

You can't fool all the people all of the time  
But if you fool the right ones, then the rest will fall behind  
Tell me who's got control of your mind? your world view?  
Is it the news or the movie you're taking your girl to?

"The smart way to keep people passive and obedient is to strictly limit the spectrum of acceptable opinion, but allow very lively debate within that spectrum."

- Noam Chomsky, American linguist and U.S. media and foreign policy critic.

"If voting changed anything, they'd make it illegal"

- Emma Goldman (Bolshevik)

"We might hope to see the finances of the Union as clear and intelligible as a merchant's books, so that every member of Congress and every man of any mind in the Union should be able to comprehend them, to investigate abuses, and consequently to control them."

- President Thomas Jefferson to Treasury Secretary Albert Gallatin, 1802

"I predict future happiness for Americans if they can prevent the government from wasting the labors of the people under the pretense of taking care of them"

- President Thomas Jefferson

"Can you cite one speck of hard evidence of the benefits of 'Diversity' that we have heard gushed about for years? Evidence of its harm can be seen written in blood from Iraq to India, from Serbia to Sudan, from Fiji to the Philippines. It is scary how easily so many people can be brainwashed by sheer repetition of a word."

- Thomas Sowell, writing for the Jewish World Review August 29, 2006

"I can conceive of no greater calamity than the assimilation of the Negro into our social and political life as our equal. . . . We can never attain the ideal union our fathers dreamed, with millions of an alien, inferior race among us, whose assimilation is neither possible nor desirable."

- Abraham Lincoln, after signing the Emancipation Proclamation (like other presidents, Lincoln sought to repatriation of freed Blacks to Africa).

If diversity were such a grand concept, why does it not occur naturally? Why is it always court ordered?

"We are the only country in history that ever deliberately changed its ethnic makeup, and history has few examples of 'diversity' creating a stable society."

- Richard Lamm, former governor of Colorado

"Do you think the Black majority will treat Whites as well as Whites treat the Black minority?"

- Michael Savage

"Hatred is something peculiar. You will always find it strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture."

- Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe

"In a time of universal deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act."

- George Orwell

"Wherever you find the Negro everything is going down around him, and wherever you find the White man you see everything around him improving."

- Robert E. Lee

"No sane black man really wants integration! No sane white man really wants integration. . . . The only solution is complete separation."

- Malcolm X

"I am beginning to believe that black people, no matter where in the world they are, are cursed with a genetic predisposition to steal, murder, and create mayhem."

- Leighton Levy, black journalist.

"Our crime rate is far too high."

- Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in his 1958 book, "Stride toward Freedom."

"There is nothing more painful to me at this stage in my life than to walk down the street and hear footsteps and start thinking about robbery, then look around and see somebody white and feel relieved."

- Jesse Jackson, 1993

"Thank God my ancestor got out, because, now, I am not one of them [Africans]. In short, thank God I am an American."

- Keith Richburg, Black Journalist based in Nairobi as the Africa bureau chief for the Washington Post, in 'Out Of America'

Before two years had passed after the surrender, there was two out of every three slaves who wished they was back with their marsters. The marsters' kindness to the nigger after the war is the cause of the nigger having things today. There was a lot of love between marster and slave, and there is few of us that don't love the white folks today Slavery was better for us than things is now. Niggers then didn't have no responsibility; just work, obey, and eat.

- Patsy Mitchner-ex slave

"I have a dream that my four children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character."

- Martin Luthur King, August 28th 1963

"We wrecked the shit out of it. Now, we get something that's better. What's wrong with that? White people are the Devil. I don't care what you have to pay. It's not enough to make up for 400 years of slavery. You screwed my people. Everything America has, we either built or invented. Blacks make this country go around. Whites are rich from it." The woman said she hadn't worked a day in her life and didn't intend to. "Why should I work? Me? Shit. I ain't never going to work."

- A Black welfare mother today, on the destruction of her HUD low rise project.

Someone said that Democracy is on its last legs when the hoi poloi discover that they can confiscate (i.e. vote away) the earnings of the "doers" and give it to the "voters".

Edward Gibbon in his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire said that there were five major attributes that marked the closing days of the great Roman Empire:

1. There was an increasing love of show and luxury; that is, affluence.
2. There was a widening gap between the very rich and the very poor.
3. There was an obsession with sex.
4. There was freakishness in the arts masquerading as originality and creativity.
5. There was an increased desire to live off the state.

"The US government is on a 'burning platform' of unsustainable policies and practices with fiscal deficits, chronic healthcare under funding, immigration and overseas military commitments threatening a crisis if action is not taken soon, the country's top government inspector has warned.

Drawing parallels with the end of the Roman Empire, Mr. Walker warned there were "striking similarities" between America's current situation and the factors that brought down Rome, including "declining moral values and political civility at home, an over-confident and over-extended military in foreign lands and fiscal irresponsibility by the central government".

- Jeremy Grant in Washington, August 14 2007

The roads are crumbling, bridges are collapsing, the economy's tanking, murder, theft, rape, and drugs are rampant, the national treasury is being dumped into Iraq, but FEAR NOT CITIZEN YOUR GOVERNMENT IS HARD AT WORK TO PROTECT YOU FROM...

a fucking knot in a rope.

- Bi xNood

TRUTH IS ONLY ILLEGAL WHEN CRIMINALS ARE IN POWER

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[Virus 2]

The Resistance begins Author: 'Bushite Fury'

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With grateful help from Sheutze on hunting and warfare.

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Los Angeles publicly prided itself on and regularly boasted of being the most progressive, successfully multicultural city in the country. Publicly, its expensively promoted image was of harmony with minor growing pains.

A single glance showed the true picture of Ethnic chaos, starting right at the top. The racially separate councils and ruling bodies insisted the city proudly display 'togetherness' symbols, while the entire city existed in a state of block by block racial segregation. While constantly demanding the 'Fair share' and Equality they already had if they only took advantage of the opportunities they were presented with, Black leaders demanded separate representation and facilities, separate schools, separate councils, separate businesses supported by separate government funds, separate housing and separate medical care as the solution to their problems, all paid for of course by the public Taxpayer, not by themselves.

Even without seeing the inhabitants of an area you could identify the boundary of each racial majority in an area by the degree of courtesy displayed toward others; first came Graffiti Tags, followed by the sudden appearance of barred windows, boards nailed over windows, roller doors, the volume of untended trash, and finally the disappearance of all wildlife and grass in Black areas as Homes, Apartments and Businesses gave way to urban wastelands. In LA alone, destructive Black activity alone cost an estimated \$2 Billion per annum to repair.

Once flourishing Businesses were closed or locked down, all Petrol pumps were set to prepay, remaining Businesses were built like prisons and forced to close at sunset for safety, not to keep inmates in, but criminals out, and struggled to stay in business while suffering continual losses from shoplifting, damage, fraud and abuse from both Employees and Customers. No store allowed credit, few or none accepted credit cards or checks, many accepted no cards at all. Everything from Bathrooms to Sugar was locked away everywhere from fast food places to public buildings, had to be requested and not taken for granted as they were in civilized areas. Some fast food places not only had bulletproof glass between the dining area and their employees, for employee safety they had a steel revolving tray for service; you put your money in and spun it, they spun it back to deliver your food. A few fast food places had Bouncers, even armed guards present at all times. Shopping malls more closely resembled Military compounds than peaceful complexes. Schools were bleak fortresses of steel and concrete with armed guards and metal detectors for the students, the only toilets the Female students could safely enter were those watched over by guards else they'd be followed in and attacked. Bridges had solid covers over pedestrian lanes, not for shelter, but to stop Black youths throwing rocks onto traffic below. Hospitals had to employ massive security, suffered constant theft of absolutely anything not bolted down no matter how useless it was to anyone else, needed copious security to prevent the Rape of nurses and the constant abuse of staff and patients. Crime, public drunkenness, litter, infrastructure decay and utter misery were the rule, not the exception in these places.

Without a single exception in the Nation, in every area where Blacks were in the majority there were massive crime rates, minimal property values, and businesses to fuel vices flourished.

With just your ears you could still easily tell the ethnicity of the occupants. Peaceful neighborhoods which showed respect for others by day and by night gave way to Warring neighborhoods with high volume stereos at all hours, constant explosions of domestic and personal rage, occasional gunfire by day which deteriorated to machinегun fire and war zones by night. Supermarkets in some areas were friendly places where people mixed and met. In others they sounded with constant arguments between aggressive customers and staff demanding credit, demanding refunds on mostly eaten or purposely damaged items, stolen goods and even empty packaging, demanding discounts for trivia, the breaking of stock and the beatings of children.

And finally, in person, places where eye contact resulted in a friendly wave gave way to areas where a glance in the wrong direction resulted in an immediate explosion of racial rage. Places where a stranger was hardly noticed gave way to areas where the mere sight of a stranger and especially a person of another color was cause for people to stop in their tracks and stare, and increasingly, attack.

But all the citizens heard was "All negative behavior, societal problems are due to Deprivation" - anything other than admit the behaviors were overwhelmingly racial, that

the offender details of one crime after another proved no amount of wealth made any difference to the likelihood of Blacks committing crime, and many purposely targeted other races while doing so. The solution to the problem was always "More Police" and "More Funding", never "More self-control in youth"

The painted murals displayed in the racially distinct parts of the city were the most telling visual sign of the true feelings of the local majority.

In the central city and the few remaining largely White areas, the enormous billboards, advertisements and painted murals everywhere displayed smiling, happily coexisting people of every color working together in every profession. "No racism in our area" and "Not in our area" signs abounded along with the usual "Diversity is our Strength" and "We're all in this together" posters. Simple colorful messages and meaningless slogans to imprint on with no history, no shred of proof to back them up, just as in politics. Out of courtesy all adverts, posters, Traffic signs and directions were Bilingual, English and Spanish.

In Black areas, the posters and murals were exclusively of Black people with no other faces at all, all looking angry, many displaying 'Black power' fists, gang signals, raised AK-47 rifles. Some just showed a giant Black fist with flames in the background. Any other poster was torn down within minutes.

In Latino areas, the posters, signs and enormous building murals were written entirely in Spanish, the murals exhorted 'Brown Pride' and declared "We are NOT a minority!", proclaiming the city and country to be 'Theirs' and "Part of Aztlan", with every building in the background prominently flying a Mexican flag, and only Brown faces to be seen. Again, any other poster placed in their areas was torn down on sight.

Lately, someone had taken to defacing the "Diversity is our future" posters hanging throughout the business district with old Environmental stickers requesting people to "Help Preserve our Planets Biodiversity for future generations to enjoy". "The ugly face of racism", they were instantly decried in an exclusive news report. Police had analyzed reams of security video in an effort to catch the culprit, who always wore a Balaclava and Gloves and struck only in the dead of night. They'd sent samples downtown for analysis, laser scanned and chemically treated them for otherwise invisible fingerprints. DNA replication coupled with rare DNA witness tests on breath borne particles stuck to the surface showed the offender was, as expected, a White male. Extra security patrols and cameras had been arranged in an attempt to catch the culprit.

On the radio waves, the differences in attitude between the different peoples were even more obvious.

The ever-fewer 'White' stations played a selection of contemplative, easy listening mixed with alternative, Ethnic and Black music to be all-inclusive, employed a mix of Black, Latino and White announcers and DJ's to appease racial demands. Their charters and websites spoke of providing a service to the city and didn't mention Race except to say they were a proud "Equal Opportunity Employer" and supported "Equal Airtime", were against racism in any form and aimed to help communities "Move beyond Hate", and always stressed "The importance and contribution to society of every Ethnic group". When listener talkback was permitted, the Hosts, Management and censors all kept fingers on the cutoff button to slap off the air any hint of racial talk. The Events they organized were always stressed over and over as 'All Welcome', other music was always present either in separate areas or by a selection of Bands playing one after another to appease Ethnic demands. They even funded exclusive Black events to demonstrate their commitment to Diversity and their non-racism.

In comparison, all Black stations were exclusively described as "Black" and announced themselves as such every few minutes, every hour, every day. They exclusively played Rap music glorifying Violence, Drug use, anti social behavior and inter-racial crime, no other music was even considered for inclusion in their lineup. Increasing numbers of Rap singers had given up their weak pretense of pretending to be releasing the stress of the Black community and talking of their problems, were now openly telling their listeners to kill. And Black stations here and everywhere else happily played their music constantly. Their Charters and Websites spoke of "Black Radio" and the importance of promoting "Black pride". They did not celebrate or mention Diversity, or anyone's contribution to society, not even the Black one. No other culture or ethnic group was welcomed, celebrated or even mentioned except in derisory or racial terms. They celebrated increasing Black numbers, the increasing Black presence in Official positions, their Racial Unity and their Hate of all other peoples, and told their people to Vote only for Blacks to get more of the same. Only Black staff were employed or wanted, and nobody suggested they cater to any other groups in the city. Talkback consisted of an unending litany of ways Blacks were being oppressed, Racial Hatred and talk of violence and social aggression against all non-Blacks, suggestions of ways to attack 'White society', all fully agreed with by the Hosts. Every event they organized was described and titled as 'Black', with no inclusion of any other music considered. Some Black stations broadly hinted that for their own safety, nobody else should turn up to their events.

The Hispanic stations invariably broadcast in Spanish, their websites were in Spanish with no translation provided. There too, every station had a racially titled name, some went further and chose names making clear their racial goals and allegiance with Mexico.

In Los Angeles alone there were two stations titled "La Raza", meaning "The Race". Others were named "Aztlán FM" and "Reconquista FM", both meaning the Mexican dream of Re-conquering the entire American Southwest and incorporating it into a Mexican Nation called Aztlán. Every major US City had a "La Raza FM", and nobody commented on the racial hypocrisy else threats, mass protests were organized against the speaker. Talkback there too, was a constant barrage of hatred against the Host Nation, callers telling how they wanted to kill non-Hispanics. Every event they organized was a separate "Viva la raza" annual mega concert, an "Aztlán festival", a segregated "Hispanic pride" prize giving, all proudly attended by Hispanic officials elected to work for all the peoples of the City irrespective of background.

Everything was 'peaceful', 'progressing' and 'coming together' despite every Black area having Race as the very first thing on their minds, absolute Zero tolerance for 'Diversity' and constant low-key warfare against each other and especially against other races. There wasn't a single mixed Black-White area anywhere in the US, but like everywhere else it was still labeled a 'Success' despite each and every single Social factor saying otherwise. And here too, the true face of Tolerance was a generation of illiterate, explosive tempered, insanelly violent, politically correct intentional failures to whom an unfamiliar face in 'their territory', half a sideways glance, the wrong colored t-shirt, being asked to behave, any trivial annoyance caused a mandatory beating and increasingly the Death penalty.

The 'Success' of the Historically failed multicultural experiment was always officially stressed, while never giving any facts or figures or mentioning the less visible signs; entire Ethnically Cleansed areas completely reliant upon welfare where the majority deliberately failed at school, accumulated criminal records and bad credit histories while constantly blaming everyone and anything except themselves.

Like every other US city, the landscape consisted of violently segregated Ethnic gang enclaves, streets, blocks and suburbs. Tribal Warfare, gunfire, conflict and retaliatory attacks blighted every trashed city block, every single day. Fear and violence ruled, everyone lived in constant fear of their neighbors, their criminals, their Drug dealers, sometimes even their own Children. Half of all young Black men had gang affiliations, making the smallest perceived slight a literal life or death situation. When coupled with the total discourtesy they displayed at all times to all others, the result was an all but declared War zone. People died every day over Tribally-declared 'turf' they didn't legally own any of, had 'claimed' via an indecipherable graffiti mark somewhere. A Documentary on Gangs once showed Black drug dealers and gang members who never left their home street at all because they'd be shot on sight for being in a different Gang and for 'being unfamiliar on their turf', and they spoke of this as though it was a completely normal existence in the middle of a Civilization.

For ordinary citizens, the only safe area for non-Gang members was the no-mans land between unmarked gang boundaries where no other Gang member or person of another Race dared tread if they didn't want to be shot. There, and there only, others could walk unmolested, provided of course they were the same color as the local non-White ethnic majority. There were streets, highways, abandoned areas where if you crossed an invisible line and weren't the right race, you were shot on sight. Simple as that.

Our once-safe society had been reduced to fear, endless caution, Hate, and Death awaiting the unwary in many streets and areas. And this horrific situation was supposed to be the enlightened way of the future for us to look forward to.

When Blacks moved into an area it didn't result in Harmony, only in a trail of targeted racial crime. Blacks 'got along' with their new non-Black neighbors with constant low-key terrorism, threats, constant racial remarks, theft, pointed vandalism directed at non-Blacks and finally violence and murders, all of which were merely recorded as 'statistics'. They inconvenienced their non-Black neighbors in every way they could think of starting with deliberately slow-walking and obstructing footpaths, dumping trash onto their properties, up to always finding "Something wrong" with restaurant food at the very end of a meal and refusing to pay.

Once peaceful White and Asian neighborhoods where Police were rarely seen now had continuous Police visits and patrols, Helicopters hovering overhead. The sound of Beatings and verbal abuse of partners and children became everyday as they brought their violent, destructive lifestyles with them into once peaceful areas and began tearing them apart. The Adults loudly partied and fought until 3am and later when working people needed sleep, exploded in racial rage at non-Blacks at the slightest opportunity or at their mere sight, sat on their doorsteps drinking before noon and staring blankly at non-Blacks as they walked or drove past in the hope they'd give even half a sideways glance back to 'justify' instant abuse or violence. They watched their neighbors, learned their habits, waited until they left for work then robbed them, attacked their cars when they found which ones belonged to non-Blacks. They followed Women in packs while issuing vague threats and crude come-ons. They reduced themselves and their new area to waste as they preyed and destroyed and blamed their society for all their problems.

Their Children were more often than not brought up to be pint-size criminal psychopaths; Black parents allowed them to behave in any way they chose to harass non-Blacks, watched

as they shouted threats, kicked doors and throw rocks at their doors and windows, stood in packs in the middle of the road and hindered traffic, flashed gang signs as a direct threat, stared blankly at non-Blacks, invaded properties in packs to steal anything they could and staying out at all hours. When Neighbors or Police intervened, their Parents exploded with rage instead of thanking them for stopping their children endangering themselves and others, telling them they had the right to go wherever they wanted and do whatever they want.

Their new neighbors learned the hard way it wasn't about "Escaping poverty and finding new opportunities"; it was about establishing new racial boundaries amidst mindless Hate. The more observant non-Black parents noticed disturbing things such as their Children's Black friends always visiting their houses, never the other way around; from a very young age they'd already been forbidden to bring White friends home.

And when they could endure no more of the increasing hate as more Blacks continued to move in, it was called everything except what it was. Ethnic cleansing. The media euphemisms for non-Blacks fleeing encroaching Black Racial Terror were "White Flight", "Ghetto creation", "Racism", "Creeping ghettoization", "Escaping crime", and many more terms which passed the blame to the Victims.

Increasingly, the horrifying reality of not just economic refugees, but refugees from racial cleansing had come to America. When expenses exceeded income it was only a matter of time till families were homeless. And when Blacks arrived in an area it was only a matter of time until others fled the racial terror they brought. The media refused to acknowledge the increasing reality in America that fully ten percent of Americas working citizens were now in one way or another refugees within America, forced to stay with family, friends, anywhere other than their former homes. They gave euphemisms of the "New Poor" while refusing to give figures or interview any but Blacks, they especially refused to say virtually all of Americas new refugees were not just Young, but White.

As Black areas spread, the building rot set in first with privately-owned rental apartments who absolutely weren't permitted to choose their tenants regardless of criminal record, employment history or any other factor which increased the likelihood of damage being inflicted to their homes to near-certainty. And when they moved in, they brought trouble, property damage and threats, and others began to move out. Good Tenants began to refuse to go there, eventually forcing them to let more welfare tenants in. Damage and trouble increased exponentially. They reported being unable to get any good tenants, quickly followed by bills not being paid, nonstop anti social partying, explosions of rage at being asked to fulfill the most basic obligations such as keeping the place tidy and paying rent, deliberate damage done in ways that showed not only contempt but hatred for the home owner, much of it done in the last week before tenants were finally ejected for continuous breaches of agreements. Places remained empty while considerable damage was repaired. Rent was forced to rise to keep up with expenses, forcing the remaining good tenants out and the owner to begin accepting Section 8 if they wanted to continue. Increasingly they refused to do that. When the damage exceeded income for too long they simply shut down, sold the homes if they could or increasingly leveled or abandoned them outright. A few went to the trouble of moving entire houses to get them out of rapidly worsening areas.

When the private owners gave up, HUD and Section 8 stepped in as always at enormous, bankrupting expense to cities and no liability whatsoever to the occupiers. In 2006 HUD spent 5.5 Million building new homes on Alter Rd in East Detroit. 1 Year Later HUD inspected them: 20 of the 25 had what was identified as "Considerable Damage above Normal Wear and Tear" to the interior which included Broken/Missing Plumbing, Appliances, furnishings and "Extreme Damage" to floors and walls. Substances seen on the walls and floors were identified as food, grease, blood, urine, and faeces. During that year there were 2 Murders and over 120 Police visits to that 5 Block stretch of Alter Rd. When those residences quickly became so damaged at the hands of 'disadvantaged' and 'low income' tenants they too were declared unsalvageable, the feral residents responsible were rewarded once again with new homes, not Prison terms.

Blacks couldn't even wait until housing developments were completed before starting their Gang territorial claims and graffiti tags, violence and shootings and reducing building sites into the war zones they proudly called home in the midst of a supposedly advanced civilization. In between the violence, theft and damage to building sites and the worsening economic depression, increasingly the sight of abandoned half-complete developments had come to America, not just Mogadishu.

Constant, Enormous efforts were made to clean up these places, in vain. Black areas that were cleaned in the morning looked like landfills by the next dawn. Residents standing three feet from large, bright colored waste bins dropped rubbish where they stood rather than expend the small effort required to put it where it was supposed to go. It made no difference even when Trash pickup was included in the Rent; the result was still mountains of trash and filth. Like every other city, there was an entire Division of workers to clean the daily mess created by lazy, ignorant Blacks. Walls, Trash cans, bridges, everything and anything remotely accessible had to be regularly repainted, Sidewalks constantly power-washed. Every Civilization required basic personal standards

to maintain health of body, mind and environment, and constantly throwing trash around wasn't one of them. For these people, degradation of themselves and their surroundings was a way of life. Occasionally Liberal and feel-good Social and Church groups would volunteer to help clean up in those areas, the locals sitting on their porches responded by throwing their trash onto roads and laughing as they watched them clean it up.

Low-rent welfare apartment blocks were worse still; numerous tenants purchased luxuries instead of paying utility bills then had their water cut off, then instead of changing their spending habits and paying outstanding bills to restore service, they urinated in public and off balconies, staining the outside of countless high-rise apartments, and used "Flying Latrines"; they filled plastic bags with their waste, both human and household, simply threw them as far as they could. In some places residents were woken all night by rubbish bags landing on their roof. Swimming pools were nonexistent in these places, not just because they were immediately taken over by Youth Gangs and fought over like every other fun place, but because the residents dumped buckets of their own human waste into them during the night as an alternative to paying utility bills.

Social Workers and Police couldn't decide if the residents did such things out of total Ignorance and neglect of their surroundings, or if it was just another way of displaying their utter contempt toward others and society in general, just as they deliberately interfered with the peace and quiet others valued by destroying it with high volume unwanted rap music at all hours.

Blacks then constantly complained their self-induced living conditions were associated with higher diabetes and disease rates and demanded better housing and more healthcare for Blacks as the solution, and as always never mentioned they'd entirely caused the problems themselves. Instead of telling the residents to improve their filthy personal living habits, their totally selfish and self-indulgent lifestyles, their constant gorging on high protein fast food snacks rather than cook healthy food and ending up tipping the scale of obesity and related disease before their teens, their wasteful, disease creating and community destroying methods of disposal, local councils responded with laws trying to reduce the amount of plastic waste and ordering fleets of heavy-duty buses, trains and even mobility scooters to accommodate them, anything other than tell them to look after themselves.

A glance into stores to see which foods were stocked and which ones weren't for lack of demand said everything that needed to be said; Fresh fruit and vegetables weren't stocked in Black areas because they didn't sell, but highly flavored and colored snack foods and drinks flew off the shelves. More and more 300lb and heavier Blacks waddled the streets, all obtained at taxpayer expense, all given freely to those who then turned around and blamed everyone except themselves for their predicament.

Here in Los Angeles, the 'melting pot of the USA' and the public face of racial Harmony for the World, it was even worse. Sidewalks in some parts of downtown LA were filthy with human waste, Cops and workers going there sometimes put on rubber overshoes or plastic bags to keep the filth off their shoes, the place smelled of the inhabitants filthy habits, sounded of constant Ebonics punctuated with explosions of rage from all directions. Visitors remarked that if the buildings were removed, all that would remain would be a jungle.

In Trailer parks here and all across the southern US it was still worse, Police and Social workers were regularly horrified at the filth the inhabitants called 'home'; the conditions the inhabitants had recreated were identical to the worst slums of Africa and Central America where they'd originated and were happy to reduce themselves and their living spaces to once more. Anyone visiting those places could see for themselves half-naked Children who didn't wash themselves, walking around with bloated frames from atrocious eating choices, not starvation, living amidst mounds of fetid trash and stagnant water. A picture the media absolutely never displayed for US citizens to see how they were 'adapting to society'.

Poverty wasn't a factor anywhere in this city, not when they were surrounded by freely provided ways and means to keep themselves tidy and being repeatedly shown by horrified social workers how to use them, it was because they'd chosen to live that way.

Despite living in buildings they'd heavily damaged, being told they were being moved for free yet again often resulted not in thanks, but yet another explosion of Black racial rage.

It was worse still when entire apartment blocks were emptied because even the Police were fed up of constant crime originating from there and had finally obtained removal orders. As always everyone else saw Crime, but Blacks only screamed "Race" - they seemingly couldn't see any connection between their behavior and the belated official reaction to it. There were violent Black protests, not protesting against the Crime of course, but against being moved. Black 'rights' groups jumped to make their usual show of supporting their hate-filled people and their outrageous claims, as always never so much as mentioning their numerous victims while about it.

Discerning observers thought it more likely they were resisting leaving 'Their Territory' to another area where they'd yet again have to forcibly establish their racial presence to show who was in charge rather than 'get along'.

When this happened in New Orleans, newspaper readers were treated one week to the sight of Obese Black tenants living entirely free at Government expense in apartments better than many working taxpayers could afford, filled with super-size high tech luxury goods paid for by our tax money, sitting down wearing dressing gowns while taxpayers were working to feed them, then having the gutless nerve to say to reporters "I might be poor but I don't like to live poor. I thank God for a place to live but it's pitiful what people give you. I'm tired of the slum landlords, and I'm tired of the slum houses". The next week, the whole Nation was treated on TV to the very same tenants violently disrupting a city meeting and racially taunting council members while protesting they were "Being treated like slaves" and refusing to leave, also protesting the fact they had to pay a deposit for their new homes amounting to far less than the cost of any one of the luxury goods in their apartments.

Observers watching the disgusting display of Hate remarked "So, getting everything free your whole life, receiving more in welfare than many working people do in wages and living in better houses than working people can afford, sitting on their fat asses in front of king-size entertainment gadgets and gorging themselves at the trough like some kind of worthless Stock animal, then being moved to a new field to graze and being asked to pay a few dollars for it is now 'Slavery'? Then I'd like to see what they'd call it if they were told to do some bloody work like everyone else!" they shook their heads in disbelief.

"Nothing at all is expected from these people, no Responsibility, no Morals, the Truth or even a single thought for others, we don't EXPECT them to do a single thing for themselves like every Civilized person does, but everything is expected from Whites. We are just so fucked-up. They can abuse anyone else all they like, commit crime, drug abuse, fraud and who knows what else in those houses, and they still get paid for it. If any working person did any one of those things in their workplace they'd be out on their ass! When the money runs out to feed and house these ungrateful worthless Fat Slobs, then God help America on that day!", an Officer snapped then stormed off.

And some knew better than others that day wasn't far off.

When it was first introduced, the US Welfare system was only ever meant to be a temporary measure to help people over. It was quite true that in the first days, in some cities the City Leaders knew the name of every registered unemployed person, there were so few of them as it was considered to be such a social stigma. Now it was not only acceptable, it was considered a god-given right and demanded, even rioted over if it wasn't enough. Many families were now into their Third generation of lifelong total Welfare dependency, and our Government was making no attempt to stop any of it. The lack of Shame and sense of demanded Entitlement at others expense was now so great that they thought nothing of spending every cent on luxuries then demanding taxes be raised to give them more.

Our Governments and the architects of the Multicultural and Welfare society we were forced to live in had promised us repeatedly that things wouldn't turn out this way, that our cities wouldn't be overrun with violent Ethnic drug Gangs and Decay. We were told that systems were in place to ensure everyone would fit in and become contributors, Children and Families wouldn't be allowed to fall through and become criminals.

In 1965, Sen. Edward Kennedy, D-Mass., was chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Immigration and Naturalization, ushered through the Senate the immigration policy of President Lyndon B. Johnson, stating Feb. 10, 1965:

"The bill will not permit the entry of subversive persons, criminals, illiterates or those with contagious disease..."

All those highly promoted and vastly expensive social systems were now overwhelmed not just with numbers, but the belligerence and complete refusal to fit in of the perpetually angry clients. Third World sights and sounds had become everyday in Western cities today, just as many predicted would happen, but were ignored.

Cities which 60 years ago despaired at Ten murders a year and gave weeks of screaming front-page publicity to each, now shrugged their shoulders at a Thousand murders a year, most at the hands of organized racial criminals, accorded most a single one-time-only back-page paragraph if they were lucky. Most crime wasn't reported at all in our papers. Not only had the level of violence risen exponentially, but the types of violence exhibited had steadily changed. It had become more than abundantly clear to everyone on the street that entire communities were now effectively at War with the rest of the Nation, many of whom made no secret of that fact to anyone who simply asked. But as soon as a Black on other crime was suggested as a possible Hate crime, our supposedly free news sites instead of reporting on it with disgust now wrenched it from their websites.

And we'd seemingly ceased to notice any of it.

Now that we were in the mess they'd brought about, our Politicians weren't making any more promises. No goals were mentioned, no plans were made beyond papering over cracks, no steps whatsoever taken to stop and reverse it instead of merely holding back the chaos from erupting into outright Warfare. Instead, in the face of Evil, our Justice, Immigration and Education systems were being unraveled.



In the face of the now rapidly unfolding social disaster, our leaders seemed almost excited that the workforce in places was low-paid, uneducated, illiterate, many hadn't graduated from high school and couldn't perform any complex tasks, 50% of Blacks didn't do so much as have a high school diploma, 60% of Immigrants residing permanently in America couldn't speak English fluently, and in places US-born citizens actually needed to learn a foreign language instead of work skills to improve their job prospects in their own country. Overseas-born aliens were not only forming hostile ethnic enclaves, they were actually demanding Americans learn their language, in our country - deliberately doing anything other than fit into their new society and take the opportunity to better themselves here.

Our leaders didn't seem to mind that the economy was gradually splitting into a small Elite group and the rest of the population was approaching the poverty line, that one US city after another starting with Los Angeles now met official 'Third world' criteria, that America now had a quarter of the World's prisoners despite having 5% of the World's population, or that many in both the Civilized and Third world viewed US social statistics with Horror.

And again, people didn't seem to notice.

All they were allowed to do, if they could, was flee from one area to another as the Ethnic Hate only ever advanced, while our leaders sat back and let it happen, all but encouraged it in fact.

Worse than the nightmarish, almost inescapable chaos and terror, the filth, ignorance and decay, was the now undeniable fact it had been set upon us deliberately, with no means provided of taking any of it back. In fact the only means left of stopping it were now specifically and pointedly outlawed, often by the very same politicians who'd brought it about.

Instead of making the slightest effort to deal with the mess, we were surrounded by officially approved, outright racial propaganda trying to tell us that the increasing disaster tearing apart our cities around us was actually all somehow good and never the perpetrators fault, it was in fact everyone else's fault.

Just about every week some new sensational expose was made of supposed racism, with a rare example of a successful Black portrayed as a normal Black who'd somehow made it despite the racism around them. Movie after movie made in this city for Cinema and TV showed exclusively Whites being at fault in every way for every Social problem and especially every Black problem. They constantly told us to deal with our own racism that was somehow the real problem, while carefully avoiding ever showing the full nightmarish face of Life and Death in Black areas, and especially refusing to show the massive Hate in every Black area in America to the people lest they get ideas of demanding large scale action be taken against the Terror building in our midst.

The massive rate of vicious, personal anti-White attacks in every Black area was ignored by the press, 'social experts', in regular diatribes masquerading as exclusive news reports and commentary lecturing us to "take firm action" to combat 'negative public attitudes' towards increasingly vicious racial savages, to encourage the public to 'treat Blacks better' and see them as victims instead.

For Whites, virtually all criminals portrayed on TV programs were White, even in majority Black cities. After repeated Black complaints, real-life Police programs rarely showed Black offenders even in majority Black cities and Prison Documentaries only showed or interviewed White inmates. A TV crime drama series even got a news mention once when someone did a study and found there more White murderers portrayed on that one program than there were in the depicted city in real life. Even recent horrific Black crime was now falsely portrayed by White actors in ridiculous attempts to hide the racial aspect. Black Hate was never portrayed in TV and Cinema fullstop, complimenting our censored news which never displayed Black racists so the public couldn't see the sheer degree of their incomprehensible Hate.

Every movie and program taught Whites that only a few Blacks were actually 'bad', the rest were basically good. No Blacks were actually racist. Even Gangs were portrayed as multicultural, they were shown as being formed by common need for survival in bad areas, not common Hatred of others. Whites only had to accept Blacks, tolerate them, talk to them nicely, see them as constant victims, understand that nothing was their fault, understand that Poverty, Whites were the cause of their problems and not their own Hate, support them and not stereotype them as criminals regardless of their speech and clothing styles, not look negatively at them, support them over their victims, and their problems miraculously disappeared. Even the few 'Bad' Blacks were portrayed as harmless Victims deep down inside, were misunderstood, just trying to survive, and both 'cooler' and smarter than Whites. Attractive women and girls wanted to be with them because they were smarter, more sensitive and caring and made better Fathers than the ignorant, racist, dumb Whites around them.

They were constantly taught by association that only "Nazis" and "Extremists" opposed the social and racial disaster all around them, and were always the guilty parties who'd started the problems in the first place. Majority White or all-White towns were portrayed as always hiding deep, dark racial secrets, while the ever-increasing number of Violently enforced 100% Black areas in every US city today were never mentioned at all. Gun owning

Whites who obeyed the law were portrayed as a hidden, violent threat to society and worse than criminals, and always turned out to have racial motives. Whites were taught that Violence only caused more Violence, only losers employed it and it always backfired badly upon them in the end. More and more TV programs, movies incorporated these themes until you could hardly watch a program without seeing them in one form or another.

A typical TV program today showed something like, a person in a Bar saying "I'm sick of crime by Blacks", whereupon a nearby off-duty Police Officer jumped up and waded in, shouted "Unfortunately what you just said isn't prosecutable, but it should be!". The Officer loudly demanded the name, occupation of the unfortunate drinker, who insisted he was telling the truth. The Officers outrage grew shriller and louder, drawing more and more attention as the drinkers friends slinked away from him. Or it showed a person so much as make a joke or observation about Blacks, and was instantly punched in the face by a 'just' non-racist White. Or it showed Police investigate a person who'd used violence against a simply aggressive Black, finding a horde of hidden racist literature and pornography. Or in a moment of distraction a White said the 'N-word', was then pounded by a mob of Blacks while his friends watched approvingly and told him he'd deserved it. There were an infinite number of ways to belittle Whites and portray them as the only racists.

For Blacks, the few Black criminals portrayed were always 'Victims of White society' in one way or another, virtually every criminal was White. No matter how positive, supportive the Whites were, always there was a snake in the grass, racism under the surface, behind the scenes every last White was a racist and was actually working against the Black. No White ever gave any Black a chance, the Black had to prove himself with Violence. The few Blacks who seemed to be criminals had always been forced into it by racism just to survive. On the racial side, just about every movie had a Black hero against racism in one way or another, it was an absolute. One movie after another focused upon overdone White racists teaching their Children and even their Dogs to hate friendly, innocent Blacks, White students ignoring and excluding polite and law abiding Black students, White employers refusing to hire Blacks and refusing promotions for humble, patient, well-spoken Blacks. Violent Blacks were not just shown to be 'cool', but successful, because they were the ones who progressed in society. And always, perpetually racist White justice was shown to be penalizing Blacks unfairly. The only way to handle their problems always turned out to be Black belligerence and violence against Whites. Nothing else ever worked.

For our Children and Teens, every movie showed Blacks just the same as them, with the same problems, angst's, growing difficulties. And of course, racism. But the Blacks were always humbler, smarter, cooler, tougher. They laughed at their tormentors, eventually beat them in every way, were always supported by attractive, intelligent Whites whose efforts were always appreciated. Bad things always happened to their tormentors without anything having to be done. Just about every other month another classic movie or TV series was remade with wall-to-wall White racism and peaceful Blacks added for our kids to imprint upon, there was a constant parade of movies and programs about newly discovered Black heroes from past Wars who'd been overlooked for being Black, Black heroes saving the day despite being subtly or openly ignored by Whites.

Meanwhile, Crime reports all over the city and all over the US were filled with innocents greeting and trying to befriend Blacks, or taking pity on them and giving them money or food, resulting in abuse, robbery and murder. Even more Crime reports were of innocents walking past Blacks; not a glance or word passed between them - no excuses - but murderous violence still resulted. Whites who'd spontaneously saved the lives of Black children at accident scenes, swimming pools, reported the gratitude lasted mere minutes before the Blacks went straight back to making them unwelcome. The slightest difficulty in Black lives was much more likely to result in violent racial abuse than patience; "White", "Cracker", "Honkey" and more flowed freely from Black lips. Blacks were more likely to allow their Children to join Gangs, accumulate criminal records, abuse them for doing well in school than congratulate them for succeeding. Majority Black schools ensured no non-Black received any award for any achievement at all. Teachers in majority Black schools received 'Danger money' disguised in other terms so as not to offend Blacks. Blacks voted only for Blacks, stated it was their duty to vote only for Blacks, while calling Whites 'racist' for not voting for them too. Entirely monoethnic gangs terrorized entire blocks, attacking not only all other ethnic groups but even their own who worked. Blacks hired to give a friendly face to tourists screamed at them instead and permitted abuse and gang violence upon them by other Blacks. Black 911 operators acted like callers were inconveniencing them, pretended they couldn't understand anything said to them and cut them off. Groups of Blacks demanded top service at Restaurants, ate huge meals then at the very end claimed 'something was wrong with the food' or 'a piece of meat was raw', refused to pay for the meal, sometimes as a last resort even forcing themselves to vomit, anything at all to avoid paying. Blacks constantly accused non-Black staff of giving them the wrong change or change for a different banknote that'd been handed over, and attacked them when they refused to hand over more and more money. Black staff gave the worst service imaginable to non-Blacks, snapping and snarling at them and throwing around their purchases, then acting perfectly Civil with Black Customers. Black

staff deliberately short-changed and overcharged non-Blacks, walked away and deliberately took so long to return with their change that customers left, acted like deaf-mutes and totally ignored non-Blacks attempting conversation, pretended they couldn't understand anything non-Blacks said to them until they took the hint and left, discreetly refused service by pretending they didn't have what they wanted, switched off their registers when non-Blacks approached and switched them back on when Blacks approached, or just got up and walked away en-masse when a non-Black approached the counter. Black employees destroyed equipment rather than take orders from White managers. Black office staff destroyed documentation of the indiscretions and disciplinary procedures against other Blacks. Blacks sat around workplaces and cursed anyone who tried to make them work, knowing a spurious complaint of 'racism' trumped compiled documentation of negligence and incompetence. In Hospitals, Black receptionists allowed newly arrived Blacks with minor complaints ahead of seriously ill Whites who'd arrived long before. The Hate was so vicious that it was even greater than the desire to see friends, family live; Emergency room, Ambulance staff trying to save Black lives were abused and threatened, Black patients wouldn't calm down until Black staff were sent to them rather than the White staff they racially Hated, demanded that only 'Black blood' be used if they needed transfusions. Black Hospital employees objected that Whites were allowed to use 'Facilities meant for poor Blacks'. Black leaders didn't care when Blacks died in large numbers in Black-run and staffed Hospitals, or when everyone including Blacks avoided those places, but protested 'Racial Takeover!' if a single White manager was appointed to clean up the mess. 'Black businesses' which refused to hire non-Blacks at all were everywhere in the city, there wasn't a single Black club, organization or 'Rights' group that admitted non-Blacks or catered to any except Blacks. And in every Black neighborhood, every single day in 'non-racist' America, packs of Black teens and adults swarmed at the mere sight of non-Black adults and even Children in 'their area', told them "You're in our neighborhood" or "You're not allowed here", before violently attacking them.

Non-Black Adults couldn't ride Buses, Streetcars, Trains, Subways by day or night. They couldn't live where they wanted, go where they wanted, wear what they wanted, drink where they wanted, eat at fast food places or even drive where they wanted. They couldn't take shortcuts, walk through parks or alleyways, walk near the 'wrong' people or even look near them. They couldn't park at unprotected car parks, shop at night, use visible ATM's, in many places they couldn't stop for gas by day or night. They couldn't wear visible possessions, couldn't carry any amount of money. They had to take extreme precautions at all times, were forced to live behind Barred windows in our once-safe cities. In the name of 'Equality', all Restrictions and Responsibilities were being placed upon the Law-abiding, not on criminals where it fully belonged.

Non-Black Children and Teens had to learn all the same precautions and more. Parents couldn't just tell their kids to avoid the "Bad part of town" and certain people as they once did, today they had to tell them never to use alleyways, never to go to certain shopping centers and stores, never to visit game parlors, never to go out at night, never to ride bikes, never to use basketball stanchions anywhere, to stay in well-lit and highly visible places even during the day, never to play outside after school hours, never to wear the colors they wanted to because they were liable to be attacked.

Our Children learned the hard way that MTV and all those movies they'd been indoctrinated with about peaceful, misunderstood, 'Cool', well-spoken Blacks with the same feelings, emotions, problems, and life goals as theirs were just that - false. Their expectation that Blacks were the same as them was met by the reality that they rarely were. Instead, they found that Blacks were more likely to dish out vicious unrepentant violence and instant violent pack retribution over slights or refusals, form gangs to dish out unprovoked violence to non-Blacks for the sake of it than get along with them. Instead of peaceful but misjudged Blacks, they found Belligerent, Crude, Vicious Ignorants who couldn't look at non-Blacks without glaring Hate written on their faces, who addressed every single issue in their lives in terms of Black and White, and every last little frustration and problem in Violently racial terms. They found they couldn't even walk past packs of Blacks without Hostile glares, taunts, racial taunts. They found that groups of Whites inadvertently blocking a corridor apologized and moved aside if asked, but Blacks deliberately blocking corridors instantly threatened or attacked them instead. They found that just asking loud, ignorant Blacks to behave or stop abusing others resulted in an immediate pack Racial beatdown. And if a non-Black succeeded in defending themselves or others, other Blacks wouldn't just accept that, they were ready to jump in to exact violent Racial payback and carry out ongoing Gang revenge attacks against not just them but their friends, sisters, brothers. While they learned social skills, the skills they'd need to contribute to society, the Blacks around them were only interested in learning how to be better Predators, both toward them and to society as a whole.

They found, often to their profound shock, that any attempt by a non-Black to so much as speak to most Blacks was far more likely to result in ignorance, racial abuse or violence from guttural-voiced savages they had to strain to understand, anything other than a returned greeting. They found there was a significant element within the Black community that was always ready to pounce or threatening to do so, that huge numbers of Blacks were

walking around with an animosity against all non-Blacks. They found that just refusing a Black request for money, sex or anything else it meant an instant explosion of Rage, Racial abuse and often Violence. If a Black asked to 'borrow' something, it meant forever, if they asked to be repaid they were abused or attacked for their trouble. And they found that Black areas and 'low-income' Welfare blocks were filled with Dysfunctional, Violently Racist Belligerents, not 'Kind folk who just needed a friendly helping hand'.

They saw for themselves here and everywhere else, Black parents cheered their children on as they punched, kicked and threw rocks at non-Blacks in playgrounds. Black teens and younger proudly wore racist 'Black pride' and worse t-shirts to school and weren't suspended for it. Packs of Black males sexually harassed and followed around non-Black girls while taunting them with a mix of crude come-ons and vague threats, tried to rape them if they saw half a chance, impregnated, abused then threw aside those few who chose to be with them. Packs of Black girls resented not the abuse of non-Black girls by 'their' Black boys, but the victims being more attractive than they were, and they too set out to attack them. Blacks disrupted classes, prevented learning, dished out constant abuse, ignorance and retribution instead of consideration for others, boasted not of academic achievement but violence upon others and learning how to defraud the Government.

Hardest of all, they found that those few Blacks who could be bothered to act "Nice" to them were only that way as long as it took to get something from them, more were "Nice" only when the odds were in non-Blacks' favor; as soon as their numbers and perceived strength changed a switch flipped, friendly smiles turned to constant Hate-filled sullen glares, attitudes became threatening and hostile, sometimes in the blink of an eye. The rest refused to be friendly to any non-Black at any time.

And they learned those lessons not from their Parents as Liberals insisted, but by being traumatized by them through chases by packs of Blacks hollering racial remarks, abuse, racial taunting, knife-point pack robberies, shoves into walls and down stairs, seeing other non-Black students having their faces beaten to a pulp by laughing, taunting Blacks, bashings with taunts of "That's what you fucking Whites deserve" by packs of never less than 3 Blacks formed with the explicit purpose of abusing non-Blacks and making their lives hell. Even 6 year olds extensively taught Equality by their Parents complained to them that "All the Bullies in class are Dark" and "They Hate us". And if any complained, both the level of abuse and the number of Blacks involved instantly increased, not reduced.

It was just completely out of the question for White children to attend 100% Black schools; if they did, the result was continual racial violence, slurs and pack attacks while Black security watched and smiled. In schools where their ancestors once begged for an education, their grandchildren now proudly rejected it and drove non-Black children out by force.

Doubtless inspired by those constant movies of Black oppression, Black Leaders, radicals, newspapers and Singers here and everywhere openly told Blacks to find their own not guilty for any crime committed upon non-Blacks. In courtrooms, Blacks with overwhelming evidence stacked against them pleaded 'Not guilty' at every step of the process, committed perjury, lied on the stand, denigrated their victims and claimed racism was the only reason they were being prosecuted. Outside the courtroom, Blacks held vigils for Blacks on trial for crime against non-Blacks, didn't say a word for the victims. The media eagerly repeated their claims of racism for being arrested, but never suggested both their offending and the massive Black support afterward might be completely racial.

The Black councils overtly supported criminals, not the Police, only pretended to support the law abiding and working population even when most of the victims were Black. Some Officers believed they were so accustomed to violence and malfeasance that it didn't occur to them to actually change it, they never reacted to crime outrages, only when criminals were arrested with anything other than kid gloves, then regardless of evidence protested the arrests were racial. Not one of those self-appointed Black 'Representatives' ever suggested that instead of holding the city liable for shooting Blacks while committing violent crime, they should hold the parents liable for raising murderous Children with no respect for anyone else or the law, that the 'victim' was a victim only of their own stupidity and bad life choices, not 'racism'. Never was any acknowledgement made of any progress for Blacks no matter what was done, not even a word of thanks. Ordinary citizens saw those Black Leaders as little more than a walking, talking joke, their statements were so completely at odds with the facts and reality, some couldn't decide if they actually believed what they were saying rather than were lying outright. Every time they opened their mouths to support Criminals over Citizens, to tell their people that Blacks were being shot by Police for no reason, that 'Nothing had changed', that 'Nothing was being done for them', they lost still more credibility.

But the amazing thing was, other Blacks still continued to believe every word they said regardless of how ridiculous it was, and no amount of proof, nothing anyone else said could convince them otherwise.

Few would forget the evening the news declared "270 Blacks have died so far this year in gang violence in this city alone". The Black Leaders' joint response gave normally stoic

news commentators twitching lips from barely holding back their laughter: "Violence in Black Communities is out of control. We must work together to stop Police abuse".

The occasional statement from Black leaders was printed for "True Blacks, who contribute so much to our nation, to show the racists wrong by standing up to criminals". No notice whatsoever was taken, Black papers didn't even bother to repeat those statements. T-shirts advocating Death for anyone reporting criminals couldn't be printed fast enough to keep up with demand, while T-shirts advocating 'Success for Life' with images of proud, strong successful Black family men sat on shelves and resulted in business failure for the seller. Websites funded by public monies endorsed "Gangsta" products and Thug mentality and made Billions, while Federal websites asking for tips on Gang crime affecting Blacks received few visits. They were Blacks first and foremost, victims of Whites second, and didn't for one moment see themselves as part of or contributors to the City or Nation.

Many Black groups, businesses, churches today went further still, now proudly proclaimed their allegiance to Africa, not America. Their charters, public statements, books and publications more closely resembled the statements of 1960's Black radicals, aptly demonstrating the ever-growing Hate starting right at the top. They hardly mentioned the United States at all except in derision. Their every word, every statement had to do with Blacks, hate and racism, and absolutely not about any desire for 'togetherness' with others.

The ever-growing Hate wasn't a secret to anyone, certainly not on the street and especially not to anyone who'd ever lived with Blacks. Any non-Black only had to take a wrong turn into the wrong area to immediately see it for themselves, if they were lucky they even lived to talk about it; more often they didn't. Blacks were perfectly honest about it with anyone willing to listen; CNN even showed a clip once, and never again, where they interviewed Black Gangs who were preparing for Race War... "The war to kill ALL WHITES", they shouted. Arrested Gang members often told Police officers 'their time was coming', and Black bystanders tapped their wrists, meaning 'their time was ending'. The Hate was only a secret to the media, who turned their cameras away from it and pretended it wasn't there, refused to discuss it, anything other than show it to the dumbed-down public.

Even the Ku Klux Klan at their very worst didn't commit crimes as horrendous as countless numbers of remorseless Blacks did every day in every US city. Black crime annually killed more US citizens than all Natural Disasters, the September 11 attacks and Washington building bombings, combined they were still less than just 2 months of 'normal' US Black murders. But the enormous extent of Black crime today was regarded as 'individual', whereas the few, long-ago crimes of the Klan were treated as an indictment of all Whites today.

A TV advert once showed a succession of past bogies and their body count; the Klan, Nazis in America, Skinheads, Survivalists. None exceeded a body count of a Hundred in total Nationwide over the last hundred years. Then it showed a modern Gang-banger. His body count was in the Hundreds of Thousands. The advert was quickly banned after demands by Black leaders.

And as 'Rights' and 'feelings' overtook Duties to conform to Civilization and Respect for themselves and others, the price of a life only ever dropped. Where once only valuable objects and easily saleable items like Rolex watches invited a simple robbery attack, now the refusal of a small Coin or Cigarette meant Death, then just being there was enough to invite a bullet, and now Death was brought by a mere notion of 'disrespect'. In places where Succeeding was once the only way to get ahead, now the only rule was that Violence gained Status and Psychopathic traits gained the Girls.

And as Society decayed around them, standards and norms constantly dropped to satisfy Black demands, Blacks continued to march and protest at injustice against them. Every day some petty grievance arose and Blacks marched. And not one Social Commentator mentioned that Blacks only seemed to march when someone tried to stop ignorant Blacks acting the way they wanted. Never once did Blacks protest in support of a victim of Black or any other crime, against Gangs, in support of Crime and Education and Job initiatives for Blacks. They didn't protest when Black incompetence and crime caused multiple Black deaths, caused a Hospital or Factory or Store catering to Blacks to shut down, when businesses fled the area. They didn't protest when standards everywhere dropped through the floor, when Black-run school materials more closely resembled Kindergartens elsewhere, when Crime outrages and Gangs Terrorized Blacks. They never protested Black crime, crime outrages by Blacks against Blacks, and especially never protested Black crime against non-Blacks, but they always protested the sentences Black offenders received. They protested if anyone even suggested bringing in standards, accountability, letting the Police do their job. But they went berserk if a single non-Black was sent in to try and restore order to any single aspect of the mess.

And as the numbers of Black Dead only ever piled up, killed not by Natural cause but Black negligence, Hate and Crime, not one Black leader stood up to say a word for the victims, only to protest the racist system that'd somehow forced them to commit the crime.

