vicinity. Just think about it. You'll get it.

The online information resources for Plattsburgh are pretty skimpy, as if the whole town had been erased at some kind of master control console.

Plattsburgh AFB, though now supposedly closed, was and still is a serious hotbed of covert operations and highly classified, advanced black scientific research. We have proof positive of powerful EM/RF technologies being tested underground there, both from EM/RF readings taken on the surface at the base, and from Doppler radar images which have shown a blatant, circular EM/RF formation right over Plattsburgh for months and months on end, and still

continuing now. This radar signature is present regardless of what type of weather system is affecting the area.

Reports confirm that Plattsburgh AFB is one of the primary locations for the current versions of both the PHOENIX PROJECT (Montauk mass mind-reality control) and the MONARCH PROJECT (Montauk boys and girls, procured and programmed from childhood to be highly-controlled "sleeper" agents, available for activation through a variety of trigger mechanisms, to perform numerous and generally horrific tasks for their controllers in covert government intelligence and military agencies).

Somebody needs to head out to Madeline and see what's up in the twilight zone. And after that, somebody needs to tromp on up to Plattsburgh, too. If they have the courage that is.

It's our children. It's our future.

Click.

CHEYENNE HERALD-OBSERVER, MAY 23, 1999

FBI BACKS AGENT WITH CLOSE TIES TO HARLOW VIOLENT VIDEO MADE BY SON WHEN HE ATTENDED SCHOOL NOT CONFLICT OF INTEREST, AGENCY SAYS

Officials with the FBI said Friday (5/22/99) their lead investigator in the Harlow High tragedy will stay in his post despite close ties to the school. Dwayne Goering's son graduated from Harlow in 1997 and was one of the students who produced a videotape more than two years ago that shows buffalo robe-wearing students armed with weapons moving through the school's halls. The film ends with four students walking away from the school as it explodes in flames.

"I have complete faith and confidence in Dwayne Goering," said Keith DeBergerac, acting special agent in charge of the FBI's Denver office. In addition, FBI spokesman Gary Guerrera said there was "absolutely no discussion" of

reassigning Goering, 51, a psychologist, in the wake of the disclosures in Friday's Cheyenne Herald-Observer. "There is no conflict of interest," Guerrera said.

The tape, made in 1997, has no known connection to either Eric Horst or Dylan Boulding... [As a matter of fact there WAS a connection between those who filmed the 1997 video and Horst and Boulding, a person, one Boots Braun, as information below will clarify.]

Goering is one of three commanders leading the investigation, along with sheriffs Lt. John Shavebuscher and Capt. Dan Horlick. The sheriff's department had taken no position on Goering's continuing role in the investigation, deputy Troy Gardalen said. Sheriff John Steinmetz has not spoken publicly about any aspect of the investigation since Tuesday. Officials from the U.S. Attorney's office also would not discuss the situation.

But Tippy Q. Lazy Bear, a criminal justice professor at Wyoming State University and a former criminal investigator for the U.S. Air Force, said federal officials should avoid the perception of a conflict of interest. In this case, he said, that means reassigning Goering, if for no other reason than to protect the agent.

"That can be potentially dangerous to the agent conducting the inquiry," Lazy Bear said. If he were running the investigation, Lazy Bear said, he'd want agents with "no connection whatsoever" to the case....

Goering's son, who is attending college in Blair, Maryland, could not be reached for comment. Another student who worked on the film refused to talk about it.

Click.

ROGUE AGENCIES/SPOOKLAND

This most troubling information regarding events in the two years prior to the massacre itself leads to inevitable questions concerning various entanglements between Dylan

Boulding, Boots Braun and other proto-buffalorobers, including, as we now know, young Goering.

Perhaps the general demonization of Horst as the mastermind and BRM cult leader is just further mass manipulation by mass media, setting up Luvox-intoxicated psycho-Nazi Eric to take the brunt of the rap, from the grave of course. At one time young Goering, Braun and others were some of the main buffalorobers -- at Harlow that is.

It seems to be at least a possibility there could have been behind-the-scenes connections between some members of the group and rogue FBI and BATF (Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms) elements and their bosses in NWO-oriented NSA and CIA factions. The BATF has, by many accounts and a good deal of substantial evidence, literally gone rogue and is running wild ever since they were directly involved in the mass murder of over 80 people at Waco, and then many more in the following year's Oklahoma City federal center bombing.

A team of feds doesn't blow up its own buildings unless there is some higher government group or other behind THEM. They're nothing but a goon squad and probably quite easy to manipulate. They're like soldiers of fortune, Rambos, and this very mentality reeks from a reading of "Eric" (oh yeah?) Horst's web site ravings.

It's worth seriously considering that certain Buffalo Robe Mafia members as well as Eric and Wayne may have been tied to rogue BATF and FBI elements. This would appear to fit well into the low-tech, "blow it all to up with cheap explosive shit" approach found in the web site documents as well as in BATF operations like Waco and Oklahoma City -- basically, terrorist-type tactics. What is the American government known for if not terrorist-type tactics when it suits its purposes and they are confident of covering up? Wyoming is literally a grave of Amerindians and buffalo who could tell you -- if the grave could speak.

And now the potential motivation for the participation of the FBI in any coverup of facts regarding the Harlow massacre becomes more clear.

MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE?

There seems some possibility that Wayne Horst may have been more than merely negligent as Eric's father. Due to noted peculiarities in documents from Eric Horst's web site, there is some possibility he was involved with the text itself, the activities described therein, and the construction of the web site. If these suppositions are even partly true, then of course Wayne may have had more than a little to do with Eric's "programming" overall. Keep in mind that this is just speculation, but intelligent minds want to know.

Some would find it difficult to believe Eric Horst's father would be a control agent for his own son and have anything to do with leading Eric to his death, unless, of course, his father was programmed himself. I advise these folks to break out the popcorn for another run-through of the film "The Manchurian Candidate". Remember the hitman's dear loving mommy and daddy?

Wayne Horst has been tied to both the military (Air Force) and the top secret research and intelligence arms of the MIC for his entire adult life. This guy was the epitome of a military lifer. Already an officer and a gentleman, like Richard Gere in that movie with Debra Winger, and a heavily-decorated pilot, Wayne was working at the Boeing Military Airplane Co. (BMAC) in Wichita, Kansas in 1981, when Eric was born. This particular Boeing plant has virtually nothing whatever to do with making airplanes but is instead deeply involved with highly classified black ops projects for the MIC -- in fact a lot like the kind of operations going on around Madeline.

After about 12 years at various Air Force bases, most recently Plattsburgh AFB, the Horsts came to Madeline in 1996. Though outwardly it appeared Wayne's military-related career was over, in fact he took a job in FLIGHT SAFETY, where he allegedly trained pilots to fly LARGE REFUELING AIRCRAFT. Now who the hell else flies large REFUELING CRAFT but the MILITARY? And why train them THERE? Why not in LITTLETON, COLORADO?

A LOCAL CONTACT -- THE VIEW FROM MADELINE

[The following information was compiled from several emails sent by Madeline-area resident Whoopi *name withheld* (Whoopi1234666@baal.com), and edited.]

Four days after the massacre, Whoopi's teen daughter (not a student at Harlow) went to see the memorial at Astor Park. What stuck out most to her was the vast presence of armed military personnel and their vehicles. THEY COMPLETELY SURROUNDED THE SCHOOL AND THERE WERE A NUMBER OF VERY LARGE COVERED TRUCKS PULLED UP NEXT TO THE SCHOOL. It was the most outstanding and puzzling image she had ever seen, degrading the intense sadness of the event. She was hurt and stunned when a heavily-armed soldier told her to freeze and then confiscated her McDonald's vanilla milk shake. Another teen standing nearby with a chocolate shake was not bothered.

Meanwhile on T.V. they showed just a handful of personnel and a small vehicle to convey the erroneous impression that the military presence was minimal, to protect the perimeter or maybe as a token of respect.

In some interviews, the injured gave the impression they could not talk about what they had seen, perhaps because of the investigation, or because of the fact that they have been threatened with death if they talked about other participants in the massacre (see below). It is now known that a number of massacre survivors have received death threats warning them against saying anything about other accomplices in the massacre.

Whoopi reported that the latest local media reports say there may have been other students who knew of the plot. Bullets are reportedly being analyzed to see if any came from guns other than the ones used by Horst and Boulding. However when one realizes, in light of recent developments, that it is the FBI that is doing this analysis, the truth on the subject can be effectively considered obliterated. Which is of course exactly the fate of the security video made inside Harlow, the one the FBI assumed possession of early in the investigation and which has never been made public, and probably only will after extensive, expensive

digital retouching in Hollywood.

According to Whoopi, "We are pretty much being led to believe there were no other shooters and that is that."

"The most puzzling aspects of this tragedy to me are: 1. Who were the police shooting at for four hours. 2. Why the military presence at the memorial? 3. Who were the persons taken away in handcuffs? 4. Why were we told there were 25 dead so soon after the incident started? 5. How did so many bombs get into the school and go undetected for who knows how long?"

All extremely important points which investigators must be forced to answer.

DEATH THREATS

Whoopi contacted me again on 5/24/99 with the following severely shocking news. "I have some new info for you guys. Last night I spoke with a friend who had been to visit Mark Teknine at the hospital. His mother said that he has been getting death threats. Someone is threatening to finish off the injured students and the rest of Harlow. This certainly could explain the hesitation of some of the injured to talk about what they saw. I don't know for a fact if other injured students have received threats but the tone of Mark Teknine's voice seems to point in that direction. The police have been informed. Rumors at the school are rampant about murderers within the student body."

Click.

FOUR-NINETEEN/TWENTY: HAPPY POT DAY OR HAPPY BAAL DAY?

A number of people have noted that massacres and tragedies have a way of happening in April. Take the Titanic disaster for instance. And the fact that every person in America faces a personal disaster on April 15.

According to a number of researchers, the dates April 19/20 are sacred to the ancient (satanic) deity Baal (pronounced

bail). Reports are that many of the bloodsucking weasels prominent in the worldwide covert NWO government practice, in addition to grotesque practices such as seen in the movie "Eyes Wide Shut", others too offensive to mention, such as sacrifice of innocent human children to this entity in an annual blood orgy of utter depravity and depredation. Was the Harlow High Massacre a Happy Baal Day Ceremony? Information from so many different sources dovetails on this point that it would have to be considered a certainty. Both the mass murders at Waco and at Oklahoma City coincide with this date. I consider it pretty much a stretch of the bounds of credulity that the term "420" has become so prominent over the past year or two, not only among potheads, but among skateboarders, computer hackers and other semi-fringe groups of the younger generation, through a mere coincidence. But it goes beyond any chance of coincidence when this same phrase has simultaneously become prominent among an entirely different subcultural group, namely, the extreme heavy metal, goth, pro-Aryan, headbanging outcasts such as the Buffalo Robbers.

Pardon me for asking, but exactly how when or where did this phrase ever enter the stoner subculture anyway? And why would the exact same phrase be just as extensively utilized by a totally different subcultural group? Alas, the bad guys have won, for this is now a date that will remain forever indelibly linked to the indescribably horrible mass murders at Harlow High School. So every stoner or raver who continues using the phrase 420 is, inevitably, in his own mind and that of others, mentally linking with the Harlow horror and its endless ramifications. (The same goes for the headbangers too of course).

I have suspicions the phrase was seeded into both subcultures simultaneously by a very devious, Machiavellian source.

WAS THE MASSACRE ITSELF A "TRIGGER?"

Now over a month in the past, the Harlow shooting in and of itself seems to have been a subliminal cultural "trigger" which has brought forth a truly incredible number of similar, copycat incidents. Though a sizable percentage of

these have been shown to be hoaxes or the like, an astonishing number have involved weapons, explosive materials, detailed plans, maps, hit lists, and numbers of co-conspirators.

What the holy fuck is going on in America with our children at this point? I mean, HELP! Help me please! Won't you please, please, help me, help me, help me-e-e-e-ee?

LOOSE THREADS

At Big*Eye we have become aware of an apparent discrepancy in statements made by the Braun family concerning the whereabouts of Brook's older brother during the shooting. It had previously been reported that Boots' older brother was inside the building and this fact was known by Boots when he claims he was warned away from the school by Horst. Boots stated this as an indication that he would never have been involved in any way with the massacre. It was further stated that Boots's brother was on the stairway and was fired at directly by Horst but not hit. What's interesting however is that in their appearance on Oprah Winfrey's show on 5/20/99, it was said that the older Braun boy was in the cafeteria when the shooting broke out and he never saw either Horst or Boulding directly!

Why would there be two completely different versions of this point?

Let's keep in mind here that lead FBI Harlow investigator Goering's son was directly tied to Harlow BRM activities, including the making of the "prophetic" simulated mass murder video made in 1997 along with Boots Braun, and other associates of Dylan Boulding (Horst's involvement in this particular project is still unproven).

The story that police and SWAT teams remained outside four hours exchanging gunfire with only two assailants is proof there were in fact a lot more than two shooters. Proof that SWAT teams had been informed that there were more than two shooters and had been ordered to stay back and hold off from any full-on intrusion for a period of time (almost 4 hours). It seems increasingly likely that FBI/BATF agents and other

BRM-affiliated students involved with the mayhem inside the school needed sufficient time to "clean up their act", remove traces of their presence and get out of there. This is a favorite government trick, the old "backwards investigation", or doing a job backwards and pretending to be doing it forwards. To a camera lens, there is no way to tell the difference; that takes a comprehensive view of what is going on behind the lens.

And why did early reports claim 25 dead? Where did that number come from? Were there truly other dead, perhaps some of the other shooters who were not supposed to be in any official versions of the incident, whose bodies were removed? Or perhaps there were "supposed" to be more dead in some original planning for the massacre, which it now seems likely not only Harlow buffalorobbers but also the FBI and probably the BATF, the CIA, other military agencies tied to Flight Safety where Wayne Horst worked, etc., were completely involved with from the very beginning.

The presence of huge numbers of military contingents at the "memorial" service is undeniable and very bizarre. The last similar event I can recall is the JFK assassination.

There is so much wrong with this whole business that it is truly extraordinarily strange, weird -- and very scary, especially for a parent living in America.

Click.

MORE SHOOTERS? DETAILS OF EXCLUSIVE TALKS WITH THE WOOLWORTHS

by Buford O'Furrow

A student at Harlow High School who was present during the massacre saw more than two shooters. Far more. I know because I have an exclusive interview with him.

My initial conversation with Lance Woolworth Jr. on 5/10/99, which lasted nearly 60 minutes, came about inadvertently after I called Mr. Lance Woolworth Sr. and got Lance Jr. instead, who proceeded to spill the beans.

This initial conversation was extremely detailed, almost psychedelically so. Like a description of a seraglio in Bagdad (or Boulder, Colorado -- take your pick).

He definitely opened his clamshell facade up to me, even telling me that he felt comfortable doing so, while at the same time sweating beads of blood. He let me know that he had not done this with any other reporters and that his family basically taught him to hate talking to the press, or any authority, since birth.

His version of events in Harlow are radically different than the official version. For one thing, he swears he saw white buffalo roaming the hallways, shepherding crazed students to safety, even blocking bullets. For another, he claims he saw as many as ten shooters at different times, and by the details supplied he couldn't have just made it up in a writing class. For example, the detail about a t-shirt one of them was wearing with a large grape soda can that said "rape" instead of "Grape". A skinhead wearing a bloody severed fingertip in his earring. Another skinhead with a tear in his pants that showed his genitals tied with rawhide (presumably buffalo rawhide). And others just as convincingly vivid.

I told Lance Jr. that I was making the content of our conversations public. He paled at this initially, then waved his hand in a bold attempt to accept fate. He then made a homosexual pass at me, which was refused. After a couple of fairly brief conversations with Lance Sr., and a roughly 25-minute conversation with Mrs. Guinevere Woolworth on 5/12/99, they agreed to let me go ahead, even though they were not interested in talking to reporters. When I assured her that I would tell the people that, she heartily thanked me. Mrs. Woolworth remains hopeful the truth will "come out" due to the great number of witnesses who saw other shooters. Sadly I myself am not so sure, and as I now know, neither are most other Madeline residents.

My conversation with Mrs. Woolworth was not overly pleasant at first. She was aware that I would publish my interview with Lance Jr. on the Net and she was upset mainly that many

people would call their house. However I persisted in talking with her and drawing out her statements and views regarding statements Lance Jr. had made to me. She fundamentally backed up the validity of what young Lance told me, namely, that so many Harlow students know of other assailants being involved that he sees no way the truth about this could be covered up. Yet efforts to do just that, and very serious efforts too, are well under way.

In my conversation with Mrs. Woolworth I brought up Lance Jr.'s statement that he personally knew a girl who was coerced into changing her testimony by sheriff's investigators, and made to say that she had only seen Horst and Boulding. Mrs. Woolworth replied: "Oh, I know the girl. She was over here right after... [the questioning]. She told us all about it, but you know, this was right after the massacre."

Mrs. Woolworth then said she felt that as this incident was in the early days of the investigation, authorities didn't have all the facts and were therefore trying to keep things from going into too many wild directions. However, Lance Jr. told me in our first conversation: "I know a lot of other kids who've had the same thing happen to them." He meant coercion and pressuring. I have to say that overall Mrs. Woolworth showed some pretty severe internal conflicts with the entire situation. And no wonder. History is apparently being rewritten before hers, her son's, and everyone's eyes.

In fact sheriffs had a list of three suspects from the word git-go, and there is proof positive of this fact. There is also proof that more than one person was arrested -- not questioned and released -- after the mayhem and murder subsided. Investigators have always known there were other perpetrators and have apparently, as Mrs. Woolwine confirmed, always been trying to obscure the truth and obstruct justice.

Interesting as well that Lance Jr., like so many other witnesses, is now under some "intensive counseling", perhaps receiving mind-altering psychiatric sessions from "counselors" along with mind-altering psychiatric drugs, all to help Lance understand that what he saw was not what he saw -- before he can be pronounced cured, of course.

Exactly as I predicted in my report "The Rocky Mountain Horror High School Picture Show".

As I've repeatedly stressed, the reasons for such a coverup in such an outrageously difficult situation and context can logically only be one, namely, the involvement of very high level, undoubtedly clandestine agencies of the covert government in the planning and execution of the entire operation at Harlow High on 4/20/1999, including the media event.

However, back to Lance Woolwine Jr.. He is the witness to the mayhem at Harlow, not his parents. The latter are obviously very interested in protecting their son's mental health and well-being, and said so repeatedly. They had been protecting him ever since the incident, one year earlier, where he had been engaging in a playful fight at school over a girl's cell phone, which he had borrowed but wouldn't return, and they had ended up outside on the ground, where he stuck it in his pants to keep her from getting it. She wrestled with him, and grabbed his penis. In response, he told her that, if she wouldn't let go, he would kiss and make love to her in return. He then kissed her, fondled a breast, and licked it. At that point she said, "You can have my cell phone," and let go and got up. Later he returned it to her. But she told the authorities that he had "raped" her, and he ended up arrested a couple of days later, charged with a state felony, sexual assault. His parents, to whom he confessed everything, wanted him to learn a lesson, and didn't want the girl to have to face him in court, so they worked with the prosecutor without hiring their own lawyer, and eventually signed a felony diversion document, not realizing that it caused their son to be put on the registered sexual offenders list for Wyoming, along with convicted rapists and child molesters, for life. Too late they hired a lawyer, who has been trying to petition the court to have his name removed ever since, in vain. As a registered sex offender, anyone can find his name in the public records, and he is now concerned that he will never be able to obtain employment, college admission, and other benefits, over a trivial growing-up incident that is usually ended by the girl slapping the boy and little else. The prosecutor,

a known radical lesbian feminist activist, refused to back down, wanting to be "tough on sex crimes", and denying that she had tricked the parents into signing the diversion document, which has since cost them over ten thousand dollars in court-ordered therapy sessions. "His guilt is overwhelmingly easy to prove by the fact that he put the phone in his pants in the first place, and because he touched her with specific intent to gratify or arouse." "What about the fact that, at the time, he was in agony as his penis was being grabbed and wrenched?" I asked her. "Isn't his action a simple form of self-defense?" I added. "She won't be on trial, he will," was her snappy reply, adding that she is the victim, not he, and "she will be forever scarred by that incident". "I hate men," she mumbled. But don't quote me on it -- she would deny it in court.

It never went to trial, so technically he can claim on an employment application truthfully that he's never been convicted of a felony, but a routine background check would find his name on the sex offender list. "A neighbor, (name withheld), actually found my name there," Lance Jr. said. "I was so embarrassed. What could I say? I told him that my name is so common." Then, to add to his troubles, the massacre at the school, and his witnessing of more than two shooters. "Who would believe the word of a registered sex offender?" he told me.

When I called the Woolwine household to inform them of the presence of my article on the Web, I got Mr. Woolwine Sr. I then gave him the pertinent info on where to locate the article, and briefly discussed its contents with him. Mr. Woolwine told me that he didn't believe the police had closed the book on the case and were unwilling to tip their hand regarding particular suspicions they may have of other participants, and also that he was aware his son and many other students believed more than the two assailants were definitely involved in the assault.

I brought up the fact that Lance and others made the contention that witnesses were being coerced by law enforcement to make their testimony conform to the "two gunmen" fable and said I felt that could not be explained by

what he, Woolwine Sr., had just postulated. He agreed.

My next conversation was with Lance Jr.. I asked him if the fact that I had published his statements was a problem for him and he said no. I also asked if it had been a problem for his parents and he indicated that was not the case either.

I questioned him on the information he relayed that a person he knew personally and others witnessed a group of 7-8 armed individuals in buffalo robes other than Horst and Boulding, in a different part of the school simultaneously with Horst and Boulding firing weapons elsewhere. He reverified that statement. I asked whether his friend knew if some or all of these were students. Lance said that at least some were students. "At least some?" I asked. "I don't know all the students in the school."

I also reverified what he himself said he witnessed outside the school where he observed two other individuals obviously connected to the assault at the same time as he heard shots from inside the building. Lance Jr. then told me that he had heard recently that Horst had taken off his coat and therefore the person throwing explosives in a white t-shirt could have been Horst, he felt. The other individual Lance Jr. witnessed outside in a buffalo robe with a shotgun he still steadfastly maintained was neither Horst nor Boulding.

I was on Cheyenne talk show host Mike Orwell's radio show on 5/20/99, the one-month anniversary. Mr. Orwell in fact had contacted Lance Jr. directly to verify the accuracy of my reporting of his remarks. Indeed, Orwell reported on the air that in his conversation with him, he stated how after my interview with him was published, he was questioned and pressured by investigators, who made a substantial effort to "help him understand how it may have only been Horst and Boulding" that he had seen at Harlow.