For our once-proud Police today, the only solution to crime they could rely upon to keep out of trouble themselves was to just stay out of Ethnic areas and let the gangs have those streets to themselves at the expense of innocents. Instead of doing their sworn duty to protect, they could only process the dead and injured each morning before leaving those places to the wolves again.

"A Third World solution to a Third World problem", more than one Cop shrugged as they faced the daily Ethnic Hate and chaos. Older Cops never imagined in their lives that in these supposedly free times, to prevent 'Racism' they'd have to abandon areas to Two-legged Wolves and be reduced to dawn body-baggers who came only to collect the dead and arresting few or none there. They were constantly tiptoeing on eggshells, always only an accusation of 'racism' away from National headlines, while Criminals preyed all they wanted with little risk of publicity, even less risk of 'racism' accusations, and no chance whatsoever of 'profiling' accusations. No matter how blatant and extreme the Black Hate they were dealing with, they knew full well from repeated bitter personal experience as well as everyday news items that virtually every case of Black racism was almost desperately rewritten by the press into "White racism", as they did with Nathaniel Jones, Rodney King and countless other examples.

In mandatory "Diversity training", Police were shown only White 'offenders' making 'insensitive' jokes and comments which belittled others. They were taught to recognize every possible nuance of Hate; tattoos, clothing, vague terms - but only with the rare White racial offenders. They couldn't identify racial slurs in other languages, weren't told that entirely ethnic Gangs might be racist, couldn't identify Gang hand signals and graffiti indicating racial hate. If surrounded by Blacks screaming Racial Hatred at them in an entirely Black-only area, they weren't permitted to state anything other than "There is no Hate here" even if they'd fled for their lives.

Black Police and Security people who were Sworn and highly paid to protect the public 'Without fear or favor', were more likely to 'help' by ordering non-Blacks intruding in Black areas to leave or be arrested, stating if brought up about it that they were only preventing trouble. For many years, Black Police had been constantly implored by Blacks onlookers at crime scenes "Don't arrest a Brother", "Put those handcuffs away", "You're an Uncle Tom", and much more, and increasingly they were agreeing with them even when they were with White officers. They were regularly accused of writing tickets for made-up offences and demanding money to dismiss them in cases of "Driving while White". They were accused of attempting to plant Drugs on non-Blacks pulled over while inadvertently driving through Black areas, using pretenses or minor offenses to confiscate Cars and deliberately standing the driver in Black areas to be attacked or worse, even abusing White Officers in those areas. There were constant allegations they tipped off Gangs, Pimps, Drug Dealers, took bribes to look the other way. Crime Victims reported they increasingly took the side of Black Offenders against their victims, refused to take statements from non-Blacks, refused to arrest Black offenders right in front of them, sometimes arresting only the Whites at crime scenes and letting all the Blacks go. Some were accused even by other Officers of never arresting any Blacks at all. People often commented that Black Cops and Security people with Racial chips on their shoulders seemed more interested in using the slightest opportunity to publicly show who was in charge by harassing non-Blacks while allowing Blacks to pass security checks all but unmolested, and if they saw the chance to deal violence to them, so much the better.

Black Officers were more aggressive and over-reactive than White Officers and received far more complaints, but most fell upon fellow Black ears who purposely refused to take note. Investigations into their behavior seemed nonexistent and complaints were dismissed summarily, whereas the slightest complaint against a White Officer was investigated for months. They'd merely brushed past Blacks on a busy street, the Blacks loudly screamed "ASSAULT!!" and "RACISM!!", ran down the street madly yelling at other Blacks "That cracker Cop shoved me!!". Black Officers then used these trivial complaints to demand the dismissal of White Officers, claiming there was a "Pattern of racism they couldn't abide". Tests had shown that Police Officers were the least prejudiced of any profession even after countless personal experiences, but that didn't stop the endless racism accusations and investigations against White Officers.

Senior Black Police and Investigators often lied outright to reporters and weren't brought to account for it. They stated crime in Black areas was "A matter of perspective" and "Wasn't as bad as was made out". They stated wanted Offenders were White when they knew full well they were Black. They remained silent about daily Black atrocities committed upon Black victims, they even denied there were Gangs in Black areas, and of course stated that all Black problems were due to racism and nothing else. When they suddenly found it in themselves to complain about organized Gangs in Black areas, insightful fellow Officers looked more closely before commenting; more often than not the problem turned out to be non-Black gangs muscling in on 'Black turf' - Eastern Europeans, the Russian mafia and especially Latinos.

What was undeniable, was that every day was a day of financial and other discovery when people more often chanced upon fraud by accident, not by design, as they weren't allowed to look closely into city affairs. In Black areas there was a constant major discrepancy between the number of armed offenders apprehended and the number of captured firearms recorded, an even bigger discrepancy between the street value of Drugs captured and the

amount of cash recorded as being found in drug houses; and neither was ever commented upon. Tens of thousands of crimes had gone unprosecuted due to 'lost' 911 calls, crimes had been 'disappeared' by police, many thousands more simply dropped without explanation and never even reached the indictment stage, and there was incompetence and preferential treatment with certain suspects. In some districts, Officers were accused even by the media of not giving a damn about crime. In virtually every case, Black police and officials were suspected of protecting their own. There'd been cases of people finding evidence of corruption by Black officers and city staff, only to end up reported and investigated themselves by Black officers.

The rot here and everywhere else in America had begun decades before with destructive, anti-social Graffiti which was described as "Art", which let the denizens think it was now OK to break the law. It set in with the appearance of major Crime Gangs, which were written up as "an outlet" and "community togetherness". It worsened with Rap and Gangsta 'lifestyle', which was described as "Artful expression" despite preaching massive violence, hatred and societal failure. Instead of dealing forcibly with the problems as they began to rise around them, they were instead declared to be "Good for the community" and merely "Part of city life", anything other than indicative of the mutually disparate, anti-civilization outlook of the Black and Hispanic communities as a whole. The ever increasing crime, social problems were constantly stressed as being 'Individual' in origin despite the overwhelming support of the Ethnic community. And when our once-safe schools turned into gang recruiting and drug dealing centers where it was all but impossible to learn, it was now declared to be "Society's failure". Anything except admit it was deliberate Black refusal to fit into civilization and increasingly, undeclared Warfare against all others.

In the face of increasingly organized and Racial Crime, Censorship, Blaming others and Withdrawal were the solutions now applied, never control or discussion. Editors wrote only of Black criminals in terms of 'Disadvantage', never Hate or Savagery, unless of course others could somehow be blamed. When an extremely violent crime outrage happened, the headline next day was more likely to read "Police to blame" than "Vicious criminal captured". When Police told people "Don't go there" and "If we try to arrest, a Riot will happen", it meant they'd lost control, refused to try and regain it and abandoned yet another area to Ethnic savagery. The response to crime outrages now wasn't to send Police swarming in, but demands for extra Social services. And when Black crime became overwhelming, papers now agreed to stop publication of both statistics and descriptions to hide it. They further agreed to stop readers comments to news items to prevent 'racial disclosure' and 'offensive speech'.

Senior Officers now received bonuses not for reporting crime, allocating resources accordingly and doing their job, but for fudging statistics and issuing statements to hide the extremely racial nature of the majority of crimes and making out that all races were equally victims. All Black and Hispanic gangs had racial names, most of their victims were productive citizens outside their race, but their low-gain, no-provocation crimes were never considered hate crimes despite fitting multiple FBI hate crime criteria including violence far beyond that necessary to commit the crime.

Ordinary Officers now received incentive bonuses not for solving crime, but for reducing incidents to prevent the official catalog of Ethnic carnage ballooning out and give the impression crime levels were stable, or better yet dropping. They received training, guidelines on which crimes were to be reported or ignored. Officially, Crime was 'under control' and 'tolerable' despite hundreds of mindless 'gang related' murders each and every year. Statistics of lesser crime were smudged, assaults downplayed to "non-crime" and "not requiring official notification" status. Serious, multiple-attacker and even weapon assaults downplayed to "simple assault" if the long-term injuries were luckily minor. Officers were ordered not to arrest too many lesser offenders, then ordered not to arrest at all under increasing numbers of circumstances, and finally ordered to stay away from some areas completely unless their presence was requested. Which meant never.

Prosecutors now received bonuses for speeding up cases at the cost of justice, plea-bargaining already minor charges for serious offending to even lesser charges to reduce stress on the legal system, for getting offenders out of Police cells and back on the street, and most importantly, removing them from official crime statistics.

And each year, we heard "Crime is down in the City and the Nation as a whole" omitting the fact that Black gun crime and the Teenage murder rate were spiraling out of control along with 'lesser' crime like muggings. Those unfortunates who lived there knew firsthand that the problems hadn't improved despite what official statistics said, it just wasn't reported or investigated any more.

Police were all but forbidden to reduce Black crime, completely forbidden to say the root cause was Hate, so instead it was Censored, rewritten, trivialized in reports. As if Censorship had ever made problems go away anywhere in History, instead it created more unaware potential victims and ever more problems. The news networks increasingly played their part by ordering the removal of the race of non-White offenders from Police reports unless there was no choice, but they never had a problem with immediately reporting the ethnicity of White offenders. If we didn't see a picture on a major story, a follow-up or

any mention of motive, you could be reasonably certain the offender was Black and the motive wasn't robbery.

Increasingly, a crime report simply stated "A person was severely beaten on a street and will require treatment", with no descriptions or hint of why the crime took place.

Some networks had gone further and now didn't report the area they came from or nation of origin if it was 'Black', often their names weren't reported at all if it was an obvious typical misspelled Black appellation. Since people knew multiple attackers on one victim was a typical Black crime, reports were increasingly rewritten to mention only the worst offender. A list of Politically correct code terms, Euphemisms were used in reports to disguise the overwhelmingly Black nature of some crimes. The words 'Gang', 'Mob', 'Pack', anything which implied 'Black' was disappearing from news reports. Hardened, violently racist Gang members became 'At risk youth' and 'Troubled Youth' even when they were adults. Neighborhoods filled with intentionally welfare dependant racist criminals became 'Low income areas' and 'High crime areas'. Ethnic Gang problems became a 'Youth problem' and 'Community problem'.

But even with all racial details and images discreetly suppressed by the presses in the guise of "Balanced reporting", watchful observers still quickly determined the race of both the offender and victim in shocking crime cases with near total accuracy using Google. The curious simply entered the name of an offender or victim into the search engine; any serious crime upon a person of any race with more than Fifty 'hits' in total invariably involved a White offender. The clincher for some were the CNN and BBC websites; CNN only grudgingly and briefly mentioned severe Black on White crime, but only after it had already been major headlines on multiple news sources for hours or days, and never gave a followup. The BBC never covered Black on White offending at all. Others thought there was another consistent pattern; when the crime was Black on White, a highly trained, well-spoken and polite Black news reporter was used 98% of the time.

The Political and Media theory behind the censorship seemed to be "White is Bad, Black is Good"; the amount of publicity and the length of time a crime remained headlines, even the size of the news item depended almost exclusively on the race of the offender, not on how terrible the crime was. If it disappeared within a day or two, offender details were censored regardless of the monstrosity of a crime, or the case was dropped from the news as soon as descriptions were released by Police, the odds the Offender was non-White approached 100%. Only public protests, a celebrity connection, a protest that all guns should be controlled or especially an accusation of 'racism' brought such a crime back into the spotlight.

Officers were in a better position than most to see the deletion, censoring and 'humanizing' process in action, they saw which crimes were reported and which ones were downplayed, had details deleted or were ignored completely by the media.

A routine White domestic murder got headlines, a severe Black domestic murders got a paragraph. White offenders were slammed without hesitation by Police Officials who held nothing back in telling what they thought of them. Black offenders almost received an apology blaming the failure of others rather than a report on their murderous savagery which usually destroyed lives far more productive than their own; "When a teen pulls a weapon and guns down someone so senselessly, it makes you pause and wonder how many people failed in this young mans life", "The Suspects fell through the cracks in the system", "They have a sense of helplessness, with a propensity for violence" were typical Police statements.

Trivial White on Black offending received news, only severe Black on White crime achieved the same, but truly bad Black on White offending was overlooked unless an accusation of racism arose from the offender. And more and more had been heading into the last category in the last few decades. Black Mob crimes in groups larger than 6 against any victim weren't reported on at all unless they were just absolutely extreme. The common Black pack attacks by Adults and Teens against Children of other races intruding in 'their area' weren't mentioned at all. The large scale Crime and even Murders which plagued every single Black pride and Unity Festival, Parade and Musical event were absolutely never mentioned; the message they discerned was that such events were only to be associated with Fun, Peace and Togetherness.

When Horrific crime occurred, Officers accurately predicted the severity of the charges, the depth of the investigation, the degree of legal interference in the case as well as the publicity the offender faced from Race alone.

Whites always had every relevant charge thrown at them and publicity was guaranteed. When their victims were other races, the publicity machine went ballistic. The Race of the Offender and Victim were immediately listed in reports, any hint of racism was broadcast loud and wide, Hate crime charges were immediately considered if the victim was another Race or if a slur was so much as alleged, rarely was scientific evidence challenged or disallowed in court. The charges they faced only became more numerous and serious as the case progressed, practically never was a Hate crime charge reduced. Whenever you saw Nationwide publicity of "Teens arrested for Hate crimes", even before reading the details you knew the offenders would be White, the crimes would be either non-violent or much less violent than hundreds of other Racial crimes which plagued that city that day, and that Millions would likely already have been spent on the



investigation. On the rare occasion you saw Nationwide publicity of a typical Black crime like a fatal Home invasion, you knew the offenders would likely be White.

Blacks usually had the lowest possible charges handed to them and only for the worst of their often numerous crimes, less serious charges were routinely dropped and more serious ones often downgraded, almost every Police statement downplayed both the offenders and their crime. Never did you see Blacks arrested on TV even in virtually all-Black cities, the only people you saw at the moment of getting handcuffed were White. Often after a major crime and frantic search for the offender, the arrest itself barely made the news before publicity ceased.

Black Offenders' race often wasn't mentioned even in wanted reports, even identikit drawings were censored, made out to be much lighter than they were and obviously African features edited out. Media reports often ridiculously stated "pictures have been released", then didn't print them, or "Video was captured of the attacks", and they didn't show them. Other reports even more ridiculously stated "The crimes are linked by similar offender descriptions", and they still didn't release the description. When an entire pack of Blacks were arrested after a violent series of mob attacks, the media took care to only show the lightest colored ones among them.

In our 'Free' news today, the curious were often reduced to searching for clues to Ethnicity instead of just seeing an image; one of few reliable clues was hearing of large numbers of supporters of the offender in court on week days while everyone else was working. People were increasingly surprised when the term "Black male" was actually included in a crime report.

When their Victims were other races, the media suddenly found themselves unable to report in detail on the case and frequently lied by omission, couldn't drop it fast enough from the news and quietly declined to so much as speculate on the motive for a torturous, drawn out crime. If investigating Police seemed to have sudden difficulty or refused outright to describe an offender regardless of multiple witnesses and video footage, or there was a complete absence of discussion on the motive for a horrendous crime, there was a very high chance it was a Black on other crime. The same if the offender was displayed on multiple news reports but never the victim, or vice versa. Occasionally neither the offender or victim photos were ever shown at all throughout the entire trial. Such crimes often had a single Google 'hit' regardless of severity; Many had observed that Animal abuse cases received infinitely more publicity than a non-Black victim of savage Black crime.

Scientific and DNA evidence against Blacks was routinely disallowed with no reason given, charges were reduced, defense motions were frequently filed to withhold or throw out evidence entirely to hide it from juries 'to avoid prejudicing them'. The intensely personal and often incredible offending against both their own people and others which made them look bad as a people got both the lowest possible charges and minimal or zero publicity. Black pack murders were usually prosecuted as Manslaughter as "They didn't mean to kill him", even if the victim had been stabbed in the back while trying to escape.

Racial motives by Blacks were desperately hidden by the judicial system, reporters, police. When the victims were White, none of the peoples sworn defenders could so much as make themselves say what they had no hesitation in immediately announcing on the rare instances the attackers were White - "They were targeted for their Race". You would never in your life see the headline "Blacks targeted Whites". News reports often stated "A racial attack has taken place", then didn't describe either the Victim or Offender, quote the victim or anyone who could identify the race.

Instead, a mass of laughing Black attackers beating a non-Black to Death was declared to be "A Random attack". A gang attack upon a sole White was described as their favorite "A Robbery gone Wrong", despite not saying how it'd gone so badly wrong that it began with a severe beating and moved up to repeated stabbing and prolonged head stomping, with no robbery attempt made. A Black breaking into a home, shooting sleeping Whites and taking nothing at all before leaving was described as an "Isolated incident" or "Burglary gone Wrong". They showed a videotaped pack attack on a non-Black, then ridiculously described it as an "Alleged attack". They showed streets filled with a rampaging mass of Blacks overturning Cars and attacking non-Blacks, then even more ridiculously stated "This is not a Riot". A pack of violent Black attackers wearing Gang regalia were described by Officials as "This is not a Gang". The media reported on an act of large-scale Gang intimidation of a witness, then the Police stated "This is not connected". A pack of Black gatecrashers rampaging through a party and murdering a White was declared to be "Two groups of revelers having a brawl". A pack of Black attackers singling out a non-Black and beating them mercilessly was declared to be a "Fight" or "Assault". Shooting victims were declared to have been "Caught in crossfire" despite being shot repeatedly, no other shots fired and nobody else in the area. A non-Black who survived being shot was declared to have been "Assaulted". When a pack of Blacks picked a fight with a lone person who fought back and was then shot dead, they were declared to be "In the wrong place at the wrong time". Blacks murdered a non-Black convenience store worker after robbing the place, then the papers claimed "The gun went off accidentally". A Kidnapped White driven around town and shown off to other Blacks before being killed was merely "Killed during a Robbery". Blacks stood around watching as a non-Black victim

slowly died, and the media claimed "It was a robbery". Every day, non-Blacks were purposely targeted in Gang initiations, often forced to their knees and shot execution-style, but those were usually classified as Robberies, not Hate Crimes or intentional murder. Non-Blacks were shot dead for no reason and purposely left in the middle of the road to show their contempt for the community as a whole, but neither trained investigators or shrewd newspaper reporters could make themselves say 'This was Hate'. Instead, the motive for thousands of Black on other crimes were listed as "Unknown".

But even with all that official downplaying and refusal of racial motives, reduction and ignorance of charges, the only reason they still ended up with longer sentences was their numerous other crimes added up. Crime Statistics only showed the race and number of offenders, those were enough for Liberals and Blacks to claim racism over, they didn't show the number of crimes each was in prison for, which they remained conspicuously silent about. On the rare occasions Blacks received a thoroughly deserved sentence, fellow Blacks never protested the crimes, only the sentence.

Racial Tensions officially did not exist. Not even when entire sections of the city were enforced racial no-go zones to all except whatever non-White majority occupied the area upon pain of immediate Death. They didn't exist when victims of Black crime were delivered constantly to Hospitals with their faces pulverized beyond recognition. They didn't exist when Blacks 'claimed' Bus stops and alleyways for their own and attacked anyone unknowingly infringing upon the newly declared racial space. They didn't exist when Blacks formed packs to attack and kill non-Blacks and took part in riots which singled out only non-Blacks. But Racial Tensions suddenly existed when a non-Black successfully defended themselves or others with lethal force against a pack of Blacks, or worse, spoke out about the Black crime wave plaguing every other racial community.

Statistically, only a third of attacks actually were robberies and many attackers were wealthier than their victims, meaning robbery wasn't the prime motive. Frequently the statements "The city searches for answers", "We may never know why this crime was committed" and "This crime was committed for no reason" was made after violent interracial crime, as if there was any doubt to anyone, let alone investigators who'd doubtless repeatedly questioned the offenders and surviving victims. When those blank statements were made by Officials, it more likely meant the offenders, their families and friends said nothing that could be published in today's politically correct climate. When six Black attackers stomped the face of a solitary small White to the point they couldn't be recognized, four innocents were shot dead despite fully complying with demands, the fact one offender took advantage of the opportunity to rob them was enough to somehow immediately discount it as a Hate crime in the eyes of the law.

Even Reporters had been moved by the obvious bias to comment that six Blacks attacking a White "Was not a Hate Crime", but a passing slur or a quick scrawl was, and Hate wasn't even mentioned as a possible motive when a smiling Black repeatedly drove into a crowd of innocent Whites on the sidewalk. They noticed not just the refusal to admit Race was a factor, if not the sole factor with often horrific Black crime, but the sudden inability of so many experienced investigators and reporters working the case to even suggest a motive for the Victims often drawn-out Horror.

They noticed that with Black hate crimes complete with slurs and mega-violence, instead of reporting on the case the big papers suddenly went into 'Damage control mode'. They only quoted family and friends of the offenders who said something positive about the criminals and Denied their Hate, denied they were guilty, said they were arrested for being black, seemingly didn't even notice that it was obviously in their interests to do so. They wrote endless paragraphs on how nice they, their community and families were. They desperately wrote up the case as 'Controversial' as if there was doubt about the prosecution and evidence, while ignoring every witness and victim who could say otherwise.

And reporters saw for themselves every single day, but couldn't so much as write about it for fear of dismissal, that with only rare exceptions Prosecutors desperately found ways to discount Hate as a motive in an apparent effort to hide the sheer extent of the Black Hate from the rest of the population. The statement "Race was not a factor" was almost automatic when Blacks attacked Whites, even before arrests were made and the suspects interviewed, whereas on the rare occasions Whites attacked Blacks people were surprised if it wasn't immediately considered a Hate crime. Smiling Black officials jumped through hoops to find ways to declare massed Black offenders screaming racial epithets to be 'Non Racial' regardless of the number of offenders, lack of provocation, violent slurs, the choice of victims and the mindless violence inflicted, not even when the offenders admitted to Police they'd set out to attack non-Blacks, had purposely chosen the victim for being White and had repeatedly attacked before. And when the Vicious Hate was so blindingly obvious in the choice of victims of a crime spree, the way the crime was carried out and the statements made, for lack of any other possible way to explain it the attackers were suddenly declared by Reporters and Police to be "Mentally Ill" instead of "Murderously Racist".

Instead, we heard it was "A heat of the moment slur", "An insult without meaning", "Despite initial suspicions, this is not a Hate Crime", "It was a crime of Opportunity,

not racial", "Police do not have reason to believe the assault was racially motivated", "It was a case of Pack mentality, not Race", "They have White friends so they're not racist", "They weren't brought up to Hate", "Despite the language used, this is not a Hate crime", "It was just a case of 'kids will be kids' it was just young people having an altercation", "Nobody else heard those slurs made", "This wasn't hate, they were just out of rob someone", "All the offenders are Black and all the victims are White, but there is no evidence this was racial", "It was fueled by Alcohol, not Race", "This was cultural, not racial", "They were targeted for Economic reasons, not Racial" or "We are investigating whether racism is involved", and that was the last we heard.

Increasingly, horrendous cases of Black crime were dropped so fast from the news they didn't even say an arrest had been made or state the name of the captured offender, we didn't hear about the case again until after they were convicted and sentenced, if ever. Alternatively, the image of the offender was never released at all even after their trial and conviction despite extensive publicity of the mindless crime. When any of those things happened, you knew Police and reporters had found there was an ugly, more than likely racial aspect to the crime they didn't want to mention.

Often such cases could be detected in the news not just by the sudden cessation of publicity, but by stories suddenly put together to run apparent cover for the offenders in the area. Mandatory statements in them included "These are basically good kids", "They all have good parents", "They just need some help and guidance", "Some of them have done well in provided employment", "They appreciate favors done for them". Those stories always overlooked the fact that those appreciated helpers were always the same color as the offenders, which was why they weren't abused or attacked instead.

Officially, less than half of crime in this city was interracial and most crime victims were Black. The actual interracial crime figure was closer to 90% when inter-gang violence, Domestic violence, the extraordinary number of explosive raged attacks at perceived slights in every Black neighborhood and occasions were separated from Black crime. And that wasn't even taking into consideration numerous Gang 'initiations' where a 'random' victim was chosen for no reason other than being of a different race to the attackers. The majority of Hate crimes in LA were committed by Latinos and Blacks upon each other or Whites, but you rarely heard about those. Blacks had told reporters that Blacks were attacked in Black areas only because there wasn't anyone else to attack.

In some categories such as Home invasions and crime upon Tourists, it was virtually 100% Black on White. Regardless of that, the attacks were described in official statements as 'Random', 'Opportunistic', 'They were in the wrong place at the wrong time', a 'Robbery gone wrong'. Police and reporters knew otherwise but were forbidden to say so; Interracial attacks were rarely 'random' and the figures alone made that clear; Crime at the fringes of Ethnic zones was worse than in purely Black areas, meaning the targets were chosen by Ethnicity. The violence employed was also statistically far greater and prolonged than with crime against their own people. In fact, when the term 'random' was used in a news report, it meant a high chance it was in fact interracial and targeted. Survivors had even rebuked reporters, saying "It wasn't a robbery gone wrong, it was a bashing from the start", their attackers had ignored very visible belongings and only demanded cash after a horrendous unprovoked bashing, and even then often not bothering to search the car or victim and still leaving with nothing to show for all that violence.

In a pure Robbery, Intimidation tactics usually sufficed and Violence was used as a resort; a knife was presented, a punch thrown or the victim surrounded, but the victim walked away with little harm except bruised pride. These days, Robbery more and more often just wasn't enough. It usually now began with drawn-out group violence, they paused to rob the victim as a bonus, then the violence escalated to fever pitch with prolonged head and especially facial stomping, often accompanied by continuous laughter. Then repeatedly kicking the victim on the ground still wasn't enough, they backed off to run up to kick the victim at speed, over and over again. And increasingly even all that wasn't enough yet - some 'robberies' began with surrounding by a pack, then a savage beating with iron bars ensued. Often the Victim wasn't robbed at all, they stated to Police the offenders seemed only interested in the Violence and inflicting Pain, they just couldn't understand the savagery that'd been inflicted upon them. In a few cases the victim had desperately handed over their wallet to try to stop the unprovoked violence committed with no demands made, it was thrown back at them and the violence continued unabated. In some cases a Demand was made, the victim was then immediately shot before they could comply. The attacks were often so drawn out and violent that victims were more and more often described as "lucky to be alive".

In a pure Home Invasion, the family was held at gunpoint while the house was ransacked, but they were left unharmed. Nowadays, ever-younger offenders stayed at the scene for hours, days sometimes as they demanded more money than they had, forced the victims to withdraw more at ATMs and fell over each other to heap ever-greater indignities upon them; rape, forced sexual activity between family members, drawn-out violence, abuse with cleaning chemicals, urinating and defecating on victims, murder, all committed by youths often wearing overtly or openly racial clothing. But regardless, it was still classified as Robbery, not Hate.

Only Hate explained a solitary Child of another race beaten and robbed by an entire mob

of Black adults and youths which gathered at their mere sight, an event which was becoming more and more common around Black areas, but never mentioned in the news or associated with Hate.

Appeasement was the only official Police strategy as the racial mayhem in this city only increased. Never containment or control.

Each year, Civil Rights groups and others listed a series of instances which ran counter to official diversity goals. Corporations not meeting racial recruitment quotas, schools where too many Blacks were disciplined, neighborhoods where inhabitants distrusted police after too many arrests of vicious savages. Schools where Black students were under represented and needed to work harder to 'forge better relations with the Black community and heal social divides', and schools where the 'Black majority was threatened'. Places where 'racist' undercover Police were having too much success in stopping Feral criminal gangs of 'innocent youths', areas where the 'over-presence' of Police was considered provocative, stations where frivolous complaints against Police hadn't gotten the correct result.

And each year, more corporations went bankrupt from being forced under 'non discrimination' laws to hire and retain criminals, incompetents and non-workers, more areas became no-go to all other ethnic groups and especially to Whites, more students failed, Officers officially withdrew further and diverted yet more resources to investigating their own instead of crime, and more innocents suffered. At each pathetic withdrawal from even considering attempting to regain control, things became worse and the collateral damage piled up. More funds were the invariable demand to every problem, but the returns were ever higher failure rates. Schools, Police Departments did less and took fewer guns off the street every year despite more and more funding. Cops admitted they were afraid of being sued or having complaints filed against them for doing their job. Areas deteriorated faster, crime affecting Blacks rose still further, more Blacks died, and more areas were cut loose and abandoned to ferals to appease demands.

But not one Black 'leader' supposedly with their peoples best interests at heart said anything about any of that, even as the bodies of Blacks filled mortuaries.

The failure was so complete, so overwhelming and obvious, that it could only be ignored. So instead of reporting on the total failure right in front of them, that our so-called Representatives instead spoke of the Black cultural and economic 'contribution' to society, the Black 'economy' and Black 'strength', without giving any details. A single glance at city budgets showed the domestic budget of most large US cities was being sucked down the toilet of Black programs, cleanups, repairs and rebuilding, not on improvements for the future, and that wasn't even including the never-repaid cost of Federal Welfare.

The Emperors clothes were never as transparent as they were now. Like every single Liberal argument in favor of illegal immigration, Blacks and rampant welfarism, a Child could see through every single fallacy and notice the blindingly obvious facts those idiots were ignoring. Their only responses were to quickly recite phrases supplied to them by Liberal and party minders who made sure nobody replied.

"Welfare Beneficiaries are taxpayers too", was a regular Politicians statement whenever the topic came up. Even a Child could reply "But we GAVE those Beneficiaries the money they're paying their taxes with, so how can they be contributing?" and ask "But how much do Blacks COST?". But in this 'free' society, nobody was given the chance to ask even those simple questions.

"America is a land of immigrants" was another. Yes, it was. It was a land of PRODUCTIVE immigrants. Not Gang members, not anchor babies, not welfare dependants, not criminals.

"Illegals pay taxes and benefit our economy by Billions" Liberal spokespeople regularly snapped at captive audiences and media people and didn't permit any reply. Again, how much were those refugees we were importing by the planeload from Africa, allowing to walk across the southern border, allowing to stay after committing crime, COSTING?

And those Politicians weren't brought to account and ordered to reveal the figures they were hiding, publicly shamed, ridiculed by the press with facts and figures, booted out of office, abused by Crime victims for telling blatant lies that cost lives in our once-proud cities. Those so-called Representatives were only appeasing the lowest common denominator, their voting base, and advancing their cause along traitorous lines when they said such outrageous statements.

And our Government was perfectly happy to let their lies stand uncorrected and unpunished before their people.

If it wasn't so disgusting, it would have been a Black comedy. Racial Quotas demanded by Blacks were crippling the city, while Blacks always complained of being short-funded. Blacks complained that Police did nothing when Blacks killed Blacks by the hundreds, but when the Police tried to enforce the law the same Blacks complained of "racism". Murder clearance rates were in the single digits here and in every other Black city thanks to constant demands to 'Stop Snitching' from within the Black community, then they turned around and said 'Crime is out of control and the Police aren't doing anything'. Forensic staff were quitting because Black juries were increasingly heeding the call to free their

own people regardless of evidence, then Blacks complained of inadequate investigations. Black leaders had admitted they used the 'racism' word only to deflect Police action against their peoples crime, yet those same leaders complained of Police inaction when Blacks were dying at the hands of their own people.

90% of the violent racial remarks Officers heard were hurled by Blacks at other people, but only the few positively mild remarks by Whites got the constant attention of the media and Black leaders in a pathetic effort to hide the Black murders. Whenever anything slightly annoyed Blacks the result was more often than not an instant stream of racial epithets; "Cracker", "Honkey", "White Motherfucker" and more.

As always, the ever-increasing streams of everyday innocent victims suffered in silence; Blacks, Hispanics and Whites, in Hundreds of Thousands then Millions yearly in this city alone. But they were less important than maintaining entirely one-sided 'community relations' with a community who slapped them aside, and infinitely less important than constantly proving themselves 'non-racial' in the face of organized mass racial hatred from a community which saw every arrest in racial instead of criminal terms.

The parents among the legally emasculated Police knew what would happen next, what always happened when Spoiled Brats didn't get what they wanted, when they were used to getting it and the parents never did anything but give into tantrums of spoiled anger and over-indulged them. Then add a constant diet of violence, Hate, and violent role models. When the Denizens realized their violence and tantrums wouldn't be met with determined force, the entirely predictable last stage became always only a spark away.

Riots.

Los Angeles was where it all began, the place where it became 'acceptable' to burn everything and attack innocent people if aggrieved then blame everyone else for it. Rodney King was just the start, since then the triggers had quickly become smaller and smaller, sometimes even the sight of Whites or Asians was enough to begin a block riot. And as always it was never their fault; it was 'frustration at the system' and any of a million meaningless excuses to loot and burn what they needed then demand it be rebuilt for free so it could be burned again.

The Hate was so great that Riots, unending Hate were now 'justified' by anything and everything, forever. Even the public reaction to outrageous Black crime against non-Blacks now 'justified' yet more Black Hate; "Whites haven't changed at all... This whole state is racist... all White people are racist..."

When an Asian Shopkeeper shot a violently racist Black robber in obvious self-defense, in the eyes of the Black community it was hate, racism and 'outrageous', it now 'justified' a riot, mass protests, pickets, demands for all Asians to be burned out. When a Black shot then robbed a Korean shopkeeper who'd contributed to society his entire life, he 'needed understanding' because of 'poverty and powerlessness' despite getting less than a hundred dollars for the unprovoked murder of a working father.

'Poverty' and 'Injustice' were all we heard as the Black 'excuses' for the increasing Riots and the overwhelming majority of Crime. A Crime-ridden, deliberately-created Black slum was always described as "Troubled by Poverty". It didn't matter that many Third world countries had only a fraction of the crime as well as a tiny fraction of the income of the lowest-income area in the US, they also had infinitely worse economies and genuinely repressive Governments. It didn't matter that there were far poorer Whites who weren't eligible for any of the vouchers and income top-ups Blacks instantly received just by asking for them, who didn't lash out at others but instead got along with them, and constantly tried to improve themselves and their lot instead of passing the blame. Which left only Hate as the cause.

As the Hate grew, the smallest one-on-one disturbance anywhere in the city now caused Ethnic tension, provocations and retaliations against innocents. Small and Large riots began to erupt within minutes at any opportunity. Most were overlooked by the media under standing orders to prevent them spreading as others heard and came to join. Smaller ones were downplayed to a 'disturbance', 'fight' or 'brawl' despite any casual listener to Police channels overhearing the screaming, full-on hate at the smallest of them as a Dark horde was drawn by the potential of Blood. Larger ones were as always blamed on 'White racism' even when there were no Whites living in those areas, no White teachers, no White employees and no elected White officials at all serving them, as demanded by Blacks.

And always, the appeasement solution was applied to every hint of trouble. They threw other peoples money at them, made a show of arresting Officers for perceived infractions in the course of their job, anything other than deal with the root of the problem in the vain hope it would somehow go away.

Of course it didn't.

In their never-ending search for ways to appear to be helping communities without stopping or arresting Criminals, being accused of racism or sparking yet more Black riots, Black Community Cultural Liaisons had been appointed as 'neutral' go-betweens and to oversee Police operations and ensure 'Ethnic Sensitivity'. They were given the final say as to whether Police could enter a 'sensitive' area, could tell them to stay away if a 'sensitive funeral' or other occasion was happening, to keep a low profile and not to

show themselves to avoid tension at certain times and places.

"Hiring unqualified high-priced Blacks to fix Black problems? Yeah, that'll really work", Officers sneered.

Cincinnati, Philadelphia tried the same thing after their Race riots, and it predictably failed. Crime rose spectacularly, Blacks now died in droves instead of handfuls, and neither the newly appointed Liaisons or Black leaders seemed to mind in the least. Those Black Liaisons proved more interested in stopping Police Patrols, removing non-Blacks from office and renaming streets than helping Blacks, or anyone else for that matter. At each backward step away from crime control, Crime rose and Blacks died, because the media and Liberals who'd promoted the scheme upon those unfortunate Cities had completely missed the point of those Black demands for Black oversight. It was never about Rights, Equality, ending Prejudice, Profiling, Fairness or anything else they said were the reason - it was about Control and showing who was now in charge.

Many recognized the same pattern from previous experience in other cities, industries and professions, city administrations where it'd always failed abysmally, but was being implemented yet again regardless. It always started with politically correct but unqualified people given what was later described as "abnormally high salaries" and no means of monitoring their work. It ended with the place unable to function, complaints of management never being present and spending more on themselves than the business, goals not met or attempted, missing records and "Significant problems persisting". In previous Politically Correct debacles they'd witnessed 80% of the Taxpayers money vanish, with no questions asked. When Blacks were hired or voted to solve Black problems, they were always massively lauded as some kind of godsend and miracle, the media proudly said "Things could only go upward". But instead they only ever got worse.

The problem wasn't improving, it was worsening everywhere. Blacks voted overwhelmingly for Blacks regardless of competency or experience to get their own into Government Offices. Their success in being voted into power was lauded by sections of the media, city websites were filled with galleries of photos of smiling Black administrators wearing spotless suits with infinite promise for the future beckoning before them. Then the praise stopped, the silence began when the ignorance and deliberate mistakes commenced. They changed priorities from necessities to personal luxuries, accounting stopped, they all but stopped funding to some essential services, especially the ones they hated, all to suit the goals of the new rulers which had nothing to do with looking after the city they were elected to. Taxes went up, Deficits went up, Services went down, Complaints of 'Underfunding' began. Under the rule of Black councils in other cities even Sewers had failed, Garbage pickup ceased and Police Cars didn't work, strikes among outraged city staff were common. And they immediately began removing all non-Blacks from official duties, effectively banned non-Blacks from administration buildings by denying them access cards. They hired friends, family and even Gang members to replace them. Non-Blacks complained that Blacks who were friendly toward them when Blacks were a minority in Administration positions had turned racially hostile when the takeover was complete, they were denied the perks, privileges, pay rises, free vehicles and gasoline the Blacks now gave themselves at city expense.

There was no attempt at official investigation after the immediate claims of 'Racism' and 'Underfunding' despite receiving more than comparable organizations and every available assistance brought to bear, and projects were quietly closed down. Enormous sums of Taxpayer money disappeared with no accounting for it, no Criminal charges were filed over the Politically Correct mess, nothing was learned, and always, the people who were supposed to be helped actually ended up worse off. In one amazing case, Affirmative action hires had cost Financial companies Billions before being thrown out the door. All people heard afterward was that it was "Costly and inefficient"; the blunders, the greed and waste weren't mentioned, then the news disappeared and wasn't mentioned again.

"You can't fix Stupid", people quietly remarked. But that didn't stop the city from wasting Billions of other peoples money trying the same tried and failed solutions yet again.

Under the Liaisons' guidance here too now, Police work was blighted and slowed further by further approvals required, arrests dropped and crime rose spectacularly. Police now withdrew to the edge of chaos and waited till it calmed on its own after the rioters had completely finished looting and destroying, before politely asking permission from both Black community leaders and Liaisons to return and clean up, not arrest.

They demanded ways be found to not arrest so many Blacks for drug offending as it was perceived by the wider community to be largely minor offending, not criminal and the arrests racially motivated, there was a widely-felt percepti on the 'War on Drugs was actually a war on Minorities'. They demanded that unspecified 'Ethnic factors' and 'aftereffects of slavery' be taken into account during court proceedings and sentencing. They demanded Black ex-Felons be permitted to vote and possess firearms after leaving prison as "they'd learned their lesson". They demanded that every top ten 'wanted' list in the city not be filled with Blacks and for the sheer number of Black crimes in the news to be reduced, they wanted both to more accurately represent the population instead of being an almost all-Black affair even in minority Black cities throughout the US.

They told Police to shut down Community events seemingly at random, Biker parades, Rock

concerts and festivals, even the occasion movie screening, stating "There may be unrest there", and Police hastened to obey. If they didn't, bomb threats were often phoned in and the Police were forced to disperse peaceful crowds. Some thought they could see a pattern; the affected events always had majority non-Black attendees or especially were happening at the same time as a Black event elsewhere. Not one violence-plagued Rap concert or Black festival, or any event with the word 'Black' in its title was ever affected despite invariably ending with Cars and people attacked, streets strewn with wreckage and stores looted despite large numbers of Police forced to watch over them both on the ground and in the air.

They demanded that the few remaining non-Black city employees and especially managers in Black areas be moved elsewhere and replaced with Blacks 'to accurately represent the ethnic population of the area' and give them 'familiar faces they could relate to', stating that Whites can't adequately represent Black communities and 'It was a challenge for Black employees to work alongside them'. They wanted only Black judges, Black juries and Black court officials to handle Black criminals as it was time Blacks were judged by their own peers. They demanded only Black Officers attend incidents in Black areas, as "Disputes turned bad only when White Officers arrived". They especially demanded that White employees at Civil Rights museums be immediately replaced to "More nearly approximate the soldiers of the Civil Rights movement they celebrated", completely overlooking that they'd supposedly fought for Equality yesterday, not forced Segregation today.

The Liaisons also continued the trend noticeable for years in Black areas, demanded with Black leaders that Historical monuments and 'White museums' be removed and replaced with Black ones, street signs, schools, parks, buildings renamed in honor of Black leaders to 'Instill pride in the community' and 'Stop the Community being daily belittled by being forced to walk down streets named after Slave Owners'. If that were true, Officers sneered, the half-dozen "Martin Luther King Boulevards" and "Malcolm X Roads" in this city alone wouldn't be the seething hotbeds of crime every single one was. They demanded that Black memorials be accorded special protection status by the Police. They wanted the US flag removed from LA public buildings as it was 'intimidating to Blacks', the National Anthem to be replaced with the Black National anthem in Black schools, all European religious and peace symbols removed from the city, and the Black holiday of Kwanzaa to be given equal but separate status in the city. They wanted US currency reprinted without the images of 'Racists and former Slave owners' and given 'Faces todays people could relate to', for US History to be rewritten to be "more inclusive" of Blacks.

They also petitioned with other influential Blacks in an organized and growing campaign to demand changes to the voting system to give more power to Blacks, adding that there was a need for separate Black voting for separate Black candidates to ensure adequate Black representation. And together they stated that 'Eurocentric' Curricula 'Damaged Black students'; they issued a joint statement that "Trying to make a Black child co-exist with a Eurocentric school system was basically putting that child back into slavery", and demanded more separate Black studies for Black students as the solution and for it to be given equal status with 'White education'. They wanted 'White History' removed from schools fullstop, saying it was 'Unsuited to the changing modern world'. They wanted extra pay and recognition for Black employees to 'recognize their dual cross-cultural skills'. They also joined the Black caucus in their campaign to make it illegal for Banks to refuse loans to those with Bad Credit Histories as the rejected applicants were mostly Black, stating "People change, they become responsible, and everyone deserves a second chance". They demanded that former Black Felons be permitted into Government office on the same basis, adding that "Too many of our best people are disenfranchised by racism". They demanded that any even alleged slur at a crime scene result not only in automatic hate-crime charges, but immediate imprisonment until proven otherwise, as they were sick of non-Blacks 'getting away with hate'. They wanted a Zero Tolerance policy toward racism adopted by the Police, and for them to give priority to investigating every complaint of racism in the Community, no matter how minor, as "Racism was the only problem affecting the Black community, not Crime". They demanded people defending themselves with force during Home invasions be fully investigated, and they especially demanded a special Police unit be set up to track down and prosecute anyone committing the Hate Crime of publicly stating they agreed with Officers and members of the Public who'd defended themselves with force against Black criminals. They demanded Memorials be built at the site where every Black criminal had ever been shot by Police, but refused to do so much as leave a card or flower at the site of their Victims' Deaths, refused to allow Memorials to Officers killed defending Blacks from fellow Blacks.

And under their watch, Blacks desecrated the few remaining monuments to fallen Officers who'd helped Blacks, Blacks abused numerous Black victims of Black crime, and yet again Blacks filled the morgues. Officers increasingly could only deal with Black criminals after they'd committed murder, usually upon fellow Blacks, which more often meant a long string of previous Black victims. The Offender didn't "Fall through the cracks" as the papers liked to say; their numerous Victims had. But neither the Liaisons or any other Black leader said a word for any of them.

"The City is going downhill fast, and our Liaisons have stepped on the accelerator", a courageous Officer wrote to a Police magazine about the unfolding social disaster. He

suggested those Liaisons be prosecuted for Manslaughter or Second degree murder for the increased casualties among their own people they were directly responsible for. A suggestion everyone agreed with, but was of course instantly rejected.

For people tasked with reducing Crime in this city, they'd never once touched upon it. Officers thought it was more like they were using their new powers to Ethnically cleanse every last trace of non-Black inhabitants, the last vestiges of control over crime, and officially assist in declaring the Black communities hatred of every symbol of Civilization. But not one Black seemed to see it that way even as Blacks died all around them.

So much for shared power increasing 'Tolerance', they thought. That word was a perpetual one-way street with Blacks, it seemed. Infuriatingly, those Liaisons had instead seemingly set about placing themselves at the forefront of those always complaining about society and placing Racial demands upon it, never adding the smallest thing to it.

"And what AREN'T they demanding, no matter what?", one Officer smirked as he remarked to a colleague.

His friend gave up after pondering this for a minute.

"They aren't demanding more Blacks in the Welfare Office. That's the one thing they WANT to work well. And if its Whites handing money over to Blacks, that's fine by them..."

They, and every other Black Leader and commentator who unfortunately received news attention made the 'Black message' ever clearer. People forced to read and listen to their outrageous Racial statements day in, day out, were slowly learning there was no dealing with Blacks at any level, there was no action you could take with regard to Blacks that wasn't somehow 'racist', there quite literally wasn't a single thing that wasn't somehow 'racist toward Blacks'. All the public heard was a litany of vague Black racial complaints, day after day, with no end in sight.

The public also couldn't help but note the Complaints only slowed when a Council or whatever neared 100% Black, then they switched from complaining about too many non-Blacks to stating the few remaining non-Blacks "Couldn't represent their constituents". When it hit 100% Black, the complaints were never about 'Equal Representation', there were absolutely never any demands for more non-Blacks, the only demands were when they then decided their incoming Entitlements weren't enough for their liking, or worse, "Black authority was being diluted" because they'd been forced to allow a single non-Black to participate in a City decision. And invariably, the complaints of the newly 'Non-racial' 100% Black councils then changed to "Racist lack of funding" when it spent more than anyone else did and did much less with it, then "Racist financial scrutiny" each time their over-spending and other irregularities were investigated.

As Police became increasingly powerless lest they be accused by any single aggrieved minority of 'profiling' or 'racism', Police themselves came under increasing attack, ambushed by gangs of youths intent on killing them. The response was perfectly in line with official policy; each new attempt to kill them with means other than firearms was instead enshrined in law as a non-excuse to open fire lest 'Community unrest' occur. Blacks could and did charge at Police with bats, knives, drove at them in Cars, secure in the knowledge Police would not draw guns. The latest ridiculous exception was outlawing Cops shooting fleeing Blacks reaching into baggy pants, in case they were merely pulling them up instead of reaching for firearms.

And Black organizations still weren't satisfied, were constantly demanding the rules of engagement be changed further; they ultimately wanted Police forbidden to shoot until a shot was fired at them first. They told reporters seemingly desperate to hear of new claims of racism that Blacks were tired of Police alleging "They thought a suspect was pulling a gun" as an excuse to shoot Innocent Blacks; often the 'gun' turned out to be a plastic replica, harmless BB gun or no gun at all, and with the higher rate of mental illness in the Black community due to living with racism, Blacks who claimed to be armed often weren't.

As a direct result, in places, not just Citizens but Cops too had now become a walking target. And it wasn't just the usual attacks on Cops trying to stop Crime, but now outright planned Ambushes upon them were becoming a daily occurrence. False emergency calls were placed, but instead of finding a victim, they met gunfire aimed at them from surrounding buildings.

At other times it was now a spectator sport caught on video; attack Cops with Weapons, Cars, and other 'non-excuses to pull guns', laugh in their faces as they appealed for calm in the face of attempted murder. And they knew they would get away with it. Every other day the front page item of newspapers protested some Black organizations complaint of "profiling", displayed a video still of an ignorant Black receiving a shove from an officer, highlighted a complaint that a Black was Tazed unnecessarily, gave massive publicity to some new way Blacks were somehow disadvantaged, broadcast a complaint of an "over-vigorous arrest" complete with descriptions of the suspects Mother bursting out crying over the arrest, not the crime they were charged with. While elsewhere in the same paper there was a single paragraph: "Cop shot dead by 3 armed Blacks while trying to save Crime Victim from brutal beating".



And with the increasingly obvious Police reluctance to enforce the Law to avoid claims of 'racism', instead of fleeing, Black criminals now robbed stores at gunpoint without disguise right in front of security cameras, slowly walked away from crime scenes while loudly boasting to staff "Ain't nothing going to happen. They ain't coming."

The Nation had lurched from one racial fallback to another, and here were its results. But it wasn't by any means the final result if it was allowed to continue.

Step by step our Civilization was disappearing before our seemingly blind eyes. Ghettos only ever expanded, Peaceful areas only ever withdrew, standards and norms only ever dropped. Police withdrew. Civilized people withdrew. Businesses shut down. And our entire Civilization edged closer to the brink of total collapse, it was already at the point where any major problem could cause it to wink out forever.

In the last few decades a far worse racial element had been added to the already burning racial pressure cooker as the Hispanic percentage rapidly increased. The old style Black tribal conflicts and Black-White attacks were rapidly being replaced with racial conflicts spreading right across Los Angeles between the Hispanic and Black gangs.

Few doubted that its origins lay firmly with always-jealous Blacks resenting not only any other Ethnic group they came in contact with, but anyone who did better than they did, including other Blacks. They hated Whites, but seemed to go berserk over Asians, Indians, Hispanics and all other non-Blacks. They'd have attacked on sight the first Hispanics they saw, touching off the conflict. Hispanic workers, leaders complained bitterly that in one savage, motiveless crime after another, Blacks were definitely targeting Latinos because they were Latinos. Every time you heard of Latinos being killed during crime, in virtually every case the attackers were young Black males.

Occasionally Black leaders pretended to want to make bridges between the two communities, portray a "United front" and claim they had common grounds of "White racism" and should unite against the common foe. Then their actions and words to others, their refusal to criticize outrageous pack Black crime toward Hispanics, their statements that it was caused by Hispanics moving onto 'Black Turf' immediately burned those bridges. Hispanics distrusted Whites, but they now hated Blacks infinitely more after endless targeted crime atrocities.

The increasing cycle of retaliations had begun. The result was Dozens, then hundreds dying as the threat then the reality of Ethnic Cleansing came home to Blacks long used to dishing it out. It didn't help either that both Ethnic groups had a culture of domination, not participation; whatever group was the majority tried to dominate the whole place. There were streets that Blacks had been forbidden to cross by far more violent Hispanics when before the barriers had been applied to Whites, and only now did Blacks protest when the same rules were applied to them. Schools where they were forced to meet were the worst affected; in some, if you didn't belong to a Gang for mutual racial protection, you were meat. Fights and smaller riots happened every day in every one of them. Mass Hispanic on Black attacks were accompanied by Spanish slurs about 'Teaching Blacks a lesson'; the chickens were definitely coming home to roost. Now, Hispanics were steadily and violently carving out 'turf' in once-Black areas. Blacks leaving their homes for the day returned to find them burned to the ground. In Prisons, which tended to concentrate the Hate, Blacks were targeted for mega-violence and even Rape by Hispanics and actually asked authorities for protection from them.

Counselors and experts had been warning for years "All of the signs are there that a racial war is going to explode in this city, it will be 10 times bigger than what happened after King. You are looking at an event which could not only paralyze an entire city but an entire state," they warned. It only awaited a spark. Police and those in the know talked about "When", not "If"; they privately stated "When it starts, it'll be a Black or Hispanic that starts it, not a White."

The 90,000 cops of the LAPD were the meat in the middle of the Ethnic chaos, they faced off against between 150,000 to 200,000 hate filled gang members aged 10 to 40 in that city alone, at least 750,000 in the state of California, all armed and with proven criminal records, some with automatic weapons, who didn't hesitate to use them at any opportunity. Against all that, the Courts consistently ruled against the Police, not the Criminals in their every ruling granting them more right to commit crime than the Police had to arrest them. Police reports admitted "Crime is out of control", then in the same statement added "Racial profiling must be stopped" and "More equality was needed in hirings". It was a standing joke among Police that courts stated "We are winning the fight against crime. We have arrested 15 Police".