How predictable that these guys would seek to coerce the first person who had blown the whistle on their shenanigans, other than me. If this isn't a coverup in your face, what is?

Why are the cops trying to get students to change what they're saying about what happened?

If you put together the fact that there undeniably were so many other people involved, plus things like how other perpetrators could get away with it, you can only come up with one logical conclusion: that at least some of the other people involved were not even students, but people connected to the covert government.

Check your weapons at the door and be sure to pay your quarter...

Click.

MORE INFO ON MAJOR CIA LINKS TO WYOMING AND WYOMING UNIVERSITY

From: Gill Brates <gillbrates@nosspam.me.com>

Yale history professor Robin Swancara, in his book, "Cloak and Gown, Scholars in the Secret War, 1939-1961," writes as follows: "In the fall of 1942 R&A (Research and Analysis of the CIA precursor OSS) began to contract out research projects to specialized institutes, first at Stanford and the University of California at Berkeley, and soon after to the UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING, Columbia, Princeton, and Yale. No one at the universities appears to have protested these ties, and university presidents and professors courted contractors and consultantships, at times going well beyond the supplying of analysis and information, as when Cal Tech manufactured rockets for the army." (p. 79)

My friend wondered aloud how far beyond analysis and information the University of Wyoming might have gone. If the CIA is heavily into mind control and the University of Wyoming is, in effect, a CIA front institution (doesn't this minor university look completely out of place in the list above?), what's wrong with putting two and two together?...

The University of Wyoming, curiously, also has very nearly

the LARGEST PERCENTAGE OF FOREIGN STUDENTS of any college in the country, other than the University of DENVER. The CIA recruits heavily among foreign students in the U.S., as they do among Rhodes Scholars, and for the same reason. They regard them as future leaders in their respective countries.

The two known Madeline, Wyoming shooters, in addition to being close friends, had broken into a car together, and as court-ordered punishment, had been assigned to counseling. The news reported that they had been released early from the counseling obligation because they had been so cooperative. How many times have we heard that story before? We all know how corrupt our court system is. I'd say that particular counseling program needs looking into.

Wyoming, I understand, is the center for federal government operations of all kinds for the entire mountain and plains area. It was not by accident that it was picked as a good, safe place to conduct the Oklahoma City bombing trials of McVeigh and Nichols, before they changed to second place Denver, its evil stepmother.

At least one major news organ has begun to take the reports of more gunmen at Harlow High School seriously enough to try to shoot them down. On Friday, May 21, NBC Nightly News announced that surveillance video at the school showed that there were only two shooters. This answered reports from witnesses, said NBC, that other shooters had been seen!

"When our mainstream press, like our esteemed great white president, feels it necessary to pointedly deny something, you can be pretty confident that it is true." -- the Prophet Dove

Click.

HIDING THE TRUTH BEHIND A ROBE

Conspiracy-Watch-Wyoming Net, May 30, 1999

According to the Wyoming Pioneer Telegraph, May 29, 1999, in a legal maneuver certain to deal a damaging blow to any

serious independent investigation into exactly what happened at Harlow High School on April 20, Chilton County District Court Judge Henry Nutsack refused on May 28 to release autopsy reports on victims of the Harlow High School shootings, saying "the community would suffer substantial harm if the reports were released".

Though the action was supposedly taken at the request of victims' families, some family members wept openly as Nutsack announced his decision -- hardly the response one would expect from those who had just achieved their objective. Also audible were the sounds of outrage and dismay from the members of the press with the integrity to request access to the documents from Big Brother.

Such an action is reminiscent of the kind of kangaroo court tactics enacted during the onslaught of the Third Reich, and all Americans -- especially those diehard remnants of the press who actually believe in its freedom -- had best take heed to the import of this and a spate of similarly dismaying recent court actions, in particular the jailing of independent researchers and investigators in the TWA Flight 800 coverup and the Oklahoma City bombing coverup.

It seems ludicrous to suggest that family members of those murdered could in any way be harmed by the most thorough investigation possible into the tragedy. This move is clearly designed to make any such inquiries into exactly what killed which people much more difficult. What is so important to keep in mind is that this is exactly the kind of hard evidence which would prove or disprove the existence of other gunmen once and for all!

Attorneys for newspapers involved haven't yet decided whether to appeal or not. The two newspapers were seeking release of the autopsy reports after they had been withheld from over 19 news organizations.

The timing of this court decision also seems related to other legal actions initiated on May 27 by attorney Geoffrey Fidburn on behalf of the parents of Isiah Jeffers, one of the students murdered in the April 20 attack. Fidburn let it be known that his client and he believe that information

regarding other assailants is being withheld and disregarded. We spoke personally with Isiah's father Michael Jeffers and can verify that he has strong suspicions of a wider conspiracy at Harlow.

Click.

MKULTRA DOCUMENTS DISCOVERED

1977 SENATE MKULTRA HEARING

In June 1977, a rare cache of MKULTRA documents were discovered which had escaped destruction by the CIA. The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence held a hearing on August 3, 1977 to question CIA officials on the newly-discovered documents. The complete 171-page record is included here, including testimony and dozens of MKULTRA documents on various subprojects.

MKULTRA SUBPROJECT NO. 83

This declassified CIA memo was written on April 18, 1958 by Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, chief of the Chemical Division of the agency's Technical Services Staff. Gottlieb, who oversaw many of the MKULTRA projects, reviewed covert CIA support for research studies of "controversial and misunderstood" areas of psychology such as hypnosis, truth drugs, psychic powers and subliminal persuasion.

MKULTRA HYPNOSIS EXPERIMENTS

This memo, written by the CIA's Sidney Gottlieb, is one of the earliest records available from the MKULTRA project. One month after CIA Director Allen Dulles authorized the program, Gottlieb writes of a "planned series of five major experiments" which are to examine "hypnotically induced anxieties", the "relationship of personality to hypnosis", and other matters of the hypnotized mind.

MKULTRA AND LSD

This June 1953 document records Dr. Sidney Gottlieb's approval of an early CIA acid test. "This project will include a continuation of a study of the biochemical, neurophysiological, sociological, and clinical psychiatric aspects of L.S.D." the CIA scientist writes.

MKULTRA TRICKERY

This document reveals the CIA's concern with covert means of administering the mind and behavior-altering substances researched in MKULTRA projects. In 1953, the Agency commissioned a "manual on trickery," to be authored by a prominent magician, who described ways to conduct "tricks with pills" and other substances.

MKULTRA MATERIALS AND METHODS

This 1955 CIA document reviews the Agency's research and development of a shocking list of mind-altering substances and methods, including "materials which will render the indication of hypnosis easier or otherwise enhance its usefulness," and "physical methods of producing shock and confusion over extended periods of time and capable of surreptitious use."

Click.

U.S. RADIATION SITES IN COLORADO AND WYOMING

WEIRD VIBES AT CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN, COLORADO

by Everymoses News Service

Using the FOIA, we obtained a heavily-censored copy of the following report: "Feasibility of Using FIMS as an Air-Monitoring System at the NORAD Cheyenne Mountain Complex (NCMC)". In this study, supported by U.S. Army, ARRADCOM, a

laboratory breadboard FIMS system was assembled and tested at SRI.

Field Ionization Mass Spectrometry (FIMS) has proven to be quite useful for analyzing complex mixtures, particularly fossil fuels. The technique of field ionization consists of ionizing molecules by the application of an intense electric field and results in the formation of only the parent molecular ions for most organic compounds.

EDITOR: Did the spook forces move their black projects out West near conservative cowpoke populations so they wouldn't get much flak? In many ways they are like a herd of stupid, self-centered buffaloes, with their heads to the ground.

Click.

666 MEETS EINSTEIN

SCIENTIST TEMPEST BRADLEIGH TALKS ABOUT MIND WEAPONRY

by Joshua Tree News Service

[NOTE: Lt. Col. Tempest E. Bradleigh is a nuclear engineer, war games and weapons analyst, and military tactician. He has a Ph.d in nuclear engineering from the Sorbonne and is a graduate of the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College and several U.S. Army artillery and guided missile schools. He has over 40 years experience in air defense systems, technical intelligence, electromagnetic weaponry, artificial intelligence, computerized war games, and antiradiation missile countermeasures. He is a senior scientist with a large aerospace company, Tesscoils Corp.]

Why do great pacifists like Einstein end up becoming associated with the doomsday weapons that advance the art of war several notches in a single leap? They forget the Bible.

There is an advanced area of Physics called Super Potential Theory and very few people work in it, but I know it well since I'm one of the top fifty highest world IQs.

The first paper on it was completely ignored even though it gave you the ability to create energy at a distance. It does not flow through space as normal EM [electromagnetic] waves do. It's not ELF [extremely low frequency]. It's not like your normal radio broadcasting system (AM/FM) at all. It's really like a DC voltage that doesn't have anything going on at the surface, but down underneath it has pressure waves, and these waves rattle the system on the other end and create real electromagnetic energy there.

Putting it baldly, there can be no such thing as a shield for it. You could not stop them from cooking your brains inside your head no matter what kind of spacesuit you wore.

Super Potential Theory can be both a tremendous blessing and a terrible curse, depending on whether human morality based on the Bible can catch up with it in time. It's the most powerful tool for good or evil ever conceived. By engineering the Schroedinger equation, for example, one can theoretically engineer physical reality, change the laws of nature, and determine if a thing shall even emerge into physical quantum change at all, or if it shall change its physical form. In other words, make anything happen, from turning plowshares into swords, to the exact opposite.

Regarding mind control, it should be possible to simply pull out a personality structure from a person, with or without their consent, and insert another, or to alter a given personality structure by just altering and re-recording the software. This technological possibility, of course, will certainly be used by would-be egomaniacs and dictators, for it promises the ultimate mind control. It will also be possible to provide direct input inside the mind, surreptitiously, from a distance, and without the knowledge and consent of the individual affected, making such an egomaniac into a puppetmaster.

Maxwell's original theory was the last (now discredited) so-called "Holy Grail of Physics", a unified field theory. Super Potential theory the next great hope for a UFT, a fact the current proponents of Kaluza-Klein, Supergravity, Superstring and other mathematical physics ideas are

apparently completely oblivious to. May they turn back to the Bible to see that God is Light.

Click.

PSYCHOELECTRONIC THREAT TO DEMOCRACY: THE SECRET ARMS RACE

by Elohim News Service

Have you seen this research paper? The title:

"The Russian Federation and the U.S.-Built Radar Systems That Could Enable Them to Control Minds of Whole Populations: Scientific Informations, Military Documents, Warnings by Civilian and Military Researchers", by Mojmir Babacek.

In 1986 the United States Attorney General held a conference on Less than Lethal Weapons. The report on this conference stated: "Participants also discussed the use of various wave lengths and forms of administration of electromagnetic energy as a non-lethal weapon. A substantial amount of preliminary research has been conducted in this area... One conference participant noted that scientific knowledge of human physiology is progressing to the point where it may soon be possible to target specific physiologic systems with specific frequencies of electromagnetic radiation to produce much more subtle and fine-tuned effects than those produced by photic driving."

Click.

Big*Eye NEWS SPECIAL:

HORST AND BOULDING LINKED TO FAMOUS ANCESTORS

An exclusive genealogical source by Big*Eye News specialists, using the massive resources kept buried under a mountain by the Mormon Church, has traced Buffalo Robe Mafia member and mass-murderer Eric Horst to America's first millionaire and frontier fur trader John Jacob Astor, whose

great-grandson, JJA IV, died on the ill-fated Titanic. His wife, Madeline Astor, founded the town of Madeline, Wyoming, where Horst lived; Horst is a distant relation. Co-murderer Dylan Boulding is a direct descent of infamous Colonel John "Chilling" Chilton, who led a massacre of Amerindians at Chug Creek in the 1860s.

Click.

Big*Eye NEWS PRESENTS:

WE'RE UP 13 TO 2?

Yesterday, July 27, 1999, a number of reports from the Chilton Valley Mall, including from two store owners, were received by local reporters, about a Buffalo Robe Mafia member shopping at the mall while allegedly wearing a t-shirt that said, "We're Up 13 to 2". Is this a signal that more massacres are planned by the BRM, or is it only some kind of tasteless, sick joke?

Click.

CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER

by Leah & Kent Studnuts, Institute for Eco-White Truth

FROM ARCHIVES OF CHINA LAKE TESTS, obtained under the FOIA:

"There are some RF weapons being tested out there... pretty nasty and unpredictable."

"... we air-tested them but were restricted from testing below 25,000 ft. due to unknown consequences... the air tests cause topical damage in higher terrain."

"... we did carry large power systems on the C130's... a mile long antenna stretched out the rear of the aircraft."

"... a rhythmic wave which can cause havoc to anything it hits, problem was we don't have directional control from the

air."

Click.

CURIOUS QUAKES (from government solar magnetic observatory data, obtained under the FOIA)

by Christian Greek Hebrew English News Service

Look at what we found:

17Apr1999 08:17:52.0 35.5N 21.7E 10 mb=4.7 M*EMS CENTRAL
MEDITERRANEAN SEA 1016

17Apr1999 08:17:59.1 36.4N 21.7E 33 MS=4.8 M*GSR SOUTHERN
GREECE 0948

17Apr1999 08:18:04.9 35.2N 22.6E 10 ML=5.4 M*ISR CENTRAL
MEDITERRANEAN SEA 0930

17Apr1999 08:18:01.6 35.7N 21.0E 40 mb=4.7 M*EMS CENTRAL
MEDITERRANEAN SEA 0918

17Apr1999 08:17:17.5 34.8N 25.9E 0 mb=4.8 M*MAD CRETE 0853

17Apr1999 08:18:49.0 39.0N 20.0E 33 mb=4.6 A*YKA
GREECE-ALBANIA BORDER REGI0835

17Apr1999 08:18:12.0 39.0N 21.0E 33 mb=4.6 A*YKA GREECE 0834

17Apr1999 08:16:43.1 32.8N 26.8E 10 ML=5.6 A*ING EASTERN
MEDITERRANEAN SEA 0827

17Apr1999 08:20:54.4 45.4N 10.3E 10 ML=2.9 A*SED NORTHERN
ITALY BADLoc0825

Plotting the above data, we obtained a CIRCLE around Atlanta! A barrier, like a wall, around WYOMING! When individuals built a home around a roof in ancient Israel, they took responsibility to prevent accidental death. This was an order of Jehovah, in the Bible. So, were the people behind this conspiracy Jews too?

Click.

Chapter 42

Click.

THE REAL HORROR OF THE HARLOW HIGH MASSACRE AND COVERUP

By Mason Q. Hanshue

Formerly with the Federal Bureau of Investigation

Greetings My Fellow Americans,

I used to work for the FBI but 6 months ago I resigned, after 24 years. I had no choice. I had to stop this coverup. The entire massacre was planned, coordinated, and controlled by high-ups in the New World Order (NWO), the international power, complete with its own priesthood and religion based on worship of the ancient god Baal, that controls, among other things, the American military-industrial complex (MIC). The FBI, CIA, White House, Congress, courts -- everything -- is under its control now, but it reigns through deception and denial, not yet ready to show itself openly yet. After all, some people still believe in Jehovah (or at least some bedrock concepts such as those enshrined in the Declaration of Independence and the U.S. Constitution), have access to guns, and the ability to communicate outside government-controlled channels. Some are even self-employed or own their own businesses, so they can't be threatened with immediate economic ruin by being fired, although the IRS or some other government agency can hold quite a gun to their heads. Just don't forget that denial isn't a river in Egypt.

I myself had only a small unknowing part in the Harlow High massacre and subsequent coverup, but after leaving the

government I started my own personal investigation, and am leaving this on the Internet before I take my own life (I don't like chainsaws, acid, cattle prods, lobotomies, etc., sorry).

Before going into details, hear this: ALL YOU READ OR SEE OR HEAR IN THE MEDIA IS FALSE. Like the Japanese movie character Mothra, it can't be called a reptile or an insect: just call it a monster, quit studying it, and run like hell!

THE CHILDREN ARE THE CANNON FODDER NOW

We should never forget that the children are without any doubt our future, as a culture, and as a race. To control the world, create a NWO, they have to be totally stolen from their own parents. To this end, a small sacrificial number of children are expendable to the NWO machine. If we cannot protect them from the utterly corrupt, vicious, brutal and inhuman covert government lurking underneath the surface of the carefully contrived, staged and executed horror at Madeline, then what future do any of us have? But, as I write this, the vast herd of people out there either do not know, or know and laugh at the very idea of a NWO covert government taking control on a daily basis. They either have no access to information like this, or else they won't look at it; or even if they do, they can't accept the proofs given. Like the jury in the O.J. Simpson murder trial, no amount of proof will cause a single one of them to vote guilty. No, "he's O.J. Simpson", and that's that. Our government is our friend, and that's that. Innocent even if proved guilty.

UNEXPLAINED FACTS BEGGING TO BE EXPLAINED

Some oddities about the horror at Harlow High, if it were not a conspiracy.

Number One: why did the SWAT team spend four hours waiting outside the building, given all the potentially live, squirming victims needing their help inside? Such a course of inaction is just unconscionable and incomprehensible given the situation at Harlow High School where helpless human beings were being slaughtered at will in a nation

that worships heroes. The only conclusion is that they were there to guard the scene of the massacre to prevent it from being rescued by outside forces!

Why did the SWAT teams not take action as they are fully trained and equipped to do? Obvious: they act only on orders. Who ordered the SWAT teams to hold back? What possible explanation can be put forward as to why these hardened professionals waited and let the killing continue for four hours? Or did the killing continue? Maybe the coverup was being started. What was really going on? How can the public ever trust the police again after this?

Number Two: Why didn't a single school staff member or security person notice any of the 67 explosive devices or the actions of those placing these devices?

Number Three: Why, considering the fact that the SWAT teams did not enter the school, and also considering all the explosives, weaponry and ammunition, and the free reign the killers had to carry out their reported goal of killing hundreds and demolishing the school -- why were only 13 people killed?

Because this sends yet another veiled message to certain elements of the various levels of government and of society as a whole who may be somewhat cognizant of certain malevolent activities of the covert government, namely, that next time hundreds of kids will die? Theirs? Because this situation, in the minds of the world's sheep (ahem, people), makes them understand subliminally and subconsciously that the authorities are the shepherds, and shepherds decide when to slaughter their own sheep, and how many.

Number Four: In light of information which has come out regarding Eric Horst's significant outbursts of severe hostility, threats of extreme physical harm, and other sociopathic behavior, which had brought him directly to the attention of the Chilton County Sheriff's Department a number of times in the past, the proven lack of concern or interest displayed by the Sheriff's Department seems incomprehensible, unless it is granted that they were controlled by a higher power that "turned them off",

because the "activates" had to be left free to "do their job", before the cops could be allowed to do theirs.

Number Five: Equally incomprehensible (or comprehensible -- you decide) was the lack of intervention or even action by the school administration after Horst and Boulding literally made and showed a video documentary at the school itself just last year depicting the very spree of murderous violence that they subsequently enacted for real. Who was pulling the strings, and from how high, to turn off the protection of society when two very obviously dangerous loose cannons were swinging in the wind in plain sight?

Number Six: A further peculiarity is that in the early 1990s Harlow High School was the site of an admittedly bizarre addition to the usual high school curriculum. Students there were encouraged to attend a class in "Death Education" -- a class which had such a negative and disturbing effect on one participant that she subsequently committed suicide. It was as if the higher-ups were psychologically conditioning the victims to become victims. Their subsequent sheepish behavior is then quite understandable.

Does anybody still doubt that Harlow High School had been selected some time ago as a suitable location to unleash a programmed, mind-controlled monster like Eric Horst? That he was protected by high-ups in our own government? That he was in fact working under their orders, whether consciously or not? That this entire event was staged as part of a planned coup d'etat, abolishing the constitutional republic in America in favor of a new world order run by priests of Baal with American power its main engine?

Noteworthy also is the way legions of federal "grief counselors" were dispatched to Madeline within minutes of the news hitting the airwaves. How convenient that so many of them were so ready for this. And how suspicious, to my mind. But then I'm also going to be categorized as a nut, psychoanalyzed in the press, turned into a monster if need be, all in an attempt to silence and/or discredit me.

HORST FAMILY BACKGROUND WITH PLATTSBURGH AND MONTAUK

A big red flag, in my opinion, is the following set of facts regarding Eric Horst, widely acknowledged to be the mastermind of the devastation at Harlow High, the dominant personality in his relationship with Dylan Boulding, and it would seem at least a would-be ringleader among the Buffalo Robe Mafia crew.

In my research of the covert government's various and sundry mind control operations and certain related activities, a number of military bases and facilities, even national laboratories like Oak Ridge, Sandia, Los Alamos and Brookhaven, have stood out as being in many cases closely or even inextricably linked to a number of these mind control activities. The Presidio Army base in San Francisco was the scene for CIA operative Col. Aquino's psychosexual abuse mind control operation aimed at children in the base's daycare center. Vandenberg AFB in Santa Barbara County has also been named as a site for MK activity, much of it in the verified, documented subterranean facility there. Long Island's Montauk Air Force Station and nearby Brookhaven National Labs is of course another probable site for government mind-tweaking weirdness.

In a section of my concurrent report on the current state of the Montauk Project and related activities entitled "The Gore Project: Night of the Living Dead", which lists some known subterranean facilities where evidence shows covert psy-ops activity being conducted, I referred specifically to an installation beneath Plattsburgh AFB in northeastern New York State -- a vast, 18-level subterranean facility.

Eric Horst was born in Plattsburgh and spent his whole life there until his family moved to Madeline in 1996. Eric Horst's father was an Air Force pilot stationed at Plattsburgh AFB.

What's also curious here is that Plattsburgh AFB, closed in 1994, was supposedly completely inoperative, the property due to be "recycled" for various other uses by September 1995. And yet Horst was still in Plattsburgh well after that. The only thing still going on at Plattsburgh AFB after 1994 would obviously be covert activities. The peculiarities regarding the text of documents from Eric

Horst's web site and the likelihood that father Wayne Horst was connected to not only the documents themselves but also to the activities described therein cannot be dismissed.

Local residents and other eyewitnesses report that the base, though somewhat deserted, was still in some level of operation in 1997 even on the surface, and that top-secret operations were definitely going on in the documented 18-level underground complex beneath the base. This was verified by electromagnetic/radio frequency (EM/RF) signal detection equipment. Aside from mind control related operations, the base at Plattsburgh has been verified as a site of particle accelerator beam research and experimentation.

PLATTSBURGH AND MKULTRA

There are indications that in the 1960s Plattsburgh AFB was linked to the monstrous Ewen Cameron, president of the American Psychiatric Association, the Canadian Psychiatric Association and the World Psychiatric Association, and his massive abuses in the MKULTRA drug and neuroelectrically-based mind control project just over the Canadian border in Montreal. Reports indicate that this legacy continued at Plattsburgh through the 1970s and beyond with EM/RF MK activities tied to some of the experimentation at Montauk.