If it wasn't so disgusting, it would have been laughable. The Nation had declared "War on Terror", "War on Poverty", "War on bad schools", none of which had achieved one iota of improvement. If anything, "War on Dissent" would have been a more appropriate term, they thought; all those Bankrupting campaigns did was bring more unwilling people forcibly into line with Government thinking at penalty of their livelihoods. In fact, we'd declared "War" on everything except Crime. If anyone even hinted at that, Black activists feebly waved the Race Card and reminded us of a few lynchings last century as a feeble excuse not to arrest Blacks today. More innocents were killed by criminals, in

America, every year than in every Terror attack worldwide combined, but we didn't hear about that. All we heard was "racism" and endless non-excuses for not combating savagely violent Blacks attacking innocents.

No troops were recalled to patrol US cities, no extra powers were granted to violently deal to endlessly growing street gangs. Instead, in more and more circumstances Police were forbidden to go places, forbidden to check for outstanding warrants, forbidden to stop or search, forbidden to arrest, forbidden to use physical force, forbidden to draw firearms, forbidden to use any weapon against violent felons, forbidden to check immigration status, forbidden to use their training in criminal profiling to come to instant conclusions about the offender, forbidden to use some DNA tests full stop, forbidden to use cameras which automatically detected stolen Vehicles, forbidden to use personal web spaces as evidence, forbidden to intercept mobile phone text messages; all of that in the name of 'stopping racial profiling'. Never once was a change done in the name of 'stopping crime'.

Police and the Law Abiding could only see a Gigantic ticking Bomb as Hate and Debt only ever grew while Law Enforcement only ever dropped. The only people in constant denial of this were the Liberals in the media, who in the face of all the facts, the entirely one sided racial destruction, and despite often experiencing the hate firsthand, still blamed everything except Blacks. They could only see their precious Diversity and their endless search for ways to implement it against everyone's will, with no positive results ever reported upon. But as always they didn't live with them either in their secure gated communities. A few still-thinking People were reminded of the old proverb "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad", a saying which applied perfectly to Liberals today.

Nobody knew which would come first; Racial War or a Debt-enforced shutdown of city services and welfare. Either way it wouldn't be pleasant. The final elements in the rapid deterioration of the city were now firmly and unavoidably in place. As real or perceived Black political power grew, the pure, personal Racial Hate only grew with it.

By Official Policy the city was now a simmering cauldron of Hate, just waiting to Boil over. The clock was ticking down fast.

Things had been running smoothly in that ethnic-driven city and all other major cities all over America an hour before sunset, marred by only the usual degree of Ethnic mayhem.

Carjackings and unprovoked murders of productive citizens, youths 'randomly' assaulting non-Black passerby and remaining at the scene to watch as the Police arrested only the Whites who'd defended themselves. Pistol and Machin-gun fire into neighboring buildings, passing vehicles, other gang members and into the night sky. Blacks waiting until any working people in their neighborhood had left then ransacking their homes. Black teenagers filled shopping centers, not to shop, but to stand around posturing, shoplifting in packs, intimidate non-Blacks, surrounding, robbing and pounding on them then claiming racism for being apprehended. Hispanics attacking Blacks, Blacks attacking Hispanics. Carloads of Blacks and Hispanics cruising around looking for Whites having a party to gatecrash, attack and kill, settling for attacking solitary people of other races if they didn't find any. Blacks racially abusing and attacking anyone they spotted in their areas who didn't look quite right to them; Albinos Blacks, African Blacks, Pacific Islanders. Drug-addicted savages attacking only White tourists along the International airport approaches, destroying their nations reputation. Blacks deciding they didn't like the look of someone walking on 'their turf' and ordering them out, shooting at them if they refused. Whites partying in a bar, laughing as they harmlessly enjoyed themselves, so nearby Blacks became enraged at "Those people getting Smart" and attacking them. Packs of Black Women attacking more attractive Women out of both jealousy and racial hatred. Mobs of shambling Blacks violently attacking people, robbing stores then screeching 'racism' while being chased by security as other Blacks took up the call. Blacks distracting staff while their friends and children stole. Black Employees waiting until managers left then allowing friends waiting outside to loot their stores. Black service station staff letting Blacks drive off without paying for gasoline. Blacks keeping their Children from school and teaching them to commit crime while accusing all around them of racism for their children's failure in school. Blacks attacking school buses to prevent students from 'the wrong side of town' entering 'their area'. Black leaders protesting to reporters that their people were victimized by a institutionally racist system which occasionally interrupted their criminal activities. Blacks getting massive publicity because they imagined that someone of another Race had been attended to faster in a store. Packs of epithet-spewing Blacks violently attacking people of other races on the street, in buses and in schools, then smirking Black officials declaring "This was not a racial attack". Black events and concerts turned into riots attacking and racially abusing non-Blacks, then claiming they were arrested for being Black. Massed supporters of Blacks on trial for murders and pack beatings of non-Blacks denying racism while loudly protesting the trial was racist, and not saying one word for the victims. Blacks ignoring hundreds of innocent Blacks murdered by Blacks, but protesting a single Black shot dead while shooting at Cops. Blacks calling out loud in courtrooms for the Black jurors not to convict a fellow Black. Blacks protesting Cops using Guns on violent offenders and demanding they use Tazers, then protesting again when they used Tazers.

Civil Rights Lawyers going to great lengths to ensure their clients' rights were upheld by Police, while constantly violating the victims rights at every turn by handing addresses, personal details and victim statements to offenders and their associates.

Every form of hatred, crime and abuse imaginable with little or no gain for themselves but an enormous and ever-increasing cost to society.

Then the power died within a few seconds as computer circuit breakers and controls tripped under direct assault by Aaron Winters' Computer Virus. The business heart and controls of the city went with it.

"What the hell!", a patrolling Cop remarked to his companion, called "Hey, what happened to all the traffic lights?" on the suddenly silent Police bands.

No response.

He tried again, but only the mute hissing of the Universe answered. He flipped channels, all were quiet with the Police repeater stations down. All of them were down. He pulled out an encrypted handheld Police radio and got in direct contact with another nearby Cop, asked if they were having problems there too.

"Oh, you've noticed", came the sarcastic response.

The Driver stepped on the gas as every other Cop in the city did the same, returning to their stations to assess and prepare for what was coming. Police, army reserves, the National Guard, all emergency services, even retired personnel, absolutely everyone was coming in, gearing up and immediately deploying within minutes of the Virus strike. Nobody needed to be called in, not that it was possible, but they all knew they would be needed even if they didn't dare say why, everyone knew what would happen now the social deterioration here had hit a critical point and an opportunity for trouble had suddenly arisen. The 1992 riots were horrendous, but with the ever-increasing Ethnic tensions and no power or communications at all in the entire city this could only be worse. Much worse.

On one side of the Ethnic lines people settled in for a darkened but peaceful night of Family socializing without Television and other distractions. They shared chilled drinks, bottles of water, organized community cookouts with gas cylinders and wood fires, it was almost a party atmosphere as they made the best of what they had, made new friends as they calmly awaited the return of service. Small stores helped, their owners contributing smaller than larger frozen goods as they defrosted rather than let them decay. The recipients took note, remembered and promised to repay them for it later. A few people even jokingly commented that it would almost be a shame if power were restored too quickly, the social atmosphere was so good it almost made it worthwhile.

"The power will be back on in a few hours", people shrugged. Others weren't so sure, they'd watched the first-ever broadcast from one of the top-secret US National Defense Computer sites turn into an unfolding Internet Disaster in front of their eyes. Rumors were already flying around, that it was everything from an overseas based attack before a military strike to a piece of the hated Netsafe software that'd run amok. Few thought it would amount to much, right now internet and computer experts would be cleansing hard drives, reloading operating systems and software from ready and waiting backups. Many expected they'd go to bed and service would be resumed by the morning.

On the other side, the first flames appeared within an hour as enormous crowds quickly gathered, screaming voices baying for blood, tension growing by the minute, an increasing howling as their nights unrestrained fun began.

Armed with everything from shields to tear gas, Police dispersed where trouble was already beginning to appear, only to see it hopscotching across the city as the blackout continued. It was Nationwide, Worldwide, they were learning. Help would not be coming as night fell, absolutely everyone was in the same predicament.

The festive atmosphere in some places stopped dead, was replaced with shock as the first smoke columns rose amidst increasing gunfire. People stared apprehensively, glanced back and forth at each other, unsure what to do. If they brandished a weapon in public, they'd go to jail... Then the first spent bullets began landing on roofs around them. At that, the first person ran indoors to grab their rifle, returned loaded and ready to fire. Everyone followed suit. As the sun edged toward the horizon people organized themselves in minutes in defense of their homes, families and neighborhoods, watching each others homes, accesses into neighborhoods, roads and each other.

Just hours into the blackout an increasing firestorm of lead was descending upon Civilians and Officers struggling in the deepening dark with barely visible shooters as already-organized packs of looters began to ransack businesses. The Cops began with Rubber bullets, 'Bean bag' bullets, tear gas and other non-lethal munitions, quickly switched to live ammunition as rioters were encouraged by the weak response and Officers began to fall. In some places beleaguered Cops were quickly joined by armed citizens as the flames continued to grow, overcoming their history of arresting people for shooting back at rioters to instinctively stand side by side with people defending their very lives, some wielding better Night Vision and weapons than the Police were provided. They'd already seen the Cops had no communications beyond short-range walkie-talkies and

a few CB radios requisitioned from the populace, and all the channels were suddenly occupied with people begging for help. Everyone was on their own.

They aimed at the gun flashes, every now and then scoring hits as shooters fired and ducked behind walls or shot blindly from cover with only their gun arm visible. They had plenty of ammunition, the Police didn't, and they knew it. They only had to wear them down, few Officers were moving up more firepower in the increasingly lethal smoke-filled dark, not when any moving vehicle with lights on was now an instant target. Occasionally they fired tear gas, more in the hope of creating cover than driving off the opposition. It helped, but not for reason they thought it might. Each time gas clouds came up, rioters came into the open to fire, giving a clear view to Police snipers with night and thermal vision. In the near pitch black lit only by fires, they couldn't see fellow rioters dropping beside them and kept firing until they were brought down too. A few defenders had laser-sighted pistols and rifles which were quickly used to full effect. Others found that even simple laser pointers were highly effective for the same reason; the mere sight of a green or red laser panning over Gang members through the thinnest smoke haze was enough to send them running like Jackrabbits. People with Night vision assisted their neighbors in watching for intruders, shooting those trying to sneak in under cover. People waited in groups, watched, and above all, listened. Those who had to move told those around them and announced themselves on their return, in the darkness it would have been too easy to be mistaken for Gang members.

The salvation of many neighborhoods was the fact the gangs were equally confounded by the pitch black, in badly affected areas people were reduced to feeling their way through the dark, refusing to turn on a torch in case it instantly attracted a bullet. It would help a watching enemy infinitely better than it would help them.

Observers noted that few Blacks seemed to have any kind of lights on hand for emergencies, whereas virtually all non-Blacks did. Behind the front lines, non-Black areas glittered with torch beams while Black areas were lit only by fires. Others made a more telling observation: "All the buildings in the central city have emergency power, you can see them easily. How many emergency lights do you see in Black areas?" None at all, because the electrical cables had been stripped out and sold for Copper long ago.

No Whites, Asians or anyone else had lit fires, except a few who'd decided to light up entrances into their neighborhoods, whereas every Black area was in flames. The result was that in many places, advancing Gangs were outlined by flames and even reflections off buildings, to their great cost.

The gunfire had been reducing for hours as people generally held back, unsure where they could go in the dark. Fewer Blacks were shooting impulsively, they too must be running low on ammunition and unable to see where to get more, and by now they'd learned the hard way that countless armed people were waiting unseen in the pitch blackness for them to show themselves. Repeated gun flashes from the same point were increasingly being met with very accurate return fire from multiple directions.

At long last the first glimmers of Dawn appeared in the sky. The rioters mostly withdrew from sight knowing nobody, especially not the Cops, would follow them into now fully declared Ethnic zones. Unlike the Rodney King riots, this time people were shooting back, with full knowledge of what would happen if they didn't, and with impunity. And unlike New Orleans, law abiding people hadn't evacuated beforehand, letting Black criminals roam freely. Some retired for a few hours sleep after a hard night drinking stolen alcohol, burning and killing. The Police could do neither, some had been on duty 24 hours and longer with no end in sight.

Many people quietly thanked the miracle that the Blackout had started just before sunset; if it'd happened hours earlier, the Gangs might well have been infinitely better organized. They didn't seem to have realized until after sunset that it was much more than a localized power cut affecting only their area. Or as one person suggested, and got sharp looks for his trouble, "Since when did Blacks watch anything other than BET? They didn't watch the Weather channel before Katrina in New Orleans, they didn't watch the news on 9/11, they can't have been watching the General or Documentary channels last night either".

People noted the Hispanic gangs didn't seem to be interested in joining in the mayhem so far, or at least they hadn't attacked Asians or Whites so far. Nobody was going into those places to find out, not even in armored Police vehicles, not when the entire population was armed and shooting with who knows what else waiting in reserve that'd doubtless been brought out of hiding at dawn. What they knew was from aerial surveillance, but from a safe height both ethnic groups tended to look alike; Black hair, hats, gang clothing. It was hard to tell who'd moved in which direction, if Blacks had gone into Hispanic areas or vice versa. There was no love lost on either side.

Hispanics on occasion rioted over political causes, or in retaliation to Black crime outrages against them, but unlike Blacks they didn't riot over nonexistent injustice or take advantage of opportunities to burn down what they needed. The general feeling was they'd wait to see what happened or simply move to better areas if the city wore itself down.

Or, as a few grimly suggested, they were letting both sides tear each other down before attacking both.

At the best of times the city was a natural basin which trapped urban pollution. The Sun rose, a hazy orange ball in Blackened skies. Wood and paper Ash was actually falling from the sky in places, it looked like a volcano with multiple vents pouring smoke into the sky as entire areas burned. All around the city were zones of untended fire from buildings, some smoking, some still in flames, others already reduced to blackened shells of once proud buildings. A returned serviceman said it looked almost as bad as the Persian Gulf after the first Gulf War, with Oil columns aflame as far as the eye could see.

Police Helicopters and spotter planes scanned the city as the sun rose to estimate damage, casualties, locations and tactics. As well as the obvious signs of damage and as everyone expected, the occasional body, in a few other places, in front of stores, alleyways, and in and especially around Black areas the bodies were so thick on the ground that it was obvious the blackout had set loose simmering local grievances, Wars which had exploded to life then begun to expand into surrounding areas. The trail of Death clearly followed the targets through streets and between buildings, first were fellow Blacks who'd annoyed the people in those places, further out the victims were Black, White and Hispanic. The main roads were mostly clear, but the side roads were littered with bodies and burned vehicles.

"Oh, God...", one of the pilots couldn't hold back when he saw a group of Asian shopkeepers on the roof and standing beside the few remaining intact stores from their block of shops, the rest were smoldering ruins. Just like 1992, they'd come under instant ferocious Racial attack. Unlike 1992, they were more prepared, had held fast and furiously repulsed the racial hatred, had only grudgingly withdrawn, step by step smashed their way through the walls of neighboring stores under intense fire to escape flames and bullets while still firing at their attackers. They hadn't gone down easily, there were at least fifty bodies nearby and there had to be more in the burned ruins. But all around them, hiding around corners, behind fences, were scores more armed Blacks waiting for their chance.

"Someone get those people out of there right now in an armored carrier, anything!", he told the Police on the ground.

As the Helicopters passed over, Blacks came back into the open to dance around bodies, flashing Gang signs and Black power fists for their cameras to see.

So much for some Officers' hopes the rage would have been sated that night, this would not go down easily.

The city was quiet now only because it was daylight, rioters knew people were shooting to kill on sight without hesitation for self-defense, everyone could clearly see anyone coming, and they needed their sleep after a hard nights destroying. Everyone's hope was that power would be restored before the next evening, but anyone flipping through the radio channels could hear for themselves that power was out Nationwide. They began to seriously worry what would happen if this continued for much longer.

The few working Government-run news broadcasting networks working on emergency power were giving no news at all on the International or even the National situation, little advice beyond the usual 'keep calm', no warnings of suddenly dangerous areas. More ominously they were giving no promises of quick restoration of services, no updates on the power grid, no information on whether forces were arriving to restore order. A massive and glaring series of omissions, everyone noted. They were saying little beyond bland words of comfort, repeating the same automated message every ten minutes; "People are cooperating to end this crisis. Desist from shooting or looting. Stay in your homes and remain calm or you will be considered a suspect by Police".

"Oh, please...", listeners said, and shut their radios off.

As if a few words of Peace could now stop a god-damned War breaking out. The time for talking was long past when entirely one-sided Hate, Demands and claims of racism were the only response. The Hate was so great that one tiny little power cut had brought Savages rampaging into the streets, with infinitely more promised the next night. It was time to think of survival.

The Police and Aid agencies couldn't just set up food outlets and doubtless urgently needed medical facilities, not in the middle of that kind of overwhelming firepower and with obvious declared racial shoot to kill zones formed overnight, it'd attract every armed Gang for miles who'd kill to get what they wanted, even their own. They'd had to not just strongly advise, but to order volunteer aid agencies not to go into those places, let alone attempt to distribute if they wanted to stay alive.

The colorful wall posters, paintings, murals showing the colorful city getting along, the "No room for racism in this city", "We're all Equal", "Celebrate Diversity", and "We're all in this together" signs, the colorful, simple appeals to children's minds, all remained where they were, fluttering in the gentle breeze. Only, now they reflected flames as large parts of the city burned down.

Once again, the enlightened city of Los Angeles was leading the way at the forefront of Hate, not Togetherness.

Worst of all, the fighting had only stopped for daybreak. All the very worst indicators

for the next night were present, the power was still out with no end in sight. And both sides had all day to prepare for the next night's warfare. Nobody wanted to say it, but it was on everyone's faces. In the middle of a supposed Civilization, a simple Power cut was rapidly turning into a War. Everyone's backs were now against the wall, and there was nowhere else to go.

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Senior Detective-Inspector Stewart Boersen from the FBI's computer crime section idly picked over the unremarkable dwelling in the midst of a leafy suburb as specialist search teams began arriving and settling in for the long haul. The on-call police SWAT team and every available Officer had swarmed into the neighborhood as soon as the address was identified, sealing it off and detaining everyone in the block for questioning.

The TV and stereo were gone, stripped out by looters who'd swarmed into the area when the lights went out. Some of the drawers had similarly been gone though. Not that there'd been much to begin with, he saw. The lounge computer sat by the back door, abandoned in the hurry to escape the descending police dragnet. Its cables had been hurriedly wrenched out and the power cable literally torn from the wall as a looter ran from the house, then dumped outside as he jumped the fence in his hurry to escape, only to land right into the midst of massed Officers with guns drawn establishing a ring of steel around the property in case the intended quarry was still there. It would briefly remain where it was until the initial scene examination was done, then it would be transported to a laboratory and dismantled, every component checked over with care for fingerprint and DNA evidence while the Hard drive itself was subjected to every Forensic tool devised by man.

The sun had just risen as he watched columns of churning smoke rising nearby. His nose stung from acrid smoke fanned from nearby public buildings which were aflame but had to be left to burn; with no water pressure in the pipes firefighters could do little except try to stop the flames spreading. The entire central area of the city had been locked down under curfew after the first fires started and lead-filled the air, but that hadn't stopped countless snipers shooting at police and emergency services from windows and roofs. After a dozen Police deaths in that part of the city alone within the first few hours of the power failing, the order finally went out through walkie-talkie to Police and Tactical Squads alike: Shoot to kill. Almost immediately after the first serious retaliatory gunfire commenced the blizzard of flying bullets had eased to a trickle. The score on the other side was unknown.

Even from there you could hear a baying roar as the curfew was lifted and huge crowds of screaming enraged people remonstrated with Officers who weren't allowed to do anything unless they were actually attacked. All they could do was take the mindless abuse with guns ready, which naturally only inflamed the crowd to ever-greater provocation.

So, this was ground zero. Where all the chaos originated. He watched searchers using mirrors, optical fiber scopes and x-ray units to check for traps before opening nearly empty drawers and wardrobes. That goddamned Aaron Winters had gone to enormous trouble constructing that Virus of his, more unpleasant surprises had to be anticipated. The lounge computer had already been x-rayed conventionally in case something had been left inside for when the case was removed or the power turned on. They also confirmed the hard drive was still in place. A high-power and resolution x-ray unit was on its way to examine it in further detail before moving it.

Everyone knew from the outset this wasn't going to be an easy hunt, their quarry would have seen them coming a long time ago and prepared accordingly. But even the smallest clue in the right hands had quickly solved cases. The house would be painstakingly strip-searched for evidence, right down to the foundations if necessary.

He left the teams inside the house to their work and idly viewed the surroundings. The pile of ashes in the back yard was still glowing a few degrees above ambient temperature in thermal vision, so he wasn't that long gone. An officer was using tweezers to pick up and bag fragments of unburnt paper on it and around it, something had been torn up and hurriedly thrown on at the last minute and left there after the flames had died down. Hopefully it was something important enough to him that it was worth that much destruction. The remnants of the vegetable garden, half-choked with weeds, caught his eye. Well designed and orderly, built with care, it hadn't been tended for too long. The owner had been very busy with something else.

A Police Helicopter arrived and started making lazy circles for photographers to view the scene. He heard a distorted voice come through a nearby radio and an officer strain to hear the words properly over the roar of the chopper blades that accompanied them. Only the secure isolated networks were operating, even the radio repeater stations were down for the count, Police Officers couldn't talk to Helicopter crews or in some cases other Patrol cars. Field communications were by handheld radio and in person, long range was by Satellite telephone or CB radio. They'd tried and failed to keep the public airwaves clear for official use, few were taking notice of requests, demands to clear the public channels when they were the only means of communication many had. If things got really bad in any area right now, there'd be no way of coordinating any counterattack. So far the crowds were unaware of the current limitations, but it wouldn't take long for

them to figure out that isolated flare-ups didn't get a response, and it could only get worse from there.

Everybody stiffened when another official vehicle pulled up. They knew who it was before the door opened. Michael Chertoff, straight from a private jet all the way from Washington.

"What do we have so far, Stu?", he casually inquired. Michael was never one to bother with formalities or perfunctural greetings, came straight to the point.

Michael was a cross-jurisdiction pain in the neck, he was renowned for sending people to investigate cases then promptly recalling them as different agencies wanted preference. Where he'd come from nobody seemed to know, he'd appeared seemingly out of nowhere and had been quickly and repeatedly promoted until he was as high as it was possible to go in the Justice dept. Stu and his colleagues had only got where they had through perseverance, ability and work, as it should be. But Michael? It pained him to have to show respect for a political appointee who'd been given his positions, not earned them.

"He'd prepared for flight, sir. The only things left in the house are the larger or heavy items. No jewellery, and none of the essentials."

He nodded. They'd expected that much. Anything less would have profiled a haphazard lone wolf, but there were too many indications otherwise. Especially after what had come to light in the last few hours.

"His background is clean, so far there's no sign anything is amiss apart from his Bank accounts being emptied and his contact work output dropping sharply in the last six months then stopping completely. His employers are cooperating fully with us, they lost contact with him months ago, were about to fire him when this happened. His supplied references say he was an average student at school, but a pro in visual basic and website design. As far as we can tell he never had access to the kind of information needed to construct this, and neither did they."

"Are the neighbors being questioned?"

"No, they're all gone too, we don't know where."

"What do you mean, gone!"

Michael was shocked. People were mostly staying at home, guns ready, waiting for who knows what. A few were shooting back randomly, holding the line. So far only near Black areas had some people fled a tidal wave of erupting violence.

"Officers are seeing the same thing all over the place, and it seems to have begun days before this happened", he had to tell Michael.

"Why didn't you report this as soon as you found out!", Michael shouted at Stu, stepped back and tried to use his mobile phone as Officers tried hard not to smile. No-go of course, and the Police channels were jammed solid. Satellite telephone was no-go. He'd have to wait till he got back to his office to pass this on. He barely restrained himself from throwing the now worthless mobile phone to the ground.

"So, who the hell is this guy?"

"A complete Nobody, sir. He wasn't known to us at any level, he wasn't an activist of any description."

That bothered him. Almost invariably in major cases there was forewarning of some sort, people heard things said or found things written, their partners saw changes in behavior. But from this guy? Nothing. This had come completely out of the blue. No, not completely, he reminded himself. He refused to believe that one person could do that regardless of what information they had, he sensed a smokescreen, and certain intelligence leaned in that direction.

"Don't tell that to the Press room. And that's an order!", Michael snapped at them.

Something bothered him about complete unknowns walking out of day to day lives and into monstrous deeds like this. It wasn't just that he apparently hadn't triggered any flags whatsoever, it was the spontaneity, the willingness to risk everything they had at ultimate cost to themselves. And Aaron had to have known he would truly suffer for this if caught. He hated such people more than anything else.

"Do you think we should be looking for someone else, sir?", another senior Officer suggested to change the subject.

"I think so."

They'd have to search right through his background, trying to find any hint of anyone who could have done it, starting all the way back at school and working forward. As with every major hunt the very first thing being prepared was a friends and family list, anywhere he might be tempted to take refuge. The remnants of Echelon had already supplied a few details, people who had his address or email in their contact lists. They were brought in for interrogation before the news of who was responsible was released. So far they'd drawn a blank, none of the interviewees had tried to run and all had been genuinely shocked upon being told who'd released the Virus.

"His family?"

"None close are living. We checked with the ones we've found so far through records, he hadn't contacted them in months or years."

Another dead end. Maybe.

"We found this by the printer", Stu added, and handed him an evidence bag with a photo in it.

It was definitely Aaron, taken a long time before the passport photo they had so far of him. He was proudly holding up an American flag at what appeared to be a school game. Aaron the Patriot. Bastard.

He pulled the photo from the bag and tore it to pieces.

"Sir, there could be fingerprints...", his voice trailed away when he saw the darkening look on his Michael's face.

"No!", he snapped.

The radio buzzed into life once more, an officer strained to hear the words from the Helicopter properly. He acknowledged the report then promptly passed the new information to his superiors.

"Sir, the Helicopter crew reports that every single house in the Block has a garden in the back yard."

That Dovetailed with the details coming from officers searching their houses. Everywhere it was the same, the essentials were gone, the rest was left behind. There was no sign of hurried departure, this was an evacuation to plan. After seeing the people they'd escorted from the Block after the lights went out, he could see why.

What was left behind in their homes was interesting; many of the beds remained as well as many small and large items people wouldn't normally walk away from. It wasn't an emergency when they left, they'd carefully picked and chosen as though they could only take so much with them. To a new place where those things had no use, perhaps.

"I think he's in a Forest", Stu commented.

"Damn!"

It was the worst possible news. A city address was a discreet, finite place. A Forest was a vast unknown, he could be anywhere in any one of a dozen vast camouflage landscapes within a thousand miles. Aaron would be laughing at them for now, he thought. Maybe not for long.

"We're putting out APB's on his neighbors as well, but there's no indications of where they are either."

"If we find them, we most likely won't find him, not if he's got any sense. The more people he lets into it, the greater the risk. It's not likely they knew what he was doing."

"It's worth a try, sir"

"Is there anything you can tell me which might lead to him!", he snapped.

"Not so far, sir."

He wasn't known for his charm or patience, either, Stu thought.

Michael opened up his tablet sized laptop and reviewed the information that'd come to light, making sure none of the other officers could view it. In the hours before the Virus attack, some figures had gone haywire. Tens of thousands of people had loaded up Cars and simply driven away from their homes. Isolated country roads which attracted no more than a dozen cars a day were clogged, Officers had found hundreds of seemingly abandoned vehicles in places. Some statistician had run the available information and alarms had gone off. Only Whites, some Asians, a few older Hispanics and even a number of American Indians were among them. No Blacks whatsoever.

And that was only 30 minutes before the Virus had struck.

Before he'd left to oversee the search of Aarons house, the text had come through the secure network from the NSA boys. He reread it for the umpteenth time, then snapped the laptop shut. He understood the National Security people were discreetly trying to verify the contents.

"Even if he's away clean for now, he can't hide forever. He isn't going anywhere, and we've got time."

"Eric Rudolph wasn't so easy to find after his abortion clinic bombings, they even knew what area of forest he was in but still couldn't locate him for 5 years"

"We're not talking about one man, we're talking about an entire family, a whole city block. They've got to come out occasionally."

"Eric had help too", he added.

"Anyone who helps him gets life plus and more, and we'll make damned sure everyone knows that"

"There's some mighty big forests in the state", Stu commented.

"We've learned since then, the world is becoming a smaller place every day, there's some new things we can try"

"Not if something worse happens first."

He looked sternly at Stu, then walked away.

They'd need time to reformat, repair from backups, isolate and check the computer systems before even the power could be brought online. Until then only the secure networks were running. How long it would take was anyone's guess. It was a fair bet there were ever more senior people breathing down the necks of frantically working technicians.

He was beginning to get the feeling they didn't have that much time.

The smoke and flames in the Black area nearby weren't lessening with daybreak, Stu noted. They were getting worse.



Within minutes of the power dying the first sparks had turned to embers, then to flames. Nobody needed to say where the trouble would come from and who the preferential targets would be, not that they dared open their mouths to say what everyone knew.

A number of Black ministers had once seriously requested the National Guard patrol Black neighborhoods to quell the crime, and that was in this so-called Peacetime. The suggestion was instantly trashed by other Black 'leaders' who stated the solution could only come from within the Black community, not imposed from without. Which meant nothing was done. As always, Crime and efforts to solve and prevent it were made into a racial issue by Blacks who didn't care a damn for their own people, let alone others, the only thing they ever seemed to be concerned about was that nobody except Blacks must be in any position of authority over them. None of those leaders said a word about the victims, held vigils, visited their families, they did nothing for their own people, They occasionally showed their faces at rallies supposedly held to support Black neighborhoods, but were there only to blame others and gain support for themselves. He'd have liked to publicly question the motives of those who always bitterly complained about efforts to control their peoples wild behavior, never the behavior itself, but he'd have been dismissed for doing so.

He remembered one of his fellow officers quipping that there were more Jews in Berlin during the War than there were non-Blacks in peacetime American Black areas today. That was for a very good reason, one that was already beginning to expand its reach. For a community that constantly pretended to be victims of racism, he knew full well they dished out over 90% of the Personal Hate, and virtually all of the organized Hate in America. There wasn't a single Black Gang that wasn't a violently active Hate group. To the best of his knowledge there weren't any White Hate groups left at all.

For the first time, he began to genuinely worry for his own family's safety as yet another plume of smoke erupted skyward.

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200 miles away, Aaron Winters sat bolt upright in bed. He'd just had a dream, no, several intertwined dreams. It was just a series of scenes actually. He couldn't help but wonder at how the subconscious mind attempts to connect trivial bits of information in unexpected ways you don't consider when you're awake. Dreams can guide you and warn you, help you to mature as well as tell you things, he believed.

He was walking through the trees when he spotted Billy and Cassy leading a black-haired infant through the Forest. He couldn't see the face of the child, who was playing the toddlers game of occasionally lifting their legs up to let the adults holding their hands carry their weight. Cassy was wearing a one piece deerskin outfit tied loosely around the waist, and had grown her black hair all the way down her back. Billy's hair was only slightly shorter, he had on a loose-fitting deerskin jacket and trousers, and was carrying his rifle and backpack filled with what looked like food and fire lighting gear. Both wore tough-looking home made hide boots. The two of them fitted in perfectly, almost completely camouflaged with natural colors. They looked like Children of the Forest. His kids caught sight of him, waved and smiled at him. They glanced sharply up at the sky before turning and running off, disappearing quickly into the woods.

As he continued down toward the river, the birds abruptly stopped calling and flew off, leaving him in silence. It was like the entire Forest had been struck dumb, his footfalls echoed hollow among the trees.

And then he heard it. An electrical crackling and growing roar of wind above. An enormous dark pillar of cloud was ballooning upward in the distance over the burning town, flashing with pure energy and sparks of intensely bright probing lightning. It was growing so rapidly that in seconds it was towering overhead, blotting out the sun. The lightning grew closer and more intense as the light faded, although there was no rain, only an ever darkening shadow, part of which disconnected from the main and coalesced into a spot which roved here and there around the landscape, along the river, the hilltops, ridges, as though it was looking blindly for something.

He remembered the transistor radio in his backpack and brought it out, expecting he'd hear a severe weather warning telling the residents of the town to head indoors. The instant he turned it on, the deepest part of the shadow turned and settled directly on his position. The radio turned red-hot and ignited as a deafening, screaming electrical roar came from the speaker, and he dropped it. He looked up to see cloud taking form directly overhead in the shape of a point, began to run, much too late. The first lightning bolt smashed into the tree ahead of him, the explosive force throwing him to the ground and showering him with hot fragments of wood. The next hit him full force as he ran, setting him on fire as he flew through the air...

He took several seconds to unwind. The wind chimes outside were still, the first streaks of light just touching the predawn sky. He looked over at Barbara, laying on her side peacefully asleep next to him in the dim light, the sheets hardly moving as she breathed.

Disconnected thoughts...

He put his arm over her, began gently running his hand over her stomach. Barbara woke with a start and turned over, her face a question. She looked confused, then smiled when he found the small bump he knew would be there.

"How did you know?", she whispered.

"A Dream told me about it. I saw Black hair, like yours."

"I was going to tell you later this morning", she said, "You're going to be a Daddy again."

Aaron wanted to jump out of bed and scream his delight to the World, but remembered the kids asleep in the next room, and settled for hugging her and almost crying.

A couple of hours later they were fishing by the river when they heard a rustling of leaves and crackling of twigs as a small group of figures approached through the Forest. Matthew emerged from the woods holding the hand of his daughter, together with the two lady friends Barbara had mentioned. The one nearest him was a confident-looking red-blond haired woman wearing a shawl together with her boots and denim skirt. The brighter the colors, the brighter the personality, or it reflected the way they wish they were, he believed. Time would tell which, at the very least she'd be a fun person to know. Even in the Forest she managed to look practical and dignified at the same time. More points to her, he thought. Definitely a couple, he decided from their body language. The other woman trailing slightly behind looked similar but was dressed more plainly, with dark brown, almost black hair. He hadn't seen Matt's daughter since before the shooting which had killed her sister and ultimately split the family, she was growing fast. He watched her eyes darting here and there, genuinely curious about their surroundings. There was no sign on the surface of the trauma she'd suffered, all the better. He looked more closely, saw she was wearing an obviously home-made outfit made of Deer skin, a strong sign of increased confidence. He'd have to ask about that later.

"Hey, Uncle Matt!", said Cassy.

Matthew glanced over at Aaron, who grinned.

"You've earned that privilege", he replied as they shook hands after months.

"God damn it's good to see a familiar face out here, I thought I'd lost you for good, Matt!"

"Sorry Aaron, the Resistance people specifically said not to tell you where I was building or anything about them, only what you needed to know at the time. When I got your letter at the drop point I asked if they wanted me to pick up the laptop from your house. They told me they'd take care of it if need be and ordered me out too."

"Why?", Aaron was confused.

"We'll talk about that later", he said, glancing at Barbara and the kids.

"This is Angie and Hazel, and you know Stephanie", he indicated the red-blond and the brunette respectively.

"Barbara talked a lot about you, it's nice to meet you finally", Angie said as she shook Aarons hand.

Hazel was more reserved and greeted him cordially, but kept glancing at him.

"You do know the unauthorized taking of fish and game in a designated wildlife reserve is an offence?", Matt asked.

"I think they'll let us off on that count", he chuckled.

"Then there's the cutting of protected trees..."

"Don't forget, contributing to the delinquency of minors."

"Well, hell, it's worth it", Matt said, and handed Barbara some thick juicy Venison slabs wrapped in plastic and canvas.

"Yummy!", went Cassy and Billy.

"This place is one giant smorgasbord, it's food on the hoof wherever you look, I don't think they'll miss a few kills out here."

"The way you eat, you'll need it. You've already gained a few kilos since I saw you last."

"Smartarse. You'll never change will you?"

"Thanks for helping look after them while I was away, I owe you one."

"My pleasure, Aaron."

They tied off the bags, made sure they were properly sealed then dropped them into the water. Nothing cooled things faster than water, it'd keep the Venison fresh till they got it to the Dinner table and the balance to the smoker.

"How did you meet them?", he casually asked Matt as they set up their lines.

"They're sisters. Angie and I were co-workers at the Defense contractors before my little run-in with management."

"You were dating a workmate?", he asked, surprised.

"No", he quickly replied. "We wanted to, but we both knew the problems you get with that and agreed not to at the time."

"Well, she's your type, she's an individual."

He glanced over at Angie, who was settling down a few meters away with the other women, letting the men talk privately. She'd removed her boots to let her feet dangle into the water. Even out here, she'd gone to the trouble to separate a couple of long strands of her hair in front of her ears when the other women were content to just let theirs be.

She'd also split her hair, half tied behind her back, half dangling over her shoulders. She was trying to gain someone's attention, Aaron thought. Hazel had removed her jacket and was displaying some intricate Celtic tattoo work on her arms, and more could be glimpsed on her upper back. Another nervous glance at Aaron.

"That, she most definitely is."

"So, what's their story?"

"They were living together in a house and their area was taken over by Blacks, and with their commitments to the bank they were in a fix. You know the story, rocks through their windows, rubbish dumped onto their property, break-ins every time they went out, and the rest every time they walked up the road."

The all too familiar story of Ethnic cleansing in America, called by everything except what it was.

"I'd kept in touch with Angie, and when I got the order to ship out I asked them if they wanted to come and live with me. They thought about it for a few months then said yes."

"They're brave Women to just up and leave everything behind."

"Aren't they all? They only need a chance to show it. Barbara has settled in well out here too I see."

"She was nervous as heck the first week or so, she got used to it."

"You're adapting too, you're looking more and more like a Viking of old."

"Not for long", Barbara overheard the conversation, "You can grow your hair out as long as you like, but I didn't marry a man with a beard, and you're not starting now."

"I think she means it, Aaron...", Matt said, "You'd better sharpen your axe if you've forgotten your razor"

He shot an evil grin back at Matt.

"Did I ever mention, she never lets you forget who's in charge?"

"Don't they all?"

"Careful Matt...", Angie shot back.

The two of them chuckled at that.

"Hazel is a quiet one, isn't she?"

"Only until she gets to know you, then she never stops talking", he said to break the ice between them.

"Yes, he's definitely asking for trouble", Hazel said to Angie.

"You have to keep Women right on the brink of arm-punching you, or else they don't even notice you", Aaron joined in the teasing.

"There's no other way to keep them", Matt agreed.

Barbara grinned evilly at Aaron.

"You'll notice later on", she shot back.

"You came into the area on a boat didn't you? If you'd passed through we probably would've seen your tracks."

Matt nodded.

"It's only a few hundred yards from the main river to the place I built."

"That's what I thought. We were a bit far away, I figured the direct route was easier."

"You always seem to find the hard way to do things, Aaron. You always have. Get a pack animal next time to carry in the heavy stuff."

Matthew was known for being the master of unconventional methods at school. The physics teacher in particular was in awe of Matt, when an equation was explained to him, without trying he often promptly found an easier way of doing it which flabbergasted the teacher. And that was before he'd gained an interest in Computers...

"Your lady friends know who I am, I take it?"

"Angie made a comment to me that she wished someone would do something to start a war if need be to clear the whole damned mess out of the country, and since we were all the way out here it was safe to let her know we were about to do just that."

"I couldn't figure out how to tell Barbara, she worked it out for herself."

"They do that. If you want to hide something from a Woman, you've got to hide it from yourself."

"The voice of experience...", Aaron remarked.

"No, it's not like that, Hazel is just a friend", Matt instantly caught on.

The corners of Aarons mouth twitched with amusement.

"Dammit, I'm not that way any more, will you stop hassling me about school!"

The twitch turned to a broad smile.

"Oh, piss on you, Aaron!", he said as he finished baiting his line and cast it into the water.

"I haven't said a word, Matt, not a single word."

"You don't have to! I know how you think!"

"Well, am I right or am I right?"

"Is he usually like this?", Barbara asked Aaron.

"He's usually a lot more insulting, he must be out of practice", he grinned. That was the old Matt starting to come through, he was regaining his characteristic sense of humor. Once you got to know him, he went out of his way to describe the most everyday things in uniquely offensive ways. You could take it or leave it, and do your best to insult him right back. Few managed to come close. It was when he didn't try to insult you at some point that you knew something was wrong.

Barbara noticed Cassy staring at her stomach. She took her daughters hand and put it under her shirt onto the little bump which was forming there.

"Oh, my... Congratulations to the two of you are in order, I take it?", said Matt, changing the subject and shaking Aarons hand.

"She's about three months along. She kept it for a surprise and even managed to get me to bring out everything we'd need."

"Will you two be alright?"

"She's a strong woman, she had no problems with Billy and Cassy."

And since Barbara was listening, he added "I can see why the Pioneers had such large families, there wasn't much else to do out here."

She almost choked as she replied; "I'll have the first, you'll have the second, I'll have the third, and there won't be a fourth."

"What did Hazel do before she left?", Aaron inquired out of curiosity.

"She's a graphic designer, and a good one too."

"I figured she was an artist of some sort from her tattoo work, there's a lot of nice unique work there", he commented to try to make conversation with her.

"Thanks, I drew them myself", was her nervous reply.

"This is a bit of a change of lifestyle for them isn't it?"

"They're doing alright, they love the gardening but they hate the hunting, they can't get their minds around whacking Bambi with a rifle."

"Give them time, the kids soon got used to it, they're itching for bigger game now."

"Bloodthirsty little buggers. I'm going out hunting again next week, want to join me?"

"Absolutely... It's Billy's 13th in a month, we'll have to bring both of them along too."

"Good idea, we'll have to do something special for him for the occasion", he smiled at Aaron.

"How's your gardens coming along over there?"

"Quite well, we'll only have to raid yours a bit longer, then we'll repay the favor. Your kids came over lots of times and helped us plant some more, too. They gave us a few good tips, you taught them well."

"Cassy taught herself, mostly. She's good at companion planting to avoid needing pesticides."

Cassy smiled at the compliment.

"Veggies and Meat taste better out here without preservatives and all the rest, they say there's no difference but really there is."

"We noticed that as soon as we got here, you can taste it alright."

"If you don't mind my asking, how's Steph doing now?"

"She's loving it, I didn't tell her we were leaving for good when we came here, you should've seen her face when she found out."

Aaron nodded.

"Billy and Cassy have been fun to watch. They're growing up fast out here."

"Kids aren't young for long, are they?", Matt commented wistfully.

It seemed like it was only yesterday when he'd been changing their diapers, Aaron thought. If this country could be brought back to it's sanity, in another decade or less they'd be doing the same for the next generation of the Winters' family. The thought made him smile.

"Responsibility and Trust breed strength, they've learned more practical stuff in a few months since we pulled them from school than they ever did there."

Which said a lot about our so-called education system, Aaron mused. It had been so dumbed-down to satisfy liberals and Blacks that today's high school graduation exam was eighth-grade material twenty years ago. In places it was worse, fourth grade and borderline retard material was in use as senior texts. It was a proven fact that a number of today's wealthiest business people were school dropouts who'd succeeded through determination alone.

Today, our once-proud, World-class schools were rating among the lowest in the Western world, Japanese and Chinese students were years ahead of their peers and complained our classes were too easy. Throw in all the Political and Racial indoctrination masquerading as Social Education, and no wonder Asians considered us to be the Worlds most uninformed, uneducated people. We'd well and truly earned that sorry distinction, he thought.

The fact was, if people were taught what they needed in the first 12 grades of public school as used to be done, most wouldn't need college. The phrase "Good with his hands" simply wasn't heard any more among our youth, and the media foisted upon our children as entertainment reinforced this in every way possible. You saw endless anti-social tips on 'acceptance', never did you see a single practical idea given. Not one lesson on using a tool, repairing a household item or Car, not one lesson on the pitfalls of life, the endless scams awaiting the unwary, not even how to balance a budget or save money. Practical skills were all but gone from our schools, replaced with years of social studies and outright political and racial indoctrination taught by rote, backed by endlessly repeated slogans, extensive teachings not to notice the real problems all around them, all based on easily disproved false principles and historical lies they weren't allowed to question at any point. No wonder Employers were increasingly forced to

Look overseas for skilled employees to do Engineering and every other kind of work.

Our media and Education systems were meant to augment the population, strengthen minds and bodies, encourage people to think and create while learning. That was how Civilizations were built. He strongly felt that today's Education was reducing abilities, purposely restricting the range of thought and introverting the population, removing all personal initiative. They were changing our morals, ethics from ones which supported Civilization to those which supported Chaos, and we were told it was 'new', right, proper and 'fair'.

Before coming here, after figuring out what the Adults were planning, both Billy and Cassy eagerly gobbled up books on gardening, survival, building, forest lore, hunting, gun safety and maintenance, they almost insisted on being tested on the plants Cassy was preparing as seedlings for him to take out there, as if their very life depended on it. Which it did. When they arrived here, the very first thing they naturally did was to run to check out their new bedroom, the next was to look closely at how the log cabin had been built, running their fingers over the mud and sawdust filled gaps and looking closely at the corners, doorframes, roof slats. And then they took their personal GPS units and carefully explored.

"The three of them became good friends out here while you were away, you'd hardly know... ", Matt's voice trailed away.

Aaron changed the subject before the line of thought upset Matt.

"This place does kinda grow on you once you're set up and know what to do. Preparation is the key. Stevie's group were telling us about things where they are before they left, everyone helps everyone there. I don't think the kids have ever been happier now they're doing things for themselves and they're needed."

"You think we're better off here?", Matt commented.

"Socially, maybe. I think maybe the cities are advancing in the wrong direction. City folk see trees, I see life, I see evolution, I think maybe the future is out here in smaller communities."

"I think that's your baby talking to you."

The number of fish here at the spot Billy and Cassy had found was amazing, what with few or no others ever coming out this way. As he watched, Billy pulled in a good sized Trout, and in less than a minute skillfully beheaded, cleaned and filleted it a few millimeters from the bone with an extremely sharp knife before dropping it into a bucket of water. He was impressed, his son must have had plenty of practice in his absence. Cassy was only slightly slower.

"No, out here is co-operation and thinking of others. All the things the cities are missing."

"Among some people in particular... ", Matt scoffed.

"We saw the flames last night, but the radio is still only talking about 'minor isolated problems' amidst 'citizen cooperation'."

And if they could see the fires in that small town all the way out there, then the cities must be just horrendous.

"They've been ignoring what's right in front of them for years. Why should they be any different now?", Matt shrugged, checking his line then casting into the water again.

"That's what bothering me. Whenever something major happens, the media can't get enough of telling everyone about the consequences, then they sneak in the bullshit cause they want to be responsible, such as 'Gun culture' as an excuse for further Gun control. Right now they're not even doing that, all they're talking about is the Virus and minor urban problems. I think maybe they're trying to hide something else."

Aaron had long noted the consistent unspoken but easily discerned themes of our media were, 1) White Hate, 2) Black Innocence, and 3) Our Government wanted Freedom and Tolerance. You could use them to accurately predict the line on a story, every time. Any news which said otherwise was treated delicately, written around or rubbed out of existence. Black racism and Crime was increasingly rewritten and selectively edited into White racism and everyone else's fault. In the name of 'unbiased reporting', the West had for years all but outlawed accurate reporting touching on the enormous, increasingly organized extent of unprovoked Black savagery Worldwide which made them look bad as a people, not as 'individuals' as the media constantly taught.

The usual technique with Black crime was to briefly report on their offending then overwhelmingly emphasize the criminals 'humanity' over their crimes, show the family and friends support for the violent criminal, show them saying "He's innocent" and "He's never been in trouble before" while the Police said he was on parole for armed robbery, then finally blame anything other than the vicious criminal; Deprivation, Housing, Drugs, Guns, Education, Racism. You saw this in the reporting of one murder and riot after another.

The 1992 LA riots were the ultimate example. Once, and once only, did the media show the full tape including the part where he racially abused then attacked the Police.

Thereafter, you only saw Rodney King being beaten, and Blacks took full note of that and that alone. You saw the subsequent rioting, beatings and fires in full color, then the footage was quickly culled until you saw only the Rodney King and Reginald Denny

beatings, and finally you saw only Rodney King. The footage of entirely Racial violence, looting and burning all but vanished. The victims disappeared from the news. A few hits with Police clubs upon a racist Black who'd attacked them were far more important than 55 innocent people murdered, Thousands of injured and Billions in damage. The media could and should have been charged with inciting riots and 55 counts of murder, but as always there wasn't a peep from 'our' justice system.

No media person asked why if 'White racism' was the cause, why was it that Asian businesses were burning and Hispanics were beaten to Death. Instead of the "Rodney King riot", it should have been called "The greatest Racial Mass Murder in US History". Rodney King would always be remembered, the 55 dead victims were completely forgotten. Their suffering, how they died, their funerals, their grieving relatives tears, none of that rated so much as a footnote.

And people didn't notice, not even then. People today could be relied upon not to think, they were too used to being spoon-fed their daily dose of Black oppression in the guise of news.

Only in the absolute individual worst crimes was the selective reporting replaced with immediate and obviously orchestrated silence right at the start, lasting to the end of the trials and beyond. Such as the horrendous murder of a mixed race family a few years ago; the White parents and White children were killed, the pregnant woman's baby was cut out and killed, the only member of the family allowed to live was a half-Black child from a previous marriage. The Wichita massacre and the Christian-Newsom carjack-murders got the same silent treatment, while Imus' trivial "Nappy headed Ho's" remark went Worldwide and still gained multiple news references years afterward.

If they were already doing the same thing now, at just the start of an apparently Nationwide burning and riot situation, then something must be very different and very wrong that they seriously didn't want to talk about, Aaron thought. And by this time, there was no way that the Authorities weren't highly coordinating with the by-now powered up media, if not ordering them outright what to say to the nervous population to try and keep them calm.

"...Such as a total loss of control everywhere, the whole Nation dropping into open warfare, and Black police and soldiers joining the rioters?", Matt took the words out of his mouth.

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Detective-Inspector Stewart Boersen was growing nervous as the investigation progressed. They were uncovering little of interest in the neighborhood, their hope had been to find a map or something equally incriminating left behind, but nothing had eventuated. These people were tidy housekeepers, unlike most criminals. They'd carried on with their usual daily routines until the moment they left, unfortunately. Their computers had been seized too of course, but no results were forthcoming yet. Or at least, none had been shared with him.

Higher authorities were absorbing everything he sent to them, they'd set up a high-speed Microwave link just for him, couldn't analyze his material fast enough. The first thing they'd done on arrival was set up a portable generator to run lights and scanners as power was still out. Elsewhere, some Police repeater stations had been similarly powered up.

He was personally directing this search as his department and numerous specialists steadily worked their way through Aarons house, he ensured they overlooked nothing, step by step bagging everything and sending it downtown, tearing up carpets and x-raying walls, using ground penetrating radar looking for disturbances. They'd found some overlooked papers which had been tucked away, nothing important. Their quarry hadn't done that good a job in destroying evidence. Everyone was bleary eyed from lack of sleep, they were supposed to be working in shifts, dammit, but nobody had come back from breaks and they hadn't been replaced.

They'd made some finds elsewhere in the abandoned neighborhood too. Nothing relevant, but disturbing nonetheless. Family heirlooms had been left behind in the rush to evacuate, things people would never leave unless they had no choice. But all essentials and tools were gone. There were recent disturbances in many of the back yards which they'd probed into. The children's pets had been euthanized painlessly before they left, wherever they'd gone they couldn't take them with them, they were buried in little ceremonies with blankets and playthings.

The smoke and flames nearby hadn't diminished over the last few hours, they were worsening. He was starting to become genuinely nervous. Not just for his men, but for his family. All around them now they could faintly hear scenes of carnage, not just toward the central city. He'd been told things were returning to normal, this wasn't supposed to be happening.

Every technical person had been dragged out of their homes to help restart the power supply, and they didn't seem to be succeeding. Something was badly wrong, and it bothered

him when even he wasn't being told more. He could see it in his men's faces too now, though as the good officers they were they tried to conceal it. From the sheer scale of the damage alone he'd suspected from the start that Homeland security, senior Officials and the media alike weren't saying everything they knew about the Virus and whatever else might be happening.

As he looked over the slowly shifting X-ray scan of a wall, there was a sudden commotion when another Detective ran into the Winters' house.

"Stu, we've been ordered out. All hell is breaking loose everywhere, all investigations are off, they need us down at the Police lines. Bag and take what you can, leave the rest."

"Are you crazy, we can't just leave evidence!"

"Yes we can, absolutely everyone is headed downtown, right now. In five minutes we're out of here, and that's an order!", he cut him off.