(Mentioned also in "Gore" as a location for covert operations linked to Montauk's mind control experimentation is Stewart Air Force Base in New York, located between Plattsburgh and Montauk. Military facilities at Malta, N.Y. are also strongly tied to MK operations at both Montauk and Plattsburgh.)

DEAD EYES AND DRUGS: THE CAMERON PSY-OPS CONNECTION

A girl at Harlow High School said gunman Eric Horst's "eyes were dead." This statement stands out in my recollections of early news reports from the scene at Harlow. What makes a person's eyes look "dead"? Drugs?

Eric Horst was being treated by a psychiatrist and was on Luvox, one of a class of drugs similar to Prozac, which like

Prozac has been proven a potentially deadly combination when taken by mentally or emotionally unstable people, at least in certain instances.

Interesting that Eric's psychiatrist was supposedly not only unaware of Eric's violent and blatantly antisocial tendencies but also of the many reports and studies showing the potential for disaster with Luvox and similar drugs when administered to younger people in general.

I consider psychiatry in general to be a highly suspect field, which has had extensive and irrefutable links to the CIA and other intelligence agencies throughout most of its history -- certainly in this country at least, and in Nazi Germany as well.

The relentless Ewen Cameron, with his inexhaustible supply of connections to the CIA, NSA and other ultra-malevolent intelligence agencies and their equally malevolent agendas, was in fact the president of all the world's major psychiatric associations.

Cameron's successor, the current president of the American Psychiatric Association, felt called upon to issue a public statement on April 30 about the fact that Eric Horst was not only being treated by a psychiatrist who was incomprehensibly ignorant of his propensity for violence but that Eric's psychiatrist had also prescribed the mind-altering drug Luvox for Eric.

The official statement said that there is "little" (not no) valid evidence which proves Luvox can precipitate seriously violent outbursts. Regardless of such official blather, a plethora of tests and real world experiences have proven to my satisfaction that these drugs, selective serotonin-reuptake inhibitors, can be deadly when administered to unstable personalities, especially unstable young people. They literally turn off any remaining inhibitions to doing whatever dark things the mind has been cooking up. To prescribe Luvox to such a time bomb while he regularly played bloody, sadistic video games, and worshipped Adolf Hitler, is akin to stopping in a gas station for help after one's engine catches fire.

I'm fairly certain that administration of this drug (and very likely others) was one of many programming techniques used to turn Eric Horst into a vicious, conscience-less, sociopathic killing machine. Additionally the administration of Luvox may very well have been implemented to serve as a cover story, that is, a convenient explanation for what most human beings would consider inconceivably brutal and inexplicable behavior.

NWO PROGRAMMING METHODOLOGY

Horst in particular appears to have been severely and extensively programmed, likely through a variety of techniques including the subliminal programming embedded in a good percentage of many video and computer games, popular music and TV/movie "entertainment". The fact that he was also under the influence of Luvox fits into the overall methodology used in crafting an mind-controlled agent who is a programmed, obedient, remorseless homicidal alternate personality.

In my "Gore" report on the current state of the Montauk Project and related operations, I pointed out that information from a number of sources indicates that the Denver area is a massive New World Order (NWO) headquarters: in particular that the streets of Denver are teeming with Montauk Boy programees -- -and that vast numbers of such programmed youths, perhaps up to ten million in the United States alone, comprise some sort of mind-controlled, NWO sleeper zombie strike force.

Eric Horst and Dylan Boulding were both said to have been avid fans of the many ultra-violent video games available to young people today.

"Gore" shows how there is a strong likelihood that much popular entertainment aimed at youth, especially the many computer and video games so extremely prevalent and popular with young people and teens, may in some cases be conditioning and programming the participants not only overtly through "virtually" carrying out continual acts of mindless, mindnumbing violence and mayhem, but also through

subliminal commands and directives embedded in the game or entertainment itself.

Researcher and author Alex Constantine has reported that a high-ranking executive of one of the major computer/video games manufacturers is a member of a religious cult inextricably linked to CIA mind control operations utilizing psychosexual abuse and other programming methods upon young children. The name of the cult is "Subud": look it up for yourself on the Web.

Journalist Robert Strangelove of The Ultra-Conspiracy Seeker has noted substantial indications of the MIC's clandestine involvement in and general hanky-panky concerning various elements of the entertainment and toy industries, and numerous points of correlation between a few sure objectives of this group and such abundantly violent video games like "Mortal Kombat". Strangelove also notes how the initials of "Mortal Kombat" are "MK".

ERIC OR WAYNE HORST THE TRUE GANG LEADER?

The cover story generated by the controllers is that Eric Horst and Dylan Boulding acted alone, and that Eric was the gang leader. The many connections the two have with various groups, philosophies, movements, etc., is just to blind and screen off any attempt to get at the real truth. They are just like Oswald was, dummy corporations and patsies. It is palpably ludicrous to believe that such a successful operation could be planned and executed by two teenagers only, without being stopped.

Take Eric's father Wayne for instance.

Wayne Horst was more than a little involved in certain activities leading up to the massacre, and in the material posted on what was supposedly Eric's web site. He was also involved in the numerous tests of explosives described on the web site. He is indeed a government operative, trained for super-secret missions, just like Oswald.

Wayne Horst was stationed for many years at Plattsburgh Air Force Base in New York, a location with a verified 18-level

underground known to be involved in mind control operations tied to MKULTRA and other covert operations. Eric Horst was born and raised at Plattsburgh, and the family just moved to Madeline in 1996.

I reprint here a portion of an email received from an employee of an NBC affiliate TV station:

I was lucky to download the scanned drawings and "the book" document from the AOL directory that allegedly belonged to Eric Horst. MSNBC showed the drawings and also claimed the document to be "unreadable" due to the format in which it was saved. I saw that and immediately went to the MSNBC chat room and asked the address, and one of the persons there gave it to me, so I downloaded it.

After a while, MSNBC said that the AOL account was going to be deleted and that "the FBI is analyzing the document which may implicate the father of Eric Horst".

I tried to view the document which had a .doc extension but it was unreadable in Word 97. I didn't have time to check it out until today, but I finally got to it. Do you have that document? It is the one that shows how to make the pipe bombs etc. The interesting fact about it is that when you read the document it appears that it was no kid who wrote it.

I gave this information to the News department where I work. They were "amazed" about the true nature of the letter but when they finished reading they "threw out" the papers and didn't care a thing about it. That was the reporter who was following the story! I don't know but that is very suspicious. I sent the letter to the News Directory and I got the same result. What is happening? Are they following a pre-defined news agenda?

This investigator has in fact come into possession of the text of the documents retrieved from Horst's web site, cited above. The text itself reveals some astonishing and heretofore unpublicized information.

The drawings from the web site which have been made public would indeed seem to be the work of an adolescent. In fact they contrast rather sharply with the generally proficient command of language evident in the text on the web site. Granted that Eric was an unusually bright student, although his grades didn't show it, the fact that the level of grammar in the web site and the drawings is so disparate leads one to wonder if he was acting alone.

Overall I find a great number of indications in this material that this is not all Eric Horst's writing, but that someone older and college-educated contributed. How could this boy have been carrying out the kinds of activities here without someone, certainly a parent, knowing what the hell was going on? And where could all this testing have been done, no matter if Eric or his father were conducting it, except at a government-operated training facility of some kind? There are references which could indeed indicate a link to Delta Force training programs.

Wayne Horst is also indicated in coded data at the end of the document as the author of the documents, though that could be some kind of default setting related to product registration or other files. Much more significant is the extent of the research, preparation and testing of various explosives cited in the web site document.

It is a fact that Eric Horst owned and utilized his own computer for his web site. Wayne Horst's computer and software wouldn't likely have been utilized in the creation of what was supposedly Eric Horst's web site without the father's knowledge, and if so, Eric would surely have been so extraordinarily careful as to leave absolutely no files, data or any other clues to such apparently continual activity for his father to find, unless he knew the father was in it with him. So the boys acted alone? Nuts to that!

Of course it seems unbelievable as well that Mr. Horst could be unaware of things like bomb-making materials and sawed-off shotgun barrels lying around his son's room. But then, the cover story pandered by the controlled media must be accepted without question, or they cut you off from the good life.

THE DELTA FORCE CONNECTION

The text, among its rabid ravings and omnipresent, oppressive litany of hate and destruction, also details ongoing, extensive, thorough and methodical testing of various and sundry methods of mass murder and mayhem, and additionally makes references to a group cryptically referred to only as "DELTA" as being involved with such testing and research. There seems a distinct possibility this refers to Delta Force, already infamous for its involvement in the Waco operations. There are also references to problems in carrying out certain tests due to some war, and other references to difficulties in procuring gasoline due to an IMPENDING war (apparently a reference to something which hadn't yet happened and something thus obviously unknown to most people -- except someone with ties to the covert government?) Is this perhaps a reference to impending military action in Kosovo and the simultaneous manipulation of gas prices in the U.S.? Or to something even bigger? Watch world events over the rest of 1999 and see for yourself.

As noted, daddy "John" Wayne was a member of the Air Force for many years stationed at New York's Plattsburgh AFB. Plattsburgh has been known for some time as a site for covert operations, including psy-ops and other mind control related research. Son Eric was born and raised at Plattsburgh, certainly a very likely and easy target for covert mind control operations aimed at the young. Wayne Horst could easily have connections to other military and intelligence agencies such as Delta Force.

Wayne Horst for months would not talk to investigators of the Harlow High slaughter without a grant of immunity from prosecution. Clearly, he will never really talk, for he would be eliminated first even if he tried. Even if he does seem to talk, it will only be after he is debriefed and cleared by the higher-ups, and rehearsed so that he tows the party line beautifully.

COVERUPS OLD HAT WITH THE NWO

In addition to the massacre in Madeline there have been indications of official coverup and disinformation in most of the other seemingly bizarre, unprecedented and inexplicable cases of school-based terrorism carried out by improbably young mass murderers the past few years. There have been the same such indications regarding other media incidents such as the driveway shooting of Denver talk radio show host Alan Berg, the crash of TWA Flight 800, the death of Princess Diana, the Nicole Simpson murder, the Long Island Railroad Massacre, the Waco massacre, the Oklahoma City bombing, as well as the Manson murders, the four Kennedy assassinations, the Martin Luther King assassination, and a staggeringly long list of other profoundly significant and shocking events of our recent past. Many of these events have had tremendous impact on prevailing social, political and philosophical conditions and viewpoints, just at the right time to assist NWO-backed legislative pushes. None of this is accidental. If it were, the NWO guys are the luckiest jerks in history, and the world just happens to revolve around them by accident.

If it is becoming obvious there is a coverup regarding the massacre at Madeline, then it is essential that the reason for this coverup is understood. The only conceivable reason for a coverup of such magnitude regarding an event of such stunning and massive social impact would be the direct involvement to some degree in the events on the part of a governmental or official agency of some kind, at some level, very likely a covert level. Once that is accepted, all else follows without much of a hurdle.

I highly suspect that, as in so many other of the above-mentioned incidents, this operation was carried out through the use of mind-controlled operatives fulfilling the directives of their controllers -- the super-secret intelligence and paramilitary agencies running our government with puppet strings -- in implementing such carefully engineered and manipulated scenarios as the media terror event at Harlow High School.

For the time being I leave it mainly to others to decipher the many messages undeniably lurking beneath the surface in this manipulated media event of mass horror, that seems to

have been all prewritten and prestaged, like a script, including the orthodox media cover story. Increasing polarization and mistrust between various social and age groups, and the raising of the bar in terms of what violent, sociopathic actions troubled teens (and others) might contemplate enacting are among the likely agendas. It is all part of a plan to escalate public anxiety and confusion in preparation for a new world order taking control and pretending to restore peace, law and order, like a knight in shining armor on a white horse -- except that they will be just turning off their own wind machine. Does the Apocalypse of John ring a bell to anyone?

Galvanizing public support for gun control legislation and for restrictions on the Internet -- right-at-you frontal assaults on the U.S. Constitutional Bill of Rights -- seem to be likely agendas now after the massacre, though as a parent I find it unconscionable myself that teenagers have almost unrestricted access to weapons of mass murder in an era when parents are former hippie/druggie slouches. Yet this is true for Americans in general. On this issue and regarding restrictions on the Internet, the role which active, attentive, loving and concerned parenting plays in having our youngsters mature into healthy and reasonably decent adults in a confusing and fast-changing world cannot be overemphasized or underestimated. The clubbing down of the Constitution to solve such a problem is insidious, wrong, and coldly calculated to make it impossible for parents to have any control over their children again.

As a society we cannot duck responsibility for the tidal wave of violence-oriented entertainment so prevalent today in the lives of our children. Parents, educators and other guardians have too often been either unaware, inattentive, unconcerned, tacitly or actively acquiescent, or even directly supportive of our children being constantly bombarded by a proliferation of movies, TV shows, toys, video games and web sites depicting graphic, gratuitous violence on an ever-increasing level. And even when they find something seemingly innocent and wholesome, such as Pee-wee's Playhouse, they are shocked to find the main actor to be a sick closet pervert.

Regarding this issue we cannot be too surprised that our children are acting out violent and sick behavior to an ever-increasing degree. We are undeniably reaping what we have sown or have allowed to be sown.

Do me a favor. Don't email me or mail me a bomb. Feel my pain.

Chapter 43

Click.

THE REAL HORROR HIGH: DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (DIA)

As a target area, the Wyoming-Colorado front range of the Rockies would seem conveniently all-too well suited for such a terrible event. Denver has come under serious scrutiny for massive oddities at Denver International Airport (DIA), which serves Colorado and Wyoming. Rumors abound that there is a secret and huge underground complex beneath the airport that is some sort of nerve center or headquarters for the western United States under some upcoming New World Order regime. Reports are that in addition to housing a massive number of subterranean offices and similar facilities there are also holding areas for tens of thousands of people -- an underground concentration camp. I consider such reports interesting though not totally verified, but as a former FBI agent I can tell you that there is such a nerve center somewhere, waiting to be activated when the signal is given: freedom will vanish overnight, like a thief. The only good thing I can think about an underground military complex at DIA is that this would make terrorists think twice about taking it over like the Harlow High kids did.

The Masons are a super-secret one-world government society tracing back to ancient Babylon (who tried to build the fabled Tower of Babylon, hence the term Masons) that is part of the backbone of the conspiracy. You may choose to discount them, that's your choice. What is a fact is that the walls of the airport's "Great Hall" -- A MASONIC TERM --

are covered with gargantuan murals depicting death, destruction, horror and what could only be termed apocalyptic chaos descending on the Earth. In particular, non-white races and Jews are depicted as being decimated or exterminated in a veritable Nazi's wet dream. It is absolutely extraordinary that such depictions are allowed to stand in any public facility in America, yet there they are, in that devil's cauldron known as Denver.

What is also a fact is that construction of the facility was stupendously and inexplicably over budget and behind schedule, yet the Denver Mayors (Pena and later Webb) kept pushing it on the people despite danger to their political careers. Another is that the Denver city government was paid millions of dollars by the CIA to "just say yes" and look the other way about everything having to do with construction of the airport.

I have received firsthand testimony emailed to me in which the sender describes an incident when their 12-year-old niece, and two other unrelated girls, were abducted from Atlantic City by a couple who had previously met and befriended them. The couple subsequently engaged in bisexual activity with them, turned them into sex slaves, made professional porno movies for sale in the black market using them, while inculcating a belief in them that their present life was pointless and futile, and that a greater happiness awaited them if they would sacrifice themselves and their lives in a ritualistic, ceremonial religion, involving some vaguely Christian, apocalyptic cult, reminiscent of the "Hookers for Christ" cult.

This was divulged in a letter left for the girl's parents before the couple took the brainwashed girls to the cult's headquarters in Denver. Further investigation showed this cult was linked to the CIA, one of the arms of the one world government new world order octopus. As good fortune would have it, the couple was arrested on traffic charges and the youngsters returned to their homes, although the brainwashing was not undone, and is even denied by the authorities.

EM WARFARE AND MIND CONTROL EXPERIMENTATION

There are many reports of covert projects being conducted in the Denver vicinity, some of a "psychological" nature known as psy-ops (probable offshoots of MKULTRA-type operations), some irrefutably involved with electromagnetic warfare and EM/RF effects on mind, body and consciousness, what could be termed EM/RF mind control.

For example, Lockheed Martin, a partner with the covert government in many highly classified top secret "black projects", is a major employer in the Denver area. They are equally big in Wyoming. In fact, a good percentage of the populations of Littleton and Madeline are employed by Lockheed. One could say they are company towns. Wouldn't it be truly, cosmically funny if "black projects" turned out to include those designed to program and trigger white supremacists to mass-murder whites and blacks, to garner sympathy for mass gun control? (The NWO is pro-racemixing, hence they would trigger a white supremacist to kill many more whites than blacks, but hype the black victims for propaganda purposes). Recently Newsweek magazine, which rarely issues a position paper, came out squarely in favor of national gun control, including complete gun registration -- right on cue, so to speak, after the over-hyped massacres of truly tiny numbers of people had reached their maximum emotional impact on the masses.

Where do all these covert operators hang out, anyway? They have to have facilities of some kind, under cover perhaps but tangible.

Investigators have named Devil's Tower National Monument, very close to Madeline, as a covert ops hangout, and the Coors Corporation just south of the Colorado-Wyoming border in Golden, and around the corner from Littleton, has a whole other operation going besides beer-making. Coors has a top-secret manufacturing plant doing highly classified defense contracting for the covert government making super heavy-duty ceramics. The plant has a huge underground facility. Some of the ceramic materials manufactured here are used on nose cones for missiles, rockets etc., and others are used in certain implosion devices which are the basis of certain new EM weapons which release an

electromagnetic pulse or EMP field. The bigger weapons can knock out whole cities, it is reported.

There are also reports of EM/RF mind control activity at the Golden facility. On Lookout Mountain in Golden, Colorado (overlooking Denver and Littleton, and the home of Buffalo Bill's grave) there are sizable antenna arrays that have some locals concerned as to what their exact purpose is because anomalistic physical, psychological and mood-related effects have been reported, and linked to transmissions from these towers.

Researcher Robert Strangelove has pointed out that Paducah, Kentucky, the site of another episode of mindless mass murder carried out by young people at a school, is in close proximity to Oak Ridge National Laboratories, the home of a serious amount of EM Warfare and related EM/RF mood/mind control research and activities for quite some time. In fact the laboratory's waste treatment facility is in Paducah, and this may possibly be a factor in what could well be a previous incident of mind-controlled assassins of a very young age, programmed at Oak Ridge by operatives of covert intelligence projects, carrying out their deadly actions in some altered state of mind -- fulfilling their programmer's instructions in obedient, robotic, autopilot, mind-controlled fashion.

MIND CONTROL OPERATIONS AT THE LOCAL LEVEL

Regarding the official story of how Horst and Boulding met their end, I think it is as phony as a three-dollar bill. Instead, I strongly suspect the two students did not commit suicide, but were themselves terminated by senior operative/control agents on the scene (probably at least two or more such were present, with more on call). This was a covert government mind control operation designed to have massive social impact. Horst and Boulding were involved, yes, but not the true instigators of the mayhem and murder at Harlow High that day. They were, after all, just kids: patsies for puppetmasters with a world propaganda agenda.

But why think small? The likelihood is overwhelming that perhaps within every school district in the U.S. there are

agents of the covert government in a position to identify and recruit such useful subjects for patsy show media events. Mind control researcher Alex Constantine, among other researchers, has reported many indicators that one or both of the perps in the Jonesboro, Arkansas incident were victims of mind control programming, most likely serving as agents in covert government projects.

Of particular note to me as a researcher of top-secret mind control projects run by the covert government were the openly Nazi attitudes and beliefs of Horst and Boulding. Anyone with any knowledge of the supersecret world of military intelligence agencies knows that there is an exceptionally strong link between them Nazism, an irrefutable and definite link, as proven by the existence of such operations as Project Paperclip, in which untold thousands of Nazi operatives were brought to the U.S. after WWII and merged into the CIA and other agencies. Many of the covert "black projects" operated by this secret government very specifically have what could only be termed Nazi objectives, to be achieved through the implementation of Nazi methods. This would apply most definitely to any and all MK or mind control operations whatsoever. And need I remind anyone that Nazi Germany was a nation known for total civilian gun control.

SOCIAL DYNAMICS: ONLY A COVER STORY

Many have commented on the fact that there was undeniable extreme tension and bad feeling between the Buffalo Robe Mafia and the "jocks" and "preppies" at Harlow High, and that such a dynamic exists at many schools throughout the country. I most certainly know that such tensions and animosities are real and were by all accounts significant in this situation. However, such a condition would be a perfect backdrop in which a mind control operation such as I've outlined here could be pulled off. This social tension would not only be part of the cover, but a calculated factor in the intended impact upon society of the terror at Harlow.

Just as the Masonic secret government instigates and aggravates wars and conflicts all over the world in a continual effort to keep human beings fighting among

themselves at every turn and thus divide and conquer humanity, as well as absorb huge economic resources in the art of war, that can be used to better enslave man with at the end, so does this incident greatly aggravate many of the tensions and schisms in modern American society, not only between antagonistic factions of young people, but between young people as a whole and older segments of the population.

One of the agendas for the Harlow horror was the further polarization of society in general and the further demonization and alienation of young people in this country. It was no coincidence that the highly disturbing movie "Eyes Wide Shut", that reveals to the world that the NWO high-ups based in New York City (near the U.N. HQ) secretly practice the ancient sex-worshipping rites of Baal, was scheduled for release just months after the Harlow massacre, almost as an escape path for the stressed-out public, looking for a new direction after despairing of a solution to their anxieties from the present government. But then, the equally-disturbing movie "The Matrix" was released just weeks before the massacre, as if to mock us all -- or perhaps furnish yet another blind lead for potential conspiracy researchers. (Movie set gossip has it that the original script called for the shooters to wear buffalo robes instead of trenchcoats, but they were recostumed at the last minute before filming.)

HIDDEN MESSAGES AND THEIR SOCIAL IMPACT

An event such as this sends certain messages to society as a whole, and also sends certain specific messages to specific segments of society. That's just the point of such an event: it sends messages. So, who are designing the messages?

One message being sent to every parent in the country is not only that their children can no longer be considered safe at an institution of learning that used to be the very epitome of safety, but that in fact their children specifically may well be prominent targets of incomprehensible, inconceivable and inexplicable murderous violence at such institutions, to which the authorities offer inexplicably effete protection. Add to this my own revelations that your children may now be

programmed to kill by the government.