"I thought they were holding them back!"

"They were. Shoot to kill only applies to armed people at night, and they've realized that. Officers are pulling back or ending up in Hospital. Everyone's in full body armor, we're using teargas now, they're talking about bringing in Chemical Weapons, DM and worse from the Army."

That news instantly shook him out of his mood. Holy shit, he knew what that stuff could do. The last time they used that Gas was in Vietnam, unlike CS its effects lasted for days, not minutes. It also had a 10% fatality rate. The Civil rights people would go berserk, Blacks everywhere would accuse them of Chemical Warfare against them. For the Feds to even contemplate its use the situation must be just desperate Nationwide, there was no hint of that kind of extreme even on the Police channels.

He joined his men gathering everything they could carry, Police equipment and some furniture before turning tail. He took one last long look back at the Winters' house, knowing it wouldn't be there when they returned. If they returned. He wouldn't place bets either way. But if the order came from the top, he had no choice.

Stu had a bad feeling this would fall back severely upon him regardless, when Michael Chertoff heard he'd evacuated the source of the worst Terrorist attack in History.

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"Barbara hinted you've got contacts, do you know what's happening elsewhere?"

"I can read some Resistance communications. Come on over later and I'll show you. It's going out of control in the major cities, the Guardsmen and Cops are losing ground."

"So, there is an actual, for-real, Resistance organization?"

"Oh god yes, they've been around for years, they saw America running down and began setting things up. Things are happening, I'm surprised they didn't notice in the cities before the Virus struck, but they will be shortly."

"Just before I hit the button I realized this went higher than just you and a few friends of yours... You didn't rewrite the Virus coding by yourself didn't you? I figured that part out for myself."

"That was a collaborative effort. I left it incomplete for a reason. Others were ready to let it rip if you'd been caught. There would've been half a dozen variants swarming the internet at once."

"You never told me, where did you get that coding from, it hammered every intentional flaw in the Operating systems and a whole lot of accidental ones. I think maybe you ran a software checker on the OS source code."

He nodded.

"When you work at that level, you can do pretty well whatever checks you want as part of your job, I thought it might come in handy one day. The military have much better software checkers than anything in the civilian sector, like everything else they were working on that one long before others got the idea. Military stuff has to work right first time, every time. They don't want those kinds of software tools in anyone else's hands, naturally."

"But how on earth did you get that information out? I've never been anywhere near security stuff, but even I know things like faults in the OS source code are rated about up there with nuclear tech, nothing like that goes in or out of those places without authorization, not a computer disk or printout, nothing."

Matt grinned and tapped his head.

"You're kidding me!", said Barbara.

"You never told them you had a near-photographic memory, did you?", said Aaron.

"They didn't ask and I didn't tell them, they wouldn't have hired me. Right about now they'll be tearing things apart looking for a break-in that never happened", he chuckled.

That was a rare sight, Aaron thought; Matt reveling in his own work. So often in the past he'd had to stay silent about his military programming and places he'd been. Well, he'd had his uniquely personal vengeance with the Virus for the personal damage the Government had done to him. Like Aaron could now only hope it was worth it.

"Way to go, Matt!", went Barbara.

He related how one of his workmates in the Defense industry had found a major OS security flaw on his own and reported it, was almost crucified for his trouble. Everyone

I learned from that and kept quiet instead about anything they found, it seemed some things were off-limits and weren't to be discussed even among the military, let alone documented for anyone else to read, unless there was a real danger of exploitation by others.

Aaron remembered how certain major faults had been reported to Microsoft together with coding demonstrating the fault. On one occasion the flaw was even confirmed by senior Law Enforcement. Regardless, Microsoft replied "That doesn't work". Then a day or so later the programmer noted unusual activity on their computer while online and all their files pertaining to the fault were deleted.

"There's lots more I'd have liked to add to the coding if there'd been more time, we could've had a lot of fun with it. Unfortunately we had too short a deadline", Matt remarked.

"I've been thinking the same thing. Since it was made to get into just about every system there is, it could've searched for specific information and passed it back while it was in there."

"And a whole lot more too, in theory we could've briefly taken control over everything and really gone to town, we could have actually done physical damage to surveillance systems, security, all sorts of things."

"At the cost of revealing your real motives, of course... Do you think they'll rewrite the OS coding to stop us from doing it again?", Aaron asked.

"Not a chance, they'll filter the virus and protect the flaws."

They all laughed at that.

"If Internet Cafes come back at all after this, they'll be requesting ID at the door, all new software will be locked out, and Netsafe will institute compulsory passwords on all personal computers so only the owner can access them. Even shop demonstration computers will be disconnected or supervised. There'll also be no more live Government broadcasts, everything will be pre-recorded from now on, they're suddenly scared of letting the public know where anyone important is at any given moment. President Bush's staff now won't accept any incoming calls to a landline unless the caller is a known Federal Official."

"They have a secure solution to every problem, don't they?", Aaron commented.

"Yeah, a totally locked down society where you need approval and a permit to do anything. They hate unregulated anything, and they're using excuses to deal with them step by step."

As always, our Government was doing everything other than deal with the root of the problem, Aaron thought. Like a lot of things today it was all in the Words, and people didn't even notice.

The solution to this Virus was "We need to lock everything down", not "We need to improve operating systems". The solution offered to Black crime was always "We need more Police", not "Today's society has failed, we need to return to 1950's society values". When vicious repeat Criminals committed atrocious gun crime, the solution was "We need to control Guns" and "We have to register the law abiding", not "We need to raise the penalties for illegal possession and use of guns". When Black youth formed Gangs and attacked non-Blacks, the solution was "We need to increase street surveillance", not "We need to ban Gangs". When people managed to anonymously post scholarly and devastatingly accurate articles on the internet criticizing Blacks, the solution was "We need to remove the means of doing so", never discussion of the provided facts. When a person rebuked a Black criminal in an online news item comment section, the solution was "We need to remove the ability for the public to respond".

Much more worrying, when the Country was attacked on 9/11, the solutions were "We need to increase surveillance upon the population", "We need to toughen laws on dissent", "We need to remove all legal rights from some offenders", "We need external Concentration Camps", and "We need to legalize Torture"; not once did you hear "We should never have allowed certain immigrants into the country". When a person protested the Presidents failings and insane priorities for all to see, the solution was "We need to ban public protests". And when studies showed Criminality was Inherited and that Genes, not Background were at fault, the studies were suppressed and stopped.

And most recently, when the local population more closely resembled the inside of a prison than a normal society, without a single working person to be seen, and Black crime was so bad as result that people slept on floors to avoid bullets coming through walls, the solution was "We need lockdown and curfews for the whole town", not "We need to remove or permanently lock up certain offenders". And this 'solution' was being implemented first in smaller then gradually larger areas, with the approval of the affected populations.

If this had kept up much longer, people would have woken up disarmed in a fully censored Police state and not even noticed it. And doubtless every last one of the problems that brought it about would have still been here.

"You know, I'm just surprised you didn't write one yourself before I got the idea", Aaron remarked.

Matt almost seemed insulted.

"Of course I offered. Resistance command said 'No', they had more specific plans. I



showed them your laptop and told them I could turn it into something truly evil. They were going to tell you to stop as well, then someone decided a distraction would take the Feds' attention away from other things. I couldn't tell you anything before. Sorry Aaron, it's the way it had to be."

"These people are starting to intrigue me."

"They don't do anything without a reason, that's the first thing I learned about them. They want people they can trust to do their job, and in return you trust them to do theirs, without asking too many questions. Everything is need to know, every single step of the way. That's how things get done."

"Understandable, given the circumstances. Do they have a name?"

"No name", Matt snapped. "Anything that has a name is GONE. A name is a handle that can be tracked. It just IS. They have to be more discreet than that. Call them 'Resistance' by all means, but they don't ever use the word if they can help it, not in person and especially not on the phone. They've gone to a lot of trouble to keep below the radar and cover their tracks. You don't find them, they find you."

A quick glance from Matt to check where his daughter was.

"After Beatrice's funeral and my little run-in with the Government contractors, they knocked on my door and asked outright if I wanted to join a Resistance group. They must've figured they were onto a good thing. Of course I said yes. They've been contacting people who've lost family members for years, none has ever refused to join. They said something to me about they're the only ones they can absolutely, one-hundred percent trust. They've been after people who've learned the hard way how things really are, even if they can't say so. People like Doctors, Police, Soldiers, Factory managers, hell, even a few Politicians". Matt let out a smile before continuing.

"All except a few of those they've contacted think they've been talking to just a couple of people, that's how they've stayed hidden. Well, they've all been getting their marching orders. Things are happening, people are on the move, you're talking thousands and thousands of people, all of them with nothing to lose, and don't forget all their friends and families who're like-minded. Lots more would've got the hint by now with what's starting to happen. It's going to be one thing after another from now on. Blacks want War, as always they'll start it, and then it's coming right back to them!", Matt snapped.

"A few thousand people don't have a hope in hell of winning any War, Matt", he commented.

"Wait and see... We won't have to do any recruiting at all, Blacks will do in a few days what we never could in a Thousand lifetimes, they're going to motivate the whole damned country for us. The Country has been dying a little every day at their hands and everyone knows it, even ordinary people want to fight it but can't, the laws against it are just horrendous. Well, now they can. Remember Hurricane Katrina? A few days publicity of Black behavior in New Orleans and the number of visitors to every racist website existing at the time doubled. What do you think a sudden Civil War will do? And the Blacks WILL start one, you know that. All that Education about Tolerance, all that's right out the door when people see reality right in front of them. No Vote can change anything now, Blacks and their Hate will ensure that. If it wasn't us, it would've been Blacks who started this."

He paused to consider, then added:

"A few people in the right places who really know what they're doing can easily make all the difference, for Good or Bad. And it's going to happen again... That's a lesson Teachers don't tell kids, probably for a good reason. They only tell them about those who've inspired a country, they won't tell them about the ones who've started whole damned Wars and divided entire Nations against themselves. It's happened many times before, from Rome to the Russian Revolution."

"I find that difficult to believe. It's getting close to Conspiracy theory", Aaron snapped. One of his all-time pet hates.

"Well, think about it - that's how our whole Society has been turned into a damned Warzone. All that's happened is we've been given a few little nudges in the right direction. They've pounced on every little difference in society, presented them as 'Hate' and fed them to the underclass, and they keep on finding more and more and more to add to the fire. They've fed one side a diet of Guilt, fed the other side Oppression and Equality, told them the only solution to their problems is to remove the Ruling class... Sounding familiar?"

Which indeed sounded more than a bit familiar, Aaron thought.

"The next steps in Russia were to initiate a few Provocations, then tell the pissed-off people who to kill and what to destroy. All they had to do was step in to fill the resulting power vacuum, not the people. That's all it took... Chalk up yet another win for good old 'Divide and Conquer'. The 'Underclass' did all the work for them. Neat, huh?", he mused.

Which gave Aaron a very bad sense of unease. He only felt slightly better that the power and radio networks too were down, because if not, his Virus together with the right racial message might easily induce just that. Upon Asians and Whites. Everyone knew Civilization in the US hadn't just been hanging by a thread for years, it was on the

brink of total collapse. Only the remaining strength and unity of the people could hold it together. Blacks would as always do their very best to tear it apart. Not, perhaps, that it really mattered with so much Hate already present and steaming away in our cities. It'd only been a spark away for much too long.

He really hoped Matt's people had their act together, because if it went wrong...

"Name one person who really, truly agrees with one word of all that Bullshit we've been taught about 'Equality' and 'All Life has value', and I'll point out a Liar. Liberals say one thing but always vote with their feet, those Bastards never live with Blacks either, they only make sure everyone else does. No amount of force-feeding in 'Hate' and 'Tolerance' can stop Instinct, Liberals prove that every day", Matt added.

The Liberals weren't the Revolutionaries, the thought momentarily occurred to Aaron. They were only being led by the nose in useful directions to do the real Revolutionaries' bidding. They didn't believe in it either.

"There's a lot of liberals who still say we're the cause of all the problems", Barbara remarked.

That hit a sore spot with Matt.

"As long as they've got Food and Entertainment they'll believe whatever they're told to believe, they're too dumb to know any different, that's why the media love them. Blacks are going to show Liberals otherwise. When the Hate comes straight through their Doors and Windows and their Black friends and neighbors start burning them out instead of 'Embracing Diversity', we'll see how long they believe that. Did you know Blacks consider 'Nice' Whites to be their most dangerous enemy? It's in all their writings. They can't stand it when Liberals end up being in charge over programs to 'help' Blacks, they think they're hidden Supremacists with an agenda... If they survive what they've created, you'll find they'll be our very first recruits."

Aaron strongly agreed.

"There's NOTHING a good dose of reality can't fix... Like they say, a Conservative is a Liberal who's been attacked. When even they've had enough or their backs are at the wall, they'll fight."

Aaron remembered the '92 LA riots, people actually set up manned and armed barricades in their streets. You never heard about that afterward, the media didn't want to give people ideas.

They also refused to show again the video of a man standing on his rooftop with an assault rifle, holding off an entire mob by himself. Not long after that, we heard the beginning of the continual "These aren't self-defense weapons... they should be banned" bleating from the lips of our worthless politicians.

He also remembered the Police arresting Korean shopkeepers for shooting at the rioters, and how the only people arrested for Hate Crimes were the few Whites who justifiably used racial epithets toward the hate-filled rioters. The rampaging Blacks had everything stacked on their side on that occasion, with the media, the legal system, and the police all siding against people just for defending themselves.

When you feared your supposed friend and protector of Democracy and its Law Enforcement more than Criminals, then something was very seriously wrong. The Police these days only seemed to be there to collect revenue in the form of fines and prevent conflagration as an afterthought, they only reluctantly pursued individual crime. That didn't seem to be their job any more, they were much less sharply defined and far more political, just like the old Soviet Union. In Stalinist Russia everyone fled from the Police, we were getting to the same stage when defending yourself against crime potentially carried much greater penalties than the crime itself. The only cases they instantly pounced upon were those which went against the themes of multiculturalism, while they tiptoed around huge tracts of entire cities decaying and falling apart at the hands of people whose entire life purpose seemed to be to live for the moment at everyone else's expense.

It was, he'd thought for a long time, like watching the fall of ancient Rome in slow-motion as cities were sacked and populations terrorized and nobody resisted. In fact it was far worse today, it was now an extremely serious crime to resist Racial Terror with force.

He was beginning to see why the Resistance decided upon the Virus to demolish the networks first. With nothing except generator power running the Police and broadcast systems now, things were more even. But he was worried that the lack of information could work both ways. It was a calculated risk.

"You'd know about fighting, wouldn't you? On top of everything else, I got word that you're also wanted for questioning over 3 killings", Matt casually remarked as he dropped his fishing line into the water again.

"I only saw two go down."

"A third died later."

Barbara spluttered "What are you talking about!"

"The cellphone networks came up just long enough to track his phone", Matt turned and said to her. "The gent who had it said he found it at the site of an ATM shooting. A car with the description of yours stopped and opened fire without warning on Gang members."

"I'm sorry, the temptation was too much."

"Oh my God...", Barbara said slowly, buried her head in her hands for a few seconds as the other Women quietly muttered to each other.

"They're keeping that part quiet as holdback information, for now at least", Matt added. That made sense. The Police didn't reveal all details of a crime at once, that way if the real offender contacted them their story could be validated.

"You don't make things any easier for yourself, do you? You should've released that Virus from a cafe computer instead of your damned home computer and given yourself a few extra minutes head start. They would've had to ID you from security video, if it wasn't destroyed of course. They had your name, address and photo before you'd even left your house, you idiot! Do you have ANY idea how close you came to being caught!", Matt snapped at him.

"I figured it'd annoy them more that I didn't give a damn for anything they stood for."

"You've already done that and more, they're talking about nothing else all over the news."

Aaron let out a sigh of frustration.

"Can't they ever stop talking about the symptoms instead of the cause, not even now? Criminals and Gangs are organizing and filling the streets, they're burning the cities, the people are only suffering because of THEM, and all they can talk about is a bit of computer code!"

As always our media had completely ignored the racial cause of the escalating burning and terrorizing; Lies, censorship and ignorance seemed to be the only way they handled blindingly obvious racial facts. The White way was to cooperate during a crisis and help each other, keep things intact until service resumed and help out whenever possible. In a population of such people, the Virus would have had little effect beyond minor inconvenience, it would have meant no more than a brief enforced holiday from work. The Black way was to use any excuse to gather, riot, attack, burn and loot, destroy facilities and make things infinitely harder to restore order.

These days, the reporting of Black Hate crime and riots was always about the presentation, not accurate reporting. There was a subtle difference. The release of every new hi-tech gadget resulted in a new Black crime wave, but we heard "CD players blamed for crime wave" instead of "Blacks are stealing them from buyers". After riots, the media stated "The riot claimed lives" instead of "They were murdered by rampaging racist Blacks". Unfortunately, few readers noticed the difference. They went out of their way not to mention race unless Whites could somehow be blamed, sometimes even lied outright about who was committing the crime, anything to make the untold witnesses to the real thing seem like racist liars.

News reports about Black criminals often resembled a desperate effort to first find positive things to say about incomprehensibly violent offenders or turn them into the victims, mentioning their crimes in passing. Statements from hate-filled Blacks were kept from America's ears, as shown by the often conspicuous absence of any comment published from any friend or relative of the offenders, unless one could be persuaded to say something other than words of hate while their body language made it clear they didn't believe what they were saying, though as always their words never included an apology for the offending.

Instead, Nice sounding, well-dressed Black news presenters were used to give the 'correct' message. Then the crime disappeared remarkably quickly from the papers. To the ever-fewer discerning viewers in America, any number of these factors together was a big clue that an event or crime was in fact racial and not 'random' as was printed.

Compare that to the massive coverage of the few crimes where Whites attacked Blacks, he thought.

For larger riots where things couldn't be hidden, they were always blamed in one way or another upon 'the unfair system', anything other than hate-filled savages perpetrating racial violence upon society. Every emotive term was used in one news item after another describing the Police as the criminals, not the rioters. The cause the media wanted to be responsible was broadcast, not the true one; "Gun culture", "White racism". The damage was downplayed, the victims ignored, the passage of the few captured rioters through the legal system ignored.

But woe betide a single defender caught shooting a rioter, once again they received the full media parade treatment.

Now, instead of covering rampaging Black rioters burning large parts of urban America, technicians restoring from backups to return service, Police bravely holding the line, Whites peacefully cooperating with Blacks to end the crisis, they were covering Aaron.

"It sure shows their priorities doesn't it? One person attacking them directly is more important than Tens of thousands of people dying in the cities", Matt replied.

"And the rest of it", Barbara retorted, "They're hiding the death of our whole country, that's what they've been doing!"

"That too", said Matt, "The whole country has been sitting on the edge for decades thanks to our media promoting Criminal lifestyles and Hate, all it'll take is a few little pushes. So far we've given them a nudge, shortly there'll be more, and in a day or

two at most after that, people will finally have to choose which side they fall on. There's lots of people who're so angry after what's happened to family members they don't care what happens to them...". Matt's voice trailed away.

"Can you tell me much about the Resistance people?", Aaron asked.

"I only met a few of them, I didn't want to ask more than they wanted to tell. They've got the look of people who've spent a lifetime keeping their mouths shut, that's why I trusted them, they're Military of some sort, that's for sure. One of them said to me 'The Government has pushed the opposition so far underground that now they have to fight what they can't see', and I'm getting the impression they're used to that kind of warfare. The last thing they said to me when they ordered me into the Forest was that certain people the Government wish were dead have come out of forced retirement. I guess I'd earned that much from them."

"Special forces?", Aaron ventured.

"Former Mercenaries, I think. Very nasty people... Their whole life was staying out of sight and setting things up without being seen, they did a lot of things with no credit and no publicity that you'll never hear about and which we should all be very grateful for, they did them by being allowed to follow no rules except their own. They've been around, they really know how things work, and they know how to keep their mouths shut. Better yet, they're under no oath of allegiance they can be held accountable to, they worked for whoever hired them."

Aaron knew a little of Special forces, he'd once worked alongside just such a former soldier in a Restaurant just after leaving school in his first after-school job. Very friendly, very down to earth, very thoughtful of other people, yet very unwilling to talk about any aspect whatsoever of his former job. He was used to keeping things secret long after the fact. Rumor had it that they recognize each other by their body language, he wouldn't have been surprised if that were true, years of mental and physical training leave marks on people.

Even in peacetime, things happened behind the scenes that never reached the news, things that maintained the status quo and gave unspoken messages to less than friendly governments that they were being watched and not to try breaching certain boundaries. Even friendly Democracies had to have contingencies and people trained and ready to do really dirty work. Operations of Questionable legality and morality had kept society alive on many occasions, and they'd continued to do so today.

Such people were ideal for organizing and planning behind the scenes. And even they must be having second thoughts about what they were contributing toward when their whole World was dying around them at the hands of their leaders.

Aaron was reminded of something his History teacher had said long ago. History was filled with people who'd saved cities, nations, gained popular support and set countries on paths which won Freedom. Some were born leaders, others were motivated individuals who set personal examples to gain popular support. The right people pushed hard enough had saved entire Civilizations many times. Oppressive Governments naturally saw them somewhat differently, but the people they saved and History judged them by their results.

Today, our 'Free' Nation was thinking pro-actively, recognizing the potential for uprising against their slow deliberate changes which went against what everyone believed. Freedom of speech was being outlawed where it touched upon necessary steps, True Leadership was being all but outlawed, strenuous efforts made to educate youth against them, legal steps taken to forcibly prevent them rising from the deliberately dulled down population. Starting from their youngest days our youth were now being taught never to think or speak a single political or racial word or make any observation that was their own. Not just every action, but now every statement that had to be said to retain or regain social freedom was now neatly covered by 'Hate speech' legislation and totally prosecutable. Which meant that even wanting to walk freely in our rapidly declining society meant you had to keep your thoughts secret as well as constantly fearing rampant Ethnic crime.

Matt paused to contemplate, then added "Not many have noticed their own Government has been slowly going down a list, one step at a time eradicating or making illegal anyone who could genuinely oppose them and all means of doing so. Free Governments, 'Racists', pro-White movements, Tax revolters, Mercs, Historians who try to warn people, everyone. All independent media, all non-aligned websites, newspapers, non-censored newsgroup access, as well as of course their favorite, Guns. It's all but redefined self-defense as 'prejudice' and the means of doing so as 'terror' and 'threats to peace and society'.

That's the real reason Mercenaries were outlawed. Instead of the time-honored profession they've always been, they're now suddenly some kind of vague threat and outlawed Worldwide. Some were even betrayed to African Dictators, asked to escort gun shipments, purposely informed on and captured on arrival. I dare say they didn't like that, not after years of training and decades of serving their own country, being told they're now a threat to Freedom. Many Mercs fought Communists in Africa and elsewhere, they would've recognized the same symptoms and seen the Storm coming before you or I were born, they won't just take sitting down the Communist excuse that we're better off without them and their guns and let the same disaster follow them back home."

Aaron knew some of it, had assumed most of it was just coincidental, he hadn't connected it until Matt put it right in front of him. He saw from her startled look that Barbara had the same realization.

If what Matt was saying was true, and by now he had little doubt, then he had the feeling those people were actually taken out of business because they saw things too clearly. They saw the approaching disasters in the West and how they were being brought about. They should've been listened to, promoted even, used to thwart it by quietly removing the few who needed to be removed. Not retired and shunned.

This Government didn't like those who saw too much.

"You don't even know the half of what our Government has done to your country, Aaron. To our Military, our citizens rights and our Freedom of Speech, privacy, our economy, absolutely everything's been undermined."

People knew, and were somewhat annoyed at one UN and other agreement signed on their behalf without any public consultation or even any prior publicity that a document permanently altering US citizens rights was about to be signed on their behalf. But as always they had no say in the matter.

There was a hell of a lot more than that, Matt said. There'd been a slow trickle of court-approved changes and precedents undermining legal process and natural law, all un-noticed except by those who fell foul of the Government. Police weren't even required to knock on doors any more, which was naturally portrayed as necessary to arrest drug dealers, but like everything else ended up only being used to harass ordinary citizens.

"Hidden in the fine print of one unrelated law after another are clauses exempting one freedom after another, all done in the name of Civil rights, safety, whatever, and your Authorities damned well know it. What they couldn't do upfront, they've hidden under our noses so there couldn't be any general public knowledge, no discussion, and absolutely no vote on it. So far only the very outspoken have found that out the hard way. But the legal framework is in place, in America, right now, for the removal of all opponents and the last vestiges of freedom, all they were waiting for was an opportunity for full gun removal, the works."

Oh, Shit. Aaron only now began to appreciate how desperately close the Nation was to Federal-mandated anarchy when he'd hit the button.

Aaron knew Politicians admitted they mostly didn't read the Patriot act before signing it into law, those useful idiots had done the same in one act after another. Matt explained to him that the 1878 Posse Comitatus act forbade regular U.S. Army troops from policing on American soil; it was quietly eliminated a few years ago. The only reason they would possibly do that was because despite all their talk about 'Tolerance', they fully knew there'd be such a need.

And that was just the start.

October 21, 2006 was a date Americans should commemorate as a National disaster. On that date all Constitutional Protections were quietly signed away by our representatives under the "Military Commissions Act" with, of course, no opportunity provided to discuss or vote upon it. As always it was quietly promoted as applying only to Overseas Terrorists, but the slightest glance showed it equally applied to US citizens, and recent History showed our Government would apply it exclusively upon Americans. It permitted Americans to be kidnapped, transported anywhere without notification, detained indefinitely without charge or trial. It permitted secret evidence an accused couldn't see, abolished trial without jury, abolished the right to remain silent, permitted evidence obtained with Torture. And it was deliberately written so that it applied to anyone even suspected of opposing the US Government, anywhere.

And People didn't know that even FEMA has the right, provided by Presidential order, to suspend all Constitutional rights and take your money, food and water, guns and ammunition, even your home. And they'd demonstrated their will to use it at New Orleans.

The disturbing question was, why would they disable instead of enable citizens in a time of disaster instead of assisting them? The only answer Aaron could think of was that it was our Governments plan to use such a disaster as their excuse to remove Guns and Rights. Just as they'd done in New Orleans.

A horrible thought suddenly came to him. What would FEMA and the other Federal agencies be authorized to do now, in the mega-calami ty he'd just started?

"Matt, we might've delivered the country into their hands!", he began to panic.

"No, we took control away from them when they weren't ready for it, in this sudden mess they can't organize jack-shit. All we have to do is keep it that way for a few more days, then it's out of their hands for good. Gangs and looters are wrecking infrastructure as we speak. You don't know how well this has worked out, Aaron. Right now they're saving their own asses first, they can't touch the population. If they thought it was a group doing this, they WOULD be acting differently. That'll change in a day or two, but by then it'll be too late for them. So far the Feds think it's just you by yourself, or maybe a few friends at most, though they're having suspicions. The Resistance wanted a complete outsider to release the Virus for a number of reasons, to throw them off the scent and distract them, make them think it's just mere Terror and not the start of a War. They're fixated on you, not a group, they're chasing their own tails looking in completely the

wrong direction."

"Their mistake."

"Absolutely."

"And so there was no connection to them in case I got caught?", Aaron added darkly, repeating Barbara's suspicion.

"You were protected more than you know. There were people watching starting the day after you got back from the Forest."

"So that's how you got word that I was out safely."

"Let's just say that anyone trying to arrest you would've collected fifty-caliber bullet holes."

Aaron went silent, thinking. He'd been completely left out of the loop, and now Matt was saying there'd been snipers stationed nearby. If they hadn't been able to protect him, if the number of converging officers had been too great and the exits blocked, would he have been their target instead? Some questions you really don't want to ask, let alone know the answer to. He began to appreciate how lucky he was, in so many regards.

"They knew President Bush would be there weeks before they got a hold of you, they were close to ordering someone in to collect the laptop when you returned", Matt continued.

"They got him out of there, I heard this morning."

"No matter, they'll have got the message, they know they're vulnerable now."

"That's something that's bothering me, the price for my capture started off at Ten million last night, it went up to a Hundred this morning."

"Congratulations."

"The message in the Virus, did it have anything to do with that?"

"Undoubtedly... I'm surprised they took that long, I could've decoded it with a calculator in an hour", Matt replied.

He recited the encoded plaintext:

"To the good people in the Middle East, join to fight your common enemy. Help is on its way. Brave Soldiers of the USA, consider what you're fighting for when your own Nation and Home towns are Warzones you're not allowed to save. To those who would subvert the World against Freedom, your time is ending. To all good people everywhere, now is your chance. Stand up and fight."

"Oh... My... God...", Barbara said slowly.

"It's official, you're now at the top of absolutely everyone's most wanted list, everywhere."

Aaron shrugged. Whatever. To be hated by people who were destroying Freedom had always been a scar of honor in any time in History, so he didn't particularly mind that distinction. He was much more concerned about how the rest of the Nation was faring in the chaos than any bounty upon him, let alone who could collect on it out here.

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Michael Chertoff was deluged in his office, trying to sift through continually incoming bad news, allocate people to deal with problems that were arising faster than he could possibly issue orders. Every City, every State was declaring a state of Emergency and requesting Federal help that just wasn't available.

Unbelievable, the damage one person had done. If, indeed, it was just one person. Intelligence people had their serious doubts, were arguing back and forth.

The results of the preliminary examination of the recovered Hard Drive had come through within hours. It did not contain an operating system. They saw binary data and databases, immense amounts of deleted data. It had obviously been in use for some time. Whatever it was, it was definitely not the system drive, that was gone. Not good. So much for the stroke of luck they thought they'd had, once again he'd seen them coming.

He'd been told things about the Virus he'd been asked not to share, though it was likely some would emerge over time. The damned thing overwhelmed system firewalls and protections using backdoors and flaws to plant itself, instantly disabling Netsafe before it could sound the warning then started its lethal work. It deleted a hidden system file very few knew about which was completely invisible under most circumstances, you had to know the filename and location to access it. Netsafe recorded all attempts at access to its working directories, transmitting the details to alert authorities. This killed the one easily accessible file which prevented it from doing that. No wonder they'd picked it up so late, the added Traffic didn't become noticeable until a Hundred Thousand computers had gone Haywire spewing Viral data. By then Networks and systems were already in their Death Throes and beginning to collapse.

Only a select few companies needed access to the main Windows Operating systems coding, and there were subsections even fewer had ever had access to. Nobody answered questions pertaining to their existence, let alone who wanted them in there, only the most senior people even knew of them. The Virus had wreaked havoc right down to those levels. If Aaron had never worked on the coding at any stage, then where had those details come from?

The near-impossibility of getting this kind of information out and into the hands of people who could use it effectively was the crux of the problem. Auditing logs were being frantically examined for clues, but he'd been assured that any attempt to export data to a floppy, Hard Drive or printout was physically impossible without written authorization and express permission from more than one system administrator. Regardless, there'd been an horrendous security leak somewhere.

The results spoke for themselves. The figures he'd seen were unbelievable; the major systems were as secure as they could possibly be, but in the last minute of the Virus attack hundreds of millions of Computers worldwide had been unwillingly engaged in a finely targeted direct assault upon the Federal Government, virtually every connected computer on Earth went into overdrive spewing viral data and password cracking attempts just in a few minutes. Under that magnitude of brute computing power, connected vital systems imploded or were penetrated and used against their own networks and others. There was a visible jump in traffic each time a major computer came under Viral control and went ballistic. The televised attack on Homeland security itself was done by only a small part of the whole. That part was being kept secret.

He'd also learned that last-ditch countermeasures which would have cleansed the Net in less than a minute had been hastily brought out of safes and were being prepared, in another minute they'd have been flinging destructive Java Applets at infected computers and shutting them down. But by then it was too late.

It wasn't necessary to quell the entire rioting country with force, Federal and Military people pointed out.

A single well-publicized and Televised example would make an instant impression, especially when the lives, mentalities of the people doing the damage were based around paying attention only to what they were told in multi-color splendor on Television. Handled correctly, the extreme circumstance could even work to their advantage, his colleagues smiled. He smiled back at them. One of the few reasons he kept most of them around was their boundless optimism for his cause, they were totally blind to where they were leading their Nation.

Michael liked their suggestion, and they all knew the perfect city to use, it'd set itself up perfectly within hours for what was going to be the Federal takedown of the century. They'd been using it as a testing ground and watching the results closely for many years, occasionally giving it nudges, using it to experiment with civil campaigns, laws, restrictions, changes in news slanting techniques to create anger and pacify the public, always channeling in useful directions the anarchy their policies fomented. A number of the changes and laws passed as a result of events there had quietly gone nationwide. They'd been wanting excuses to increase their range of exercised authority on the American mainland, and this was the perfect opportunity, when no sane person would oppose them.

They'd have preferred to wait years yet for more laws to be in place first, but their hand had been well and truly forced by the Virus. The decision had to be made right now or it couldn't be done at all, before the damage crossed the line when no amount of repair could restore any cities power. The clock was running down fast. Most of what they needed was already in place in anticipation of the order being given, they just had to get media people in there and briefly power up broadcast systems by any means they had to. Their Military people were for doing what they had in mind the moment they were ready, but he'd over-ruled them. He wanted it captured and broadcast in full living color, not night vision green. Tomorrow morning it was, then.

He personally gave the order to quietly prep that unfortunate city for attack, get media and other people into place, order a police withdrawal without telling them why, gather and protect people they'd need afterward and get them out of danger.

Then, all he had to do was give the word.

And afterward?

All their systems were working, in theory they only had to check and reset circuit breakers and restart computers, then step by step get everything else up and running, right?

Except, that some of their people had voiced the feeling that there was more to this than what they'd seen. There were a few too many coincidences for their liking before the Virus strike.

As a First Strike weapon, what did the Virus really, actually achieve, they pointed out. A trashed civilian infrastructure worldwide, yes, but a completely unaffected and very pissed-off US military and Federal Police. A military analyst pointed out that by itself, the Virus was all but ineffective if any kind of a military attack was the purpose. Unless it was combined with other things. If the military was the target, with their highly protected systems they'd entirely missed. That Virus would only work once, and you don't waste that kind of knowledge just to screw up the civilian sector for the sake of it.

Unlike 9/11, this would definitely result in nukes dropped onto the heads of any rogue nation they could prove was involved. It would've been too easy to pin the blame on a

non-aligned country yet again, but people were tiring of that ploy, it would have been too blatant. They'd have to do better than that.

Russia, China and Korea vehemently denied having anything to do with it, and they were inclined to believe it. Their official attitudes weren't exactly friendly, but they weren't getting in the way of US interests either. They knew better than to risk what they had with a Doomsday strike, and their militaries weren't acting up beyond the expected higher alert status in case of US or other attack under cover of the Worldwide disaster.

The furious Chinese Government was only referring to 'The American Virus', not Aaron Winters' virus. Despite everything that'd been said, they weren't convinced it wasn't some kind of an abortive US Military or Punitive attack in disguise. Few knew that before Netsafe, most Botnet and Hacking attempts came from China, the few times it'd been hinted at it was of course vigorously denied. A few of their experts had a suspicion China might ultimately be at fault for the Virus, not an individual. Neither side knew who was bluffing, us or them. They and many others had been angry for a long time that the US Government had not only forced their Civilian sector to be dependant on US based operating systems, they'd forced Netsafe down their throats if they wanted to continue to use the Internet. Chinas Military and Government used their own operating systems and networks and weren't affected, they had full power and communications everywhere, it was everyone else who was affected.

The Russians too, weren't convinced that it wasn't some kind of revenge for their refusal to obey US demands to decentralize and weaken their Government, sell State assets to International business, allow the breakup of the Soviet Union, remove uncooperative people from office, stop prosecuting Oligarchs, and of course allow an annual Third-world refugee quota set by the UN and US.

As for North Korea and others who'd expressed anger at the US over the Virus through official channels, he didn't have to take any notice of anything they had to say.

"What if whoever was really behind this wasn't actually after the Military, what if the Civilian sector was the only target? The Military can't exist without its civilian counterparts, suppliers...", another advisor remarked.

Still thinking in terms of Military invasion after reading the Virus message, Michael saw.

"Nobody is acting up to take advantage, or hiding in anticipation of Nukes sent as payback. It's got to be sourced from within the US", he replied.

But even he agreed something was wrong with the 'Individual Terrorist' idea.

As military advisors said at a briefing "This is worse than Terrorism, they'd not only have us on their backs, but everyone else in the World too, including their own friends, families. Everyone is affected, not just their enemies."

"And you're forgetting that Terrorists don't think the same. To them, the ends justifies the means, no matter what the cost. I can think of a number of religious factions which would happily do this if they had the chance", Michael replied.

All of which was true, but there were two more factors which were bothering them.

Firstly, if it was just Aaron, then why did he dispose of his Hard Drive? Nobody uninvolved had anything to fear.

Secondly, they pointed out that some of the information needed to construct this Virus went way beyond secret and into the 'need to know' level, and even high-end military programmers didn't need to know that kind of information.

And if this had somehow been leaked, what else might be out there?

"Don't do the obvious moves...", one quietly suggested to Michael.

Michael paused to consider.

"That would involve penetration of multiple systems, internal auditing would immediately pick it up", he dismissed that idea outright.

Military computer security left anything in the civilian sector for dead, if anyone was spotted repeatedly nosing around places they shouldn't have been, they'd have been hauled out in shackles long ago and questioned using force until they knew everything there was to know.

"Until I see proof otherwise, we'll stay with the sole Terrorist angle to keep everyone on track. Now, find him!", Michael finished the meeting.

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"So, what happens to us now?", Aaron finally brought the subject up.

"Do you need him?", Barbara asked, grabbing Aarons arm.

"No, he stays here", he replied, and to Aaron, "You've been a great help, more than you may ever know, but while they're fixated on you you're staying out of sight. You only fired the first shot, you're only a name. Now the rest is up to them."

"It's my duty to fight if I have to, Matt", Aaron spoke, the words choking, "We all know what's going to happen. If you need me, just say so."

Barbara squeezed his arm tightly enough that it hurt as he spoke.

"They knew you'd say that, and they appreciate the offer. They said they admire someone who'd do what you've done with no gain at all to be had for yourself, god knows we need



more people like that. But your orders are to stay right here, and mine are to keep an eye on the radio broadcasts in case they locate you. Whether or not you planned it that way, you're in one of the few places in America where they quite literally can't locate you. You've done your part, for now. You'll get your chance, but not at the moment."

"Why?", Aaron asked as Barbara's grip slowly relaxed.

Another look around to check where the kids were.

"Do you have any idea, any idea at all how badly they want you?", Matt quietly asked.

"You declared War on the Federal Government on behalf of America. September 11 was only a couple of buildings and a few thousand dead. You obliterated the power and Federal computer systems worldwide, a lot more people than that are already dead. The only things that survived were switched off or isolated. Police, Special forces and agencies Worldwide are hunting you, entire Federal taskforces have been set up to find you. Everybody, everywhere wants you, every goddamned resource of the country is aimed right at you. They know the importance of symbols of Resistance, they want you like you can't even begin to imagine. Right now you're the most recognizable face on the whole damned Planet! Wherever you go you'll put everyone at risk. You can't help them, it's that simple. The very best thing you can do for everyone right now is to stay out of sight. You were intentionally not told anything at all for a reason."

"If they caught me, I wouldn't have told them anything", Aaron protested.

"Oh yes you would", Matt snapped. "I was up half the night waiting for the signal to come through that you were safe. My orders were to get your family out of here if you were caught before you could escape. That's why I couldn't let you know where I was building."

"I've a bad feeling I know where this is leading."

"Aaron, for an intelligent person, you haven't been keeping up with the news in the last few years. If you're caught, you and everyone with you wouldn't go to prison, or Guantanamo bay. That place is just a front piece, that and the Iraqi prison abuse you've heard about is nothing compared to what's happening elsewhere that the media haven't talked about."

"It's adult time, Cassy, Billy and Stephanie go away", Barbara quickly snapped at them. They hastened to obey, shifting further down the riverbank and continuing fishing with curious glances toward the adults.

Aaron grew angry, then livid as Matt went into the details, while Barbara looked increasingly angrily between Matt and Aaron. What was publicly known but officially denied was that Donald Rumsfeld had personally authorized the use of dogs for intimidation, stripping prisoners of clothes and hooding them, ordering military officials to hold prisoners but not list them on prisoner rolls requested by the International Red Cross. The memos and orders were signed by Rumsfeld, President Bush and Attorney General John Ashcroft. One senior politician after another had described protections against torture guaranteed in the Geneva Conventions and US law as 'obsolete'. All had of course subsequently professed not to know anything of the subsequent mild abuses. Those parts were likely deliberately leaked to hide the rest of it. That, and to help get the US public used to the idea that the abuse our ancestors escaped from and outlawed was now necessary again to 'maintain our freedom'.

It kept on getting worse from there. President Bush had used the ridiculous excuse of 'People who hate our Freedom' to quietly allow the use of coerced testimony in Western legal proceedings for the first time in hundreds of years, re-opening the door to the medieval era while still assuming the mantle of protector of democracy. As so often seemed to happen throughout history, they preached all about so called iron fisted rule and how they're freeing people while imposing tyranny in other forms. Or in Iraq, being perfectly happy to stand by and watch while infinitely worse but 'approved' religious terror quickly took shape upon the 'freed' people.

Matt detailed things he'd learned which were being kept quiet in isolated countries and prisons where communication were absolutely prevented. The Bush administration had learned from the mistakes of past tyrannies and made absolutely certain word couldn't get out, starting by transporting its victims overseas in a process called "Rendition". The physical, sexual and mental abuse of both male and female prisoners that had been revealed in part was only the least of what was going on, it went the full range right on up to the very worst they could conceive of. No difference whatsoever was made between male and female prisoners or even minors in the cruel treatment and torture. It included the torturing to death of family members of prisoners during interrogations to elicit information and even the ultimate horror, surgery without anesthetic while paralyzed with muscle relaxant.

And unlike the worst of past regimes, absolutely none of their victims would ever be allowed to leave alive to tell what had happened. When they'd finished with them, they just disappeared without a trace. The process, was clean and tidy, it went completely unmentioned-on and uninvestigated by the media, and was absolutely monstrous. The victims simply ceased to exist. It was a whole new definition of legalized evil, and all under the guise of the "War on Terror". The US public was blissfully unaware that they'd been deceived into tacitly allowing legal tactics that made Stalin pale by comparison, all in the name of the public safety that had been deliberately neglected by their own Government to gain public support for the changes they wanted.

Matt detailed how firms contracting to the US and foreign governments were employed to do the jobs they couldn't be associated with, receiving outrageously high fees in the process and even listing on Stock exchanges. The front pieces of the companies had received awards for their work in advancement of American and Foreign policy despite leaving a trail of agonized prisoners and corpses behind them.

Worse, Matt had the strong suspicion that the US Government was merely using Guantanamo bay as its public front, testing the waters with hints of the overseas torture they were using, getting the American public used to the idea while 'our' media continued to put the idea into their heads that with some enemies anything goes, before eventually dispensing with the hassle of transporting them to where it was legal and eventually doing the same in America. Technically they already routinely used it in the US; political suspects had for a long time been routinely housed at the whim of authorities with guards who hated them, with inmates who were highly likely to assault or rape them, and had no legal recourse afterward. It was only "Torture" if the Police did it themselves, not if they arranged or allowed others to do it.

"Notice how they've been slitting hairs to define anyone as a combatant or terrorist so they can suspend due process?", he commented. "And that's just the start, they'll just keep on finding excuses and workarounds, pushing the legal limits to increase the range of crimes to which legal rights don't apply until it doesn't matter any more. They WANT Terror to justify it all. But it'll always be political opponents who oppose what they're doing who suffer the worst, not criminals."

"Just like Stalin, only imposed over time by supposed need instead of all at once", Aaron replied. That way the public wouldn't be up in arms.

His opponents were labeled criminals and spies, ours were now called Terrorists and Security risks. But the end result was the same, we were quickly doing away with everything our ancestors had fought for which separated us from Barbarism and the Middle Ages. This was no longer a Government fit to represent its people, and it hadn't been for a long time. Its time was over, and it had to end.

There were many more frightening indicators of the coming American police state, if ordinary people just cared to look they'd have been horrified at how far along we were. The least of which was 'our' Police displaying ever-increasing intolerance to the slightest opposition to the Government and completely losing both their sense of humor and their once-mandated pride in their own Nation, constantly looking for excuses to arrest instead. The two biggest warning signs of Impending Dictatorship were gradual removal of weapons from the law abiding under pretexts, accompanied by selected persecution based entirely upon opinion.

Before the curtain fell on 'free' websites, he saw a compiled list of steps to peacefully eradicate freedom which more than eerily represented America and the West in their Death throes today.

- 1 Invoke a terrifying internal and external enemy
- 2 Create a gulag
- 3 Develop a thug caste
- 4 Set up an internal surveillance system
- 5 Harass citizens' groups
- 6 Engage in arbitrary detention and release
- 7 Target key individuals
- 8 Control the press
- 9 Dissent equals treason
- 10 Suspend the rule of law

People should never be afraid of their own Governments. They had every reason to be now, when standing up to tell your President that he was destroying his own country potentially carried a tougher penalty than the Street thugs carrying out the mayhem. We were touching number 9 on that list, and the public hadn't even noticed what they'd lost to get to that point. It had become illegal to protest within sight of President Bush, then illegal to protest him at all. Singers were forced to drop lyrics opposing the pointless overseas Wars and President Bush, TV programs and documentaries were quietly canned. The saying had even been put about that "Criticism of President Bush equals Terrorism", and people still weren't on edge. A few well-trained Human parrots were actually heard repeating that statement as if it were fact. Then he'd quietly issued an executive order authorizing the freezing of Bank accounts and assets of any US citizen publicly opposing him, an act which alone would have caused an immediate civil uprising in stronger times.

Every Government, Civilization should be set up so no man need be afraid of another, and ours had forcibly allowed enormous stretches of its cities to become total no-go areas for law-abiding folk on pain of severe penalty if they resisted, all in order to achieve the rest of their goals.

In Eastern Europe, mass protests and public uprisings began when speakers stated "All political activities within the existing framework are meaningless" or their leaders

admitted they'd lied to win elections. At least they had some strength and pride left; we'd been past that stage in America for decades, our Politicians lied to and deceived the public and even admitted it, they persecuted their opponents, they even started entirely false overseas Wars in the name of 'Freedom' while delivering those peoples to oppression, and nobody in supposedly Free America seemed to notice or care about any of it.

Few stopped to think that arresting opponents was the act of a Predator, not a President; nobody respected Tyrants who only used brute force and law to stifle criticism, such people deserved only the greatest contempt. Any genuine leader with confidence in their rule allowed any non-personal attack on their policies. With more confidence, they'd happily debate any of their policies with genuine opponents instead of refusing to do so and even refusing to sight them, setting security on them, tazing and escorting them out the door if confronted about anything at all. More still, and given half the chance they'd lampoon themselves to show they had common ground with ordinary people, were approachable, and were real men with backbone. Everyone respected such people.

Fat chance of any of that ever happening today, he thought. Not with today's Politicians. Sometimes he had the impression the Bush administration was tired of ignoring its own people and wished they'd get it through their heads they had no intention of listening to anything whatsoever they said. Our 'Democratic' Government had been separating from its people for years, people hardly seemed to notice that they spoke only with Force, Police, Truncheons and Prison in the name of 'security', never conversation. It refused to listen to any words other than their own, especially not to public opinion, it spoke only threats to others, and increasingly it even refused thoughts and associated them with actions. It had no regard for political process, natural justice or the rights it pretended to uphold.

People these days seemed to see so much yet managed to notice so little, Aaron thought. It really bothered him that so many people hadn't even noticed that anyone who opposed the Bush National and Global agenda of terror and subordination was increasingly being lumped together with common criminals and treated as such, or even killed outright under pretexts. It had happened before. Ruby Ridge. Waco. It was as though they had rose-tinted glasses sitting astride their faces provided by their own Government which blocked them from seeing anything that should have them on edge.

Worse still, the exact same cult of Political Conformity and Informing had been introduced to the once-free West as in Russia to teach compliance to the new laws and the imposed racial Terror, just more subtly. The guise this time was enlisting the public to protect against supposedly very nasty people as well as terror, but instead they were instead extinguishing Bloody-won Freedoms incrementally by law, every time. The Authorities forever blamed Terrorists and Criminals and were using them as the excuse for the law changes they'd wanted, never their own policies which had allowed the problems to come about in the first place, then more official policies which made the problems worse still.

What made Aaron laugh was the constant teaching that "Hate" was the worst enemy of America. That word was a one-way street. You only ever saw our 'Free, non-racial' Media covering 'Anti-Racists' outside the homes of peaceful suspected "White Supremacists" in safe, White areas. He'd have loved to see them stand outside any Black gang headquarters in any Black area in America with "No Hate in our neighborhood" signs and demand punishment of their hate, and see what then happened in immediate and violent order to them. None of those ignorant two-faced Bastards had a word to say when violent Ethnic street Thugs joined to form even more violent Ethnic Gangs, when Black citizens and Gangs alike drove all others before them with violence, when 'Diversity' arrived in once-safe area as a floodtide of pointed Black Hate thinly disguised as Aggression and Crime.

By far the worst enemy, our media had been hinting for years in endless programs, sitcoms, comedies, TV series, movies, were those who opposed changes imposed on them instead of on criminals, which were of course 'only done to protect the public'. The opponents started off as crude, jackbooted racial bigots anyone could see through. They'd steadily become more refined until anyone could now be a possible threat. Disgustingly, the messages were now increasingly aimed directly at our Children; they were right there to be seen in cartoons, comics, if adults just cared to look at what was being fed to their youth in the guise of entertainment. Even Comics now had themes of mandatory registration of Superheroes by Homeland Security so the public could be assured of who was 'good'. Which was funny when you thought about it, considering that Homeland Security hadn't prevented a single Terror attack in real life, only added ever more restrictions upon the Law abiding.

And of course, all those Programs, Movies had Enemies vaguely demonized for thinking, or worse, saying things that they shouldn't in the new America. Hateful things. Things that went against the new Tolerant society which genuinely respected all its citizens. Unless, of course, they were White Thought criminals, or worse, Speech criminals who advocated doing the same as every single non-White country did to preserve their freedom and way of life. They were the only enemy, not the criminals themselves. If they weren't confronted in every way right from the very start, then worse things invariably happened, they

hinted. Behind every unopposed word of dissent was a hundred actions, monstrous enemies lurking, just waiting to destroy the harmony around them if they weren't reported and stopped.

And people still didn't see they were now being led by the nose to attack the Governments opponents, not any real criminals.

Once the Racial-Political thought processing had become entrenched in our media and education systems, the next steps were of course to begin exterminating 'objectable' Speech by law.

For years, we heard statements from our leaders that "Freedom of Speech was never meant to protect Hate Speech", there were constant demands for legislation to restrict not the insanely violent lifestyles and actions of Ethnic gangs, but any and all opposition to them. The population were trained of the need for those laws through massively promoted and often false examples of 'Hate' pushed nightly into our living rooms in the guise of News and Entertainment. TV series featuring 'Hate crimes' suddenly filled TV screens to tell people how much they needed those laws. Tremendous "public support" appeared from nowhere in an organized campaign to Reduce, not increase Freedom. Citizens and Rights groups appeared that nobody had ever heard of before and who never made any public appearance, statement or appeal, but who seemed to have significant influence with politicians who usually listened to nothing the public said. And after many years of trying and failing, reintroducing those laws each year regardless, they finally got them through by the slimmest of margins.

And as always, those massive Government think tanks, those highly paid sociologists, criminologists, politicians, rights groups and all the others who'd foisted those laws upon us had somehow got it all wrong. Society became worse, not better. The public found the hard way those laws weren't used to punish criminals, only those who opposed them. Hate and resentment increased, not reduced. Neighborhoods were still ethnically cleansed. Gangs continued to grow. But now they laughed at their victims even harder, knowing that not only weren't they permitted to defend themselves, they now couldn't publicly or even privately speak about it either in case someone overheard.

In England, organized monoracial Ethnic Terror gangs now actively searched for victims talking about the racial aspect of crimes in papers, online or anywhere else. Merely saying that an area was being ethnically cleansed by organized gangs of racial criminals, that every member of a racist gang was of a particular minority group and all their victims white, was now actually a crime, and a serious one too. Those groups now gleefully rushed to Police stations to report their peoples victims to Police to have them persecuted a second time, even helped bring the original criminals to court to give perjured evidence against their victims, often achieving tougher penalties than the original violent offenders received.