Time is not needed to tell what the long-term psychological impact of this will be upon the American public. As a parent myself I shudder to even think what message this event is sending to the children themselves, but the major spate of copycat incidents at schools all over the country in the days following the terrible tragedy at Harlow came as no surprise, quite the opposite.

It has been pointed out that there may well be some clues in certain facts about the massacre at Harlow High School which indicate that secret, occult Masonic elements were deeply involved in the horror; that this event, like the assassination of John Kennedy and the Manson murders, was some sort of Masonic-Baalic blood ritual with many symbolic overtones and hidden meanings, as well as being a reality-shattering event of the first order with tremendous potential to manipulate society as a whole. All through history, whenever the name of Jehovah has not been honored, the god Baal has moved in in His place. Some things do not change.

BUFFALO ROBE MAFIA: IS GORE A MEMBER?

Regarding hidden meanings, subliminal messages, symbolism, and cult or occult connections to the Harlow horror, an extremely peculiar fact is that Vice-President Al Gore and other numerous officials in attendance at the memorial service for the Harlow victims held on Saturday, April 24 wore BUFFALO ROBES, personally presented by the GOVERNOR OF WYOMING -- A MEATPACKER HEIR tracing his ancestry to the fabled Astors!

And what would the hidden message be here? Most simply perhaps: "If anyone wants to know who the Buffalo Robe Mafia in fact is, here's the answer. They are us -- the government."

As for the Buffalo Robe Mafia, the group does apparently exist though to some degree they are definitely serving as a scapegoat and lightning rod in the official version of the Harlow horror, to help divert any possible attention to the

potential involvement of government-run mind control operations. In every respect, it is a dummy corporation.

Information has come my way pegging the geographical origins of the group to the northeastern U.S., and a number of sources indicate a link between it and Neo-Nazi elements, Satanic cults, as well as of course the heavy metal, "Goth" pop culture. There is also no doubt Horst and Boulding were wearing expensive buffalo robes when they carried out their murderous mission.

Other less credible rumors portray the Buffalo Robe Mafia as not only a Nazi-obsessed hate club but also a homosexual group, but there seems to be nothing solid which supports this contention. It is part of a cover story to create false leads for "conspiracy kooks" to make themselves look silly following.

As noted earlier, during the official ceremony for the murdered students on Saturday, April 24, Vice-President Al Gore, along with many other of the attending officials wore -- guess what? -- BUFFALO ROBES. It's literally impossible to believe these individuals were unaware of what they were wearing, and its highly sinister inappropriateness given the situation. My own admittedly subjective impression from watching Gore live on TV that day was that I felt literally nauseated by the vibes I was picking up from him. He could have at least wore a trenchcoat. It was April, not January -- the coldest months were over with, and the last snowfall was 3 days earlier.

And who is the Democratic Party's candidate for the next president of this country? A man named GORE. A man known for a lack of a sense of humor. A man with a mask for a face. A man who fancies himself some kind of actor or poet. A man who either helped create or facilitated the growth of the godless obscene unregulated Information Superhighway. Superhighway -- that very word indicates an attempt to rush the masses towards some goal. A man who reminds me a lot of Emperor Nero, who fiddled while Rome burned; of Emperor Caligula, and other cold face-mask butchers. He just plain looks mean. It looks like it pains him to smile. The smile doesn't come from within, but from without, like a pure

muscular movement of a puppetmaster manipulating a puppet's jaw. I'm glad I won't be around when he's president.

THE OFFICIAL PARTY LINE

After the dust has cleared, notice how after hordes of federally-funded (and federally-trained no doubt) psychiatrists and other "grief counselors" have descended on Madeline and helped to "reprogram" the witnesses and victims to "process" the incident in "appropriate" and "approved" ways, Horst and Boulding have been officially pronounced the only perpetrators involved, and the story is systematically vanishing from the media. The various subliminal, psychological, cultural and social manipulations, and other covert government agendas have been accomplished.

Anybody who knows they saw more than two assailants at Harlow High is likely going to be shunted off to one side, and will be scheduled to receive an awful lot of additional, intensive "grief counseling" (i.e.: psychological manipulation from government-trained psychiatrists), along with hefty doses of a number of mind-altering pharmaceuticals, mood elevators, hypnotics, sedatives, anti-depressants and the like, on top of the official media story that ballistics has proved that there were only two shooters -- great Caesar's ghost! And if all that stuff doesn't work and certain people just won't say they never saw anyone but Horst and Boulding, I fear they may be getting a ticket to ride of one kind or other.

ANGELS DON'T PLAY ON THIS HAARP

Researcher Kent Studnuts has found evidence which indicates that HAARP transmissions occurred right around the time of the shootings in Madeline, and found a telltale ring pattern showing some sort of electromagnetic phenomena targeting the Madeline area two days before the shooting, a phenomena which was also extremely prevalent and noticeable at the time of the Jonesboro, Arkansas school massacre in March, 1998.

My report "Gore" cites the countless pages of documentation which prove that HAARP has had major mind control and EM

warfare agendas ever since its earliest stages of existence. The potential to use HAARP as well as other EM/RF systems and networks to trigger programmed agents through specific mood and thought-manipulating transmissions cannot be denied nor overlooked, and indeed some evidence does show EM/RF transmissions and effects which correlate to the time and place of the massacre at Harlow, as Studnuts proved.

The previously-noted large unidentified antenna arrays near Madeline and also near Denver at Golden, Colorado should also be considered a likely source of mind and mood altering transmissions -- not just for special agents, but for the masses.

Chapter 44

Click.

THE ATLANTA DECLARATION

"Every man, woman, and responsible child has an unalienable individual, civil, Constitutional, and human right to obtain, own, and carry, openly or concealed, any weapon -- rifle, shotgun, handgun, machine gun, anything -- any time, any place, without asking anyone's permission.

-- L. Neil Smith, WeaponsCon I, Atlanta, Georgia, September, 1987

What is the best way a person can protect themselves from crazies wielding guns? Answer: pack their own guns for protection. It doesn't matter if the person is a high school student. Some of the best gunslingers in American history were mere teens -- take Billy the Kid for instance. An 18-year-old is trusted with guns in the U.S. military. In many militaries around the world, they take kids as young as 8 or 10. Their officers say that kids make the perfect killing machines, totally without any conscience, or even understanding of why people fall down and die when they go

bang-bang in their heads. If kids were taught to respect, carry, and use guns from an early age, then by the teen years they could all be individual bastions of individual liberty, totally uncontrollable by any real or would-be dictator of a NWO. How truly frightening this thought must be to them. No wonder they want to use the media to scare us back, on the theory that the best defense is a good offense.

The Atlanta Declaration is the holy grail for the few remaining lovers of individual liberty in America. Demolishing the right to self-protection is the holy grail for the architects of the new world order of absolute worldwide tyranny, including their puppet front the National Rifle Association. Each corpse served up on the media is like oil in the engine of the NWO: 8 quarts per corpse. No surprise that every fact is twisted to the desired end, such as the killing spree in Luby's Cafeteria in Killeen, Texas, where the murderer had a field day after the law-abiding citizens had left their personal weapons in their cars, like the law told them to. The engine used that incident to get even more laws against carrying guns for self-protection passed. Meanwhile, the government does nothing to enforce the fifty-plus thousand gun laws on the books now, so that anybody wanting to oil the engine can buy one on the streets at will.

Where, oh where is our Savior in these dark days of the eclipse of civilization? I now take my life, hoping that I will wake up in a better world.

Sayonara.

Chapter 45

Click.

THE TRENCHCOAT MAFIA AND THE REAL SCORE

by T.L. Winslow, Fiction Author. Birthday: Jan. 18, 1953

(Capricorn)

It was a warm day for April up here at the foot of the Rockies, in my laid-back front-range town of Littleton, Colorado. The nearby red-rock formations of Roxbury State Park and Red Rocks Ampitheatre are like pews in a giant's church, framed by the ten-thousand-foot peaks visible on clear days to the south and west, especially Pike's Peak directly to the south, by faraway Colorado Springs.

You always know which way west is. It's where the mountain range is, going north and south like a curtain of rocks, ending the vast Great Plains with a finality of Gods. You know you are special, because only the affluent can afford to live here. The herd of the poor live down north and east in nearby Denver -- less clear view of the mountains, more smog; all the big city problems, including poorer schools.

Only twenty-seven more days of school left and then I graduate. This summer will be the best of my life, one big party, before I pack off to college, and a new life; my first time away from my parents.

I love my schoolmates. We study so hard, even during lunch hour, above the cafeteria in the library. Here comes Isaiah now.

"Hi Isaiah! How are ya?"

"Fine, man."

We high-fived. Then a mean white guy in a black trenchcoat shouts, "Here's a nigger!" and shoots Isaiah in the face.

He shot my white pal too. He shot at me but missed. Must have been because he went for the body instead of the face. I guess I believe in angels now.

I played dead. Not that it was hard to do. It was either that, or be dead for real. I prefer play acting

to the real thing myself. It can be uncomfortable, but when laying with real, bloody corpses that used to be your friends, you don't notice; you appreciate the difference.

I knew the shooter. He was a member of the local trenchcoat mafia, the TCM. He was crazy. Smart, but hated school. He was getting even with it, and I was at the wrong place at the wrong time. No, I was lucky. I had the right face at the right time. White face. The reason I didn't get shot in the face. It passed. It got an A. Isaiah's face flunked. It got a D. Dead.

I loved Isaiah. He was the kind of a guy that everybody liked, the kind with no enemies. But he had a black face, and there was nothing he could do about that when the devil came to the library looking for souls. His whole life should have been about that moment somehow. We will not let it be, can't let it be.

Is that it? Spot check: black face: bang: you're dead? I understand black rage now. I understand their pain now. I walked a mile in their faces: the mile from the chair to the floor. When the coast was clear and the survivors ran for it, the west exit and the mountains promised safety. But the soul of one nigger shines the way forever for me now.

I had bits and pieces of Isaiah's blood and flesh on me as I lay there, playing dead. I was pretending I had a black face, and all I had to do was lie still. They shot his face off. He was a manikin with his face missing, and my face was now carrying bits of it. That's the power of bullets, to shoot faces off. They will never kill the soul.

The TCM shooter was wearing a black mask. Funny I couldn't have returned the favor if I was packing. Nobody in that school packed, like in Denver's West High or North High, where the predominantly Hispanic and Black population, respectively, has turned the schools into jungles, where few study, go to the library, or even graduate. At least, if the TCM came to their schools,

they would have made short work of them. We at Columbine were mainly white, and like white sheep, were slaughtered without resistance. Funny, but a bill was even then in the State Legislature to permit people to pack concealed weapons throughout Colorado; the TCM publicity caused it to be withdrawn immediately.

What is my stand now on private ownership of guns and explosives? I truly don't know. I can't think straight anymore. If only the bad guys have them, then what? If everybody has to carry them for self-protection, then what? There is no easy solution, sorry. God himself is testing us all, and there can't be a legislative-only solution.

The TCM were said to have been neo-Nazis, commemorating Hitler's birthday, April 20th. If so, Hitler is getting some pretty dumb recruits these days, else why didn't they go to a predominantly black school instead of scour ours for one black face, and then slaughter a dozen whites too? Hitler must be rolling in his grave. No, strike that, he has no grave to roll in. There couldn't be one handful of dirt on Earth that would be left alone if his remains were buried in it. Two days later a big snowstorm moved in, covering saint and sinner alike with a blanket of white. God forgives. People can try. But only if they understand.

Why? What was the point? Two whites, by all accounts bright, and from affluent families. Great futures ahead of them, because they were white. They chose to play a game of Doom on their classmates and teachers, and end their lives after running out of ammo or victims, whichever. What kind of parents would let their moral values degenerate to the point where real people and video sprites could be equated? Didn't they ever take them to church? Spank them? Watch what they were doing, who their friends were, what they were saying? They ran a web site telling the world what they were planning to do, for Christ's sake. Some one hundred and twenty something hits before AOL closed it down.

Was it the Millennium? The year 1999? Every Millennium

does things to people. Call it the Millennium Fever. It happened in the year 999, and will probably happen again in the year 2999. Nostradamus predicted it. Bible fundamentalists predicted it. Worse, they predict a much hotter time for this beautiful planet, and now I think they will not be disappointed. There are a lot more high schools than I would like to count. Theaters. Stadiums. Churches. Auditoriums. Arenas. It makes me cry to think of even one more person shot in the face because it was the bad-guy's color in a video game from Hell.

Why did the shooters act so happy, even delighted, as they shot people like video game sprites? If they believed in God, they knew they weren't going to heaven now. If they believed in the Devil, maybe they thought they would be taking their 'scores' with them to Hell, and be set up over them as their rulers. But that presupposes their victims would be going to Hell, not somewhere else. They might find out they were sadly mistaken.

What does killing a video sprite do? Nothing except change the score. What does killing a real person do? It kills their future, their family, their classmates, more scores than anybody but God can tally. And it changes the score of the shooter to negative infinity. In case you don't know, nothing they can add to it can change it now: it stays negative infinity forever after that.

I believe in angels. What are angels? Where was Isaiah's angel? Are angels only for white faces? I can't understand. Maybe Isaiah is himself an angel now. If so, I know he'll be transformed into a creature of pure light, blinding white light. Unlike mortals, which only reflect light, angels give it off. Maybe that's where all white racism comes from. They look at what reflects off somebody, rather than what shines from them. It's easier to point and shoot that way.

*Note to Net injection team: to be released on April 24, 1999.

Click.

BOOK REVIEWS FOR 'HORROR HIGH SCHOOL'

SICK

What kind of mind would be so obsessed with a subject like this to write a book about it? It's overblown. I skipped over much of it, when I wasn't getting sick. The author's mind peeked through in the part by the Dove.

EXPLOITATION

This book is just a sad attempt to exploit two teenage boys. Don't tell me it's okay just because they're mass murderers.

GOOD

Not just good, but great! What a penetrating analysis of every historical and psychological current that could possibly have been swimming in the minds of two sick crazed killers. He's right in that they probably didn't even know who they were, where they were, or what they were really doing. It's all indicative of a government coverup. The government never investigates and prosecutes itself.

LITERARY MASTERPIECE

I don't know what the big boys will say, but this reviewer was awed by great literature. In the style of Dostoyevsky, mixed with James Joyce, and a little of everybody else, the author has produced a great work that will be read, studied, debated and pondered on forever. A classic.

Click.

CLASSES RESUME AT HARLOW HIGH SCHOOL

Friday, August 13, 1999.

The fall semester begins today at ill-fated Harlow High

School despite some parents keeping their kids from school. The library, scene of the worst part of the massacre, remains closed, hidden behind a temporary wall of lockers that cost \$1800 to construct. "It's a blank wall," a Harlow spokesman said. "It's a sunshine space." A temporary library is being constructed while officials have yet to determine whether it will ever reopen, or, as many urge, it will be torn down and a memorial constructed.

Despite copycat shootings in other parts of the country, and the Clinton administration's efforts, major gun control efforts were stymied by the Republican-controlled Congress. Meanwhile, a study released by Duke University estimated the cost of treating gunshot wounds yearly as over \$2.3 billion, with half of it paid by the government. The study was based on data for the year 1994.

*ERR 11853:

August 13 was the date they started erecting the Berlin Wall. Too obvious. Move the start date to Monday the 16th. Check.

Click.

HARLOW HIGH REOPENS TO NAZI SWASTIKAS

Yesterday, Monday, August 16, 1999, Harlow High finally reopened after a well-orchestrated love, brotherhood, and tolerance rally amid worldwide publicity. Authorities announced a "zero-tolerance policy for hate", including the kind of persecution and teasing by jocks that figured so prominently in the profiles of the mass murderers Eric Harris and Dylan Boulding. While some students refused to reenter the building, opting to transfer to nearby schools, most of the 2,000-member student body were there for the grand reopening.

*ERR 8331217:

Change Harris to Horst.

Jubilant students streaming into the horrific halls to cheers and "take back the school" chants, assured of new security equipment and personnel, soon were sobered up, however. There, in many bathrooms, were Nazi swastikas, graffiti placed there by unknown persons subsequent to the extensive remodeling and repainting job. Investigations have not yielded any suspects. Other swastikas were found on outside surfaces of the school.

Click.

One of Rachmaninoff's books, Outrage, has been especially troublesome for the literary giant Stephen McQueen. It has been a factor in a number of nasty and, unfortunately, sometimes deadly incidents in the real world, incidents in which crazed teenage boys have held classmates and teachers hostage, and in some cases committed murder, seemingly in an attempt to ape this book. How much responsibility does the author of a book bear when that book is claimed by the murderer to be some part of the triggering mechanism for their psychotic criminal interlude? Frankly, I don't know. I've spent sleepless nights in Seattle and elsewhere with this question, and a lot of them (no, honey, I didn't cheat on you, grin). Yet I still don't know. Neither, apparently, does the FBI, who has harassed and interrogated me concerning a mere fictional book as if I were a mere nonfiction author.

-- Stephen McQueen, Cheyenne, Wyoming, April 16, 1996. From "The Importance of Being Rachmaninoff", 2nd introduction to The Rachmaninoff Books, published by the Penguin Group under the Plume imprint, October, 1996. ISBN 0-452-27775-2.

Click.

MCQUEEN WITHDRAWS RICHARD RACHMANINOFF NOVEL "OUTRAGE"

The prolific author of horror and mayhem Stephen McQueen has officially withdrawn his novel Outrage, first published in

paperback in 1977 by Signet under the pseudonym Richard Rachmaninoff, from publication, in response to the recent spate of school killings, particularly the April 20, 1999 massacre at Columbine High School in Colorado.

*ERR 125625:

Change Columbine High School in Colorado to Harlow High School in Wyoming.

He's our boy.

*OVERRIDE

Make sure the used bookstores in the Colorado-Wyoming Front Range are supplied with numerous slightly-used copies of _The Rachmaninoff Books_, Plume imprint, starting on April 6, 1999.

Click.

MYTHS ABOUT HARLOW HIGH MASSACRE EXPLODED

September 20, 1999

Investigators today released a bombshell in a new report on the Harlow High School Massacre that occurred on April 20. Among the major myths exploded was the story about Callie Barnesewing, the student whose religious faith was tested by the shooters, and whose example caused many to turn to God. Another student hiding under the desk with her, Annie Getgun, told investigators that Callie didn't reply "Yes, I do" when asked if she believed in God before she was murdered. Instead, no words were spoken at all, and the shooters tried to shoot Annie first, then changed their minds. Another myth was that the shooters were members of the Buffalo Robe Mafia. Further investigation has confirmed that they were never members of this outcast student group, but only wore robes to mimic them. Another investigation has turned up absolutely no evidence that more than two shooters or accomplices were involved in the massacre. The rumor that the shooters were gay was also questioned as

unfounded. Another investigation has exploded the myth that the shooters entered the school with a plan to kill jocks and minorities. Instead, they had planted a large bomb in the cafeteria the night before and waited outside, planning to randomly shoot any of the over 600 people there who tried to escape. When the bomb failed because of a faulty triggering device, they entered the school, shooting randomly as they went. Other revelations follow.

*ERR 39384:

Date duplication. Change September 20 to September 24.

Student gadget grease.

Good night.

Cover Sheet

Saturday, April 3, 1999. 6:00 A.M.

Note to editing finishing team:

This cover story guidelines document is now 90% complete, all except the cover story and fantasy action scenes, and it is in your capable hands to finish it before the Go Day of April 20, 1999, for final approval by the Board, before final issuing of the Go Signal. You Hollywood guys always amaze me with your writing and editing speed. I know you get lots of practice. Ever since JFK, we know the wisdom of the requirement to pre-script and pre-film everything with a stopwatch in hand.

By the way: Ever eat at the International House of Pancakes? They are very big in Colorado and its dependent state Wyoming. Try the blueberry pancakes. Tasty and toothsome. Beats those greasy spoon Stuckeys joints in our neck of the woods. And they still take cash. Harlow is now the International House of Horrors. Bye now.

-- "Caul"

THE END

Credits:

Thanks to Carlton Mellick III, author of "Skinhead Girls",
for contributions of some material.

Ad blurb

Horror High School:
The Color of the Rinsing Sun

by T.L. Winslow

Genre: Mainstream adult contemporary literary fiction with
crime, thriller and horror crossover

It's a bleak spring on the Great Plains of America in
Madeline, Wyoming on April 20, 1999, and Harlow High, a
huge public high school in an affluent, white, upper
middle-class suburban neighborhood is opening for just
another day, the lives of two thousand students mingling
peacefully. They seemed immune to the rash of school

shootings around America, and were blissfully unconcerned with security. Around lunchtime, two crazed students, dressed in masks and buffalo robes, carrying an arsenal of guns and bombs, attacked the unsuspecting students, changing their lives forever, along with world politics.

Their plans laid long in advance, with confederates inside and outside the school, the shooters killed a dozen and wounded two dozen more, but could have killed and wounded hundreds. What prevented them?

This novel, based on secret videotapes left by the shooters, reveals that greater forces were involved in the titanic struggle in the hallways of Harlow High School than any survivors or investigators ever knew about -- until now. The utter horror builds up till you can't stand it.

A spectacular attempt to get into the minds of the people involved in the Columbine High School Massacre in Littleton, Colorado, and expose its place in the warp and woof of history, conspiracy theories, and the supernatural. A fictionalization, in the tradition of James Joyce, that will forever change your view of that massacre, America, and history itself. Can you stand to visit Horror High School again?

Warning : explicit sexual situations and adult language.
For mature readers only.

Excerpt from the book:

Four guns, sixty-six and two-thirds bombs, and two hearts full of hate left their car parked and booby-trapped in the Harlow High School parking lot. The same car they had used to deliver newspapers and pizza, and make love in. It had now driven its last mile, taken them to their final destination. It would now play sentry. The booby trap would be waiting for anybody who tried to desecrate it, even to move it. Rightfully it should stand there for all time as a monument to their work today.

They timed their raid to coincide with the lunch hour, with

the maximum number of buffalo available to stampede and massacre. As they left their parked car, ready for fun, they noticed a large white buffalo standing among the cars and sports utility vehicles, nodding passively, even winking approvingly at them as they began to approach the school complex. The magnificent bearded, horned head looked on at the school as the hunters reached the concrete steps that surrounded it. One shooter heard it bellow with a mating call, the other heard nothing. Their eyes glazed over as when they were about to have orgasms. Then they started walking towards the school, shooting anybody that presented a target.

The author:

American author T.L. Winslow, a novelist of extraordinary imagination, is the founder of the knowledge fiction art form.

Author of the novels "Anti-World War I", "Tegeena: Warrior Priestess", "Schwarzen Auger: Dark Eyes of Evil", "Dork Dick", "Five Smooth Stones", "Young Howard", and others.

Email: tlwinslow@aol.com