When such prosecutions failed, British Officers sworn to protect the public from violent offenders, uphold the honor of their Nation and defend the Freedom of the public now sighed in frustration, promised changes, promised to divert more staff, whatever it took to ensure successful prosecutions next time. Amendments quickly followed to lower the standard of proof required, dubious evidence and outright lies were accepted, anonymous witnesses were permitted, the onus shifted from 'Innocent until proven guilty' to 'Guilty until proven innocent'. The legal definition of Hate became "Anything anyone didn't like" - but only if a 'protected group' took offence.

Now that it was illegal to say why their Country was declining fast, Terror and Ethnic cleansing exploded everywhere in British cities. Subdivisions, even entire Suburbs filled with criminals, emptied of contributing citizens.

People had conveniently never been told of the always-rapid Historical slippery slope: Once some expressions were legally criminalized, you could then legally criminalize any act. Exactly as Dictators wanted it.

Any two-bit idiot could crush open dissent against oppressive Government with force, the smart way to eliminate it was to enlist the help of the population. That was why their aim was a stupid, dumb, blind population who didn't know any better than to assist with their own Domestication. They used the full might of their media, education systems to constantly tell the population how much better they were under their benevolent rule and how bad their opposition was, how bad their once-Free past was, that their opposition were 'Terrorists', 'Racists' - whatever it took to make the public assist by reporting on and helping eliminating their opposition. Exactly as was done in Russia. And was now being done in America, too.

In our case, their goal definitely wasn't to prevent Terror as they always stated. It was to make opposition to the Racial Terror filling our cities unthinkable by attacking not just Free Speech, but Free thought. Our Movie, Education systems too were now set up to crudely teach and force people to think differently, to not notice the racial terror building up all around them, to report and attack their opponents for them and call them every trigger word they'd trained the population with. That was where true control lay - eliminating all opposition to their rule by making the population do it for them. And in case after case, it seemed to be working.

In some cases, British Police already acted more like Mugabes henchmen and Stalin's

secret police than a proud Police force; hanging around opponents and victims of State-supported and sponsored Ethnic terror, not to support the victim, but to ensure they didn't talk. They weren't interested in streets filled with Drug dealers, but always seemed to have plainclothes cars filled with officers ready to harass, apprehend suspected speech criminals.

Our Judges too, now told Speech Crime suspects "The Truth is no Defense" after they brought indisputable proof before the court that their Racial statements were absolutely true. And 'our' Politicians applauded those Judges for saying what would have had previous generations instantly rioting in the streets and demanding their removal, if not actually lynching them outright for betraying their own people in favor of Ethnic and Government savagery. Truth was only Illegal when Criminals were in power, and every day, events were proving that was the case.

Police and 'Rights' groups now openly stated they refused to take statements from members of 'Hate groups' at all, which meant anyone who was perceived to oppose Ethnic terror.

Another set of milestones on the way to officially-approved Terror had slipped us by, entirely without comment from 'our' representatives.

It was almost a joke that where today's 'Free Speech' prevailed, the multitude of Criminals and the few real Terrorists in America actually had an easier time and were far less likely to be monitored than outspoken citizens who merely wanted a safe America. They were portrayed in made for TV movies as somehow evil, unworthy of the same rights or legal protections as others and even legitimate targets for physical attack by 'decent' citizens. Every Police state started by silencing its opponents and criticism while giving excuses, it made movies, used its education system to teach children why it had to be done and encouraged them to help the Government.

Mans laws were meant to serve Man, and when they were being specifically created to selectively persecute opponents and victims of organized racial terror in US cities while not even mentioning the vast mobs of very real criminals roaming every city, then something was seriously wrong all the way to the very top levels in America to allow that kind of corruption to take place.

"Convicted for their beliefs" was no longer a purely Russian term, it was now an American one too.

Malicious prosecutions were the one undeniable hallmark of tyranny. History had shown that whenever Justice mixed with Politics, the result was Slavery. Which was exactly what our Politicians were demanding and enforcing by Law in the name of 'Tolerance'; unwavering Slavery in both action and speech to the new political-racial creeds.

And there was another facet that was making him wonder. Governments and politicians don't personally hate outspoken opponents. They might revile them and say so to their faces, but they didn't hide their true feelings and misuse the law to prosecute them purely on that basis. Pure hate had no place in Politics or Law, and especially not in Government.

He'd seen that kind of thing many times before, he realized. In School, in petty in-groups, Hacker circles, Gangs, where mere Hatred and Ignorance just wasn't enough for those 'little people', as Barbara described them. Instead they spent endless time holding onto grudges, plotting their petty vengeance and planning how to show their hatred, desperately looking for ways to show themselves as morally above their mark and castigate them in cruel ways.

He could understand Children doing this, but had never understood Adults doing it, no matter how often he'd seen it in workplaces. Life was just too short for things like that, he'd been brought up to believe. His Father said to him when very young when he'd come home crying after being bullied "I don't think enough about those sorts of people to hate them. Let them Hate while you live a good life, that's the best revenge of all".

This was closer to spiteful school children desperately looking for anything to accuse someone of while ignoring everyone else doing far worse. Only a spiteful, vicious, vindictive Hate-filled group acted that way. Things to consider...

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Brian Everett was a defense lawyer specializing in potential and actual Civil rights cases. He was constantly in demand and was highly recommended by Black campaigners, politicians and even Black lawyers for his courtroom cross-examination skills. As a result he was in the enviable position of being able to pick and choose high profile cases which put his name on the front page, and racial cases always achieved that status these days. He'd long learned that he received the most accolades, recommendations, publicity and more importantly was paid the most for acquittals brought about under extreme public pressure, and all he had to do was say the right things to the right people to get all the publicity and pressure upon victims he wanted.

And the easiest such cases were those with White victims and Black offenders, because

those were the ones where courtroom and other abuses were overlooked by the media. Thus, he constantly sat on the fine line between establishing the facts of the case and re-victimizing the often traumatized and scarred victim on the stand. The first line of attack of every lawyer was to pick over the case detail by detail, poking holes for the jury. His extra step, the one he'd gotten a name for, was then to move in for the kill, pounding over and over the possible prejudice in the case, constantly trying to draw out the slightest nuance of anti-Black feelings, asking the victim over and over, then over again if they were racist, while the Black jurors instantly began to give the case their full attention for the first time. Next, after carefully checking there wasn't any video of the incident, he repeatedly asked the offender if the victim had made racial remarks which they were only reacting to. After the first few times they took the hint and replied to the positive, even if they hadn't said anything to that effect in their original police interviews.

Even a Black lawyer didn't dare try such tactics, since he was White he didn't care. For that matter he actually didn't care about the racial issue at all, only for the publicity and prestige he was getting. His courtroom tactics were only the start. He routinely gave victims details to extremely violent repeat offenders and associates even though he was under orders not to, resulting in intimidation, worse retaliations than the original crime against families and friends, witnesses, as well as dropped charges, even disappearances. None of which were mentioned in the press.

He'd quickly discerned the subtly-worded but unspoken official intent to skew official statistics in favor of Black criminals by disallowing hate crime charges when the offenders were Black, which was where his expertise came in. The more statistics he could help them provide, the greater the case for added legislation. In turn they'd given him assistance with cases, had bent rules on his behalf to bring more victims to his courtrooms. He was held in high regard by Civil rights investigators and often chosen to lead their campaigns on behalf of absolutely guilty offenders.

Just before the Virus attack he'd been officially approached to be at the forefront of hate crime legislation and had instantly volunteered his services; it meant even more cases for him. He'd happily added his name to the latest Federal-originated call for tougher speech crime laws. Though he'd noticed that strangely, there were no Federal employees name or Federal letterhead on any of the Documents; they seemed to be using others to front for them. He was fine with that, it meant more legal credit to his name.

In the urban chaos that'd resulted from the Virus a day before, he'd suddenly been approached by Federal Police and told to take extra care, even in his gated and guarded subdivision. They didn't want to say why. He wasn't concerned; the guards at the entrance to his exclusive enclave were holding their own, for some reason unknown to him they'd been given rare authority to shoot trespassers on sight and had done so repeatedly. Several of his reserved but extremely wealthy neighbors winked at the Police each time they carried away another covered stretcher. They seemed to enjoy good official relations with certain senior Police when it mattered.

He thought it a little odd they'd never gone out of their way to be particularly friendly with him, never inviting him to their frequent parties and BBQ's. Some even refused to speak to him at all, turning away if they saw him, storming away if he tried to speak to them. He didn't see why; in his work he was only helping them, making the World a better place by eliminating Hate. With his work and that of many others he expected the high walls surrounding the neighborhood to eventually come down as racial tensions were replaced with togetherness after the exposure and removal of the far too numerous racists from society. All in its own time, he thought. No activist was appreciated in their time, it was future generations who reaped the benefits of their work.

Less than 24 hours after the start of the Virus chaos, many of his neighbors were suddenly packing to leave overseas at least temporarily on chartered flights, he learned. He'd have thought right here was the safest option, but they didn't seem to agree, he had the impression the Police had told them things they weren't sharing with him. They seemed to think the rioters would come right here. Unlikely, he thought, not when infinitely easier targets were all around. Still, when you had that much money, you might as well keep yourself comfortable if you can, he figured.

He wasn't concerned, he was staying right where he was at least for now, but he didn't want to leave all his paperwork and computer files in his plush central city office either, much of it was irreplaceable and vital for upcoming cases. He expected this chaotic situation to be resolved in a day or two, but he'd seen the smoke as well. Though his backyard Telescope, one of few neighbors who spoke to him had seen several central city buildings in the city center with smoke billowing from every single floor. With the mains power gone, water pressure was gone too. He had no choice now, he had to retrieve his work while he could. From what he could see, his building at the edge seemed unaffected so far, but that could change at any moment.

Despite what he stated in courtrooms, he was as clued-up as everyone else as to the racial realities out there. He knew which racial group would be making the trouble, who they'd be after, and that the boundaries of racial zones were the trouble areas in every

Riot. During the last LA riots some places were unaffected while the next neighborhood burned, it was largely Asian businesses and homes that burned and were never rebuilt. Nobody seemed to know where the dangerous areas were in his city at the moment, where Police had pulled back or which areas had been forcibly abandoned. As he checked his Car and loaded two pistols for protection, he figured his best bet was to follow his nose; watch for smoke, Police, areas where nobody seemed to be present, barricades, hovering Police helicopters, as well as listening carefully.

He exited the security gate, drove to stay only within White areas with his window partly down. A window would only stop a knife, not a rock or bullet, and he wanted to be able to smell smoke, it could warn him of trouble long before anything was visible. The main roads seemed the most dangerous place to be, he'd be visible to anyone lurking, but they'd also given him a fast escape route as well as making him visible to Police, who knew his vehicle intimately. He saw Death in side roads with no room to turn or time to change direction.

To his surprise, things were almost normal in some areas he passed through, apart from large numbers of Police and citizens carrying guns. In others, he saw people fleeing through safe places as residents nervously kept watch, helped out as best as they could, manned barricades and loaded vehicles in case they had to leave too as smoke billowed down their streets. He wasn't going further to see what was causing it, changed direction to take a different parallel road into the city center where it seemed quieter. His was the only vehicle going in, every other vehicle he saw was fleeing a terror he couldn't see yet. Judging from the looks on the faces of the fleeing people, he was sure he didn't want to see it either.

When he arrived at his building, he could hear nearby screams and angry shouting as well as the sharp crackle of gunfire and flames. The rioting must be almost here. It was moving, expanding fast, and in this direction. He was shocked to already see a number of bodies further along the road with nobody in sight. Someone was shooting someone, and accurately, forcing others to take cover. More than likely they were members of another Gang, he thought. Oh god. Someone was already taking advantage of the opportunity, and where were the damned Cops? He knew full well that in every Black riot, fellow Blacks were targeted only when there was nobody else to shoot. Which meant he'd be the first target for every one of them if he was seen here.

Maybe it wasn't such a good idea to come here, he nervously thought. Emergency and backup Generator building power was still working inside, his gate card activated the steel door flawlessly, it couldn't close fast enough behind him to hide him away from the unseen shooter out there somewhere. As he ran up the almost pitch black stairs he was already planning which papers to take, remembering where the tool kit was with its screwdrivers and tools so he could tear his main hard drive and its twin backups from storage, he wouldn't spend one second longer than necessary here, his life was more important. Inside his office, he threw open the doors for lighting rather than risk turning on a torch or light. To his relief, the tools were where he remembered them.

He grabbed the folders he wanted out of their cabinets, unscrewed the hard drives and was about to drop them into his briefcase when a crimson dot panned across the room. He turned around, thinking it might be Gang members, got an instant's glance of the laser into his eyes as it settled on his forehead. He followed the beam to an open window a few floors up in the next building over.

With a shock he realized the Shooter was White. And he was the target, not Gang members.

He'd hardly begun to register surprise when he died.

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Aaron paused before asking a question that'd been bothering him.

"What gave the US Government the idea of turning back the clock in America to the Middle Ages? That's where we're headed if this keeps up. Back then you didn't dare discuss Religion. Today you don't dare discuss Crime and Race."

Matthew wavered before replying.

"People with absolutely no respect for anything America or Civilization ever stood for." He paused to let it sink in.

"Now, does anyone else know where you are?"

"Stevie does, his neighbors have a vague idea."

"Can you trust them?"

"If any of them were going to report us, we'd already be gone. No, they've been through it all too, they won't talk. Or at least, the ones who know definitely aren't. They started off with five families, the last I heard before he had to leave, they were at fifteen and growing. They're almost a Commune out there, I understand. The last refuge of civilization..." his voice trailed off.

"I'll let the Resistance people know where they can find more volunteers."

"I imagine they'll sign up on the spot."

He told him how they might have to do a bit of looking around, he didn't know too much about their little community except that they'd dispersed the homes and gardens, apart from one or two larger communal gardens, in order to make it more difficult to spot from

the air or hunters to stumble upon as well as to have a bit of privacy. They were mainly in a concentrated group but some were spread out over several kilometers.

"It won't take the Feds long to realize you're in the wilderness, they'll be keeping an eye on radio traffic and EM emissions from forests. Be damned careful, Aaron. If you've got two-way radios, for gods sakes don't use them, take their batteries out. And switch off everything electrical that you're not using."

"Have the Resistance contacted the people from LA, Edwards lot could inspire the whole country...", Barbara excitedly began, then stopped when she saw Matt's downcast facial expression.

"That's the first thing they tried, absolutely none are left anywhere. They've all disappeared without a trace. Like I said, The Bush administration knows the importance of symbols of Resistance."

"Oh god...", went Aaron as Matt stared hard at him.

That wasn't a matter of Law Enforcement, it was apparent extermination of anyone resisting the changes being imposed on them. Governments don't personally hate like that, he thought again. This was something else. The will of the people wasn't a factor here, it was all about bending the country to another form of authority. One which was looking more and more like turning into an all-consuming Dictatorship which was already removing all past and present opposition.

"The Army would never do a thing like that, they'd revolt!", Barbara gasped.

"That's why the good Cops and people have been leaving for years, they didn't like what they saw happening around them. Some of those left were selected for those who don't have any problem with it. You'll have noticed Black officers don't have problems enforcing any order which belittles Whites. We think it was Federal Troops and Officers, they've been pretty much allowed to do just about anything they like, beatings to enforce 'Diversity', taking guns off people, you name it, and you know you can't sue or prosecute officers for the lawful course of their duty."

"Do you think they'll bring the troops back from overseas to help?", Aaron asked.

"Unlikely. Our bet is they'll be kept in the dark on the other side of the World, where they can't interfere or get ideas of commandeering planes to join in. And there's the possibility the Government wouldn't want them here for another reason - many are Black, and they're not going to act against fellow Blacks."

That stood to reason. In a crisis, those Blacks would jump ship with their guns and assist other Blacks.

"If they heard what was happening back home they'll be furious. They must have some idea by now, they must be asking, demanding to have a chance to help."

"That's what we're hoping."

It wasn't hard to notice the complete news vacuum from overseas in the public radio broadcasts, and Matt severely doubted high level communications were that badly affected. The same news companies handled news reporting worldwide, just under different company names but with the exact same policies, they had to be having a hand in keeping the troops in line, he said.

Regardless, Soldiers were intelligent people, they'd see that they were being left out of the loop. When your own Nation lets you down, Family came first ahead of everything, including duty.

"So, what's happening next?", Aaron said to change the mood.

"Hope is considered most dangerous by Tyrannies. We're going to give it back to people, show them the battle can actually be won to get their support, show them they really do have a choice now, and we're going to do that in person. The rest should be easy. History is on our side, everyone knows and hates Oppressors no matter how they're sugar-coated. It won't have escaped your attention that the Bush administration a long time ago stopped talking about 'Freedom and Prosperity' for this or any other nation, it only talks about 'Security'. People know this Government has done the Terrorists jobs for them, we have fewer freedoms and a suffering economy. We live in a country that supports its criminals over its productive citizens. They all know their own Government is the real enemy, all they need is to be given real Hope and someone to lead them. Given the motivation, the people will rise up. It's happened many times before, it'll happen again."

"I've been thinking for a long time that if everyone stopped supporting the Government at once, stopped paying taxes or helping agencies in any way, the battle would be won immediately."

"Gordon Kahl tried to organize that and was killed for it. Many others are in prison even today for things like that. With Tax Revolt it's all or nothing and you're hunted down one at a time."

"Matt, everyone knows the World is changing, and they know that every time anything changes in Politics, Immigration, Taxation, Crime control, Security or anything else, THEY end up worse off, not the Criminals. All it would take is one Politician to stand up and say on TV that every reason we were led into every Middle East war was a deliberate lie, tell people to stop work and stop contributing for just one week and use their god-given right to demand a reversal of the changes, and it'd be the fastest and most



bloodless coup ever!"

"There's a big fat chance of zero of any of them doing that", Matt snapped, "Ordinary people have no possibility at all of contacting the entire country except in a crime report, they'd be cut off the air if they tried, and most people would be too scared to down tools even though they'd be saving their country and their own lives. There's just no moral strength left in the Western world, none at all. Whatever happens, it has to be others who start it."

Which was sadly true, Aaron thought. Whether you mentally or physically beat people down over any length of time the result was the same, a people who can't and won't fight back, we'd been demoralized too thoroughly and completely by our own Government. Whites had been trained to accept Obedience under threat of severe penalty, the vast majority didn't know any other way. Even Fifty years ago, the entire Nation would have risen as one against today's crime, mismanagement and waste. Last centuries folk wouldn't have blinked if today's Politicians were torn to pieces in front of them for their treason. Today's people didn't have the initiative to lift a finger unless told it was ok to do so, and many were too blind to notice a reason to do so even if it was placed right in front of them.

Even if legal penalties weren't instantly applied to such a standout speaker, there were many more indirect ways that'd been put into place to prevent Free Speech other than outright Police intervention. In today's 'Free' society, such a person could only gain immediate, Worldwide, massive publicity as a 'racist', 'terrorist', 'hater' and much more by a media and countless representatives ready to spew their meaningless, programmed words of derision to end all discussion, no matter how truthful the speaker was. They'd be submerged by a Floodtide of 'public opinion' where only those who opposed them were quoted. Our morally duped and dulled populations wouldn't notice that no facts at all were mentioned, no discussion was permitted, and only personal abuse was employed when such people were slammed. The silenced majority who knew they were speaking Iron-clad, undeniable, self-evident Truth wouldn't get a word in to support them.

Meanwhile, Blacks had been taught to Rebel against any White in charge, which came to the fore as violence at the smallest opportunity. Such as now.

But once the power structures were down and Terror was right in their faces, even the most weakened White would fight. Well, they'd got their Terror, the rule of deliberately unequal racial law was now all but gone. And once started, the fight would continue until it reached Washington and beyond. And when desperate people saw a fight for Freedom begin, they'd join without hesitation, and they'd go all the way if they had to.

"Whatever happens, we first have to take matters out of Federal hands ourselves", Matt continued, "We have to show the people that we really mean business, we're on their side, and our long-term goal is support of the people, not tyranny, and that there's other ways to live than under Federal constraints. The rest will be easy. People will always follow those who lead them to Freedom, all we have to do is prove to them we're completely real."

"Not to take over?", Barbara asked.

"Well, they're not changing one Dictatorship for another, if that's what you're worried about. It's OUR country we're returning to US control, that's all."

"How are they going to do that?", Aaron asked.

"I don't know specific details, but the damage to critical systems will only last so long, they'll isolate the power supply from the computer networks and try again to bring it online shortly, the Resistance have that long to get ready to finish the job we started. They've got some weapons they intend to use, in a few days at most the Federal Government will have much worse things to worry about than a bit of malicious coding."

He went into details of a few of the things he'd helped them with, the coding, simulations and practical details of some unconventional armaments, things that definitely wouldn't be expected.

Both Aaron and Barbara were shocked.

"Is that even possible? I thought that was only a made-up story", Aaron asked, flabbergasted.

"It's real alright, it works. It's well known in certain circles like a lot of other things, just not spoken of. And they're going to use it. The Military considered using it in the Middle East, but decided against destroying the infrastructure they intended to occupy."

"That's for damned sure", Aaron retorted.

"Christ, the proverbial will hit the fan with that one. That's way beyond a Terror attack, that's just monstrous!", Barbara gasped.

"One of them made a comment to me that they're going to hit the choke points. I don't know exactly what he meant by that, but they've been planning this for a long time. The Virus hit a bunch of vulnerable spots, they're aiming at others with something bigger. They definitely won't be attacking the Military, they eventually want them on their side, but they can attack targets which will really hurt those who need to be hurt."

"Do you know when?"

"No. It's all a matter of timing for maximum effect. You shoot at discreet targets,

spread-out ones are just a waste. You wait until they're bunched up in one place without knowing you're onto them or make them bunch up by aiming a few shots around them to make them move together. Artillery people call it 'Bracketing'. I think they're waiting for Federal resources to be concentrated somewhere."

"What have the Resistance bunch been telling the people they've contacted? We saw the people in the hills last night", Aaron asked.

"They gave me the same advice they've been giving to everyone else. To start saving up ammunition if I hadn't already, to take a forest survival course, they gave me a drop point for messages and told me to be ready to drop everything and go anywhere if I had to."

"And that's all?"

"That's all they needed to know until the time came, and all they could say without endangering themselves. They gave me the phone number of the nearest survival center and even booked me into the next course, all I had to do was turn up... Now that I think about it, they might've done that at least partly to take my mind off what happened. The first step is always the hardest to take, and they made it for me."

He paused before continuing as a thought puzzled him.

"Some of the people they contacted were sent on Desert survival courses instead, I'm beginning to get an idea why."

"The Border areas?"

"That's what I'm thinking."

He casually picked up Matt's rifle, checked its magazine and safety catch and sighted it on distant trees. It had been post-fitted with a muzzle brake and flash suppressor, he saw from the welds. Pretty sophisticated for a Hunting rifle, he thought. There was something else too.

"What's the attachment by the trigger mechanism?"

"Mechanical time delay. Pull the slide, aim, pull the trigger when you're ready then hold it steady. It gives you two seconds before it fires."

Aaron thought this over as he checked the balance of the rifle. The physical act of pulling the trigger was a large cause of inaccuracy when firing. This virtually eliminated that. For hunting it wasn't necessary when the target was moving or nearby. This was meant for more distant targets where a miss couldn't be afforded.

"That isn't for hunting animals, is it?"

"It's a little Resistance invention for special jobs."

"My... they've got some creative people."

"There's more where this came from, most of it simple stuff like this, Some good minds have had a lot of time on their hands...", Matt hinted.

Aaron wasn't sure he wanted to know more, granted of course that Matt even knew himself. Another time, perhaps, or else they'd be hearing about it on the news. Aaron suspected things were about to get very hot indeed, and not just in the top echelons of power which had deliberately brought about America's destruction.

Matt smiled as he said that in times of crisis, those Officials, faceless Beurocrats and others with the true power, those ever-fewer people with the real power to make instant life or death choices at the cost or gain of the Nation, they would have to be able to be quickly contacted. Without cell phones, that meant Satellite phones, as well as likely being in a central place among the people they had to contact, more than likely in their comfortable, spacious high-rise offices overlooking the people. Matt demonstrated the trigger mechanism as he spoke.

Which was another reason why the Resistance had used Aaron as a front piece. They didn't know yet that he'd only fired the first shot in a War to free the Nation from them.

The serious talk over, the mood slowly lightened.

The women chatted about how more relaxed they were than they'd tended to be in the city, they loved the simplicity of the lifestyle as well as the beauty of the area. And there were no concerns about little things like makeup any more. The river sand had proven an excellent natural exfoliant and they didn't think their skin had ever looked better. Time passed quickly with the simpler pleasures of life as well as keeping up with chores.

Nobody seemed to miss the finer things, they made do with what was around them and made the most of life. Angie said it was nice not to work in a cubicle all day, she liked the hands-on life, it was just a matter of knowing what to do and thinking further ahead.

Billy and Cassy were asking their Mother about the baby which was on its way, did she know if it was a boy or girl yet? No, she didn't know, before they left she'd had tests done to ensure it was healthy and asked not to know the sex, it was more fun that way. They wouldn't feel any movement for a month or so yet, she said.

Angie hauled in another fish. Matt looked satisfied, decided that was about their quota. They shared the catch amongst themselves then both groups prepared to leave.

"Tomorrow it'll be Deer steaks once again", he commented as they packed, "Drop on by later on or tomorrow and I'll show you a few things."

"You betcha, Matt."

"You've learned to navigate by compass, maps, that sort of thing?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, don't come to rely too much on GPS, that system may be about to be taken down."  
"That sounds pretty major."  
"Oh yes, and nice punch, Aaron", he grinned before disappearing back into the forest.  
"What's he talking about now?", Barbara asked.  
"I'll tell you later..."

Aaron waited till Matt and his friends had disappeared back through the trees before saying to Barbara "You'd have let me go, even in your condition?"  
"What else can a Woman do at a time like this?", she almost cried.  
"God I love you, Barbara", he said as he hugged and kissed her.  
He looked between the Fish and the Deer meat, came to an immediate decision. He hadn't eaten Venison since before his Father had died all those years before, he'd been too busy looking after his new family in the city to hunt. The Fish would go into the smoker instead.

An hour later he'd finished loading the smoker with Meat and damp sawdust and wood, Cassy returned with a bowl of freshly picked Mushrooms, licking her fingers clean of Honey as she set it down for her father to use in cooking.

"Where on earth did you get those from!", he asked, surprised.

"The people across the river showed us where to find them and which ones are safe."

"I can see I'm going to have to visit them sometime."

"They've been asking about you Dad, they want to meet you."

"Why?", he asked suspiciously.

She instantly caught on.

"They don't know what's happened, I don't think they'd care anyway", she replied.

He thought about it for a minute. No, his kids wouldn't have told them anything, by force of circumstance they'd learned the values of responsibility and trust long before their peers. They were still letting them have their childhood of course, missed stages of life were regretted for life. It was both accumulated learned experience, family time and fun that ultimately made a person what they were.

And if the people over there were who he suspected they were, they wouldn't be too concerned at who a person was, only how they related to others. But in his case it was more than prudent to use caution, to wait, find out more about them first.

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The only benefit from the 1992 Los Angeles riots was that even the most complacent people had learned what happened when any opportunity arose for Blacks to attack non-Blacks, were now prepared to shoot to save their own lives instead of waiting for the Police to do it for them. And they had. Many city blocks had saved their own lives as the city population completely fragmented in one night, blown apart along purely racial lines.

Those few who had any doubt as to what had happened the previous night could see it for themselves as they walked the streets. Carloads, even the occasional truckload of Injured and Dead were being taken to Hospitals running on Emergency and Generator power, many of the Dead had to be left where they were, the area they'd fallen in was so dangerous. Some wounded had laid all night long and now all day in the open, people were afraid to do more than watch after the first brave volunteers were deliberately shot in the act of trying to helping them. Some still hadn't gotten the message yet that this was already total War by one Ethnic group upon all others, and no tactic was too low for them. The faces of the injured told the story they knew their media wouldn't; most were Asian or White, few were Black or Hispanic, and Asians had been attacked worst of all. Of those who hadn't been shot, even bystanders could see their attackers had often gone straight for the easy targets, many were small Women and Men, Children, the Elderly and Disabled. They saw injured Police, Firefighters, Ambulance staff, people sworn and dedicated to helping others who'd been attacked regardless; again, mostly White and Asian. Of those, some of the less injured were still doing what they could to help the worse injured. Even now, they displayed total selflessness in the face of total racial hatred.

Refugees were streaming out of areas bordering Black declared racial territories and into safer White and Asian areas, were instantly joining them to help prepare for the next night and being welcomed into homes in turn.

And they told anyone who'd listen the real story of what happened within minutes of the power going out in areas bordering Black zones. The flashpoint wasn't just random shooting into the air and buildings occupied by people of other races as they'd thought. It was much more personal than that.

As always, 100% of Black buildings were fully dependant on external Gas or Electricity, they didn't spend a single cent on anything that didn't have immediate benefit. With ever-increasing Fuel, Gas and Electricity costs as well as the dropping price, increasing efficiency and versatility of Solar Cells, more and more non-Black homes elsewhere were installed with electricity producing Window panes, ceiling tiles, to produce a percentage of household power requirements. A few had steadily installed still more cells, covered garage roofs, even surrounded their properties with electricity producing

fences until they actually produced an excess of power in good conditions and even received a rebate for it.

Not one of their Black neighbors had ever bought any such thing, seemingly unable to comprehend the benefit of long term results or savings, or spending money to save money. Many had even ripped out the solar cells from their homes, apartments, sold them to second hand stores for a quick gain but a lifetime of loss for the state. They didn't care; everything was paid for by vouchers.

When the power died, the Whites just switched off anything they didn't need to fully power up their Oven or TV, whatever they needed at the time. Others had BBQ's, gas cookers. Like everyone else, they were expecting normal service to be resumed at any moment.

They were interrupted by ferocious banging and kicking on doors and windows that sounded like a Police raid. They were met by Hate-filled Black faces, neighbors demanding, not asking, "You've got Heat, you can cook for us", "We want your Hot food. You've got plenty, White man"

Some briefly acquiesced in the hope it would stop the Hate and Threats, but both the numbers and the threats quickly grew as word flashed around the block. Windows began to be smashed, doors kicked in, homes looted and people attacked until they were forced to barricade themselves behind doors inside their own homes from the crowds pouring into the house. They were forced to smash windows, jump out and run to escape. Others slammed front doors, bolted them to stop them getting in. And that's when the shooting began. More than one household was forced to fire point blank into violent baying crowds both inside and outside their homes to save their lives, scattering them like wind and leaving dead behind them.

And as sunset arrived, that's when the real trouble began, when those crowds returned. Not just for food now, but revenge.

The listeners shook their heads in near disbelief. Even with what'd seen, been through for themselves overnight, they were amazed. Just a little forethought, just a little friendliness and cooperation with their non-Black neighbors and they'd all have been fine. But Blacks never think that way. Instead, their only thought was to violently take what they wanted and take advantage of the situation.

Some of the population and all the Gangs were armed, arming and preparing for whatever came next, mostly hidden but watching each other intently so far, content to occasionally snipe across front lines littered with the wreckage of War; bodies, blood and burning ruins, all waiting for the next night's carnage.

Now that it was daylight, Neighbors were running to prepare defensive positions, in some cases dropping past animosities over trivia to push Car bodies onto roads, pile debris, concrete, pipes, wooden fence palings and timbers into the entrance to their areas. A few even cut down power poles to make instant roadblocks. They began to dig foxholes, set up firing positions, filled sandbags, brought out all the weapons they hadn't been able to find in the previous nights stumbling around in the pitch dark. In comparison to the previous night, everyone would be infinitely more organized if the power remained out the next night. And they hoped that wouldn't be the case. Nobody wanted War, but it was looking more and more likely to be forced upon them. Nobody seemed to know what was going on outside the city, only that every non-Black area within was under siege in this city alone, in some cases they were all but surrounded.

Hundreds of Black snipers had been singled out and killed so far, the problem was that there were only a finite number of Police while Millions of Blacks in this city alone could be counted upon to attack non-Blacks and Police in particular if given half a chance. Officers and Civilians alike knew what would happen when more organized Gangs began to use all the stolen and illegally obtained high-powered military weapons they'd been accumulating for years. All they'd seen so far were the few small arms hidden in Criminal households and a few high power rifles. The larger the Gang involved in the Drug operations Police busted, the larger the arsenal they reasoned on being present and the harder they raided the premises so they didn't get the chance to use them. They were rarely disappointed, often amazed by the size and lethality of arms caches they found in the hands of many times convicted Felons. Far from self-defense as they claimed, military weapons usually featured, along with high-priced, heavy-caliber handguns. And they'd noted for many years that those weapons rarely featured in their crimes against other gangs, they were meant for another purpose. Many of the larger Gangs easily got around laws preventing Felons purchasing firearms by using friends, associates, even organized groups who purchased them legally or illegally and sold them to Criminals for a price. Every one of them would right now be being brought out of basements, inside walls, roof cavities, countless other hiding places. They weren't showing them off to Cops, yet, but angrily glaring Blacks were everywhere. Most had disappeared at dawn, many no doubt asleep indoors in drug and alcohol induced stupors. That wouldn't last long. By mid-afternoon, those almost-empty streets would be swarming with armed, organizing Hate. And everyone knew they were being watched as they prepared.

A delegation of Black Leaders and Liaisons marched into Police HQ downtown and demanded to see whoever was in charge. At length a tired Senior Officer came before them. They

shouted that Food was being distributed to Whites but not to them, they'd spoken firsthand to Blacks who'd been ordered to leave queues while Whites were allowed to remain. They demanded the situation be reversed immediately, the people responsible be dismissed and charged with Rights violations and Hate crimes else there would be real trouble, they promised.

"This is our Katrina!", one of the Blacks protested.

They glared at the Officers as they awaited the usual backdown, apologies and promises of food aid.

The Officers glanced at each other, then burst out laughing into their faces. At length, one deigned to point out that amidst the armed violence no distribution effort whatsoever had been undertaken as it would become the instant target for every gun-happy looter, in fact they'd been ordering agencies and volunteers not to even try for their own safety as no officers could be spared to escort them, so where did they get their information from? Wild looks of rage were the reply.

A furious officer stormed to the Desk.

"Tell me if I've got this right. Thousands, probably Tens of Thousands have died in this city overnight, and the only thing you care about is FOOD for your fat faces!!!!?", he screamed back at them.

He pointed up at the security camera above their heads.

"I'll tell you what, when the power comes back on, we'll post video on the Net entitled 'Despite no food distribution at all, these Blacks say it's only going to Whites'. How about that?", he shouted at them.

There was an explosion of rage, demands for the video to be given to them.

"How about you Fat, Worthless, Ignorant Bastards just Fuck off and go help someone for a change and earn some respect like everyone else, instead of demanding fucking handouts!", he screamed at them. "You guys see everything in Black or White, don't you? Well, thousands more Blacks have just been KILLED by Blacks overnight in this city alone, more than the Ku Klux Klan managed to lynch in its entire History. Do you Bastards have anything at all to say about that!?", the Officer demanded again.

Furious looks of rage and mutters under their breath were the answer.

He didn't care what these people might say to the press later, they'd well and truly brought it upon themselves this time, and it was all on tape for everyone to see.

"Two days ago it rained over this city, was that a Racist Conspiracy to keep Blacks out of sight?", another Officer asked, to everyone's laughter.

"I don't get it, first you guys complain that Bad Food is killing Blacks, and now you're complaining that you don't have it? For people who say you're underprivileged, you've sure eaten to excess. You all need to lose about fifty kilos of weight, a few days without will do you all some good", the Desk Sergeant snapped at them. "Now get out of here and help somebody, before you disgrace yourselves any further!", he shouted at them before storming away from the desk.

For once, permanently aggrieved Black Leaders were marched out the door instead of being obeyed. One turned and kicked the Door in a furious rage before being forced out. They'd gorged themselves at the public trough for too many years and it showed in every way, physically and mentally.

The Officers shook their heads in disbelief. One day, just single one day without food in the shops and Blacks were already running out, their lack of preparation in any aspect of their lives beyond the day to day was just unbelievable. True to form, they were the first and only ones complaining, and after the previous night, after what they'd just tried to pull, they were all at the end of the line with perpetual Black excuses and demands over their self-created problems.

Another Officer had a sense of disquiet as he watched them leave. He repeated the observation made in other disasters, namely that Ghetto Blacks were on average 48 hours from a feral state at any given time. The events after Hurricane Katrina more than showed that to the whole World. They had just over one day before they reached that point, and he wasn't sure they were anywhere near enough prepared or equipped for when that mark arrived, or if they had the authority or ability to do what the situation would then demand they do.

Minutes later, the Emergency Satellite telephone of a Police section chief, Ethan Gowen, rang unexpectedly. Ah, they'd powered up the ground stations, reset the Satellites and got that system back up and running, he thought. It was a start. He answered, and a voice he didn't know addressed him by name and told him to listen very carefully, then outlined plans which were being brought about in his City. He was shocked, then offended, cut the caller short. He told whoever it was to clear the air and not to waste his time saying a thing like that again, disconnected the call. Several more attempts were made to phone his number, he switched it off to conserve battery power.

Urgent messages began to flash back and forth between the city and Washington. Firm lines had to be set, and quickly. Locations that could not be surrendered, situations that would not be permitted, circumstances when armed force was the only alternative. Police needed to know, right now, exactly where they stood instead of the PC floundering in the chaos, because every single regulation requiring restraint in the face of Black

Terror had turned completely against them. It was coming a War here.

The official reply came back as the streets began to fill once more with angry Blacks; the firm lines were at the edge of the central city and the gated suburbs where the cities influential citizens were comfortably holed up. They had the official nod to shoot live ammunition once more without the fear of going on trial afterward with Federal police escorting paid Gang criminal witnesses into court to happily act as witnesses against Police Officers.

Their relief was short lived as further orders filtered through from Washington. The first broadcast Federal command was to arrest any citizen shooting back at rioters, regardless of how endangered they were. No Cop intended to oblige. There were no innocents here, and Federal guidelines didn't say anything about handling mass killings, increasing ethnic expulsions, purposeful destruction on unheard-of scales. All day, Vehicles had been fleeing at speed along the few safe roads out of the city rather than remain one moment longer in this 'Civilized, progressive' city which supposedly respected everyone. The next was to "Desist from taking undue risk of hurting innocent people", to withdraw instead of hold positions under fire and "Potentially cause a breakdown in Community relations which might take many years to repair". And they were specifically threatened with prosecution if that order wasn't obeyed. That order never went out. Senior officers refused to pass it on, reasoning that officers who didn't know of an order couldn't be blamed for not following it.

The unspoken message was that everyone outside the exclusive high security areas was on their own. Senior Police, long demoralized by atrocious, weak, indecisive, ignorant, racially blind leadership who'd long supported lifetime criminals over their staff had already begun talking quietly amongst themselves of rebellion after hearing of their new orders. Their job, their whole purpose, their sworn duty was to protect, not withdraw.

The unqualified, inexperienced, incompetent, but Politically correct appointed Black Police chief heard about the Police refusal through the grapevine. It was well known that his very first act in Office was to ban White staff from his Office, then within a week had removed them completely from the building. Everyone from Reporters to Officers had remarked for years he seemed uninterested in doing anything to stop the violence plaguing the city, but couldn't act fast enough against his officers. His only statement to reporters about Black crime was "Removal of guns from the population will stop the killing", which, some suspected, was the real reason he was hired, not just for being Black. He firmly supported every new Gun Law, but consistently nixed every single Crime initiative which crossed his desk that might affect Blacks.

Now, in this crisis, he demanded Federal Police assistance to back him up in enforcing Washington's orders and hurried through decorated, plush corridors to forcibly make it known among his White subordinates, threatening them with dismissal if they refused.

Half resigned on the spot instead.

One spat on him, cursed him and told him to his face that he hoped he'd be burned out of his fancy Government-funded, racially segregated office by his own people, as they did whenever they got slightly annoyed at anyone or anything that seemed to be holding out on them. And since he was in charge, that meant him, they told him on their way out.

The remainder reluctantly did as they were told under threat of immediate Federal arrest, knowing what their subordinates would forever think of them.

Ethan Gowen instantly won everyone's respect by telling his badly stressed Officers "We've been ordered to pull back if we come under fire, we can only shoot to kill if we're under threat, an order I intend to ignore. These are our people, we have to hold this line, and I'll go all the way on that if I have to. It's up to each Officer to decide what they want to do. Drop badges, Stay and shoot, and we risk a Federal prison term. Withdraw, and we lose the whole damned city to these Savages."

They put it to the vote amidst savage argument. Most were all for joining him, others pointed out they could help nobody if they were wanted or in prison. They knew better than most what would especially happen to them as Police Officers in the multi racial hell of prison, and worse still being there for shooting Blacks. Then there were their families to consider; Black revenge never stopped at the 'guilty' White.

Ethan's mind was made up by a colleague telling him, "Ethan, do you remember New Orleans? Afterward, the Feds hunted down Cops who shot rioters who were shooting at them. The only terms you heard were 'Mentally disabled' and 'racist', never 'Armed criminals'. And after Edwards, they have no mercy whatsoever toward any standout. NONE! The Officers who joined him weren't just charged with Treason, they disappeared without trial! They WILL use Federal Troops to hunt you and us down, they'll take you down and everyone who's helped you, including your family. They WILL put you and your family on Trial, and they WILL ensure Juries that will convict you at one show trial after another."

"Whatever we do, it ain't worth it", a Cop spat.

Reluctantly, Ethan saw he personally had no choice. None at all.

"But, there ARE alternatives to doing the job ourselves...", he slyly remarked.

Word of the full extent of the Worldwide crisis had reached civilian ears, and events turned darker still.

As long as this lasted, the vast Racial and Criminal elements now knew they could release petty pent-up grudges without the slightest thought for the consequences against neighbors, other blocks, other gangs, and especially against differently colored citizens. And they would. Bodies were already piling up in Black and Hispanic areas, and especially between the sharply divided Ethnic zones. The result was the first of successive waves of Ethnic refugees fleeing Los Angeles. All this within America, supposedly the worlds refuge from hate. Instead, it'd concentrated and enhanced it to a degree that made Civil War inevitable.

And there was another unavoidable fact to consider which everyone feared. There were still 24 hours until the 48-hour "Red line" of true chaos, when Food and Water began to drive the Terror, just not Hate, leading to ever-greater bloodshed. Some thought it would start even sooner than that, Blacks were becoming not only more dependant, but morally dependant upon Americas welfare system with every passing year. Welfare and voucher handouts weren't just a granted privilege any more, but a violently enforced demand, and in return we were getting not just an angrier but a less and less prepared Black population every year. They were already running out of food, water, everything.

And it was looking more and more likely the trouble would last far beyond that 48 hour mark. God help the city when that point was crossed, they thought.

In areas where Blacks had started to encroach, as always bringing racial hatred, aggression, noise and pollution with them, the ever-lessening Inhibition against open racial warfare had suddenly lifted. And as everyone except Liberals, our Politicians and of course Hollywood had predicted, it was exclusively Blacks who were starting the trouble in those places, not 'racists'.

Freed from just stopping at Racial hatred, abuse, nonstop intimidation and pointed crime, Blacks were sitting on porches laughing at and screaming abuse at their non-Black neighbors, throwing rocks through their windows. They were making throat-cutting gestures, showing them guns and knives, and telling them what they were going to do to them when their friends got there that night.

"It's Payback time, Whitey!", they shouted whenever one as much as glanced at them.

"Payback for what, what have we ever done to you?", a resident desperately asked.

A furious, violent explosion of rage was the response, he was chased and beaten, kicked and stomped on the ground.

Others were desperately packing and leaving to safer areas, while being constantly taunted.

"Look at all these Honkies leaving!", they laughed, "This is the Black mans strength! You ain't got nowhere to run, White boy, we're everywhere, we're gonna get you. The Black man rules now!"

Rocks, pieces of wood were thrown through Car windows as neighbor forcibly left.

"Run Boy, Run! Lookit all these Whiteys running from the Black man!", they howled in laughter as damaged cars fled at speed.

As soon as they'd left the property, Blacks from all around swarmed in to loot like ants, a black horde rampaging through the properties. Then they didn't preserve the house for other Blacks or even themselves to use, they did what Blacks always in times of crisis and otherwise - they burned it to show their Hatred instead.

Another neighbor had had enough. He'd been at the front of the previous nights shooting at a friends home, was forced to stay there overnight in the disorganized carnage, shooting and complete lack of lighting. As soon as it was light he'd returned to his family, only to see them and neighbors already being treated like this by these barely-Human garbage. He'd got his family out and seen them safe at a relatives home, then had to see this Ethnic cleansing breaking out as he loaded a few belongings into his car.

He finally reached his limit, watching those heartless, ignorant, welfare-bred and fed monsters exacting violence against people who'd tried their utmost to be friends with them all their lives, preparing to wreak revenge for things neither those unfortunates or their distant ancestors had ever done to them.

He was outnumbered, he was about to leave as well, but maybe he could give them pause to think of the price of their endless Hate first.

Unnoticed, he slowly and carefully aimed a 12-gauge shotgun at the face of one of the hysterical Blacks, pulled the trigger. The rifle boomed loudly amidst the chaos, reduced the laughing face to flying bloody pulp. Then he turned and did the same to several more. The mass of taunting Blacks instantly scattered, almost falling over each other as they ran away. Blacks sitting on porches nearby watching the fun jumped up and ran too.

He threw a Molotov cocktail through a window of a Black occupied house before they had the chance to grab their own guns and shoot back, then got into his car and left too.

The Police were not going to call on him, not now, not when the whole City was gearing for War. Blacks were already making it absolutely clear this was entirely about Race, not Survival, not getting along.

In other places, the few Blacks near largely or entirely Hispanic areas too were fleeing, always heading to Black areas.

The only place in the city where Gang members still walked openly within sight of armed

non-Blacks was in front of Police lines. They knew Police were still held back by long lists of restrictions, whereas Civilians could and were shooting them on sight. There, they knew they were perfectly safe as long as they didn't display a weapon. They'd begun to gather to abuse and taunt them, and tell them to their faces exactly what they were going to do to their families and then to them. When they got bored, they sent their Children and Teens to do the same, told them to taunt the White officers all they wanted as they watched. They imitated the officers as they walked and talked, laughed at them, made racial jokes about them, blocked their paths, stared nonstop at them, whatever it took.

Occasionally an Officer angrily shoved one out of their way, and instantly a massed cry of "Racism!" went up. "Did you get that? Did you get that?", they asked Blacks watching with video cameras. "We're going to report your White ass!", "We're going to Sue you, White Boy!"

Finally a Civilian decided he couldn't handle seeing any more of their City protectors being treated like that by people they were sworn to help and protect. A distant shot rang out, a Black screaming into Officers' faces was abruptly silenced, dropped to the ground with blood fountaining from his neck. And the crowd climbed over each other in their haste to scatter to the wind, running as fast as they could.

No officer scrambled to try to locate the shooter. They knew the score. One discreetly smiled, waved in the direction the shot had come from in case the sniper was still watching.

Elsewhere, apart from the occasional shot echoing among buildings, the city was quiet. Too quiet. It was like the pause before the storm, and everyone knew it was coming, you could feel it. At sunset tonight, this city would turn into Hell, there was no more doubt any more. And everyone knew where the trouble would be coming from, it wouldn't be largely constrained by the darkness and lack of preparation in Black areas this time, it'd be going straight into non-Black areas in armed, massive pack force.

It had already been confirmed by Aerial and Telescopic Surveillance, radio listeners and long-range Parabolic microphones that Black Gangs were definitely joining forces as they'd done during the 1992 riots, overlooking murderous past hatred of each other to deal to the common racial foe. They were moving together, all armed with guns, most also armed with sidearms; pistols, knives, even baseball bats and lumps of wood. Observers caught many glimpses of them as they moved past alleyways and streets, longer and longer trails of entirely Black faces streaming past points where they were visible to the telescopic observers. Mobs were increasing in size, they were seeing everything from twenty to a hundred gang members and street thugs alike, all moving with common purpose toward non-Black areas, all headed by whoever had the heaviest, 'baddest', most visually impressive weapons.

Not even a day into the crisis, Black areas of the city looked just like Mogadishu during the movie "Black Hawk down", one person remarked. The rifles they glimpsed ranged from hunting rifles to heavy machineguns, many of the rifles were military style now, they relayed. Some were already testing limits, had tried their luck against waiting and armed civilians, were sent packing by a few well-aimed shots. They'd merely pulled back just out of sight, nothing more, were obviously waiting for darkness while constantly casting glances around corners. Every gun store in Black areas had already been looted clean. Near many of those stores, Blacks could be heard test-firing them into the air and toward non-Blacks.

More ominously, all over the city they saw Blacks marking their homes as being "Black occupied" to protect them from their own people. In comparison to the Whites and Asians, they were building no defensive positions. Instead of fortifying their homes and neighborhoods for protection but leaving main roads clear for emergency transport and visibility, observers saw Blacks blocking main roads passing through and past their areas, piling up rocks and rubbish on bridges and beside the road to throw at Cars they anticipated would be fleeing along those roads. In all cases they were acting to prevent other people leaving, not to protect their own. They weren't expecting trouble from anyone.

Officers had learned ex-military Blacks were giving lessons to Gang members and were boasting of being at the front of the queue to Kill Whites and Cops in particular that night. Few were surprised at that news, for years it'd been public knowledge that Black soldiers were teaching Gangs military tactics, but neither the Media, the Military and especially the Government seemed the slightest bit interested in investigating that act of willful Treason. It'd been a joke for years that members of 'Hate Groups' who by definition genuinely supported their Nations survival and would Die for it if necessary couldn't enlist, but Gang members who openly hated their Nation, wanted it destroyed and would rather watch non-Black colleagues die than assist could sign up. To their utter disgust, several were seen showing very young boys and girls how to use guns, how to hide them on themselves, calmly walk up to non-Blacks and shoot them without warning.

It was becoming increasingly obvious that ordinary citizens wouldn't be fighting a few isolated snipers or watching rioters burning their own areas, they'd be up against huge packs of Hate-filled, organized, massively armed Blacks roving around for blood with most



city exits cut off. Observers were getting the word out as best as they could, trying to fix locations, numbers and the directions they packs were moving. They hoped the lack of lighting might work in the defenders favor once more, those numbers might well prove unwieldy and even act against them in the dark when they lost all bearings and were open to constant unseen attack. But against sheer numbers like that...

Without an immediate resumption of services or a massive united effort, this city was in very, very serious trouble. Barring a miracle, or large pockets of armed citizens standing their ground, a lot of innocent people were going to die. At least now it couldn't be denied by anyone. Despite all the rhetoric about victimhood, about being oppressed despite only wanting to get along, now all could see who was preparing for war and had been for a long time.

In Hispanic areas too now, furious armed Hispanics, both Gang members and civilians alike were now gathering and filling the streets. Some looting was taking place but little burning or outright destruction. They were gesturing wildly toward other areas, beginning to move in enormous packs in unison toward them. But in their case, they appeared to be moving toward Black areas instead.

A number of the observers noted "They look really pissed off. Something or someone seems to have got them riled bad".

They hadn't seen them looking that angry even during 'peaceful protests' for 'rights'. Some suspected they might be moving to defend against possible incursions, looting in Hispanic areas. Whatever it was, they weren't talking to Police or neighbors about it.

Others had a far more unsettling theory. There'd been constant pressure from Rights groups, Activists to have the two Ethnic groups unite against 'Racism and common prejudices'. Low-key Meetings had taken place, but Blacks had sabotaged every such effort every time with their implacable demands and their own peoples constant crime outrages against Hispanics and all other peoples. Every other day another Black gang was captured which had preyed exclusively upon Hispanic day laborers in the knowledge they were likely to keep their money on their person, another riot happened in a mixed school, a carload of Black Gang members did a driveby of Hispanics then a carload of Hispanics repaid the favor. They were worried that in this chaos, the two groups might well at least temporarily set aside their differences.

And they noted too, that Hispanics weren't setting up any defensive positions either. No materials were being moved. They were seeing few Gang members with rifles on roofs, peering out windows, likely because they'd stand out in full daylight. Unlike White areas, few seemed to be moving, they were resting up, or possibly preparing out of sight. But there had to be observers watching unseen from the gloom of countless recessed, blacked out rooms. In a few small places they saw heavily loaded trucks arriving, swarms of people appear and run to carry stacks of crates brought down by forklifts. They thought it was food, except that those weren't storage warehouses they were working out of. Most likely they were planning ahead in one way or another. But for what? The observers shrugged. They saw no openly visible weapons being moved, only endless streams of plainly heavy wooden crates.

"Can anyone see any sign of mixed Hispanic-Black gangs?", aerial and ground observers were asked over and over.

"None", came the answer, every time.

Radio listeners on all sides were trying to discern plans. It wasn't easy when practically no Blacks had two-way radios, they'd always relied upon mobile phones to plan their crime sprees, to the point entire subdivisions of companies, advertising campaigns were dedicated to selling mobiles to Blacks using no-cash, "pay and go" plans every Black who'd already spent all their money on luxuries could afford. White areas echoed with everything from kids walkie-talkies and upward, their words were entirely of defense, watchfulness and preparation. Hispanic areas too were almost radio silent, few Spanish language citizens broadcasts were heard.

Taxpayer-funded commercial Ethnic radio stations using generator power were another matter. Black stations echoed with constant calls to arms, to keep Blacks safe "By whatever means necessary", to "Take by force what you need to survive if they won't let you have it", and "Remember New Orleans!". Which everyone by now knew full well basically meant to kill and loot if they had the chance. There were no suggestions at all on how to save food, water, safe roads or places to evacuate to. Hispanic stations were more disquieting, calling to arms, playing military and aggressive Hispanic music, occasionally giving some advice on food. Their voice tones were low, almost whispered, they weren't even talking about 'Aztlán' any more, listeners noted. They were trying too hard not to say what they really wanted to say.

As always, the White stations were desperately trying not to say anything remotely racial, only reading out long lists of places with warnings like "Don't go here, there's rioting", "There's looting taking place here, people are being advised to stay away", "Buildings are being burned here, stay away". They were giving continual advice of shops that were open, food and water, and of course politically and racially correct suggestions to open their doors to anyone fleeing bad areas, to set up tents for them and share with everyone.

Law abiding citizens dreaded the coming night, had rushed to join instant militias and armed patrols that'd formed everywhere, were frantically fortifying and organizing, preparing roadblocks and setting up armed watch over roads and any point of access to create instant citizen strongholds. Everyone knew what was coming, they'd seen the signs for many years, it wasn't as if Blacks had made any secret of it, and the previous nights terror had made their intentions absolutely clear. The coming night could only be infinitely worse.

Armed Asians, Koreans, Indians and others wanted to join the Whites, weren't sure if they'd be welcomed and were hovering nervously nearby. As in all Black riots, the previous night they'd come under even more ferocious attack than Whites, firstly for 'Not looking like us', and secondly for succeeding where success was a violently enforced social stigma. They were waved over without hesitation the moment they were spotted; greetings, smiles and handshakes went back and forth as they immediately took up position alongside them, were bidden welcome to use their facilities and homes if need be. They needed absolutely everyone prepared to wield a gun not just for Survival now, but the very continuation of Civilization at all, because that's what their city had been reduced to.

Everything from junk quality night vision to Electricians and Firefighters Thermal vision units had been brought out. Every two-way radio from kids toys to workyard units was being distributed where they'd be most effective. They'd gathered torches, flares, made stacks of inflammable torches with rags and Kerosene. They sorted out primary, multiple backup firing positions, places where they could safely watch without being seen, places to safely hide family members. All over the city was furious activity, people running to reinforce barricades with anything they had, hammering boards over windows to stop firebombs, and guns being loaded.

Police were permitted to do none of those things. All they were permitted to do was protect themselves and the few areas they were allowed to use lethal force in. Under strict orders not to hold outlying positions, their only relief came when a few daring Helicopter pilots dropped ammunition to them despite being shot at.

They couldn't even discuss their tactical situation on their radios any more, if just one of their encrypted sets had fallen into Gang hands overnight while its code was set, they were compromised. Some were sure they already had been for years, certain events had convinced them that unwelcome ears had been listening to their supposedly secure communications ever since they'd been introduced, they'd begged superiors to at least change the encryption code regularly, but even that simple request had been refused. Now it wasn't just a hindrance in searches and investigations any more, it meant life or death.

As the sun passed noon, the Police passed the word amongst the besieged populace that they were unable to help with what was coming. Half were outraged beyond imagination, some swore at the Police. The other half noticed the Cops silently giving the nod to them; they couldn't say it, but their absence also meant Citizens were free to do what they, the Police, weren't allowed - shoot back in residential areas, and they wouldn't do anything if they kept it to themselves.

A few Officers took a slightly different approach; they hadn't had the time to tally and record the firearms and ammunition captured from dead Black snipers and gang members the previous night, and they owed a big favor to the people who'd stood alongside them regardless of the risk of penalty. They'd saved each others lives. And they'd do it all again tonight too if they had to.

"There's a whole bunch of captured Gang firearms with their ammunition next to them in there, so you may NOT enter that building", more than one officer explicitly ordered nervous citizens, glaring firmly into the eyes of each person in turn, before they withdrew to guard other areas, leaving the front door hanging wide open and the security doors within unlocked.

To their eternal credit, in the face of the imminent threat to their very lives, increasing numbers of Gun Shop owners were now throwing the absolute law, caution aside and opening their doors, giving a gun apiece to neighbors, friends, any law abiding person on condition they repaid or returned them later. Police were turning a blind eye to this, even hinting to suggest they'd been looted if questioned later.

But all that was still only a fraction of what was needed if they wanted to bring the law-abiding population of LA up to the number of guns long known to be in the hands of Gang members and Criminals.

This city and all others were now facing the true legacy of Gun Laws, that "When Guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have Guns" wasn't just a saying, it was absolutely true, as Police, the public had found to their great cost in Europe, the Caribbean, Australia. Every country which had outlawed them suffered as Armed Robberies and Gun Murders immediately soared, and typically with cowardly criminals, there was a huge increase in attacks on the Elderly.

Not just that, but the authorities here too had placed overwhelming emphasis on controlling lawfully held guns, never outlawing them outright so the public wouldn't be

outraged, but steadily restricting them step by step in the name of 'safety'; magazine size, ammunition caliber and power, number and type of firearms held. Not that the ever-greater number of welfare-supported Felons filling our cities cared about any of those restrictions. Any breach by the law-abiding increasingly not only meant Mandatory prosecution, it meant permanent loss of the legal right to hold firearms, a certain Death sentence in more and more US cities today if any criminal took advantage of that. And of course, Authorities had never even considered sweeping known repeat gun criminals, gang residences for unlawfully held guns.

Police were even more infuriated by the media circus which had suddenly descended upon them out of the blue, they said they'd been instructed by their bosses to record the events from safe positions and had elected to stay near Police lines for safety. Everyone believed they'd been sent by Federal Officers to watch them instead, in the hope of catching them in the act of shooting an armed rioter without issuing endless shouted warnings then still waiting until they were fired at first. They told them to fuck off, to get out of their faces and do something useful, grab a gun and help defend a neighborhood or at least record what the rioters were doing to innocent people instead. They didn't budge.

An Officer approached on his own bidding, sarcastically asked them what happened to all the video and news of the 55 people who died during the Rodney King riots; their names, backgrounds, the trials of their killers, as he couldn't remember seeing any of it. He also couldn't remember seeing any details at all of the 4000 injured, their stories and how they came to be hurt.

"Oh, that's right, you didn't take any footage of that, did you? You cared more about a single racist Black loser getting his ass handed to him after attacking officer, not Fifty innocent people murdered or any of the rest of it. Well, there's a lot more than that dead already. You guys like blood and bodies don't you, so why don't you miserable gutless bastards fuck off and take video of them instead!", he shouted.

The massed reporters looked uncomfortable, but didn't reply. The Officer told them "Record this", contemptuously spat on the ground in front of them, showed them his back, slowly and deliberately walked away from them.

Some Officers were refusing to so much as acknowledge the media people, turned their backs upon them every time they approached. Earlier in the day they'd seen them nearby, ignoring bodies of non-Black murder victims, endless streams of non-Black injured at Hospitals, non-Black volunteers assisting Police and preparing to save their lives, while recording obscenely Obese Black women screaming into their TV cameras that they were "Starving to Death" and were being ignored because they were Black.

One of the Officers remarked that it was almost funny; a few days before they'd complained to the very same Cameras that the "Bad Food" they were "Forced" to eat was "Making them ill". Their Obesity and related problems was just the least of the catalog of Health problems which befell Blacks, all entirely self-induced and preventable, but Black newspapers didn't gain the attention they wanted by mentioning that inconvenient little fact. Just as they didn't gain publicity by saying that healthy food was much cheaper than junk food, but when Blacks were led to it and sat down in front of it as they were after Katrina, they walked away from it and demanded Pizza and Beer instead.

Over and over, they saw Blacks saying the same things to suddenly over-eager TV Cameras in gutter accents you had to wade through to try to understand after 400 years in modern America.

"The Gubmint isn't getting power back fast enough for Blacks."

"The Gubmint is sitting there watching Blacks die."

"The Gubmint has to help Blacks more."

"The Gubmint isn't doing enough for Blacks."

"The Gubmint is ignoring Blacks."

"The Gubmint is letting Black areas burn."

"The Gubmint... Blacks..."

"The Gubmint... Blacks..."

"The Gubmint... Blacks..."

And from one Black mouth after another, reporters heard "Will we get our Welfare check this week?"

On the other side of the racial divide, residents were saying to patrolling Officers, but not TV cameras, because they were all focused elsewhere:

"A few days without food never did anyone any harm."

"I need to lose a few kilos anyway."

"Others need food more than I do."

"We've got a weeks food, we'll be fine."

"It's great to go without Television for a change."

"The Governments doing the best they can. They've got a lot to do to restore order."

And, above all else, they asked:

"What can I do to help?"

In Hospitals, the less-injured as well as countless volunteers were often helping the more injured to assist the over-worked staff. They were having to turn away Volunteers,

all of them White and Asian, some remarked.

Not one person was complaining about lack of food, water or much else, they especially didn't blame anyone else. Except for one thing - the lack of protection. But no media person was listening to any of them.

"There's Federal Troops in the city, where the hell are they!"

"Where the hell is our God-damned Army!", increasingly nervous citizens and Police alike were beginning to demand of Police as the sun headed toward the Horizon. If they were being brought back from overseas to assist in this now desperate Nationwide crisis, surely they'd be landing by now on US soil in their massive cargo planes, wouldn't they? They'd been waiting all day, glancing up at any sound in the hope of seeing those planes fly over the city to land at LAX to immediately deploy troops, heavy weapons and armored transports to contain what was rapidly turning into a Racial Civil War. But nobody had heard a single word from them since the start of this damned crisis. Not a peep.

"Don't you know? They're all off making the World a safe place for Democracy", a citizen quipped to Officers, succeeding in making them laugh when they'd never felt so desolately, helplessly low in their lives.

Black Children were beginning to gather and hang around non-Blacks and Police Officers in particular, many doubtless Gang prospects and members, obviously taking note of locations of firing positions being set up by residents, uncovered alleyways, empty houses and streets, firearm numbers and types.

As the Predators they were, knowing all the discreet ins and outs of neighborhoods and streets were instinctively far more important to them than roads; alleyways, under-freeway walkways, subways, bridges, private properties they could cross through. Such accesses had long been 'no-go' areas where 'youths' loitered to ambush hapless citizens passing through, attacking and robbing them, threatening them with death if they ever returned. Whoever dominated those routes controlled the area, they were important as escape routes from each other as well as Law Enforcement, which was why every second local gang tended to name themselves after such accessways they'd claimed for 'their own'. It was a little in-joke among Police that this was the real reason most crime was committed within a few miles of home, they and Teachers often commented that Black youth often didn't know of the existence of parks and facilities more than five miles from the neighborhood they'd hardly ever left their entire lives.

Some Black youths were approaching and talking very politely to Officers then asking them what they were doing. They constantly shooed them away but a few minutes later they'd be back.

A senior Officer called out a dozen Dog handlers. They let the Youths see the Dogs, who instinctively knew what was coming and were already straining at their leashes. At a signal they were all released. A wave of youths instantly fled, some jumping out from hiding places near Police positions they'd secreted themselves into, some leaving things behind in their panic.

"Don't call them back in a hurry, let them have a good Chew first", the handlers were told.

Among the items left behind were two-way radios, guns, and far more ominously, street maps with copious scrawled notes of the locations of Civilian shooters, instant fortifications and street barricades.

"This is not good...", the Officers said as they studied them.

They knew that despite the ever increasing crime, fewer than a quarter of the Whites in the city had guns, luckily some of those had multiple weapons. Society had become like the proverbial frog in hot water, with the temperature slowly rising so they didn't even notice they were in very serious trouble and had been for years. But every single little gang member had ready access to multiple firearms.

They immediately began passing the word out as best as they could among the population of those discoveries as well as what their observers were seeing. If what everyone suspected was going to happen did, the city was in for a hell of a night where only their organization and sheer willpower could win, and they hoped the population were finally realizing that.

In one neighborhood, a muscular ex-military House Builder had become the natural leader of those around him. He'd once successfully routed all on his own a carload of Home invaders invading a neighbors house by charging at them in full fury with a Garden Pitchfork, instantly sending them fleeing despite being armed. Now, he was organizing them in defense of their neighborhood.

When the Black children began sniffing around there too, he shooed them away. They ignored him. He loudly repeated his command, over and over as they continued to ignore him.

Finally one replied "I ain't listenin' to no White Honkey Motherfucker".

The sentence ended with a rifle butt slammed hard against the youths head, knocking him to the ground. The builder put the boot in hard and sent them all fleeing as just one of his neighbors rushed to help while the rest stood staring nervously and muttering among themselves, obviously unused to lifting a finger against a Black, no matter how outrageously criminal, whereas he was used to forcibly removing them from building sites

where they stole tools instead of asking for work.

Some of those neighbors were loading supplies and belongings into their Cars and preparing to leave instead of helping the others. As soon as he'd finished driving the youths out he stormed up to them and asked what the hell they thought they were doing.

"We're leaving, that's what we're doing!"

"And going WHERE!", he shouted back, "Every other place in this city, every city in the Country is just the same, if not worse. Blacks are blocking the highways out of this city, any Car moving is a fucking Target! Their Drugs have run out, there's no Power, no Entertainment, no Fast Food for them, what kind of mood do you think they're going to be in? What the hell do you think is going to happen here!"

"Then what can we do? It's every Man for himself!"

"No, it's every man TOGETHER or we WILL die, do you fucking get it yet!", he screamed at them, "Get your Guns and get on that Fucking line!!!", he furiously ordered the Men and Boys out of their Cars to help the others as they moved Car bodies, concrete and metal pipes onto the roads, dug foxholes, filled bags with soil, cut some shrubbery for easier visibility and hammered long nails through planks to make instant road spikes and mantraps. Others used sandbags, steel plate and water canisters to create instant fortified positions on balconies with visibility for hundreds of meters.

They ran to obey, partly to escape his wrath, partly as their Women instantly agreed with him and cast baleful glares at them.

And so he couldn't be accused of Sexism or Favoritism, he ordered any Women and even Young Teens with guns to join them too.

"We need everyone, and that means you, too. No exceptions. Get up there!", he told them.

Only a fraction of the people here had guns, he'd already put them where they'd be the most use. When the time came, when the shooting began, the rest of the block had to be hidden away safely but where they could be ordered out in seconds if need be. In the meantime, they were put to work as others took turns keeping watch over roads, entrances.

People might have been morally dulled by the constant talk of 'racism' and Political Correctness, being told they were the problem and not Blacks, weakened by a constant barrage of movies showing ordinary people dividing and screaming at each other instead of joining forces in the face of the slightest enemy and becoming a worse enemy to each other than the original problem they'd faced. But people used to obeying orders from the Media and Police and Teachers and Bosses still obeyed furious orders from a Natural Leader who knew what he was doing.

When one foxhole under a dense bush was ready to his satisfaction, he ordered the digger to start on another.

"Why?", they invariably asked.

"Because when it gets dark, you'll be watching for gun flashes as well as movement, and so will they. They'll have fixed location on you, and they'll be mobile while you'll be stuck in that hole. What do you think will happen then?"

"You win", they said.

And for the strong possibility of watchers keeping an eye on their preparations, he had them build a couple of crude, very prominent firing positions in blindingly obvious places nobody in their right mind would occupy; on the top of roofs, trees. When the time came, not before, he intended to put dim lamps, crude dummies in them to attract as much attention as possible away from their true positions, and hopefully attract fire and get location on the shooters. If the worst came to the worst, they needed every advantage they had.

He was giving a constant stream of advice as well as orders. Among them were not to use lights unless absolutely necessary, not to light fires except to make their opponents move the way you wanted them to. Anything else, and they'd be infinitely more use to an enemy than themselves. They wanted slow moving targets feeling their way in the dark, not fast moving ones using kindly provided light guiding them right to their targets. He told the armed people to choose partners to back them up and help watch over them. He gave them endless tips, to keep their spare ammunition on themselves and not next to them on the ground in case they had to move fast, to practice reloading with their eyes closed because they'd be doing it in pitch black, to change position every few shots even if only by a few feet at a time. And above all, simple group tactics so they wouldn't "Shoot each others asses off in the dark", as he put it.

In other areas, people had much less success in organizing their neighbors. Individuals who knew what was coming, were doing what they could, but were ignored and even abused by very Liberal neighbors for doing so even as countless smoke columns towered overhead. Those neighbors were still very racially aware, to the point of going to extremes to exclude themselves from 'minority' areas, while violently overlooking the racial facts which dominated this city. They seemed to believe so much as reporting Black crime was racist, to the point of staring at anyone even contemplating doing something about an assault going down right in front of them.

They were asked to load their guns and help prepare, but instead replied "That's Illegal, and it's Racist!", "We can't do that, it's wrong!", "The Police will take care of it, it's their job, not yours!", "If you ever show that in public again or aim it at anyone, I'll report you!", and much more. They'd long considered those few to be the only

criminals among them, not for actually committing crime, but for wanting something done about it.

Finally the few who were preparing swore furiously and gave up in absolute frustration, went it alone and hoped for the best, prepared to leave for saner areas or try to escape the city if the worst came to the worst. They carried guns in public for all to see, set out their ammunition, barricaded their windows, made shelters and firing positions but saw their neighbors cowering, watching them and desperately trying and retrying their phones and mobiles to call the Police upon them.

One had little doubt that if they were being broken into and assaulted, they would leap to the defense of their attacker if a neighbor intervened, would spit on them for being 'racist', and feel smug as the Police arrested them in the knowledge they'd be gang raped by racist savages in prison. The last straw for him was a neighbor hiding in the shadows behind his window, videotaping him, while others all around continued staring in shock at him as he prepared to defend their lives for them. Furious as he'd never been in his life, he picked up a large brick and threw it through the window of the watcher with the video camera as hard as he could.

The sun edged closer to the Horizon.

Professional Hunters, amateur shooters and gun owners alike stopped preparing barricades, safe places for families, false firing positions, turned to the serious business of preparing their true foxholes under fencelines and dense bushes now that they were sure any possible Gang watchers would by now be back with their Gang friends and eagerly awaiting the chance to attack non-Blacks when it was dark. Night Vision only made things visible, but just as in daytime you still had to spot the enemy sometimes right in front of you. They covered themselves with sacking and impromptu camouflage netting, anything to help blend into the darkness. Thermal vision was a whole different matter, there was no hiding from that except physical barriers to reflect or absorb heat.

Electricians and building inspectors who'd previously used them to instantly spot overheated circuits, water damage, missing insulation and hot spots were joining the Hunters to act as their spotters to watch accesses into neighborhoods. A few people with Night Vision, rifles and two-way radios pushed out roofing tiles or lay flat on high-rise balconies reinforced with sand and soil bags to relay to those below what they could see. Most preferred to stay at ground level, not just for mobility or to be a sitting duck, but so as not to waste one bullet tracking fast moving targets from above.

A few had definitely been long preparing for this inevitable day, put on multiple layers of clothing under Kevlar vests, remembering the infamous '97 North Hollywood shootout between the two armored, heavily armed bank robbers and the perpetually out-gunned LAPD, who were sent fleeing to civilian shops to buy better weapons. Others found thick metal plates, strapped them to their chests and stomachs as armor. Ordinary bullets would hurt like hell and leave huge bruises, but heavy bullets would still pass through like a hot knife through butter. "Better something than nothing...", they said.

The few Professional soldiers among the civilians had been giving instruction to them as best as they could. As suggested, some had manned barricades as a highly visible deterrent by day and a target to aim for by night, now they began moving out of sight and into their hidden foxholes, knowing the Gangs who'd doubtless been paying attention to their preparations should be paying attention to what was readily visible.

In high-rise blocks which had almost emptied the previous night as the residents fled under intense fire, snipers completed their preparations. They threw open every window and door to confuse their opponents then hunkered down behind sandbagged shelters prepared on every floor. A few secreted themselves into ventilation shafts with a view of the outside, one even hid himself in a air conditioning unit he'd stripped the contents out of during the day.

Everywhere, defenders watched and listened, determined to react only to what they saw, determined not to fire the first shot. They'd have been perfectly happy to be left alone, to stay on armed watch forever as a deterrent, but from numerous painful and very personal past experiences they knew that wouldn't be the case. Blacks would as always force violence upon others. And that was just with individual crime. But with packs, entire gangs, entire blocks of Hate filled Blacks on the move... They'd all read the crime stories, they'd all seen the victims of the previous night, in some cases family members, friends.

And Telescopic Observers, Helicopters, radio listeners, Battery powered wireless Police cameras, hidden microphones normally used for triangulating gunfire were already picking up endless parades of figures moving. And their words weren't of getting along, fleeing or even of looting. They were of killing and much more.

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What Matt had said to him about a few people who really knew what they were doing setting whole Nations on fire, was looking more like truth to Aaron the more he thought about it. Our leaders sure as hell didn't believe in the Liberal ideas that'd brought War to the West, the people who were forced to live with the results didn't, hell, even Liberals didn't really believe in their own ideas. So who did? It seemed to him that a

remarkably few people really had literally set the West on fire. The only people he could think of who really did were a few University lecturers, and of course faceless 'social groups' and 'community activists' who were never seen or heard by the public, but seemed to carry a huge influence with our leaders. Every day they ended peoples careers with a few whispered words of 'racism'. And our leaders jumped to do their bidding.

That wasn't really important any more. Only their results, he thought.

The Hate they'd created in America was so great that even Black Religious cults had dedicated themselves to it. Such as President-elect Obamas Black-hate church. And that was just the 'Friendly' face of the Hate. The Gangs and Welfare areas our Welfare had created and funded without limit were the front line.

As the sun set that evening, they once more spied tendrils of smoke from cooking fires rising above the trees across the river. It was just as the kids had said, people had come to the Forest.

Billy and Cassy were the only innocent parties in this, he thought. They continued living as though nothing could affect them. If only it were that simple, he thought. As always they were up chatting till late, he and Barbara were more lax on them in some ways in response to their increased sense of responsibility.

Aaron would be awake late too, but not for the same reasons.

His thoughts weren't for himself, or even much for his family right now. He knew what was happening all over the country, now an all but declared warzone. Because of him. And he couldn't even be there for them as their World burned around them. He wasn't looking forward to that night, he hadn't slept much since getting the phone call telling him when to hit the button, and not just because he'd been frantically busy. Because when he did, his dreams weren't pleasant.

Liberals liked to say that 'Bad people feel their debt to society just as keenly as Good people', among many other feel-good bullshit slogans trying to tell us all people were equal. Like Hell. If that saying alone was true, our Prisons wouldn't be filled with repeat Black offenders, our Cities wouldn't be festering holes of crime, and this War wouldn't have become a desperate, absolute last-ditch necessity.

Those Liberals conveniently didn't tell our Children that to the end of his days, Mussolini bemoaned 'The body under my feet', namely a Socialist his supporters had murdered. Compare that to the Black killers in our cities and prisons, who regularly boasted of their crimes to anyone who'd listen. Or for that matter our leaders, who enforced 'Diversity' upon unwilling people by law and left a trail of Deaths, destroyed lives and ruined city blocks behind them, and not one of them so much as looked back, didn't apologize to or apparently even notice their victims.

He'd begun his Virus project out of anger, but always hoping to see some glimmer of hope to make him stop. The knowledge of what he was going to bring about had given him pause on many occasions, but the news of each new crime atrocity made him continue.

Any Host which lost the ability or strength to fight off infection was Fatally ill, it was that simple. If it was tricked into allowing sections of itself to become loaded with wildly reproducing, destructive cells which pushed all others aside and only took from the Host, the medical term was Cancer.

Any Society which breached Natures Laws, valued the 'Diversity' of Undomesticated Feral Savages who hated every other colored citizen and every last vestige of Civilization, above that society's Success, Safety, Freedom and even the whole Nations' Economy and Survival, that society was Dying.

And a Society which forbade any hint of citizen uprising against monstrous crime levels, and actually refused to so much as send their Army into their own stricken Cities to fight increasingly organized Terror against its productive citizens, that society was on the brink of dying out forever. From within, not without.

He just couldn't handle any more of seeing his friends, family suffering, of seeing his once-safe City and Nation now heading toward Bankruptcy and total Ethnic chaos, and seeing savage criminals who destroyed lives somehow valued even more highly than contributing citizens. Our working people were literally waiting to die while our Cities were destroyed by their inhabitants, and our leaders and media were happy to play fiddles with the Truth.

Regardless, he'd been hoping to the last minute to receive a second phone call from his unknown benefactors telling him to stop, that something had changed, that President Bush was going to use his speech in the National Security Computing center to make an announcement stopping welfare waste, increasing gun rights, giving any hint of sanity and restoration of hope for the US and the World. He'd have been perfectly happy for all his work to have been for nothing, to have deleted it and be forgotten without so much as a footnote.

But there was no phone call. The Televised speech had been all about increasing US Government control, removing more Freedom and Hope, and pushing the US yet another small step toward its fast-approaching end.

And he'd hit the button. Started a damned War in America, supposedly the Worlds safest

place.

Now he had to live with arguably the most monstrous single action in History. Or the Greatest single act of Defiance against Tyranny ever. It was yet to be decided.

To their surprise, when it got dark, of the massed people in the distance who'd occupied the forest ridge near the still-burning town the night before, there was no sign. They'd disappeared.

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Kenneth Riley was driving through countryside many miles from the nearest city, watching endless tracts of productive planted farmland and occasional buildings whiz past. Every mile or so the entire landscape changed color at an abrupt boundary as another crop took over. The sheer scale of the production here was staggering, to really appreciate it you had to fly over it and see for hour after hour the endless stream of fields. This was Americas heartland, where the real value and power of the nation was, where Americas primary exports were made to feed their cities and entire countries alike.

The people who lived and worked here were the real power and muscle of the country, they were the direct descendants of the Pioneers, and every bit as hard working and dedicated if not more so. They were the base of the economy, the lifeblood of the whole Nation and a large part of the World, and the Nations very most important link. But not, apparently any more, according to faceless beaurocrats in Washington. The importance and respect they'd been held in for generations had gradually diminished over the last few decades until they were just another insignificant producer to the country, and in the eyes of the law just as equal as the criminals who in the last few years had begun swarming over the landscape, terrorizing isolated farmers and towns alike.

A week before, Kenneth had been a senior executive in an inner city prepackaged food production and wholesale factory. He'd been charged with inventory and production scheduling, was one of the best at balancing costs with seasonal production and demand, he had a real talent and intimate knowledge for locating the best time and place to purchase raw products in bulk to keep costs to a minimum. Their main lines were burger products and instant meals to satisfy the demands of the inner-city clientele, and he'd loved the challenge of constantly developing new lines and meeting demand for special deals as well as keeping up with the favorites. Things were constantly changing and evolving, and it was a never ending challenge to balance storage and production. He loved it.

Now, he had a score to settle with the very people he'd been helping feed for over a decade. His leg was still weak from the bullet that'd inflicted nerve damage years before, and his heart was destroyed after the ATM standover-robbery that'd ended with both he and his son being shot even though they'd done as the Police advised and fully complied with all demands rather than resist. His friends told him he was lucky, he didn't consider himself lucky.

The turning point for him wasn't the shooting, but the Police Officers who interviewed him in his Hospital room. Instead of a few words of sympathy then asking details and descriptions, the first thing out of their mouth was "What did you do to provoke them into shooting you?". They searched his house looking for Gang links, found a blue t-shirt his son had bought a decade before at a sci-fi convention and hadn't worn since, used it to declare to the press "The shooting may be Gang related". Only after his vigorous protests was the motive reluctantly changed to "A Robbery gone wrong".

He told Officers "They had nothing but Hate in their eyes", but his demands that a racial motive at least be considered was flatly denied. To the best of his knowledge the offenders weren't even asked if that was the case.

Only then in his sheltered life did he finally learn firsthand in the courtroom that any little White on Black slight went nationwide while a thousand violent Black on White atrocities went unreported even locally. And once he began to notice the pattern, it only became more obvious. He couldn't understand why he hadn't seen it before even though it was right in front of him, it was if he'd been kicked out of bed and forced to see the light.

He saw that a headline was infinitely more likely to scream "We've found a way Blacks are disadvantaged!", "Someone has said a slur against Blacks!", "Someone has apologized for saying the N-word twenty years ago!", "We've interviewed a witness to a Civil Rights era crime!", "Someone has used too much force defending themselves against Black crime!", "A Black has decided something is offensive!", "A Black isn't getting the money they asked for!" than warn "Any Non-Black who sets foot in these areas will be attacked or killed on sight out of pure Racial hatred", "If you cross this street and don't belong, you WILL be killed", "If you're White and you don't take special precautions when there are Blacks around, you'll be a victim", "Without exception, wherever you have a large population of Blacks, racial crime against different colored people will always follow". Or in his case, "Two people who've contributed to society their whole lives were shot overnight by people who've never contributed a Dime".



And with his newly opened eyes, he noticed that the mere sighting of something resembling a noose was an immediate 'Hate Crime' investigated by Federal Police, while a mass beating of a non-Black using weapons by epithets spewing Blacks was an 'alleged Bias crime'. A quick scrawl somehow written inside a Black persons home with no sign of forced entry was investigated by Federal Police as a Hate Crime, while a school covered with graffiti urging Blacks to attack Whites was scrubbed clean and treated as a minor disciplinary matter. A racial slur shouted from a speeding Car by a drunk White was kept in the news for a week as descriptions of the vehicle and driver were released and various Black Leaders were quoted, while an unprovoked mass attack by a horde of Blacks upon a sole White was treated as 'Non-racial' and achieved a paragraph with no description of the assailants provided. More coverage was given to the trial of a person who'd shot at a burglar and missed, than the trial of a Black double murderer who'd violently destroyed countless more lives before then.

And he noticed that a front page headline lauded the arrest of a "Controversial", Universally-Hated 'Supremacist' who'd many years before said something someone didn't like, opposed racism, had never in his life committed an act of Violence or even supported it. Meanwhile the rest of the paper was filled with paragraph writeups of insanely violent Black crime upon multiple victims committed with the full support of their families and friends, who filled the courtrooms on work days to give support to the criminal and intimidate the victim further. Their crimes received little or no publicity, and their presence and constant Racial Hatred publicly spewed on the streets of once-safe communities wasn't so much as described as "Controversial".

It began to hurt him to find our free media was more interested in finding any hint of White 'racism' than reporting on an insanely vicious Black racial gang, every member of whom had lists of prior convictions, not school and work qualifications. Those ever-fewer thought criminals received far more attention than Thousands of Black Gang Leaders all over America, despite spreading their Drug, Crime and Racial plague to every last corner of America, destroying countless lives, and knowing about, ordering and even assisting in often Dozens of murders each.

For the first time, he began to have sympathy for those unfortunate Criminals seemingly opposed to our Government. When he gave it some thought, he realized he didn't even know what those people were supposed to believe in that made them so bad, all we heard were vague catch-words, a few long-ago recordings by reporters which were always led along the same self-incriminating paths, and endless talk of 'racism'. As best as he could remember, it'd been twenty years since any was arrested for an actual crime, only for being caught up in vague conspiracies and getting endless prison terms for it. And despite what we heard, none had ever tried any kind of Takeover or Ethnic cleansing in the history of the US, whereas Black gangs did both in every US city and town every single day.

To the best of his knowledge there wasn't even a dedicated Federal team dedicated to watching organized US Gang crime across the Nation, their means of contact and distribution of Guns and Drugs, not even across State lines. Whereas the evidence in every 'Supremacist' trial made it clear they'd been under International Surveillance from multiple agencies; "These are Violent, Dangerous people who everyone needs to watch and be aware of", was a typical statement made about them by Police.

If those people really were opposed to our Government, which he was now beginning to suspect might be the case just from the adverse publicity, then right now he really wanted to at least hear for himself what they had to say instead of taking the Media and Government word for it. He could always reject it if he didn't like it. But there was no place at all he could visit to find more about their true positions and viewpoints, and by now it was well known that those places which did exist on the Net were Government-run traps to collect IP addresses. No, that avenue was completely gone to him and everyone else. He wished the Police had sought his Sons killers as hard as those people had been...

It bothered him that he knew infinitely more about Al-Quaeda than about anyone who genuinely sought Freedom from Crime and Racial Hatred in America, or even if there actually was such a group any more. Al-Quaeda had committed less than a thousandth of the number of Black Crime related Deaths in America, but received infinitely more publicity. And anyone who publicly sought positive racial change within America received worse publicity than entire Race Riots.

So much for Freedom in the Land of the Free, he thought. You weren't even allowed to come to an opinion by yourself any more, and so much as stating it was enough to have you fired from public and private positions alike. All you were allowed to do was keep your mouth shut and let society destruct around you, and believe that you were somehow better off despite watching the life fading from every last one of our Cities.

While talking with other Victims at support groups before and during the trial he found he definitely wasn't alone, most had been through the same thing to some degree. Many said the same thing, the media obsessed over any possible racial angle with White victims but completely ignored Black ones. Some of their cases were far worse than his, but they hadn't gotten any publicity at all. From them he learned that just like him, a number of

savage street attacks began with Blacks trying idle chatter, pretending to be friendly before striking. He wished he and the rest of society had been warned of that by Police. Some had friends, relatives, close family who thought they'd befriended Blacks, let them into their homes and lives, only to be killed by them. One remarked to him that the closer you got to Blacks, the worse the damage they inflicted on you and everyone around you; no wonder they were always fleeing from each other. They also warned him of what could well happen in the courtroom, which he still didn't want to believe.

In Court, his grief and shock were only added to. Just about the first thing out of the defense lawyers mouth was "Did you say something racial to provoke trouble?" and "Have you ever said anything racial?", while his sons killers smirked in their box. His attackers and their families repeatedly claimed the arrest was 'mistaken identity' despite his identification being found in their car, they claimed the Police were out to arrest the first Blacks they found, they were being prosecuted for no other reason than being Black and in the wrong place at the wrong time, insinuated that he was a racist who'd pointed out the first Blacks he saw despite them being identified from security camera video. They and their friends abused him both inside and outside court, imitated the way he was forced to walk after being shot.

Oh yeah, they'd had finally gone to prison, for what that was worth. He'd lost his Son, but the papers seemed more interested in reporting on 'The Racial questions raised by the shooting' than the fact a completely innocent person had been murdered for no reason at all. He refused to believe remorseless, pointless murder occurred for no reason at all, he could think of only one reason they'd open fire after the robbery was done, but the media stepped around that subject and refused at any time to speculate on any motive other than 'Robbery'. He refused to believe that of all the people involved; the Offenders, their families, the Police who'd interviewed them, the reporters covering the story, not a single one of them could so much as say why it really happened or even discuss it.

Instead, the papers seemed to go out of their way to only find people who said positive things about the remorseless offenders; "He had everything going for him... He was a promising graduate with a Basketball career ahead of him... He was popular... He has a 2 year old son who he adores...". At the same time they couldn't stoop low enough to find negative things to say about his dead son; "He had a scrape with the law years before... he drifted from one job to another..."

It drove him mad that despite all his personal talks with court reporters and phone calls to newspapers, nowhere was he quoted at all, in fact they seemed to go out of their way to avoid speaking to him. It was if his Son was relegated to distant second place behind his murderers, their families every word was taken for gospel while his were forgotten. The feelings of Savages who'd destroyed a productive life for no reason were more important than the lives of decent people.

He'd felt sympathy for them before and trust in the court process, now all he had was hate for them and the utterly remorseless families and community they'd come from, and the Government and media which had brought this insanity and hatred upon a civilized society.

All he'd been left with was the memory of his son being lowered into his final resting place. That, and his Hate.

The knock on his door a week after the trial ended had been both a shock and pleasant surprise. The Gentleman patiently waiting on his doorstep were huge, both physically and mentally.

He'd done exactly as so many others had before him, jumped at the chance for payback. They made no demands of him at all, only that he personally prepare himself for a future possibility. His first impression was that he'd been met by some sort of anti-company activists, or maybe Police Officers trying to sting him for conspiracy, but their suggestion he take a Forest survival course convinced him otherwise. They gave him a place and time for a survival and hunting course he'd already been booked into, all he had to do was take that step on his own and go there. They gave no other information at all, left the rest entirely up to him, but advised him the people he'd meet in the Forest had nothing to do with them. When the time was right, they'd meet again. It might not be for Ten years, but it could just as easily be in Two weeks, they said.

Only when they were gone did he realize they'd never introduced themselves at all, they just came and went. 'A future possibility'... Officers doing a Federal sting would have stated outright what they were offering or what they wanted from him in order to entrap him in short order in some kind of conspiracy, they'd be contacting him over and over, pushing, demanding some kind of illegal behavior, overseeing it if need be to get the desired result. These had left it at that, the rest was entirely up to him. Whoever they were, they definitely weren't Government.

They were right in one thing. The time away in the Forest gave him quiet space on his own to think as well as prepared him physically and mentally, which he later suspected was what they really wanted. He'd taken the initiative and gathered over time a few guns, a mountain of ammunition, secreted them away.

It'd been so long since they contacted him and he'd so immersed himself in his job again that he'd almost forgotten about them, until his private unlisted phone rang in the dead

of night, alerting him in the vaguest way possible that there was a urgent note waiting for him in his letterbox outside in the dark. It gave the time and location of a meeting where they had instructions for him. Again, they didn't want to give much detail, but with all that'd been happening to his town and the manufacturing facility he'd all but given up hope, and he didn't particularly mind doing as they asked. All they hinted when he inquired was that things were about to get very interesting for America.

His home town was well into the Racial decline so many others had suffered with crime exploding. Even his beloved job had been turning into a Racial Nightmare he was coming to the verge of walking away from, with malicious employees he couldn't dismiss for the threats of discrimination lawsuits they'd instantly thrown at him. And with their friends and co-workers backing them up in their lies, they'd win too. Several he'd been forced to make humiliating deals with; in return for not turning up at work where they intentionally destroyed machinery and spread waste in product lines, they'd continue to be paid forever. They'd laughed in his face as they walked out the door, which was no doubt exactly what they wanted.

Their instructions were simple, but more difficult to conceal. He'd ordered a small drop in production while maintaining output in order to gradually reduce the stored product in frozen warehouses, made up orders for maintenance to both the plant and warehouses requiring several days shutdown, and allayed suspicion by telling the warehouses that the temporary shortfall would be made up by other plants in the retail chain. His last order as an employee of the factory was to give the entire production staff two days off work, fully paid, which of course they gleefully accepted.

An hour later his dismissal came through in triplicate, together with a legal writ demanding his appearance in court in 3 days time to explain his willful sabotage of both production and supply. The Company National office itself sent its lawyers to serve notice informing him they had a fully documented paper trail of his actions, he could expect permanent civil and legal repercussions for what he'd done to his company and was "highly likely" to lose everything and go to prison for his malicious actions. And, he was warned, if their Competitors heard about the sudden shortfall, he could expect the Civil consequences to be worse still. They'd have their work cut out trying to keep it quiet and regain the losses he'd incurred. He didn't give a shit, told them that to their face and slammed the door shut. In the increasingly furious mobile phone calls company lawyers made to try and get information from him, he gathered it had taken two days alone to contact everyone and try and get them to return to work. He threw his phone away when he left his home for the last time.

There wasn't a third day of course. Aaron Winters had taken care of that. But by then he was at the destination he'd been ordered to. Once again, without any details given. He was getting used to that. Before leaving his home for the last time he'd followed their instructions; switch off his mobile phone and withdraw traveling cash rather than use his credit card so he couldn't be tracked too easily. He also left his computer online as suggested to help throw the Police off his trail, an explanation he didn't quite believe, but with nothing to lose he did as they asked. Only later he realized that every computer available meant the Virus worked faster and increased the chance of success. With hundreds of like-minded people he'd seen the nearby towns lights go out, then a few hours later red glows appear in the sky as the fires began to burn. And more people were constantly arriving from all over the country. Whatever was happening, it had obviously been planned well in advance, they'd all left their homes before the Virus attack and the city and country roads becoming jammed.

Kenneth had to laugh when he learned his unknown benefactors were behind the Virus and the degree of long-term damage it'd done. He knew better than most about the food situation in the cities and what was going to happen. He'd long noticed that the inner city residents practically never bought vegetables, their shopping trolleys were invariably filled with brightly colored fizzy drinks more expensive than gasoline, snack food and expensive meats purchased with food stamps. Numerous sales reps he'd met over the years had confirmed his suspicion that shops in 'poor' areas rarely kept vegetables, the population in those places didn't touch them even when they were heavily discounted. That would involve doing something more than putting an expensive, welfare paid, highly flavored pre-packaged meal into the microwave.

Charity groups told him they hadn't accepted donations of basic foods like flour for a long time because the people they were trying to help didn't know what to do with them, some were closing down because 'poor' clientele with high-value Cars increasingly refused cooked home meals and demanded Pizza, McDonalds and Beer instead, sometimes attacking staff if they didn't get exactly what they wanted even though everything was provided free. He used to supply them with end-runs and meals where an ingredient had been missed out, they wouldn't accept those any more either as threats now resulted from serving them. Welfare people too had tried telling them that healthy food cost much less to prepare, but the reply was variants of "I don't have time for that Shit!"

A few years before, Head Office planned to create large scale Job Initiatives in those places with more factories, this time in Black areas to cater to the disadvantaged people in person and provide much-needed employment. And with his newly-opened eyes, Kenneth saw the situation exactly as it would play out, sat back to watch. He naturally declined the

offered 'Opportunity' to be moved there at company expense to help set the place up. The proposals, plans were written up in the most glowing terms in newspapers, complete with Politicians endorsements and thanks. Thousands of jobs, a future and careers would be opened up to Blacks. But suddenly it wasn't alright. Black organizations protested the steam pipes and exhaust would "Poison the Black community". The initial managers would be White before Locals were trained for those positions, which meant "Poor Blacks would be Enslaved yet again". And when they couldn't find enough local Blacks who passed basic tests and hinted at advertising elsewhere, Blacks protested "Racial Takeover in our area". In the end the plans were dropped completely. Not one Black leader who supposedly cared for their people complained that thousands of potential jobs had just been completely lost to them in one swoop. And Kenneth smiled when the news reluctantly filtered through the company network. Those people weren't really interested in job initiatives at all, only pretended to be. The factories had instead been built in economically depressed farming towns, which welcomed them with open arms and no complaints at all. Those towns were almost 100% White, he noted from the employee records.

With the ever-increasing Inner city violence, some of his delivery drivers had increasingly refused to deliver to those places without escorts, which meant supplies in those areas were patchy, unreliable at best. The reserves in those places were almost nonexistent. The few warehouses in those places were built like supermax prisons, and they'd been shutting down for years as costs exceeded income regardless.

Kenneth knew that after the first few days without power all the stored frozen food might as well be trucked to the dump. The supermarkets would be emptying, followed by the warehouses. And after that... He knew the US had vast storage facilities full of millions of tonnes of agricultural produce, grain, frozen butter among others, so much surplus that the Farmers had in places been paid not to produce. Without power to run those plants, all that was worthless. And even the vast frozen warehouses with tens of thousands of tonnes of stored food would only last so long without emergency or generator power.

Food was the ticking bomb that would explode at the hands of these pathologically racist, violent people. A situation he'd happily contributed toward. Those people would not so much as wait a few days for service to be resumed, show an iota of patience, help each other, use any initiative, assist by protecting vital installations, assist workers. They did not think ahead of their own nose, they had no reserve food or water or any emergency preparations whatsoever. Instead, they would demand what they wanted and explode like never before, and show America once and for all what they truly were. From the flames in the distance, it had already begun. And it would rapidly worsen.

In the next days they received training at the Forest assembly point from ex-military types in a new type of warfare. A few of them were reluctant and were taken aside for other jobs that'd need doing at the same time, their time would come later. The instructors had an odd look on their faces as they sorted them out; Kenneth had the impression something was being saved for them. The rest were chosen for their enthusiasm and any previous military and hunting experience to form teams under the command of selected people. It wasn't pleasant by any means, but they'd all seen by now that there really wasn't any choice, otherwise they wouldn't have been there. It was what the Blacks wanted and had even boasted about wanting, and in increasing numbers of cases, they'd actually done, but the media had blithely concealed.

Americas Blacks weren't interested in Martin Luther Kings 'Dream' of Equality, or voting rights, or much else for that matter. For the last 40 years since the Civil Rights movement, the only result had been ever-increasing hate. With every courtesy, every new welfare grant, every preferential hiring, every new regulation where Police couldn't fire upon or arrest rampaging Blacks, every new 'sensitivity' training package for Whites to teach them how not to upset hyper-aggrieved Blacks, the hate only ever grew. Hate so great that entire chunks of every city and town were absolutely off-limits to Whites and everyone else. The Crime Statistics alone could only be described as an undeclared Racial war, despite intensely self-segregating themselves there were more Black on White crimes than Black on Black, meaning they purposely sought out White victims.

He thought back to some of the comments Blacks had made in the past, in person, in music and everywhere else people cared to listen, before the real censoring began and they became ever more difficult to find in print, then they couldn't be found online at all. They were only the start of the insanely violent hate which had consumed the inner areas of every major city, killed any outsider stupid enough to venture into or worse yet, actually live in majority Black areas. That music showed the mentality of the inhabitants of our Cities, who were turning them into the exact same Jungles that had killed every last non-Black in Haiti and Africa. And it had come to urban, then suburban and increasingly, rural America.

"We kill the women. We kill the babies. We kill the blind. We kill the cripples. We kill them all. When you get through killing them all, go to the goddamn graveyard and kill them a-goddamn-gain because they didn't die hard enough." [KHALID ABDUL MUHAMMED (on what South African

blacks should do to any whites who refuse to leave South Africa)  
November 29, 1993 speech at Kean College in Union, New Jersey.]

"Niggas in the church say: kill whi tey all night long. .  
. the white man is the devil. . . . the CRIPS and Bloods are  
soldiers I'm recruiting with no dispute; drive-by shooting on this  
white genetic mutant. . . . let's go and kill some rednecks. . . .  
Menace Clan ain't afraid. . . . I got the .380; the homies think I'm  
crazy because I shot a white baby; I said; I said; I said: kill  
whi tey all night long. . . . a nigga dumping on your white ass; fuck  
this rap shit, nigga, I'm gonna blast. . . . I beat a white boy to  
the motherfucking ground; "Kill Whi tey!!!"

White hate music was rare and publicly ostracized. Black hate music was both mainstream and accepted. Black music speaking of anything other than Hate flopped, Black Hate music flourished everywhere in America. The 'culture' of Hip-hop Hate was embraced without a hint of apology by a single one of the Black community, but not one of our leaders seemed to want to mention that to the public. In one hate-filled song after another on virtually every single Black radio station and CD track anyone could hear it for themselves, the call to Hate and attack all others, and increasingly to murder all non-Blacks when the time was right.

Despite all the Race Hate laws on the books, the very same Time Warner which immediately removed Whites from its AOL server for saying the unspeakable 'N-word', also produced and sold Black "music" calling for the extermination of all non-Blacks. Music telling Blacks to take money from non-Blacks through violent robberies, drug sales and home invasions because "working 9 to 5 don't cut it", taunting Blacks who didn't sell drugs, laughing at them because they worked and didn't make enough money to entertain women or buy nice clothes, threatening to hurt anyone who got in the way of the Drug trade. Tens of thousands of cheering Blacks called for the Extermination of Whites at Black Rap concerts, in our Colleges, on the air. Blacks were encouraged, rewarded for committing Hate Crimes every time a Black Rap song was played.

Music found in abundance, in fact complete exclusion to any other in the homes, vehicles and on both of his sons killers when they were captured, but was never entered into evidence as proof of the real motive for the completely unnecessary murder. He heard his Sons killers loudly playing it on their Ipods while waiting outside the Courtroom, but the only thing the high-priced lawyers appointed to them for Free wanted to hear from him was the dreaded 'N-word', tried as hard as they could to provoke it, without success.

On impulse Kenneth opened the window of his Car and shot his arm out in a Roman salute. The gesture was immediately reciprocated by the passengers of the Car behind him and so on down the line, together with thumbs up and obvious cheering. He glanced down at his fully loaded rifles and pistol and spare magazines, then into the rear vision mirror. There must be, what, five hundred Vehicles in the convoy? There were everything from Motorcycles to big industrial Trucks in there. Minutes later the salute was still being passed on down into the distance. There had to be several miles of Cars with at least a Thousand people in them, he thought.

And they weren't alone, he knew there were other groups meeting and organizing elsewhere of disenfranchised, purposeless Men and Women who'd lost all hope. Well, when you'd lost your future to legalized predators, you had no rights, the media actively encouraged your attackers, the Law ordered you to allow ethnic cleansing of your jobs and neighborhoods, you were given no legal option to escape the mess, then the Law deserved only to be pissed on.

In the face of all that, you still had your anger to carry you through. And, by god, he and the others there had some personal rage to work out. For some, hate and determination were all they had left. Not a few of the fighters-to-be had scarred bodies and scarred minds which went a lot deeper than the physical wounds. They all had similar stories, varying only in details.

Upon approaching their destination around sunset as planned, they slowed, spread out, split into smaller groups to hide their strength and approached from different directions, before driving their vehicles off the roads and hiding their presence as best as they could. When it was dark, their time would come.

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In Los Angeles, the fires and shooting increased enormously once more as the sun set, matched by a traumatized, hurting but outraged population who'd taken it upon themselves to return fire as wildly spent bullets landing on rooftops announced the start of the second nights mayhem. The first aimed shots were fired by rioters aiming at luxury apartments and high-rise retirement blocks. The line was crossed.

At the outskirts of a Black area, a gigantic fireball rose into the sky as a Propane storage depot exploded into the sky, incinerating and blowing apart those who'd started the fire without thinking of the consequences. Debris, hot sharp metal shards and body

parts landed miles away, cut a swathe through already massing rioters. Yet another massive own-goal from the Black community, shaken Police remarked as secondary fireballs ripped into the sky. No Fire or Emergency vehicles moved in to assist.

"No matter what happens, even if people die around you, hold the damned line", waiting armed people told each other in earnest.

Others had a more poignant final piece of advice; "If I'm badly hurt, don't let me suffer, and don't let me fall alive into THEIR hands...", they promised each other.

Teams of Professional and amateur Hunters were quickly covering main roads as best as they could, already shooting rioters outlined by flames with single patient shots, and few misses.

The Gang members strutting along fearlessly with heavy mach neguns, AK-47's and flak jackets at the front of long queues of Gang members were their very first targets; high powered, even more highly accurately fired bullets exploded their heads and continued into the distance with hardly a pause, often scything through more rioters as they went. And each time the leader of the pack was taken down that suddenly from an unseen shooter, the rest scattered.

"Bring it on, you fucking gutless pack of Wankers!" some screamed at Black mobs as they began their long nights constant watch, wait, shoot and change position game with their night vision armed spotters and backups watching over them.

Some were watching intently for their opposing numbers, any Black snipers trying to position themselves in obvious and not so obvious positions, the rest started with any armed Black they saw before setting their sights on the unending mass of rioters and looters roaming everywhere. In Military terms it was a "Target rich environment", and they'd positioned themselves where they could pick and choose to send the rest packing.

But they all knew they could only do so much. Each organized bunch of shooters could only cover a few main roads and a few blocks. That left vast swaths of the city open to attack, and if they fell, they'd be next. The rest was up to the civilian population, and they hoped they damned well realized it.

As they'd been ordered for too many years, in the face of unrelenting hate and crime the Police began to withdraw yet again instead of arresting criminals, abandoning residents and blocks to feral savages. All they could do was tell residents to shoot back if they could or leave with them if they couldn't, as they backed down step by step, withdrawing street by street, suburb by suburb under pressure rather than shoot back as their every trained and human instinct told them to do. Refreshed and encouraged by the Police withdrawal, rioters threw ever-increasing waves of hate into peaceful neighborhoods that'd prepared for their arrival.

Virtually all areas held firm, many quickly diverting raging, screaming Black rioters into quieter areas with often mercilessly accurate high powered and small caliber gunfire cutting them down, leaving trails of bodies in the wake of fleeing Gangs. One at a time they dropped from unseen opponents until the rest backed off the main roads to side roads, often just a few good shots were enough to send the whole lot packing.

Some made the mistake of running headlong into waiting citizen barricades, massed organized armed citizens guarding their homes, watching from rooftops, windows and verandas, all shooting without hesitation. So they diverted again in their search for easy prey, this time to their favorite alleyways, under-highway pedestrian walkways, bridges and across properties. And into waiting Deathtraps.

The criminals well-known preference to enter neighborhoods by means other than roads turned badly against them; in the absence of Police, working security cameras and power, many individuals now did what they'd wanted to do for years to 'people' who'd assaulted, abused, threatened with Death them and their Children while declaring those places to be 'their' area. As soon as it got dark, they set themselves up with rifles at the far end of alleyways and turned them into long deathtraps. Gang members feeling their way along in the dark instead of advertising their position with a torch were instantly shot down. More than one alley was quickly piled so high with bodies that criminals were clambering over them, not realizing it was their own people instead of innocents they were tripping over. And the rifles just kept on firing.

None dared to drive in case their vehicles attracted Attackers and Lead from out of the pitch blackness, they couldn't see more than a few meters ahead of themselves in the pitch black and increasing smoke, but people could see their lights for miles. And everyone now knew that Blacks were deliberately blocking the highways and escape routes. There was no alternative but to stay with the rest of the population. It was fight or die time.

In most places there was little professionalism about the shooting, it was determination to survive the Hate-filled Ethnic onslaught, nothing more. Some instinctively chose to take down the biggest, baddest targets they could see, others merely shot at anyone attacking them or approaching with obvious ill intent. There was little organization beyond watching each other, those around them, watching and above all listening in the dark, trying to discern who was doing what to who and where people were moving. There was little communication in many areas apart from a few two-way radios, occasional hand signals and light flashes.

Some of the defenders were amazed at how fast even large packs of heavily armed Gang members changed their minds when they met resistance. Just a few shots were enough in many cases to turn them around and send them toward alleyways and quieter areas, it didn't seem to matter if they were well-aimed or not, just the threat was enough. And the darker it got, the faster they seemed to run when shots came their way.

A few defenders were starting to get an idea; everyone was scared of the dark, but every one of their attackers seemed to fear unseen defenders, sudden shots from out of nowhere, it implied the defenders had the definite advantage at least for now. That was what seemed to be having the greatest effect, they suggested to the others around them. The question was whether they could use that for defense or offense. Some suggested removing the few silencers they had; the louder the unexpected noise, the more effect they might have. Others said to keep them on - Falling bodies from both unseen and unheard shooters might work much better, and they had to retain what little advantage they had. Nobody knew if they were still there just out of sight, waiting for it to get darker. Or worse, if all they'd seen so far were just scouts sent ahead of much larger packs, or the distraction for more creeping around silently. They'd all seen and heard of such tactics in small numbers during countless street attacks and store robberies; one distracted while others came up from behind, from the side. And the packs they were seeing were getting larger. They might need silenced rifles to escape along with the rest of their neighbors.

In a few areas the situation was handled somewhat differently. Nervous but determined Solitary defenders in Liberal areas waited, watching fires erupting all over the city and hearing gunfire exploding to life everywhere, knowing they would sooner rather than later be facing massed force and not individual shooters. They were fully prepared to go down fighting rather than flee to nowhere, they didn't expect to live long, but they'd have a better death than their neighbors, they thought.

So, this is how Civilization dies, one thought to himself. Not with a Bang, not even with a Whimper, but with Silence.

The people around him were already morally dead, murdered from within by Political Correctness, sitting peacefully in their blacked-out homes in the face of an advancing floodtide of Hate which was about to overwhelm them and crash through their doors and windows, with self-defense all but outlawed by our Lawmakers, all of Nature's Laws overruled by Man's Laws in deference to 'Diversity' with no right of appeal, no right to live among your own, no right to reject criminals living in your midst. The only absolute right you had left was to Die. And woe betide you if you so much as said the 'N-word' while you were being attacked, your supposed Police protectors might as well hand you a shovel to dig your own grave as well as blame you for being murdered, and your neighbors would let it happen, encourage it in fact, anything other than appear to be 'racist' and 'over-reactive' toward lifelong 'victims of society'.

A thought came to him that made him smile, then laugh. His neighbors would be remembered, he wouldn't. It was silly, but even a man about to die had to find laughter in something, anything, or they'd go mad. It helped him, if nobody else, alone there under darkening skies. They'd probably be added to a memorial roll of those who'd died so Diversity could live or some such rubbish, which would only be glanced at by Whites. That was fine by him, he'd be happy with being dumped into a wasteland somewhere, as long as he wasn't buried with them. He only hoped it would be quick.

He didn't for an instant regret throwing that brick through his neighbors window. Maybe it had inspired a single brain cell in one of their heads to momentarily think a single thought for the first time in its life that hadn't been given to it from the Television.

His only regret was that President Bush, the State Governor, the Lawmakers who'd all but outlawed self-defense and enforced this mess upon us 'In the Communities best interest', the Educators, the Movie makers, the Liberals, the anti-racism protestors, the whole damned lot of them weren't standing here beside him now, seeing the results of all their work as the population reaped what they'd forcibly sown in America.

Better yet, he'd have loved to see the lot of them marched by force into a Black ghetto to experience in person what they'd inflicted upon the rest of the population. They, and his 'non-racial' Liberal neighbors who couldn't even admit to themselves the danger while constantly acting to avoid it should have to take a nice, long relaxing stroll through those places without armed protection. No passing go, no driving around it, they should be pushed straight in there wearing their expensive imported business suits, while a wall of Black Gang members waited to meet them. And it should have been done many years ago he thought. At the least, the result would be a new definition of Reality Television for those people. And if we could watch it live on TV, so much the better. He'd happily pay for a front seat ticket to watch that event.

Already, wildly fired shots were loudly cracking roof tiles all over the block, and still the area was silent, a testimony to all their training in 'sensitivity'. Nobody left their homes, no gun barrels poked out windows. The shooting and fires were definitely coming closer, he could smell the smoke in the air now. It wouldn't be long now. People had to be already dying in their hundreds out there, maybe many times that. He hoped they too weren't alone against that oncoming storm as he was, as he waited beside a fence line for concealment in the darkness. It was just amazing, the city was

aflame, and still those neighbors didn't seem to think anything was wrong, were still sitting in their homes. Better dead than racist, right? Well, they'd soon get their wish, he thought...

Suddenly he noticed figures moving in the dark among neighbors houses, instantly dropped his rifle into firing position, was fully alert and trying to identify them before opening fire. He saw doors opening briefly to reveal candle-lit interiors as people stepped out. Armed people, carrying every weapon they had. A figure appeared at his fenceline, the teenage daughter of the family whose window he'd smashed, ignoring her parents absolute orders, holding a pump-action shotgun and a belt filled with ammunition and pockets bulging with more, a pistol tucked in her belt. She'd bought them years before, had kept them hidden even from her own parents.

"Mind if I join you?", she politely asked.

"You took your time getting here", he replied, firmly shaking her hand as many others crept through the late twilight toward him.

In many other areas too, all it took was one person standing firm and firing at rioters to inspire more, and finally the Politically Correct hesitation of the whole block to fall away.

In one block, it was an Asian shopkeeper who'd been prosecuted after the 1992 riots for firing at rioters but who'd armed himself again regardless. Asians had for years been forced to arm themselves against Predators in Human form who'd specifically targeted them. A few had been forced to leave Tonga, where there too the hard-working minority out-did the locals, violent resentment exploded, and finally they'd been expelled. Some made their way to the US, expecting to find a land of opportunity, but yet again met mindless Black Hate.

In another Block, it was a Woman bodybuilder with a rifle over her shoulder, but who preferred a .44 magnum revolver as her first choice. She didn't fire often, taking her time with every shot, but when she did, every one found it's mark. And each time, armed Gang members turned and fled the other way, seeing not just accuracy but determination and refusal to walk away from their Hate.

In yet another it was a Gigantic skinhead who went to his Asian neighbors door, stood firm with him and numerous Asian neighbors against the incoming tide. And neighbors ran to join them when they saw them firing at block invaders, ignoring bullets hitting fences, pavements around them.

The first large 'crew' decided now was the time to move into a quiet area, when it became dark enough for their liking and their individual shooters and smaller 'crews' were keeping the Whites and Asians occupied. They'd carefully selected a quiet area everyone seemed to have left. Glancing around corners, they saw a sparsely manned barricade in the middle of a road with no other people in sight, the rest of the block looked vacant. They immediately began shooting at the defenders, expecting an easy victory then easier pickings. The defenders returned fire then ducked for cover as the fire upon them intensified, only jumping up to fire the occasional wild shot in the direction of now rapidly approaching gang members. More and more gang members began to move in, cautious at first as they kept an eye on the barricade and the still-silent houses around them, then they suddenly began running in a mass, screaming and yelling as they charged in. Several of the defenders broke into the open and fled for their lives toward cover. At the sight, the howling mob sped up, ran full speed toward the fleeing people and the barricade.

"Now!", shouted the Builder.

An Emergency Magnesium Boat Flare one of the residents had in storage was fired straight into the charging mob, distracting and partly blinding them. Instantly riflemen opened fire from rooftops, under roof tiles, from windows, foxholes, darkened second floor apartments, sewage manholes. There were so many targets it was just about impossible to miss. The wall of rioters stopped in their tracks in the sudden hail of lead, many already falling wounded and dead. Those remaining behind the barricade now poked their heads back up and joined the others in shooting. The two who'd been ordered to run for cover as a distraction now also turned around, dropped to the ground and returned fire as well.

A wall of automatic and semi-automatic fire was the response, blasting away at the walls, ground protecting the defenders. The shooters ducked back as instructed as the air filled with lead.

"Second line, you're up!", the builder shouted.

Another ten until-now silent shooters then opened fire, catching the attackers unawares a second time from different directions in another murderous crossfire. The street was rapidly filling with the dead and dying.

Panicking Gang members began trying to back up through their own people, couldn't, realized their weight of numbers had turned completely against them, began spilling over fences in a human wave to try to escape the withering fire, only to run into armed householders ready and waiting for them. Pump action shotguns shucked and fired their deadly loads over and over, pistol and rifle fire decimated the remainder. More ran for alleyways, running into yet more shooters waiting for that move. They came under fire



from above, from under fences, from the barricade, from windows, everywhere.

Within a minute, the confident mass of Gang members had been reduced to a mass of dead and dying bodies, many screaming horribly in pain. The defenders had been too busy to ensure a quick kill in the adrenaline of shooting, only in survival. Theirs. The shooting was the easy part, seeing the aftermath of what they'd done was far worse. It wasn't neat, orderly bloodless bodies calmly laying there as the media showed, in many cases it was bloody, writhing figures clutching at horrible wounds.

"Do what has to be done", one of the defenders reluctantly said, began shooting the screaming, wounded Gang members in their heads to put them out of their misery. Nobody deserved to suffer like that, not even them. Many couldn't handle that part, turned away instead, wanting to vomit.

"Well, there's no going back now", several of the civilians said to each other after it was all done, looking at the bloody mess they'd created, knowing they had blood on their hands forever. They'd crossed the line. And they'd keep on crossing it if they had to, with their families watching them, depending on them to keep them alive. It wasn't as if they were the first Men in History to save their Families lives with brute force. It was both their Natural Duty and god-given right. But to have to do it in a modern society...

"It was them or us", the Builder assured anyone who had the slightest doubts about what they'd just done. They'd fired first, had ignored the shots fired back at them, they could have backed off at any point but refused to do, making it self-defense right from the start. Those people hadn't come here to negotiate or discuss joint survival, they'd come to kill. And he knew what happened when these people captured non-Blacks alive, he'd spoken to Cops, Soldiers who'd seen it in Africa and in urban America today. It more often wasn't a quick death that faced such unfortunates.

Those nervous people had learned their first lesson in mob warfare. Unthinking people only attacked what they could see right in front of them, they went for the defenders then they had their fun. It was what they couldn't see that had won the day.

The fallen weapons were gathered, checked by the builder and handed out after brief instruction. Many of the shot rioters had multiple firearms, they noticed.

"For people who say they're victims, they've sure been preparing for War...", he loudly remarked for all of them to hear.

He balked at the automatic weapons, realized there wasn't any choice and handed them out to the most level-headed people after showing them the safety catches and fire selectors, telling them to keep them set to semi automatic and keep taking their time with single shots unless they really meant it, as they'd just waste their ammunition in a few seconds. Now instead of pistols, people had military weapons. Neighbors who hadn't had guns before were now brought out of hiding and given pistols, shotguns and rifles and told to join the others. Fifty armed people out of a block of a Five hundred people were now a Hundred and Ninety armed people. And the night had only just begun.

He also took flak jackets, Helmets from the fallen, virtually all bloodstained. Some of the neighbors had no hesitation in putting them on regardless, others blanched at the sight of the mess on them, vigorously cleaned them first.

And on a more personal note, he told those who'd just had Guns placed into their hands for the first time in their lives and were gingerly but grimly holding onto them after receiving brief instruction in their safe use:

"Hold onto those for the rest of your lives. Never let go of it, ever! No matter what anyone says!"

Many more subdivisions had prepared ambushes to some degree during the day; former and present soldiers among them had helped set up sniper positions and told the residents to hold off from firing on sight, but instead to await their command. Emboldened by the seemingly abandoned area people had fled, Gang members warily sneaked into the completely silent block while being closely observed with night vision, followed by more. At a signal they were all wiped out in seconds, the residents ceased fire and waited to repeat the process.

In other areas closer to declared Black zones, a few had not only set up ambushes, Brave volunteers stepped forward to wreak a different form of havoc. There were multiple points of entry to virtually all neighborhoods, during the day they joined their friends in piling wood for fires at optimal places to increase visibility at those points, forming choke points to make incoming Gang members more wary, slow them down and hopefully at least briefly force them to hold their position where they wanted them. The volunteers dug themselves into the ground at crossroads into their neighborhoods, which they all knew would be heavily fought-over fire zones as soon as it got dark, and waited. Within an hour of sunset their chance came. Gang members warily circled around the fires, knowing full well there were armed people watching. That was when the volunteers did their part; they fired a few shots at both sets of incoming Blacks on opposite sides, braced themselves for what was coming next. Promptly the fire was returned... and they unknowingly shot each other to oblivion in the pitch blackness, in the smoke and confusion mistaking each other for the enemy.

In much less prepared but no less watchful neighborhoods, there too, armed people were uncomfortably watching and above all, listening to the distant chaos all around them.

Everyone hoped the darkness would be their friend, that the approach of Gang members would be heralded by vehicles, lights and loudly talking people. They had no night vision gear or any visual aids other than binoculars to scrutinize the darkness, no Police or experienced people to assist them. They had several sets of kids' short range walkie-talkies, nothing more to help coordinate. They had flashlights, but strictly kept them off unless necessary to preserve everyone's night-adapted vision in the dark, it would also draw Human predators like moths to a flame. Nobody knew what was happening, if rioters were coming at them or moving away. Laying flat for long periods of time on uncomfortable, rapidly cooling ground behind concrete blocks, rocks and sandbags, using averted vision to try and see movement in pitch blackness was no fun at all. Soldiers deserved all the money they got, they thought. There were furious distant battles, they could hear sudden bursts of fire then silence, even the occasional explosion, while their area was silent. The air was almost still. The silence was worse than the gunfire, they thought.

The Whispers were the worst. Fellow defenders talking amongst themselves, accompanied by the occasional urgent 'Shush!'. Everyone thought they saw or heard movement at one time or another, flinched and aimed in that direction, listened carefully, convinced themselves they hadn't or that it was a fellow defender. Nobody wanted to shoot a friend or worse, start a firefight between neighbors. Those who had to move to relieve themselves or change position announced their intent to those around them, constantly talked to let others know who it was as they moved in the dark.

One of their number had spent years when young straining to hear distant voices on shortwave radio, his hearing still tested ten years better than his age as a result. "As good as a Navy Sonar operator", the workplace tester declared him, because he'd trained his ears. All night he'd been telling idle chatterers to "Shush!", so he and others could concentrate. Once again he thought he'd heard something coming through an alleyway, the most likely route for intruders they thought. Before sunset they'd collected tin cans and thrown them into there to alert them if intruders came. Most of the youth problems, standovers, intimidation and burglaries seemed to come through there whereas the adults came in Cars, and they'd petitioned for years for it to be closed and the land sold to neighbors. The council wasn't listening to their requests.

... There it was again. He thought he heard timbers creaking, fencewires stretching. A faint metallic scrape. As though someone was trying to creep around the scattered cans, and move them if they couldn't. As if they could see them in the dark. He once again tried to convince himself he hadn't heard it, until a can scraped in the alleyway. The idle whispered chatter instantly stopped, the others heard that too. His two-way radio faintly crackled as a whispered voice came through he couldn't understand. He replied quietly to "say again". The barely audible reply was that he didn't know if it was friend or foe, but he was sure there were a lot of people in there.

They'd discussed the safest approach for this eventuality; throw in one of few emergency Car flares they had, or just ask outright.

One settled for asking. "Who's in the alleyway!", he shouted, then silently sidestepped. The instant response was multiple pistols and rifles thrust over the fence line and fired at the former position of the speaker.

An igniter scraped on solid chemicals, hellishly bright crimson light exploded to life in the pitch darkness as another neighbor lit an emergency flare, threw it into the alleyway to both illuminate and blind their attackers.

It didn't land immediately, instead clothing flashed alight as it fell onto the back of a crouching Gang member.

His cries of pain mixed with everyone's shock at what was revealed by the flare and a 1 million candlepower beam powered by a car battery turned on at the same moment; dozens of heavily armed Gang members, led by several with night vision who were already almost upon them.

"OH SHIT!!!"

The Criminals opened fire at the light dazzling them, at the voices, and the neighbors returned fire, some from almost point blank range from behind bushes and vantage points. The Gang members who hadn't exited the alleyway turned and ran the other way as people died on both sides behind them.

It was over in seconds, and when it was, over a dozen Gang members were dead or injured, but six of their friends were on the ground too.

"Oh, god...", one of the survivors said in shock at their sudden loss.

"Damn! Damn! DAMN! DAMN!!!", another punched a fence line in ultimate frustration as his shot friends died on the ground around him, cursing their own lack of preparation, their lack of guns, the society that'd spawned those Demons with no place at all in America, everything that deserved to be cursed and removed from any sane society.

Another survivor furiously ran to the alleyway entrance and fired his shotgun through it until it was empty, and several others followed his example, downing as many of the fleeing Youths as he could before they scattered and vanished in the darkness beyond to doubtless terrorize others.

"Good Lord... that's night vision!", one of their shocked friends snapped when he saw what a few of the downed Gang members were wearing. No wonder they seemed to be able to see the Cans in the alley.

They began to appreciate how lucky they were; another couple of seconds and it would have been all over for the armed people here, and shortly thereafter the start of a doubtless much longer ending for Wives, Girlfriends and Children sheltering inside their homes.

Those innocents were sheltering not from a storm, but from Wolves in Human form who in any Healthy society would have been permanently expelled from it as soon as they showed their determination to terrorize instead of fit into society.

Temporary imprisonment was no solution, not after countless chances, destroyed lives, whole neighborhoods forced to lock themselves away from them, then being set free to continue where they'd left off after learning from their mistakes and nothing more. Prison didn't work with the vast majority of these people, neither did counseling, rehabilitation, group therapy or anything else. They'd increasingly been taking their Hate against society to the next steps beyond crime to conducting organized, modern warfare against our society, all while supported by our welfare. No, the Historical solution was the only proven one. Removal. And it was long past the time that solution was re-applied.

And if our politicians, our so-called Leaders couldn't get that through their thick heads even now, then these were the final days of America.

"Mourn later, survive now", crying relatives were quietly told. They had no choice, they needed them to be with them right now.

By now, the front lines of the Battle for Los Angeles were clearly visible from every vantage point as lanes of winking lights in the darkness, marking the outlines of racial territories. Many areas were pitch black, others were burning with fire flashing back and forth. The flashes surged back and forth in between the two zones, expanded, occasionally erupting as groups met or ambushes were sprung, faded when attackers or defenders died or withdrew. None of those watching from afar could tell which was the case, they'd have to wait till morning. Some feared that by that time, in some places adjacent to huge Black 'territories' there was a good chance none of the original inhabitants would still be alive. They hoped they realized that, and that their escape routes weren't blocked.

Occasionally huge flashes or fireballs from home made explosives made everyone look. A few had plainly been busy during the day preparing evil things with gas bottles, improvised explosives, which they were now using to full effect. Hopefully on the enemy instead of themselves, observers remarked; in the hands of amateurs, explosives had a very nasty habit of backfiring when improperly prepared or handled.

TV crews were covering the incredible sight from multiple angles, from the air, the heights above the city. Police were using their Cameras to record it too. None had imagined that in their lives that they'd see a thing like this in America. The Officers fully intended to shove their video into their politicians faces, drag them down here and force them to see the bodies to show them what they'd brought about. They also suspected the TV crews had a somewhat different perspective in mind to show the World.

From countless firing positions, single shots rang out over and over as Hunters poured fire into streets filled with Gang members and criminals advancing toward what they thought would be easy prey. As strongly suggested, none were now using visible laser sights which instantly gave away their position in the increasing smoke and alerted the target that they were about to die. Infrared laser sights were perfectly fine though, the beam wasn't shown up by smoke and penetrated a lot further, but was still easily visible in night vision. In comparison, many Gang members couldn't get enough of flashing theirs, impressing only their own people. A single shot rang out. A laser suddenly fell level to the ground and didn't move again.

"I'm running out of ammunition", one Hunter in the deepest darkness on the second to top floor of an apartment building remarked, becoming increasingly nervous.

"Well, you're not running out of targets, do what you can", his spotter remarked as fellow shooters alongside him and in adjacent rooms and floors kept up their fire.

They were swapping between rooms, floors every few minutes to confuse those watching for rifle flashes. Not, perhaps that it really mattered. Every building had armed people on every floor, more guarding the approaches, every building was a flickering masses of outgoing fire. There was continual incoming fire attacking vantage points, there wasn't a single intact window on any floor. Or as one defender suspected, some were actually shooting just to break the windows for fun. The top floors were assumed by the less knowledgeable to be the most effective places for snipers to hide and shoot in the darkness, and were inundated with continuous fire from rioters. Few went up there, preferring lower floors much closer to the action. Even there, sandbags and concrete blocks were absolutely essential to protect them from incoming fire, when they moved in or out of rooms it was always done slithering on their stomachs. The Snipers constantly heard the never-comfortable sounds of bullets smacking on sandbags, cracking the furniture and walls around them as they fired back. Some buildings were plainly shooting at each other across the racial divide between them, others were doing the attacking. Such as this one. After observing it was easy to determine which race occupied a building; Black welfare blocks were ablaze with constant pistol and rifle fire, others echoed with single shots, sometimes spending long minutes entirely blackened out before a

single muzzle flash from an upper floor ended the silence.

They heard rapid footsteps coming up the stairs. A fellow sniper loudly announced himself before returning, with another volunteer, and a very welcome surprise. Two entire cases of high power hunting rifle ammunition, carried on the broad shoulders of a gun shop owner. And there was a whole lot more downstairs, he said, being lugged up the stairs one floor at a time by his staff who'd rushed to help him.

"Do you take plastic?", was the joking reply.

"We take all forms of plastic in my store, but tonight I've got a one-time only special offer. The bullets are on the house", the Shop Owner replied as he joined them, throwing open cases and letting any Sniper take whatever they needed.

He'd brought his own night vision equipped rifle with him, and set to work after watching the others at work for a few minutes to see how they were operating. Only near lights could Ethnicity be positively identified, which was why the more organized shooters had set up simple kerosene lamps, solar lights beside roads. They cast little light, but amplified hugely with night vision they lit up the whole area like daylight. In the artificial green twilight of Night vision the shooters were mainly identifying their targets by oversized pants and shirts, the company they kept, their shooting style, their shambling walking style, the direction they'd come from.

Earlier in the evening some of the posturing packs of Gang members were just enormous, they'd seen them numbering in the hundreds. A psychologist among the Snipers made the observation that while it was light enough, even those enormous packs had been behaving just like a flock of birds, all stopping and starting, turning direction at once. Then the advantage shifted, their numbers had turned against them as they stumbled in the dark. As some had expected to happen they'd divided in the pitch black. Maybe that was part of the reason they were lighting so many fires, torching so many buildings, he ventured.

Occasionally they spotted small groups, individuals, families escaping the chaos, some carrying small children, watched them briefly to identify ethnicity before moving their gaze elsewhere. Nobody wanted to take the life of a single innocent family person, were desperately hoping they'd realize they were in extremely serious danger from both sides and take steps to identify themselves. Many saved their own lives by holding white garments, cloths to identify themselves to the shooters they knew were intently watching as they passed heaped bodies while covering the younger children's eyes from the sight. Some kept watch on those refugees closely regardless; they'd already spotted armed Gangs trying that ploy to get past their scrutiny.

Two Thermal-vision armed ex-military people constantly watched trees, highrises, fencelines, likely positions for opposing snipers, scanning back and forth. Occasionally they saw people sneaking into firing positions. With some buildings they watched first, focused Third and Fourth generation night vision upon them to verify which direction they were aiming before a sniper pulled their trigger. With other buildings they fired without hesitation.

In Thermal vision they could see the action clearly, sometimes too clearly for their liking.

In the near total darkness, the experienced shooters aiming along the streets eliminated inward from the sides, working into the center, with their targets mostly unaware they were already in their sights. They heard the shot, saw warm splashes of blood and flesh separate as their target fell. Heads, chests erupted in colorful thermal vision as rifle fire swept back and forth. They could distinguish the living from the dead only by movement and cooling outlines. Firefighters and Electricians Thermal cameras were equipped with temperature gauges to supplement the visual reading, helped distinguish the recently dead from the living trying to quietly hide among them.

The snipers fired until their rifles overheated then swapped firearms. A curious Thermal observer glanced at a cooling rifle, saw otherwise invisible smoke, steam rising off it.

Occasionally in their scopes they saw a brightly colorful head and rifle rise into view in the pitch darkness of another building and take aim directly at them.

"Sniper! Thirty degrees left, third floor from top, second window from left" would come a sharp instruction.

Instantly his shooting partner turned away from the street and located the target.

Another colorful splash of blood and skull fragments momentarily flared on the thermal monitor. The rifle dropped, the would-be sniper froze, his outline began to slowly cool and fade.

As soon as that minor distraction was taken care of they returned their attention to the surrounds, the roads and especially the alleys.

Those few in a position to watch the shooters in action noted that not one was taking count of the dead, only the living advancing toward them. None were celebrating, there were no cries of glee when shots struck home, not one was drinking alcohol or otherwise grotesquely partying as movies invariably portrayed Whites in such situations. They wanted their wits about them, needed everything they had to do safeguard peoples lives. Despite all that would doubtless be said later, they would remember always that this definitely wasn't hate. It was survival.

Some of the shooters plainly wished they were doing anything else, they noted. "Stop... please make them stop coming...", a few were heard quietly pleading to nobody in

particular.

In comparison, nearby they heard nothing but wild cheering as each new building was set alight, at each burst of heavy machinegun fire, each time a victim tumbled from a perch, was shot in the back while fleeing, or worse, fell alive into their hands.

They were all hoping that with the massive semi-organized citizen fight-back taking shape, joining forces and spreading their coverage, that Gangs would soon start to reconsider their position and fall back, change tactics, anything to give the citizenry a breathing space. Until then, nobody wanted to slacken their fire unless there was no choice.

A few of the shooters were taking occasional advantage of their situation in other ways. Instead of mowing down an entire group, they left a few alive and shouted at them to "Get out of here, and tell your friends about us".

Watching them at work in the shadows, those few privileged observers saw they only wanted what everyone did in this and every other Civilization.

They wanted the simple Right to be left alone and allowed to live in Peace. They wanted to live without enforced racial interference, being forced to 'Tolerate' the vast majority of Blacks living lives of constant Hate crime, perpetrating Crime, Filth, Intolerance and constant menace upon all others. They wanted to live in a peaceful society where Blacks urinating and defecating in the middle of streets, loitering, leading self-destructive lives and blaming everyone except themselves for it, leering at and making crude come-ons to passing women, listening to high-volume Race Hate music and hurling racial abuse on a daily basis, where being unable to simply walk down a street without being eyed-up as a potential victim for being non-Black by loud, rude pan handlers and packs of criminals trying to extract money and sympathy, where all of that wasn't all somehow 'Normal' and had to be 'Tolerated' lest someone get upset at 'racism'. Those shooters wanted to live in a society where Taxpayers being forced at crippling expense to support a bloated bureaucracy, justice and welfare system dedicated to repairing but never preventing the damage these people had done over and over to themselves and others at no expense to themselves was somehow supposed to benefit America.

And like everyone else they'd finally had enough, when no end to the mess was promised by our leaders, none ever seemed to be in sight, and nothing was ever done by any of them. Instead, every action they took only ever seemed to make things worse for their constituents. They were tired of being forced to leave one peaceful area after another as it deteriorated. They'd had enough of seeing all we once were as a people, our pride, unity and strength as a community being legally taken from us. Everything that was once certain, what we were once justly proud of and could be taken for granted, our Safety, Economy, even our once-absolute right to community self defense, all had been removed, replaced with enforced illusions of Equality, Guilt, never ending accusations of Racism, and ever-increasing one-sided Hostility in our once-proud cities. And they'd had enough of not even being allowed to say anything about it lest they be accused of something.

Well, now they were talking, and so was the rest of the City. With Bullets. Because Billions of words, dialogue had made no difference at all.

The average US citizen was more than willing to pick up a Gun to defend their Home and Country, an act which was once a sacred Duty, your ultimate Duty to your family in fact, but now a Hate crime. Ordinary people were willing to give their all to defend the freedom and safety of others, killing people who needed killing didn't particularly bother them, and when it came to it, even being killed themselves didn't really bother them as long as it was for a genuine purpose. But they didn't desire killing others either, those observers saw for themselves. No wonder the Veterans of the great Wars of the past refused to talk about it, there was nothing to say. That'd done their Duty to their family and country, nothing more.

This was completely unlike street Gangs today, who regularly boasted about killing innocents in prison, on the street, to their victims, in music, even on public webspaces. And they boasted to anyone who'd listened that they wanted to do much more. But they weren't charged with Hate crimes for it.

As they watched bodies falling and flying lead filling the streets, one of those few observers suspected that all those social planners with all their degrees, grandiose ideas and limitless funding who'd brought this mess about, right around now they would be running back and forth like headless chickens as bullets smashed their windows, desperately trying to find a way society had failed their attackers despite massive preferential funding and endless opportunities right in front of them.

"A Society is defined by it how it treats its underprivileged", was one of their worthless, totally false sayings they'd forced upon us.

"A Society is defined by how it treats its prisoners", was another.

As always, those liberal sayings didn't give an iota of responsibility for those people to fit in or anything else. Those bullshit ideas and many more had brought this War about, not prevented it. And they suspected those people knew full well what the result of all their work would be.

Well, the people of this City wanted to replace all their bullshit with another saying:

"A Society is defined by how much its lesser citizens want to be a part of it."

If they were still alive at night's end, not one of those Remorseless Liberal Bastards would make any connection between replacing our Pride and Strength with Handouts, Fear and Anger, and the War that'd erupted. They were guilty of Manipulation just short of Tyranny upon the population they'd been highly paid to help. Instead, they'd Danced for year after year around the undeniable fact it was Hate and not Poverty that drove Black failure. They'd never wavered in their determination to push this horrendous situation upon us, make it worse still by forcing these people into once-peaceful neighborhoods. They'd Censored decades of inside knowledge and volumes of compiled data on the economic disaster they were creating, they'd Ignored and ordered hidden countless Police reports and statistics of the personal devastation their ideas were bringing about, so why would they be any different now? Our past leaders who cared for their people were just a joke to them, today's didn't give a shit. None of them would give a hint of an apology for all those people they'd helped kill with their false ideas, turn up to any of the funerals, or so much as lift a finger to help with the rebuilding.

If there was any rebuilding, some had to remark.

"This is what happens when Elected Representatives constantly violate the Constitution they've sworn to uphold, ignore the needs of the country, ignore the voters and Pander to the Guilty - total Civil anarchy", one commented.

If the shooters survived this night, they had things they wanted to say to certain people, and this time they wouldn't take Ignorance, Silence or "No" for an answer.

A number of the shooters were already talking about hunting down officials, city planners, liberal activists and justice dept officials when this night was done, and many others were talking about helping them. Not stopping them. And they wanted it done before they could even think about mounting an unending series of prosecutions of the defenders who'd saved city blocks. The thought must already be crossing their little minds, anything to divert the blame away from their own completely failed policies. A few civilians were already flipping through phone books, official publications for their details.

The Police withdrawal stopped as they began to realize the city was holding its own against semi-organized brute Terror for the first time in living memory. Without their help, without the help of the Military, without being told to.

"Listen to that...", an incredulous Officer said to his colleagues as he wound his window down.

From behind their vehicle was a cacophony of gunfire from unseen shooters. It sounded like the fourth of July, only much more intense. Among countless single shots came long bursts of automatic gunfire. They discerned the single shots were mostly coming from one direction, the automatic fire from another. The latter definitely wasn't the Police or Military, and it wasn't Civilian fire either, they knew full well. It could only be Gangs proudly showing off the illegal acquisitions they'd stockpiled for years and mostly used upon each other. Until now. They all knew vast numbers of weapons were in the hands of Gangs, they had no idea there were so many in the hands of the public, either. It was quite possible many of those guns had come from the fallen, they suspected.

Not only had every last vestige of 'Racial Harmony' utterly failed, but Weapons control too. There was no way the people would ever want to hand those guns to Police, not after this night.

"People are fighting back", his colleague replied, wishing he could be with them.

"Not just that, listen..."

He staid his ears, listening hard. It wasn't so much what could be heard in the distance, but the way the weapons were being handled, he began to discern.

From one side came continual long bursts of machin-gun fire as entire clips were emptied at once. Numerous military weapons were among them too now, not the ammunition-wasting Uzi's and tech-9's only good for close-up urban combat they'd seen until now in Gang conflict and occasional crime, they'd been trained to recognize their distinctive sounds. There were few pistol shots either. The emphasis on 'self-defense' weapons was gone, replaced with assault weapons which had been brought out of hiding. Now it was absolutely undeniable even to the most jaded and isolated Liberal who had the warlike intent, who had the long-term, planned hate to the point of accumulating heavy weapons and had been actively planning for genocide.

All it'd taken was years of indecisive, pathetically weak leadership, then one little power cut, and this was the result. The long-predicted Total Racial War every insightful person had warned of for many years had finally come to Los Angeles.

And from the other side, there was little or no automatic weapons fire. There came only single shots, with the occasional semi-automatic rifle or shotgun firing shots in quick succession. Single shots from very high-powered rifles constantly boomed, echoing among the buildings. And each time one of those fired, the automatic fire from a weapon on the other side instantly ceased. Always single shots. They weren't shooting at the unarmed, only Terrorists. There were few cries of bereaved family members, only silently waiting defenders and single shots amidst the insane war cries and racial threats of madly firing rioters. They'd covered every alley, every street with defensive lines of fire. And they'd done it all by themselves.

"They're organized. Even against massive odds like that, people are fighting back, they're holding fast", they realized.

"Defenders always have the advantage, if they know how to use it", one replied.

Even with all those military weapons, all that stockpiled ammunition, all their Hate and long-term preparation, their only real Weapon was sheer weight of Numbers, just as in every street attack they committed. Black tactics were of massed packs, sudden attacks, deception and little else. They'd reduced their numbers in the dark, split up, but they still remained pack attackers, with few standouts. Instead of finding easy pickings all night long as they'd expected, they were being mown down on sight from all directions. Those proudly showing off heavy weapons were revealing their position through sound and gun flashes and were being shot down on sight by Hunters and Civilians alike. Any concentration of Gang members attracted massed fire from everyone they approached. Trying to sneak in under cover of dark attracted a bullet from people waiting for them, using their knowledge of places they once avoided by day and especially after dark against them.

"The City is Alive", an Officer said.

They all knew what he meant. Even after all those decades of education, movies, false sayings, being told that Human Nature was wrong and they were right, enforced 'Tolerance' toward savages who hated Civilization fullstop, selectively enforced Hate Crime laws which only applied to people defending themselves against criminals, despite all that and more they'd still awakened. Ordinary people had realized that ultimately they were responsible for their own lives, nobody else. And most importantly, they'd broken the bonds of enforced Man-made Law and Government in favor of Nature's very highest Law. Survival.

At long last, a glimmer of hope amidst the Ethnic chaos that'd been enforced upon the unwilling city. And it had come entirely from the people themselves. They exited their Cars to watch and listen in amazement.

"And that's what they're doing just by themselves, just imagine what they could do with a leader to inspire and lead them..."

"Such as Edwards?", a Cop bravely ventured.

"Shhh!!! Don't even mention his name!", another Cop shouted back at them.

"Why the hell not!", he snapped back. "I'll say it! A dozen more like Edwards, and this city would have been freed! And what the hell are WE doing?", he shouted. He stated the most sacrosanct, forbidden words you could say in this city, words that everyone knew were absolutely true but were more than enough to have you immediately barred from any official position.

"It's not too late for us to join them, you know...", an Officer said to his colleagues.

They looked back and forth between each other, down the street at nameless civilians fighting, and doubtless dying. For them. In a sane society it would be the other way around.

"Oh, screw our fucking orders!", an Officer abruptly decided and shouldered his rifle to join them. Their people would not report Officers fighting alongside them. And it was their Duty. They walked off in a group into the darkness.

In the distance, they could see some of the opposition lit up, outlined in flames by the still exploding and burning propane depot, the flames fed by high pressure lines. Cars and Utility vehicles filled with heavily armed Gang members kept arriving in an endless stream, many holding Military weapons.

Closer, a few Gang shooters were running in the middle of the main streets in plain view, jumping back and forth to present as difficult a target as possible as they wildly rained fire on defenders' positions from beyond accurate distance, with little to no possibility of achieving a hit. And to the sides, continual flashes of outgoing gunfire were decimating attackers trying to use the crude distraction to get into the area from the sides. They'd either spotted them by chance... or they'd expected the simple tactic to be tried, were watching for them instead. The night vision equipped gang members who'd been at the front were dead, and the others didn't know it, they had no communications.

Police and Camera people alike were amazed to see numbers of Gang members cruising around in stolen vehicles, some sitting in them, more sitting on them without a care in the world in the middle of fire zones, totally exposed to attack. Often they seemed to be firing wildly at nothing, as though the sound alone might scare intruders away. More than one of the watchers was reminded of wild animals; the louder the noise, the more likely they were to win. Identical things happened in Africa, a few observers who'd seen it for themselves commented to nervous friends. News footage of the continual warzones showed frontline militias sitting immobile as though they were invulnerable until bullets began to ping off their vehicle, whereupon they scattered.

Abruptly a silent, solid line of red flashed over the Officers' heads from behind them and engulfed massed rioters gathered far along a street in dust, flames and flashes from high-speed impacts of metal on metal. An instant later a deafening roar arrived, sounding like a giant lawnmower. They instinctively dropped to the ground, covering their ears.

"GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!", an Officer shouted as they turned and saw a truck-mounted Gatling gun with two enormous cases of ammunition, almost invisible in the dark.

"Don't shoot, this is the Police!", they shouted to identify themselves to the shooter as they picked themselves up off the ground and approached.

"I know who you are, I can see you perfectly" came the calm reply out of the dark. Night vision.

They heard rather than saw the heavy ammunition case being changed, a case of cartridges being opened and poured into a hand-cranked gun-belt filler, the previous case steadily reloaded then moved back alongside the present one where it could be changed in a few seconds. There was a half meter high stack of spent cartridges under the gun, it was obvious they'd been busy in numerous locations, driving from trouble spot to trouble spot behind the racial front lines. An assistant started shoveling them into a box for reloading later, ignoring the Officers as he did so.

"Do I really want to know where you got that from?", an amazed Officer asked the unseen shooter who politely declined to identify himself to them.

"No, you don't", he replied.

"Too bad", the Officers shrugged, and left them to it.

As expected, the flames had been growing once more on the outskirts of Black areas. Officers hadn't thought much of it at first, it was just more Blacks having fun destroying what they needed. They'd doubtless complain to cameras that they were homeless and the city was at fault, demand the city compensate them for 'their' lost homes, shift them elsewhere at Government expense. Well, good luck on them, because the Governments bottomless money well was dry, and everyone in the City knew who'd caused the damage then attacked others. They wouldn't get away with blaming others this time. Officers strongly suspected that the news of a large-scale city-paid rebuilding program for Blacks would now be met not by reluctant compliance, but by a instant and total City-wide strike, and if civilians didn't organize one, they damned well would.

Then their aerial Observers constantly transmitting situation reports from aircraft at a safe altitude told them the Flames were now eating into Black areas, not away from them, creeping closer to the central city as well as to the sides. They were confused; they weren't White and Asian Commercial premises and homes burning as was the norm in this cities Ethnic riots. The new flames were all in Black areas now as Black homes, premises began to burn. Some thought they were destroying their own rental and apartment block areas to get better accommodations handed to them free as always. Others weren't so sure. The rampaging mobs they saw now all seemed to be going in the wrong direction.

In some areas the gunfire on Asian and White citizens abruptly began to reduce, dwindled then stopped completely. At first the Defenders thought they'd just moved onto easier prey, were running low on ammunition, or had finally realized they'd bitten off more than they could chew and were backing off. Then they began to see waves of Blacks fleeing, regardless of how heavily armed they were. An Officer thought maybe they'd ruptured a chemical pipeline, until groups of racing, rampaging Hispanics began to appear. They too were burning buildings as they went, only they were leaving absolutely nothing behind them of the 'Black' infrastructure. No housing, no apartment blocks, nothing. Anything and everything that could possibly burn was going up in flames as they scrupulously avoided White and Asian areas and went straight for the Blacks. Fires were erupting across the city, gunfire was increasing, slowly converging upon the front lines and blazing into Black areas. Officers and citizens alike gasped in amazement at the sight as vast mobs of Hispanics appeared out of the dark and began to chase Blacks.

At length the full story came through. The previous night, roving packs of Blacks had attacked many individual Hispanics, including a heavily pregnant Woman and her children who'd been set alight with gasoline. They'd died as a result, luckily for them, said the Doctors who'd viewed their injuries, and the baby born after a Caesarian section had also died some hours afterward. Gang retaliations were one thing, that was a whole different matter. The entire Hispanic community had spent the day preparing for unrestrained warfare on Blacks in preference to attacking Whites, had waited until the Blacks were preoccupied then they'd attacked. No 'Brotherhood', no 'Uniting against common oppression'. If it was 'Hate' Blacks constantly complained of while constantly delivering it to others, it was mind-boggling hate few could even conceive of they now began to get in return.

The same Blacks who'd been planning to attack Police were now begging for their protection as Black welfare offices, businesses, two-dollar shops, food outlets, homes and vehicles were torched in an advancing wall of terror directed at them. Black gangs had earlier in the evening formed packs of larger a hundred for criminal convenience and strength in numbers, Hispanics now formed an unending floodtide of hate pouring through the streets, forcing waves of Black gang members to flee incendiary terror spread by tens of thousands of far tougher, overseas born Hispanic gang members.

The frontline of the new Ethnic carnage was easy to follow; Buildings, homes, schools and businesses were torched indiscriminately as they went, anything distinctively "Black". Many Black residents had marked their homes as being Black owned to safeguard them from their own people, a precaution that now backfired as firebombs flew through their windows. Every now and then gruesome human torches ran, fell and kicked at the flames enveloping them before being clubbed to death. Hispanic gang vehicles dragged screaming Blacks at speed, mobs hacked, hanged and burned Blacks from lamp posts. Obese



Blacks seemed to be their favorite target, they were chained behind vehicles and dragged off, rolling in their death agonies as body parts came off.

Whites and Asians grimaced at the horrible sights. They were caught in the middle, they'd instantly joined forces starting the previous night, instinctively stayed out of the way as seemingly endless streams of Hispanics suddenly swarmed through the night, filling the streets as they raced into Black areas.

"They'll turn on you sure as shit, stay out of it!", Officers strongly advised people. They knew from countless personal experiences with brawls, domestic arguments that in many cases both combatants instantly turned upon third parties who interfered. A percentage of Black and Hispanic murders happened as a result of mobs turning upon third parties, Good Samaritans trying to break up trouble.

Amidst the fiery and now rapidly increasing Ethnic chaos, Observers began to note frequent flashes coming from the same locations. Oddly, they weren't occurring in war zones. Someone was setting off home made bombs, Molotov cocktails, propane or acetylene bombs perhaps. There were any number of explanations, they'd find out the full story at dawn, if they ever did. There'd be countless untold stories tonight, and people had for many years been gradually learning from news reports not to talk even amongst themselves about defending themselves against Blacks when they'd used Guns or other weapons. They knew the intensely negative media slant and publicity they'd get completely regardless of circumstances, the vicious and intensely personal racial fallout to friends, family, neighbors when Blacks found out names, addresses.

"Someone's having fun down there with bombs...", an Officer remarked.

Another bright flash, a momentary plume of fire flared out as the observers began to pay attention. Moments later it was followed by another explosion at a high-rise residential welfare block nearby. They weren't the only ones using explosives, it seemed. Twenty seconds later the exact same thing happened; a bright flash at the exact same location followed by an explosion at a different point on the same housing block. It was becoming a bit more than a coincidence, they began to realize. From several other locations they now noticed the same thing, flashes followed by nearby explosions a few seconds later.

"Those aren't frontlines, those are Latino areas", a perplexed Officer observed, "They aren't War zones, unless gas is filling the sewers there's no reason for explosions there."

"I agree. That's not bombs. I think that's outgoing fire", an experienced Officer suddenly replied, "Someone's got themselves fucking Artillery! I count three, maybe four pieces firing down there!", he shouted.

"There's more over here!", another observer shouted.

"Oh, Shi t!!!"

Instantly they turned their night vision glasses, binoculars to the gun locations and the Black Welfare blocks that were plainly under fire. Now that they knew what were looking for they could see the pattern clearly.

"Oh my god...", an Officer muttered, trying to comprehend the undeniable evidence building up right in front of him.

Earlier in the evening they'd thought those buildings were being set alight by their inhabitants and it was gas bottles exploding, now they could see the professional destruction taking place. First, incendiary rounds were lobbed accurately into the entrances and ground floors to stop inhabitants leaving, then a few high explosive rounds were blowing away the external fire escapes, more were exploded into the first floor. The fire then immediately shifted to the next building. The remaining inhabitants and the snipers above the fires who hadn't joined the rioting were left to jump or burn as the fires spread inexorably upward.

Latino rage at Black crime and abuse was so great that they'd brought out absolutely everything they had, there was no holding back any more, they were just unloading their pent-up Hate upon the Black Community.

They radioed the Spotter planes and Helicopters far overhead with the news, gave them locations to look over with their sophisticated cameras. The subdued response quickly came back from their shocked crews; in Thermal vision they could see guns glowing hot from constant use, professionally working gun crews, and entire truckloads of ammunition waiting for use. The stack of spent shell casings beside them was already several feet high. More truckloads were driving up as they watched.

"Those are Phosphorus shells they're firing into those blocks!", an observer snapped.

"Can't be! They're UN banned, the US Army doesn't stock those any more", was the instant reply.

"No, but the Mexican army does."

At that, the conversation stopped dead. Everyone turned to stare at the experienced Officer, realizing the implications of what he'd said. For the first time in US History, there was another Military force active in America, and it'd walked unchallenged across our border carrying those arms, meant for use within America.

"Okay, now we have a... SERIOUS... problem for the Feds to handle. Lets see how they can explain this one away and still say illegal immigrants are good for the country", an Officer had to say.

Several of the officers, despite their shock, had to laugh at that.

One couldn't hold back from adding "Well, they should have sent the Army into those places a long time before, we should have been seeing those places bombed out and those bastards sent packing decades ago. It's a pity it has to be someone else's Army that does the fucking job for us!"

"Don't sound so happy about it. They didn't smuggle that hardware across the border just for Blacks, not when they know our Air force would bomb them out of existence if they so much as fired one shot at any other time."

They followed his line of thought, didn't like where it led one little bit.

"Is there any chance of calling in Air support to bomb those Guns...?"

"None. Tonight, everyone's on their own."

Some Blacks turned around, tried to flee toward the relative safety of White and Asian areas they'd been attacking scant minutes before, were instantly repulsed with gunfire back into the mess they'd created or out of the city instead. In blocks and zones all over the city, Black rioters intending to attack non-Blacks suddenly found themselves trapped between the lines, held back by furious citizens on one side and furiously attacked by even angrier Hispanics on the other. The Defenders thought only of last night's Terror, the sight of the massed dead and injured taken past them in trucks that morning, and now the outright warfare and racial removal they'd perpetrated. None would ever forget it as long as they lived. Painful memories from the 1992 race riots also ran very deep, as did countless personal crime and abuse, and after New Orleans everyone knew what happened when Whites helped Black criminals - Hate, Crime and Murder.

All night long, more and more Hispanics furiously rushed into Black Ghettos and newly Black occupied zones, sending Blacks fleeing in all directions. By dawn, rampaging Hispanics had almost reached the central city on one side after smashing their way straight through Black areas with a vengeance. Hispanics were now surrounding and cutting off entire Blocks, moving in and systematically razing one house and street at a time. Blacks had been looking forward to killing and who knows what else, but as so often happened in Africa they'd chosen the wrong people to mess with and pushed them too far. The decades of hate and violence they'd spewed upon all other inhabitants had backfired.

The cities longest ever Night finally turned to Day, the Sun rose over streets filled with Corpses, blackened buildings and a permanent ethnic divide where your skin color was your only uniform. In many places an uneasy stalemate had taken hold once more, no-go areas crisscrossed only by snipers' bullets. Aerial observers told Police that in a few places, not just Hispanics but others too had actually advanced into former Black Gang occupied zones instead of waiting around for them. Their opponents had shown they wouldn't hesitate to kill, that it was all about 'Territory' and Ethnicity, so why should they hold back any more either? They wanted War, and now they'd got it.

Aerial observers also reported that the Artillery which wreaked havoc during the night had been moved out of sight as soon as dawn began to streak the sky. The piles of spent shell casings had been removed too. They'd doubtless be out in force again the next night from different locations. The subject was broached that if that level of Foreign Military force was in the city, perhaps their radio frequencies had been compromised by professional intelligence as well as deserting Black officers; they couldn't safely discuss their defense plans or those guns on the Air. Perhaps that was the real reason they'd been moved out of sight.

Everywhere there were bodies and wounded. On the roads, on public and private properties. Tens of Thousands, maybe Hundreds of Thousands lay dead and injured. Some streets were filled with them as far as the eye could see. Mass Riot tactics could work both ways; advertising their positions with firebombs and hooting while feeling their way through dense smoke and near pitch black, against unseen massed snipers prepared and armed with Night and Thermal vision was an instantly fatal mistake. Highly accurate fire in the near total darkness had eliminated vast mobs of roving Gang members without them even knowing their comrades were dying alongside them. A few were grotesquely draped over branches of trees, fences, off balconies, where their determination to snipe innocents had been brought to a sudden end by far better prepared people.

The Camera people didn't know where to start documenting what they saw right in front of them, the destruction from one night was so enormous, the undeniable Hate involved so great it was just inconceivable. A significant percentage of the whole city was burnt and in ruins from just one night.

"I wonder how our all-knowing, esteemed Lords and Masters watching over us are going to explain it away this time as 'Society's fault' and 'White racism', an upset Officer said to the Cameras. Thousands of amateur camera people had recorded the events overnight, were surveying the damage and recording it for posterity. Many were now exploring former Black-only areas and recording what they saw there too. There'd be no hiding it this time.

This night had shaken a lot of peoples belief in a lot of things. Their leadership had a lot to explain, and even more to pay for. Blaming 'White racism' wouldn't work this time.

Black Hate was the only factor that'd defined a lot of boundaries and events here and every other major US city for a long time. Simply denying it existed on one side and looking away from it as though it wasn't there had never stopped it anywhere, and now it was right here for all to see. In non-Black areas the dead were virtually all Black,

they'd been stopped in their tracks as they attacked others. In taken-over Black areas, Hispanics were celebrating among the Black dead, giving every contempt they could think of to the remaining signs Blacks had once lived there.

An Officer stepped up to the Camera people, ordered them to "Tell our Cities elected leaders that those who've lost relatives in the last two nights as a result of their ignorance are going to be having a few words with them in their offices, and we won't be stopping them, in fact we'll be leading them right to their fucking doors!"

And just for those Camera people, there was another message waiting for them when the light level rose. As if anything more needed to be said to Millions of armed and angry people.

"Welcome to Mogadishu, USA", someone had scrawled during the night on the side of a building facing the Police lines, alongside a "Diversity is our Future" poster.

Officers chuckled when they spotted the new "Help Preserve our Planets Biodiversity for future generations to enjoy" sticker on the poster. Both had been placed there overnight, right in front of a hundred Officers and hundreds of eager reporters, and nobody had noticed amidst the darkness and Ethnic Warfare.

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Michael Chertoff was shocked by events overnight throughout the US, the situation had deteriorated unbelievably fast everywhere. Police and Politicians were reeling in disbelief. Just 2 nights without power, and Ethnic warfare was engulfing every US city. They were losing contact completely with one majority Black City after another as not just power but communications were cut. Nobody was reporting in from those places, not the Police, Civil Defense, Emergency services, CB radio people, nobody. Individual Cities without power were one thing, but an entire Nation, all industry, all communications, all services, were entirely another. FEMA and all their Civil and Federal emergency people were falling back fast. Nobody had thought that stage could be reached that quickly.

He'd just received executive authority to handle the situation as he saw fit, using any force necessary. For now, he was effectively in charge of the Nation, and he intended to make the most of it while he could. There were people he wanted moved into senior positions, others he wanted removed, he wanted Civilian, Military and Emergency priorities altered further. And above all, he wanted increased Federal oversight and input placed over Civilian decision making as one more small step toward ultimately separating the Federal and Civilian governments. They were gradually removing all effective power from the ever-feeble Civilian Government the people could vote for, foolishly relied upon and which was forced to justify itself, centralizing and bringing it under Federal authority they had no control over whatsoever and which wasn't required to make any public accountability at all. People were conditioned to accepting gradual loss of control without a murmur of protest, the vast majority wouldn't even notice, and those few who did would soon forget. But he wouldn't forget, and Federal judges and administrators wouldn't forget. All most people would notice was extra clearances, approvals required, more documentation would be marked 'Federal' instead of 'Official', and more offences would be handled by mandatory Federal instead of Criminal sentencing. Under cover of this chaos was the perfect time to take another step. Multiple steps, in fact. They'd make those changes during the massive publicity planned for the show in Los Angeles.

There'd been reservations before, now everyone understood they simply couldn't handle this situation conventionally any more. He'd been asked to delay it another day to get broadcast facilities ready but their time had run out. It was now or never. They'd been controlling the information flow from the start in an attempt to alleviate the situation, but that too had failed. They would stage-manage this news with simultaneous radio announcements before the release of carefully chosen stills and video for maximum effect.

Their hopes were pinned on Los Angeles now, that city had done so much for them, and it would do a lot more. The entertainment system from there had largely brought this about, and now it had to end it. He gave the go-ahead as soon they confirmed they were ready, adding that only the most essential staff were to be warned first, and only at the last minute.

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At dawn, Women and Children who'd uneasily listened to and in some cases watched the fighting all night long emerged from hiding to see what had happened, what their Menfolk had stood fast against. They saw scenes of carnage, burned houses, shattered barricades, fences, a skyline filled with columns of smoke. Many were met by Husbands, Sons and Boyfriends, Women and even Teenage boys and girls who'd joined the Men in the overnight fighting out of absolute need, changed forever by what they'd been through as one, toughened and united with their neighbors in ways they hadn't thought possible.

Others weren't so lucky. They looked among hundreds of armed people for a familiar face. Nobody wanted to be the bearer of bad news; they were reluctantly taken to a covered-over

body, where they collapsed in tears, their cries echoing among the suddenly silent victors. People came forward, touched the mourners on their shoulders and told them their loved ones had died thinking of them, they did it for them and everyone else, and they'd all be eternally grateful to them for it. They didn't have to know that probably half had died after being badly shot by Blacks then mercifully put down for total lack of painkillers, treatment, or possibility of transport to hospital. Others came forward, knelt down to touch a hand, the chest or the head of the deceased and said a quiet thanks to them for what they'd sacrificed for others, before backing off with tears in their eyes. Tears for their loss, and in more and more people, growing Rage at what their own elected Politicians had willfully done to bring this about. Bodies were carried reverently into homes to allow families to mourn privately. Tradesmen were already hammering together coffins for them, friends dug temporary graves, all for free. Everyone wanted to assist in some way in making the coffins, even to so much as hammer in a nail, for those who'd done the ultimate sacrifice. For them.

The Survivors, neighbors and people from far afield were celebrating their togetherness, their survival in the face of terror as the sun rose higher over streets filled with bodies, virtually all Black. There were tears of both joy and loss, a newfound togetherness nothing could ever erase. Armed strangers met, shook hands and celebrated. The city had joined as one against Ethnic Terror, had stood firm, and in most places they'd won outright. If it was "Peace and Unity" the city leaders had preached for so long, they'd finally got it.

Everyone with the same life goals had come together, as happened in every Civilization with Compatible people. People who wanted to contribute and coexist always found a way, without exception they found common ground. But those who were determined to Hate, Prey and Take never could. Their very nature made coexistence impossible, they and their surroundings could only ever head toward Savagery, as proven yet again in America. Only compatibility could make people get along, and no amount of force could change that. The whole City, the whole World knew that, but not one of our Lords and Masters seemed capable of comprehending that simple, undeniable fact which even Children understood perfectly.

The sight that summed it up for everyone was the Gigantic Skinhead amidst a group of Asians.

"This guy saved our lives, we'll fight alongside him anytime", they told everyone who'd listen.

"And I'll fight alongside these guys anytime, they out-shot every damned Gang member who tried to come into this area!"

Words that everyone had to cheer, clap at. They shook hands, embraced fellow fighters of every color and creed who'd stood with them against Terror. There was no "White Supremacy" here.

The floodtide of Hate had begun to turn. People had finally united against the only Racial Terror in America.

Observers were watching over the diminished Black areas from highrises and surrounding hills.

What Hurricanes, riots, endless laws, weak housing restrictions, increased house prices, minor welfare restrictions couldn't do over decades, Black Ethnic Warfare had caused in just one night. Ghettos, Welfare blocks, Gang houses were burning, their former residents were on the run. Gangs were on the run. In places the Devastation was so complete that only shells of buildings remained. Blacks were fleeing in decrepit vehicles from both White and Hispanic areas along the coast, highways, anywhere out of the warzone they'd first created and which had now snapped them in the ass, avoiding non-Black areas and even other Black areas as they went. They knew who was more likely to Kill them even in this deepening crisis - their own people, not Whites, and they'd be shot for "Not belonging here" if they arrived in an area nobody knew them. And god help them if they dared to stop to ask for help from any of their own people. They wouldn't get far, people strongly suspected. Nobody would help them, not after what they'd done to others for so many years, and especially not after the last two nights.

In other areas Looting, parading weapons and attacks upon others continued unabated, they seemed not to know or care that their Black-only racial territories had been compromised, partly invaded and diminished overnight, that tens of thousands, maybe hundreds of thousands of Blacks had died, that many of their best weapons were no longer in their hands but had fallen into the hands of Whites and Hispanics or were on the ground amidst fields of bodies in inaccessible no-mans land watched over by snipers, that Heavy Military weapons were doubtless right now being moved up by Hispanics in preparation for the next night.

Hispanics were loudly celebrating their gains into Black ghettos. They'd rested up for a few hours, then huge packs of raging Gangs and Civilians alike reappeared once more and began finishing the job they'd started during the Night, continued to destroy every last trace of the former Black presence in the areas they'd conquered. Endless streams of Hispanics briskly walked into buildings, Black offices, Welfare blocks, armed not just

with weapons but tools, sledgehammers, and commenced smashing the interiors to pieces. The destruction could be heard for miles as windows, walls were pounded out. They weren't interested in looting, the observers saw. Everything from furniture to bodies was furiously thrown out windows, balconies. More was apparently thrown down stairs and piled on the ground floor as fuel, because the Hispanics marched out again and a few lingered to make sure fires took hold before rejoining friends already hard at work on the next building.

Elsewhere, Police aerial observers saw them rolling and tossing Black dead into homes marked 'Black occupied' then setting them alight. More were contemptuously dragged by vehicles using ropes tied around ankles to burning and burial sites, thrown onto bonfires built with wood and fuel furiously collected by hundreds of people. Others using commandeered bulldozers were digging trenches on the sites of burned former Black-only social services buildings and pushing bodies in. More than one of those helping in the mass burials urinated upon the dead as a final insult before they were covered, doubtless in revenge for having the same done to them during countless Black pack robberies upon migrant workers.

Occasionally a Black rushed from a burning building they'd been hiding in, was instantly cut down with machetes by people waiting outside. Others were suspended upside-down from power poles, set alight with gasoline and left to burn as the distant observers could only flinch and turn their glasses away. Acrid ground-hugging fumes soon filled parts of the city, palls of dense smoke rose, joined countless others as buildings burned. And nobody could attend any of them.

Some of the Black dead were left hanging in full sight of remaining Black occupied areas. Others were hanged by the neck or feet by the dozen behind tow-trucks filled with shouting, gesturing Hispanics pointing guns at Black areas, pointing at the 'souvenirs' hanging from their vehicles when they passed Blacks, occasionally firing short bursts through windows and along Black-only streets to drive the message home:

Tonight, we are coming for you, and we're going to finish what we've started.

One group of Hispanics even managed to tear down a brass Martin Luther King statue from a park, painted it bright pink, defecated on it and were dragging it by a noose around the neck. It raised a shower of sparks as it was dragged at speed by a truck through former Black-only streets nobody else once dared tread on pain of immediate, severe pack beating or much worse.

There was no 'White guilt' for slavery there, witnesses remarked.

That was made absolutely clear in one former Black-only area. Observers with Binoculars saw a truckload of Obese Blacks captured by Hispanics, none weighing less than 300 pounds, all being forced to clean up the Black-created mess there. Hispanics mimicked Black behavior and watched and drank as the Blacks were forced to clean up urine and faeces stains on walls, remove and burn rubbish in back yards, drag out sackloads of stinking trash from once-beautiful homes.

"That will be the first time in their lives any of them has ever worked", one of the observers remarked.

As they watched, a passing Hispanic threw an insult at one of them. He responded by throwing down his shovel, refusing to work any more and sat down in protest.

Instantly, sitting Hispanics leapt to their feet and advanced upon him, began mercilessly lashing him with heavy metal cables, steel construction rods across his face, his massive backside, anywhere they could reach. Blood and Flesh flew. The observers flinched.

"The Hispanics are telling the Blacks that if they don't like the evil White racist way, with our Tolerance for Black crime, free housing, free money, free food and no responsibilities at all, then they can bloody well try the Hispanic way."

The Obese Black vainly tried to escape the beating as the other Blacks returned to cleaning the mess so they wouldn't get the same treatment.

The beaten Black kicked his shovel away, stood up straight and clenched fists at the Hispanics, refusing to work any further and challenging them to do something about it.

A Gang member came up to him, raised a sledgehammer and brought it down onto his head with all his force.

The distant observers gagged as he fell to the ground, very, very dead.

"...And if they don't like the Hispanic way either, then they give up."

"For the first time in their lives, they're actually experiencing real racism instead of the fallout of their own behavior. I hope they like it under their new Hispanic overlords!", an Officer snapped.

And the Police knew there was nothing they could do about any of it. They were out-gunned, outnumbered. They weren't sure if they could get authority to intervene even if they had the ability, they'd need to create a wall between the two ethnic groups with weight of numbers, tear gas, machinieguns protected by snipers with unrestricted authority to shoot to kill to have any hope of stopping what had started. And even if they did, they'd only be delaying the inevitable. Blacks had literally raised Hell this time.

An old-timer Police Officer watching the scene said thus:

"Isn't this funny. The descendants of Slaves, who've claimed discrimination their whole

Lives, have dished out so much Hate to people who've just arrived in America that they're getting it right back. Those people came here with a lot less than those Ignorant racist Bastards get in Welfare in one week of their worthless lives, but that wasn't enough for Blacks to accept them. They tried to get along with Blacks but that didn't work either, they tried to avoid trouble with them but that still didn't work, and finally they had to set shoot to kill lines just to keep them from attacking them."

"... And that's when Blacks began to complain of racism", another Officer chimed in.

"Yep. And even setting lines didn't work, Blacks still kept attacking them. So now it's come down to a fucking War, this is what these people have created all on their own. Now they're getting their Fat asses whomped. This is another great win for Martin Luther King and his Dream of Blacks being judged just for their character. Well, that's exactly what's happening, and I hope they're fucking proud of themselves!", he shouted.

Today, Hispanics were giving a final message to Blacks. They not only wouldn't allow any Black to trespass into their areas, they would never again allow any of theirs to be attacked.

Others noted they seemed all but uninterested in the Whites and Asians, were staying away from White lines of fire in preference to dealing with their preferred enemy. They hadn't sated their anger by a long shot.

The near-end of hostilities here wasn't by any means the end of the Crisis, people were slowly waking up to that fact and discussing it openly among themselves. What concerned them now was that the city only had finite food and water. There was no water pressure, no power, no food supplies. As far as they could tell, no arrangement had been worked out by authorities for feeding people yet or if any was even possible at the moment. Not that it was really needed yet among non-Blacks, but that time would arrive shortly. Canned food would only last so long, supermarkets were either looted, burned or increasingly guarded by armed officers, there were no staff on duty with everyone watching over their neighborhoods, families.

And there was no electronic medium of exchange, increasingly preferred by the Government in their quest for the totally trackable cashless society, now unfortunately relied upon by far too many people. Right now, people were beginning to realize just how vulnerable they, the society and systems that'd been brought about were. Without access to electronic records they couldn't prove how much they were worth. Apart from passports and other reliable photo ID, they couldn't even prove who they were.

The City was once surrounded by productive Farms, orchards, there was farmland as far as the eye could see. Most of that was gone, built over as it relentlessly expanded. The unavoidable fact was, the City was now almost completely dependant on outside supplies. It was a more than reasonable bet that little or nothing was being moved by truckers between cities, roads leading out were likely jammed by refugees, others probably blocked by armed gangs. No trains were moving. No planes apart from Police patrols were flying. It was becoming obvious that if this kept up much longer, the city just couldn't support its population.

For the survivors, it was time to plan ahead. Cops were relenting, letting small groups of people into supermarkets to take necessities, but they wouldn't last long. Some were talking about leaving the city to stay with friends, family on farms, in country towns. Nobody knew if roads were safe, which neighborhoods were safe to pass through beyond their own, if trying to drive through would attract a bullet.

People could handle anything except a lack of news. Uncertainty was their worst enemy right now. Nobody knew anything about conditions out there, elsewhere, or even in other parts of their own city beyond what they could see. The radio news was saying little beyond bland words of comfort, and no news at all of anything beyond the city. For two days now they'd been repeating the same automated message every ten minutes; "People are cooperating to end this crisis. Stay in your homes and remain calm". They'd been saying that even as hundreds of thousands, maybe many more, died in fighting Nationwide. People were now only tuning in only to hear if they'd changed the message or begun giving the information they needed to hear. They wanted to know when service would be restored, how other cities were coping, if there were places they could go if things got too bad.

They could only wonder what was happening in even more majority 'minority' cities like Detroit, Washington DC and many others which more closely resembled jungle disaster zones than civilization regardless of the massive funding poured into those places. Their populations were 80, 90, 95% and even higher Black. Some thought they'd follow recent History, would refuse to move while demanding what they wanted, the general consensus was that if they weren't killing each other they'd be fleeing from each other.

"And going where, exactly?", was the reply. Knowing their total lack of preparation in their lives, they weren't going very far.

The general feeling was that they were better off staying where they were at least in the meantime, to stay off the roads and leave them clear for official and repair vehicles, organizing work groups to gather food and essentials and offering to help to speed things up. Or if things got worse, maybe concentrating the compatible Ethnic groups in one area of the city.

And there was the other fear. Nobody knew whether the Hispanic gangs when victorious over the Blacks who'd persecuted, killed, beaten, robbed, urinated upon and pack-attacked

them since their arrival in the city would then turn upon everyone else. There was no sign of it yet, all their efforts were still hell-bent upon ethnically cleansing Blacks. As best as they knew, not a shot and hardly a word had passed between the two communities since the Virus struck. People were venturing a guess that the Black community had a few days, a week at most before they were completely gone from this city, whether alive or dead. And then...

People began to explore neighboring areas, talk to others to find what had happened elsewhere. They checked the dead in their area for identification to try and find where they'd come from. People were already disgusted at the things they were finding now that they had time to look.

In some areas, Sub-Saharan African refugees, Sudanese, Somalis and Ethiopians admitted into the country and their youth had overcome Hostilities, allied with American gangs in mutual hatred of all others and had been shot down with them. In others they'd formed packs and attacked all on their own, dealing violently as always with their petty local grudges then moving onto all non-Blacks.

Upon arrival in the West, as requested by their Hosts they'd given brief Televised statements of grateful thanks to the Host Nation for letting them into their Western paradise. They jumped the Housing list and received immediate welfare, every assistance imaginable. They'd even received Welfare applications written in their home language. And that was the last we heard of them.

As always, the first of them to do anything useful at all received news headlines, while the hundreds who began to commit crime weren't mentioned.

Those who saw them in the meantime knew what the media was hiding; they were moved into economically depressed areas en-masse on the basis they'd somehow revitalize it with their labor and culture. Ten, Twenty years later they were still there, still living on welfare and getting worse, the buildings they were still living in were wrecked, their youth were forming Gangs preying upon all others, their parents occasionally helping out by invading schools and buildings en-masse to attack those who'd defended themselves against their violent children.

Occasionally their organized crime outrages even reached the news, but as always were immediately offset by Politicians and Social workers telling only of "How nice they were" and "How productive they were", "They commit crime at the same rate as the rest of the population..."

And of course, their victims didn't get a word in.

Today, as they had been for many years, those Bastards had repaid our kindness and generosity not just with crime and welfare dependency, but by declaring War upon us in all but name.

Others weren't surprised at all by the news, they saw them in person on September 11, celebrating on American streets, dancing and cheering as the Twin Towers collapsed and thousands of Americans died, while their neighbors were forced to watch in the name of 'Tolerance'. And just as they had with that and every other organized crime atrocity they perpetrated against their Host nation, our media had kept silent.

They'd been foolishly permitted into Western Nations despite many warnings from who'd been there and knew those people intimately, and now we were paying the fatal price of Enforced 'Tolerance' and Racial Censorship.

Of those Blacks the distant observers with high-powered telescopes could see in their diminished areas, they were disgusted to see all were completely ignoring their own dead without the slightest care for them. Few were so much as given the dignity of being covered over with a sheet. Several times they saw bodies dragged by the feet out of doorways they were blocking. Other than that, they might as well not have been there at all for what their own people cared for them. Occasionally one paused for a moment beside a body, and watchers thought they were about to give a dead person a semblance of respect. Instead, they rifled pockets, clothing for anything valuable, wallets, gold chains, before walking off and leaving them there.

Watching their ignorance even toward their own, more than one Observer silently thought that right here was the proof of what racists had been saying for so long. These people simply didn't experience the higher emotions others did. Whether it was too much welfare for too long, bad upbringing, or as racists would say, because they were Black. It didn't matter which was the cause, it didn't change the increasingly undeniable fact: These people had no place in Civilization.

Events in the now almost silent city suddenly turned worse in one block when yet another gunshot rang out, taking everyone by surprise during their joint celebration of their survival. The nearest armed people ran to see what was happening, just in time to see a Black youth with a pistol running down an alleyway as one of their own breathed his last on the ground. The youth was instantly shot dead. At that, several others hidden nearby jumped up and ran off in another direction. They too were shot.

Others running to see what was happening were shocked at what they found. Just as they'd been warned might happen by Police and observers, Black Children had started doing what they'd been instructed, sneaking up to and shooting non-Blacks unexpectedly. A number of

instances happened all over the city before the word spread. The first reaction of those hearing what was happening was disbelief, outright refusal to believe that anyone could do such a thing, until they were brought before the bodies and crying relatives, some of the assailants dead nearby.

Now that people were aware of the danger, many began to spot them nearby, watching intently with blank faces, just standing there, doing nothing else. Some with hands in their pockets, trying too hard not to make their intent clear by staring outright. Waiting for a person to go off on their own or turn their back on them. Others were seen hiding behind fences, walls, around corners.

The rules of Civilization were simple, and one in particular: Keep Women and especially Children out of Wars.

With that one rule broken, all bounds were gone. Pure Rage exploded to life.

"We've been telling our Kids to stay out of sight and get into shelter, those god-damned Bastards are teaching their Kids to KILL. If its trouble they want, they've GOT IT!", a furious survivor of last night's violence screamed for everyone to hear when he heard what'd happened to a neighbor. They'd thought even Blacks wouldn't stoop that low in their Hate. They were wrong.

"All right! That's IT! No more chances, no more letting them into non-Black areas, no more letting them get away with shit! NOTHING! GET THEM OUT OF HERE! From now on, you see any one of those Bastards, you give them what they deserve. If they want respect from now on, they EARN IT like everyone else! If services ever resume, you NEVER pay any taxes again until you get assurance NONE goes to a welfare recipient!! FUCK THEM!!", another shouted, just furious with rage.

The result of that news was just absolutely no mercy shown to anyone, not even to those trying to surrender, pass through their area, escape from Hispanics. Nobody. Any Black seen near non-Blacks was now a target, armed or not. Nobody was taking the chance they had a hidden weapon. Blacks, children and all were shouted at, told to get out of the area right now. If they didn't, no warning shot was fired. They were killed immediately. It was that simple. And that was still infinitely more courtesy than they'd given non-Blacks over the last two nights.

"They've only got themselves to blame for this!", as yet more Victims of Black hate were prepared for burial while murderous gunfire began to ring out in earnest again all over the city.

Blacks were now reaping the benefits of what they'd sown for Fifty years and had just added to. Total Hate.

A few weren't surprised even by that horrific news. They'd seen the same and much worse done in Somalia and other god-forsaken places. During the Operation Hope fiasco, Black Women carrying Babies hid rifles behind themselves and tried the same trick on US Soldiers. Child Soldiers in those places were the most remorseless, ruthless and terrifying of the soldiers used by the militias, out of uniform nobody suspected them and they hadn't yet grown to understand the horror of what they were doing, which was precisely why they were used.

The occasional news report mentioned US youth gang members who'd witnessed half a dozen executions of suspected 'informants', had personally killed repeatedly, had no remorse or regrets for any of it and in fact celebrated each new atrocity they participated in or witnessed. Those reports were always low-key, were never mentioned again and especially never spoken of by our Politicians lest people realize our Taxes and Social systems with no checks or balances were now breeding the same monsters in US society too.

For years we'd been hearing Police and Social worker concerns that we were on the verge of seeing 'Super Predators'. You didn't hear any such viewpoints any more. Because they were already here and had been for years, created by Federal policy.

In more than one White area, the news of what had begun to happen wasn't just met with an eruption of rage and renewed gunfire, it was greeted by the sudden smashing of glass in their now-silent block. A screaming person took the other residents by surprise, making them snatch up their guns once more. They were surprised to find one of their own using a Sledgehammer to furiously break every window in the local welfare office, ignoring the surprised looks he got for it.

"What in the hell are you DOING!! We NEED that building!!", an armed elderly resident ran over and loudly shouted at him.

"No we DON'T!", he snapped back, "This building and the cash checking store are what supported those Bastards!", referring to the bodies in the street. "We destroy them, and maybe they won't want to come back!", he said, and continued smashing up the building, now hitting visible power conduits and water lines.

The other people gathering at the ruckus looked back and forth at each other.

After a few seconds of silence, what finally emerged from one was "Damn. I should have thought about that. He's right, and now's the perfect time to do it. Fuck it, Come on!"

With that, more charged in and began tearing apart the inside, the rest paused momentarily before following their lead. They started tearing out filing cabinets, others ripping out computer cables. One thought there was a quicker way, set fire to the spilled papers and the curtains, kicked the rest of the cabinets over onto it, began dragging furniture over to add to the growing fire.



"Everyone out! NOW!", he shouted at the others as the fire quickly began to take hold. No water pressure, no sprinklers. They ran to obey when they saw what he'd started.

Within a minute the building was uninhabitable, the heat quickly growing until it was unbearable even outside and they had to back off. Computer monitors began to pop, extinguishers explode as flames and hot smoke erupted through windows. The whole interior went up at once with a 'Whomph' when critical temperature was reached.

"Wow, that didn't take long!", a surprised resident said, "I can't believe we just did that..."; not exactly pleased with himself, but not unhappy either.

"It's always easier to destroy than build up. Just ask those Bastards! Lets do this while we can. Pass the Word out to everyone! Nobody is going to talk, the Police aren't going to talk either. Hopefully this is the last time we'll ever have to do a thing like this in America!", the person who'd started it all said as he walked off without a look back.

One of the people taking part in the revenge burning stopped momentarily, stepped back for a few seconds, realizing something they'd all overlooked. About themselves. Their trained reluctance, their racial nervousness, their Fear was gone, overcome by massive Group Rage. And it was growing by the minute all over the City. There was no putting this back into the bottle.

The final, psychological obstacles put into place to stop ordinary People wanting to fight for Freedom had just been overcome. And despite everything Hollywood said, Brute force had won. The people were now ready to Rise up against their own Government and not just request, but Demand immediate and major change.

His next targets were former Black occupied welfare homes where the owners had left to join Black 'comrades' and gangs. When they'd finished house-cleaning a dozen homes were burning. There was no looting.

All over the city others had spontaneously begun doing the same thing. Not just welfare offices were targeted in the fast spreading revenge; Fast-food outlets, Amusement arcades, Black-only offices, bling and car luxury accessory stores, check cashing stores, mobile phone outlets which allowed no-cash purchases, second hand goods stores which accepted anything of value without question or identification, Black-owned stores set up rent-free under Black-only business initiatives to collect City-provided monies and which never opened their doors, everything began to receive the same treatment by rapidly growing, armed and furious mobs repaying a lifetime of Hate that'd centered upon those places. Anything and anywhere that'd been declared 'Black' and 'Our area' on pain of violent racial attack in the middle of a supposedly advancing Civilization now came under attack; Basketball courts, alleyways, bus stops. They were plastered and defaced with the most racist graffiti and symbols imaginable to try and dissuade them from ever returning. Nooses, crudely drawn Confederate flags, faeces spread on Black rap singer posters, it didn't matter how low they went. Nobody cared any more.

"We drive them out now, then maybe they won't want to come back for years at least. Fuck them!!!", one rioter shouted as he threw a Molotov cocktail into a dedicated Black-only but entirely White-paid schools office complex. That school and its students were responsible for countless pack attacks upon non-Blacks, every afternoon large packs of 'youths' gathered outside nearby shops, spewing racial epithets and attacking passerby, shoppers, cars driving past, robbing the unfortunate Asian shop owners. And the papers always referred only to a 'youth problem' in the area, never a racial problem.

"After last night, we'll treat them just the way they treat us, Nothing else! Hispanics have had the right idea all along. NO MORE!!! If these Bastards were rabid dogs we'd put them down, but we're supposed to show compassion to these two-legged beasts? FUCK THEM!!!", one screamed as he smashed windows to give air to the school fire.

And Police Officers watched, made no move to stop them, took no photos and no descriptions. They'd had enough of this place too. They walked away and let the war-bitten survivors of the previous nights Racial fighting do as they wanted to prevent it from ever happening again.

What fifty years of mindless 'Tolerance' and gradually increasing crime hadn't done, what corrupt, ignorant blind leadership at every level hadn't done, what rage at laws and changes that only supported Racial Terror hadn't done, what the progressive loss of all Freedoms, Safety, Rights and the Economy in every single last US City and Small town still hadn't done, just one Night of limitless Racial Terror and then Black children being used to shoot non-Blacks finally had. The whole city had reached its ultimate limit of Black behavior.

"Tolerance" had ended for all time in this city, as had the legally enforced 'getting along' with people who had no intention of co-existing with anyone other than Blacks. It had failed yet again, as it had throughout History and always would. Force had never made people get along, only compatibility.

People had gathered near Police lines near Supermarkets, the central city; citizens who'd come hoping to hear some good news from Police and Officials to pass on to others. After the previous nights total warfare they were infinitely safer, regardless of lack of basic services. That was now the least of almost everyone's concerns. They wanted to know

the bigger picture. Was there any sign of power being restored, any news from the rest of the Country, the World? Was the Virus the prelude to something else, or was it just a one-off never-again fluke as we were hearing? They hadn't heard anything positive, hadn't seen any signs of return of order.

The Police didn't know much more themselves. Washington was largely operational, its business center had been powered up. Headquarters, communications were being organized through there. They were following orders and waiting for news themselves they told people. They reluctantly admitted even they hadn't received any progress reports.

Some furious Officers took the opportunity to inform citizens of the orders they'd received from Washington before the second night, namely to withdraw under fire and leave the population they were sworn to safeguard. They told those Citizens to take it up with their bosses in any way they chose, because they didn't think their leaders worthy of shit for that monstrous set of orders too, and after the last few nights deaths they wouldn't stop them either.

People grinned. Any lingering doubts that the Police were definitely on their side ended with that.

Meanwhile, some Hispanics paused from destroying Black buildings. Not satisfied with emulating Black behavior by obliterating every sign Blacks had ever been in places, defiling every identifiable symbol of 'Black', demolishing former 100% Black buildings and burying Black dead there, not even with displaying the bodies of Blacks to Blacks, they now began to return more personal favors done to them for years by the Black Community which had set up the riots in the first place.

There was a sudden Roar of Vehicle engines. Pickup trucks filled with armed Hispanics suddenly appeared near Police lines and countless witnesses near the central city. They parked under a massive advertising sign beside a welfare office. One jumped out and climbed the framework of the overhead sign with boltcutters, quickly dealing to the barbed wire and locks blocking graffiti taggers from reaching the sign itself. A rope was thrown up to him from the back of a pickup truck as he clambered along the top.

"What on Earth are they doing, tearing it down? What's the point?", a curious observer asked.

"I don't think so..."

He tied the rope to the framework then climbed down. The other end was tied to something in the flatbed truck. As soon as they were ready, the driver was signaled to move forward.

A noosed body fell off the truck, was left suspended a few feet in the air, swinging back and forth, the eyes bulging and tongue drooling.

"Oh no YOU DO NOT!!!", an Officer furiously shouted, started to move forward to intervene.

A colleague grabbed his arm and held him back. Like many in the crowd, he'd immediately recognized who it was.

"Well, look who we have here...", one of the crowd said as others gasped, involuntarily stepped back in horror.

The 'Victim' was a well-known Black rapper who'd made hundreds of millions of dollars from advocating Black Racial Violence against non-Blacks. His one 'talent' was his ability to spontaneously spew hours of unceasing Hate in the guise of Music at Black-only concerts against whichever Ethnic group had annoyed him that day. He rarely sang the same song twice, you could only hear his one-time-only songs on recorded and edited Rap tracks, and Blacks did just that in their Millions. They queued all over America to purchase his CD's, in places stores just couldn't keep up with the demand. Other people could hardly understand a word he said in person or in his lyrics, but he'd sold millions in this city alone. And after every packed concert in every City he went to, sold-out Black crowds did as he suggested.

He sang about "Penny pinching slit-eyed yellow motherfuckers who need to learn respect for the Black fist. Rape them, Kill them, do whatever you want to them", and the crowds sought out and attacked Asian stores, looting and burning them and killing owners, employees and shoppers.

He sang about "Niggas told by God to make Honkey motherfucker Devils suffer for Slavery", and exiting crowds attacked every White they saw, blocked roads in their hundreds and attacked Cars and smashed every window for miles.

He sang about "Job-stealing Block-invading Taco-munching Brown motherfuckers who don't know their place below the Black man". And the crowds of exiting concert-goers attacked Hispanics, torched Restaurants, invaded Caravan parks to beat Women and Children and burn mobile homes and caravans.

His whole career and considerable fortune had been built out of Hate, and true to form not one Black leader, or any Politician for that matter had ever said a word against him for it. There were no apologies, no protests, no threats of boycotts. The only mildly negative comment ever made against him by a Black leader turned into a criticism of the city, not him. And Observers listening to what those 'leaders' said, and what they didn't say, found it increasingly difficult to believe other than those Blacks hated everyone else for no reason other than not being Black.

Doubtless he'd been watching the Ethnic war he'd agitated for so long from behind the

vantage point of the massive tinted windows of his partly gold-plated mansion packed with memorabilia of himself, when Hispanics took advantage of the situation, tore down the security gates with gas-cutters, chains and heavy vehicles then rushed in to deal a measure of Justice.

None were interested in his kilos of Gold Chains, Diamond encrusted cufflinks, Ivory handled cane and imported African hide boots. They were left with him as he swung back and forth.

"That must be his College education fund", one of the witnesses joked.

"No you fool, that's his Brothers bail money."

"How can you people be so Racist and Ignorant! That's his Child support payments", another witness remarked, referring to his half-dozen known progeny, all by different Mothers, all refused recognition or support despite multiple court orders.

Each of his partners had been promised the World by him, were told they were special and not like those others before them who'd let him down, and he assured them he wouldn't treat them the same way. The bliss lasted weeks at most, then he introduced each to drugs, his friends, let them have sex with his new partner whenever they wanted. When they fell pregnant, instead of being proud and supportive he began to ignore, beat, choke, even burn them. And all the time he threatened them with worse if they left. Those that finally escaped the torment and the drugs, his friends and gang associates, every one of them looked at least a decade older than they were, worn down, their life and soul literally sucked out of them. Rumor was it that more of 'his' women had simply vanished when he got bored with them or they fought back, but he wasn't talking.

As always, Celebrity newspapers cooed over each new photo of the glamorous couple together while they lasted, didn't mention his previous partners, his constant hate-filled diatribes, his associates and the drug gangs they were affiliated with.

And people could only wonder how once-attractive Women with the whole World ahead of them, could even stand to be near a group of people who in between the lot of them had never accomplished a single positive thing in their lives, never even spoke of doing such, couldn't do a single thing for themselves, had rap sheets longer than their arms, could hardly say an intelligible sentence without some insinuation of violence or sex, were obsessed with cash and luxuries, didn't work and didn't wash, had a string of bad debts, forced them to endure unwanted sex and abuse by their friends, were happy to let their own children lie in urine and faeces, and not even flinch in disgust at them and their lifestyles. Let alone want to bed down with such depraved, selfish, ignorant people.

The Hispanics finished the job by emptying his pockets of a fistful of hundred dollar bills. They weren't interested in those either. Instead they stuffed them into his gaping open mouth, down his shirt, into his ears and down his pants where it seemed to matter the most to him.

"Just like the Jena 6, huh?", a witness remarked.

The scene was just so totally outrageous, so completely at odds with everything Blacks said, yet so justified after what he'd done to bring this mess about that finally one of the Whites began to laugh out loud, almost dropped to the ground from slapping his sides. One by one the others slowly joined in.

And the Latinos turned to watch, joined in the laughter. The groups waved to each other across the Racial divide. A few moved forward and met, shook hands, congratulated them for doing the right thing. And about time, too.

Despite their differences, they had at least one major problem in common. Blacks.

Unlike Blacks, neither Hispanics or Whites would go after vengeance for months, years, use it to justify their entire worthless lives. Let them vent steam and get it over with, Officers muttered.

"Why does it have to be others who're leading the way?", one of the Observers suddenly snapped, "We used to be a lot stronger than this, we used to do this and a lot more when it NEEDED to be done! Our Civilization and Law used to be respected, now both are only pissed on by these people", an angry observer remarked.

"Well, that's because it's the only thing they've been WORTH since the 1950's!", another spat back.

"Our Government doesn't listen to anything we want and they haven't for over fifty fucking years! They'd sooner order US arrested than THEM!", the first person replied.

"Yeah? Well if our Police can't do their job and protect us because of those damned Bastards in charge, then its long past time we took our own god-damned safety back with a good old-fashioned god-damned uprising! They brought this mess about, if they don't fix it NOW, with machi neguns or whatever it bloody well takes, they can go to HELL! I WON'T LIVE LIKE THIS ANY MORE!!!"

Nobody ridiculed the suggestion, said the speaker was out of his mind or suggesting Treason. They'd all had more than enough. Things had to change. Right Now. And they all wanted a piece of the action now. They weren't after Gangs any more, they wanted the leadership that'd brought it all about and imposed their Terror upon us.

And not just that, they wanted change. Not in four years, not after elections, they wanted it right now. And not every single lying Politicians claims of 'Change' either. They wanted forced removals, whatever it took to safeguard the productive and the law

abiding people of this City of every Color and Creed, not "Everyone". Because they all knew "Everyone" meant including vicious Gangs and Predators who wanted no part of Civilized society, told us to our faces they Hated it and wanted it destroyed.

Those Bastards they'd fought the last two days and nights had preyed without limit on entire populations their entire lives, were arrested by Cops over and over, released without charge, increasingly didn't serve any time until they killed or raped someone.

In a society where there was no living in peace with Hate-filled people, forced togetherness could only ever fail. The only solution was to allow Nature's way, to let people choose who they want to live with, and to not just be warned about Felons in their midst but to have the right to exclude them and demand their removal, to have the absolute right to remove them by force if necessary as we once had.

The people wanted Crime and Gang problems eliminated. They wanted their safety back. They wanted to be able to walk the streets by day and night as we once could sixty years ago. They wanted all those things back by any force necessary. And they wanted them given back to them right now, not after the next election. Right Now.

A furious person had for years been working on a little pet project, and this was the perfect opportunity to finish it, when people would finally take serious notice of it instead of laugh or walk away.

For far too long we'd been barely holding onto last little truly worthwhile piece of this country, what once proudly summed up our Freedom. The First amendment. For years it'd been slowly written around in one imposed law after another, simply ignored by our leaders as the Terror rose in our cities.

The First Amendment to the United States Constitution is a part of the United States Bill of Rights. On its face, it prohibits the United States Congress from making laws "respecting an establishment of religion or that prohibit free exercise of religion, laws that infringe the freedom of speech, infringe the Freedom of the press, limit the right to peaceably assemble, or limit the right to petition the government for a redress of grievances. . .

He thought now was the perfect time to suggest claiming it back for all time. That, and repealing every last one of the failed Section 8 laws and programs and all the free means given to savage criminals to breed, move out of their self-created ghetto and infect more peaceful suburban communities regardless of how much mayhem they'd already created. Technically, every one of those programs were in breach of the First Amendment on the basis they'd restricted the Law Abiding in favor of Criminals.

Not just that, he wanted the Documented proof of the failure of every one of those programs released for all to see. 'Our' Government just couldn't make itself list the horrendous social statistics of those areas, the costs of those people, despite them being fully available to them at the touch of a key. Because they would prove for all time that the "Good idea" Social Experiment of endlessly assisting savage criminals had completely failed. This city alone had just proved it for the umpteenth time. If they couldn't take notice of that fact even now, then to hell with them.

He'd been writing an outline of a "Peoples charter", containing non-negotiable demands from the people to their Government to bring Hope and a Future back to our once proud and now severely declining, bankrupt Nation.

"WE THE PEOPLE. . ."

Declare the principles of the enforced Multicultural society to be a complete fraud and a social and economic disaster for all the people of the United States and the rest of the World.

Declare the Social Experiment that simply changing a persons environment will change their personality and outcome to be entirely false, and a total disaster for every single community it has been forcibly imposed upon.

Declare that Uneducated people who corrupt our streets, drag down our Economy, fill our prisons, refuse to follow the laws of the land, refuse to work, create and walk away from Children, and fill our streets with Guns, Drugs and Fear are not "Contributing to Society". We will no longer allow our lives, safety, way of life and the future of our Nation to be held to Ransom by Domestic Terror gangs and Criminals created and funded by Federal Tax monies.

We Demand the Natural Right of all peoples to live among their own kind without legal or social interference to be reinstated and fully upheld by law.

We Demand the immediate and complete removal of all Racial Quotas in all fields, their replacement with Natural ability for the advancement of society and the benefit of all who want to contribute toward it.

We Demand the immediate, permanent cessation of any and all Government, Federal and City funds to exclusive Ethnic charities and organizations.

We Demand our Welfare state be immediately restored to its original goal of Temporary assistance for the deserving, not permanent support of Criminal lifestyles.

We Demand that all Public Housing and all forms of Welfare to henceforth be considered a

Privilege, not a Right, and that any abuse of such to be liable to permanent removal of such privilege.

We demand that prior History be taken into consideration before any public assistance is granted.

We Demand that the same rules for Termination of Employment be applied to Welfare recipients. The First instance of willful Fraud, Drug abuse or committing Crime while on Welfare is to result in official notification, and if remedial action fails or is refused, Permanent and Nationwide ban from receiving public assistance to be the result.

We Demand that any abuse of staff informing recipients of such, or any insistence of a 'right' to live upon public assistance or refusal to work when able, to be considered an admission of possible Fraud and subject to immediate Police investigation and mandatory Federal prosecution for misuse of Government monies.

We Demand that all criminal Gangs and members to be registered and publicly identified, permanently banned from receiving any public monies or assistance or occupying any public housing.

We Demand that having Children while on Welfare be made an offence to the Nation punishable by immediate, permanent removal of such Welfare.

We Demand that any Welfare Mother refusing to name the Father so he can be made fully liable is to be permanently banned from receiving both Welfare and Public Housing.

We Demand that Parents of Illegitimate Welfare Children be made fully liable and publicly identified, and a second such offense to result in either Permanent imprisonment or Sterilization of both partners.

We Demand an end to the construction of Welfare blocks in Peaceful areas, and the closure of all currently located or planned there.

We Demand an immediate end to all Racial censoring of crime reports, and full disclosure of all such reports to the public be made in a public forum. i.e.: Website.

We Demand all inter-racial Crime be considered Racial until proven otherwise, and currently 'protected' groups to be removed immediately from such status, and the same standards of proof applied to all peoples to ensure equal treatment for all.

We Demand the full restoration of all Rights to Self-Defense as the Highest Law of Nature they are.

We Demand that the false Doctrine of "Rights" be replaced with "Duty to the Nation" with required standards of behavior - Standards and Attitude toward others, Honesty, Work ethic and Morals, before 'Rights' are mentioned.

We demand that anyone who has a rap sheet of several or more violent or fraud arrests and no intention of changing, be identified and removed from society permanently, given the choice of permanent imprisonment or renouncing their US citizenship and deportation.

We Demand that as the US public had no input or vote in the imposition of the UN Refugee Quota, that such be immediately scrapped.

We Demand that as the US public had no input or vote into the UN agreement that all children born within a nations borders are immediate citizens, that such agreement be immediately scrapped.

We demand that US citizenship be made probationary for twenty years from entry into our country, granted only after consideration of their contribution to society. Any willful breach of criminal law during that time to result in immediate, permanent removal.

We demand that all Immigrants to the Nation be denied Welfare or publicly paid Healthcare for twenty years unless special circumstances arise.

We demand the public identification of and immediate removal of US citizenship from all citizens and groups who declare their hatred of the Nation or Taxpayer, or intent to commit or promote acts of willful Crime, hostility or War, or who publicly pledge their first allegiance is to another Nation, or who insist upon racial right to subsist on Welfare or commit Crime. Any who Hate America do not belong in it.

We Demand that a full public accounting be made of the monetary contribution and take of the major Ethnic groups of this Nation, in terms of Welfare, Crime, Hospital costs and Public damage. The information is already held by the various public offices, we demand its immediate and completely uncensored release in a form easily readable by the public.

And finally, the last:

We demand a President and Political parties in charge over the US who place the interests of Working Americans over Welfare Americans, Law Abiding Americans over Criminal Americans, US Citizens over Illegal Aliens, National Border Security over Cheap Labor. Any beach of these National and Sworn Duties without National public disclosure, public input and debate and public Referendum is to result in immediate removal from Office using force if necessary.

After a careful viewing, during which the more Politically correct readers gasped at some of the lines while others vigorously nodded, his friends and neighbors replied "My God... you, my man, are asking for serious trouble with this!"

"Damned right! This Country needs a whole lot MORE trouble, and it needed it FOURTY DAMNED YEARS AGO!!!", he shouted.

"Trying to implement any one of these will result in a War, and you know it."

"In case you haven't noticed, it's already here", another instantly replied, "And the reason it's here is because we DIDN'T implement all of these right from the bloody start of our Welfare state!"

The Writer told them that the people who planned and brought into effect our Welfare system must have done their research, talked with all sorts of people, psychologists, Police, Historians, anyone and everyone with knowledge of the effects of Dependency. And yet the incredible, entirely welfare-created mess destroying our cities had come about regardless. Not only that, when the signs of disaster became more and more apparent, nothing had been suggested then demanded by any one of all those Teams of highly-educated people who influenced Government policy, who had full access to data showing the disastrous, fast-growing results. In fact they'd worsened it still further with ever more top-ups and benefits, apparently for Cheap Votes and nothing more, at the expense of their suffering population.

In his mind, that amounted to every definition of Willful Treason against the Nation, which to the best of his knowledge still carried the Death Penalty.

The writer reminded them that King John was forced to sign the Magna Carta for the peoples protection, so we could damned well do the same today. In fact the Declaration of Independence signed by the First President of the United States laid down that it was not only our Right but our Duty to do just that if the Government refused to protect its people. Its every line began 'We, the people...'

"Well, I think it's about bloody time 'We, the people' once more had a say in things, and that's exactly what I'm doing!"

"Then in that case, I'll put my name on it. Where do I sign!", one of the witnesses stepped forward.

"I haven't gotten that far yet."

"You'd better get busy hadn't you, because there's probably a Hundred Million Americans more than willing to put their names to that thing. Get to it!", he was snapped at.

One of his friends stepped forward with a somewhat more radical idea. Forget the demands, forget the diplomatic approach, forget the letter writing, the petitioning, the speeches, the protests, the signatures, because he thought none of those things were ever going to work. Not one had worked in the slightest for decades, not one suggestion to stop the mess put forward by academics, any member of the public had ever been commented on, let alone implemented.

He liked better what the Declaration of Independence said about it being the Duty of the People to overthrow any Government that would impose Tyranny upon the US population. Because he thought such time had not only arrived, it'd come a long time ago, and it was so far advanced that the tipping point where it was even possible to act was almost over. The situation was so bad that it was quite literally now or never, he said.

"Listen. If Aaron Winters can take out a whole Nations supports all by himself, if a Million Blacks can turn out to support Black crime, then what could TWENTY MILLION pissed-off workers do to save our Country? If THAT MANY people downed tools for just one week, just one, stopped the Whole Economy, headed down to Washington with food, water and a tent, peacefully surrounded the entire White House security zone and handed those demands to them, and the rest of the country joined them, how long do you think they could hold out? What do you think of THAT idea?"

"I think that's the best god-damned idea I've ever heard in my entire life! Lose two weeks wages, and Save our whole damned country! That's the best deal America has had in TWO HUNDRED YEARS! I'M IN!!!!", one of the bystanders furiously shouted, furiously brandishing his rifle.

"How can we get the word out?", one of the observers suggested.

"As soon as phone service is restored, we settle on a date, say two weeks ahead", the writer suggested, firmly agreeing upon the idea and seizing upon it, "Then... everyone phones every one of their friends, and TELL them to get to Washington, not suggest, but TELL them that if they want their country to survive, they damned well get themselves down there with whatever they need. And make sure you give every one of them my name and phone number so they know this is real, and tell every one of them to pass them on."

"I hope you're good at public speaking... ", one asked.

"Well, now's as good a time as any for me to start learning!"

"Society can't go on like this, I've had enough of bankrolling this screwed-up mess. We've all lost friends and family. I bloody well hope you're serious, because this has to end", another stepped up and said, with tears in his eyes.

"There's only one group of people we really need to impress our message on", the Writer replied.

And he didn't mean the Racial Terrorists in every City. He meant our Leadership. The people who'd brought it about, not the results of their work.

And after the last two nights of bloody fighting just for survival in the ruined society that'd been forcibly imposed upon them, they were in more than enough of a mood to take it right to the very top. Every person in every City in America who wanted to live in a sane society would be for the contents of that document. All they needed was a leader.

It was just a pity it had taken a damned War to bring the population to this point, the

writer thought, when they were finally ready to step out of the Politically correct shell, total inertness and stupor they'd allowed themselves to fall into. They'd gotten the jolt they needed as well as the group support to stand up when they had to.

He just hoped he was up to the job. Well, maybe his anger and that of the whole damned Nation would carry him through. He wasn't afraid any more, and neither were they. Fear had nearly lost them their Civilization, a whole Nations pent-up Anger could damned well bring it back.

Elsewhere, one of the former Block defenders and now Block destroyers paused his destruction of Black welfare homes and facilities.

"Is anyone getting a major sense of Deja Vu?", he asked his friends as they smashed open the doors of another welfare office and adjoining Black-only civil center and torched both.

"What do you mean?"

"Remember Edwards? They WON, the city was falling into their hands one block at a time. We all saw it on the news, people were coming out of their homes and celebrating being free of Gangs and criminals. Gangs were fleeing before them. And that's when our beloved President personally ordered air and ground strikes."

"Things were different then. That was peacetime, this is a fucking Nationwide Civil War!"

Civil War. It was finally admitted without hesitation in front of all. Previously, ordinary people saying any such thing were rubbished by their friends.

For many years, a few had tried to warn us with variants of "It's already here. It's on our streets, it's in our cities and it's invading one block after another, it's forcing it's way into our homes and killing us one at a time. We've been paying them to breed and paying them to commit crime, letting them out of prison over and over to destroy one life after another. In return they'd been telling us their whole lives that they saw the World in terms of them verses us, and our Politicians are still giving them our taxes regardless and telling us it's all our fault they Hate us!"

"Well, if this is a War, then it isn't complete without a little fucking chaos", one of the vandals remarked as he ignored the discussion and commenced the destruction of the building with a sledgehammer.

"What are they going to do, make an example of us in the middle of a whole country, a whole fucking World that's on fire because of THESE PEOPLE!?! It's a bit bloody late for that, sunshine!", another said, one by one smashing down a dozen rotating file cabinets filled with bulging welfare recipient files, applications for benefits. And stacks of confirmations that Federal grants had begun draining the Earnings of working, contributing citizens Wages without restriction into yet more pockets in the bottomless sewage overflow outlets of Black-only areas. Areas filled with posturing, vicious Gang members more than ready to kill their benefactors over half a sideways glance.

Later in the morning armed groups of Whites and Hispanics began to meet, making contact over streets filled with bodies. The Whites waved at, cheerily tried to greet the Hispanics, even the Gang members, hoping to find common purpose in victory. Blank looks and a stony unresponsive silence were the response. The Hispanics stopped in their tracks, conversation stopped dead, visible hand signals passed between them. Armed Hispanics turned to display their weapons more prominently. Hard stares lingered and didn't budge. Facial expressions didn't alter.

Oh, hell.

Hands unconsciously moved a little closer to their triggers. Both sides were armed to the teeth, with twitchy trigger fingers. Not aiming at each other, but not aiming away either. Don't try, was the unspoken message from both sides.

A hand signal from a Hispanic, the group turned away and left.

"What in the heck just happened!", one of the residents asked when they'd vanished from sight.

"We just had a fucking standoff, that's what happened! This is not good."

"I don't know if we should be grateful or not for their help...", uneasy residents said among themselves upon hearing the news.

Observers watching from behind bullet-hidden sandbags in apartment blocks, on balconies, and Police in Helicopters saw more disturbing images taking shape all over the City.

Hispanics had begun celebrating their impending Victory over the city Blacks in ways that had nothing to do with survival, or getting along, or wanting to be American.

Everywhere, Mexican flags were being raised on anything which could fly them, everything from car antennas to power cables. US flags were being torn down from public buildings, replaced with Mexican flags.

Definitely not a good sign.

Police noticed now that not just their Black officers, but now their Hispanic officers too had disappeared.

Neither side was firing at each other so far, they were staying away from each other in an uneasy standoff they only hoped would last.

Other places were silent, they'd begun to learn. There was only smoke. Little or nothing

moved. There were bodies everywhere, defenders and attackers, mostly defenders. Observers could see Blacks moving among them, looting at will. They saw queues of Blacks outside a few of the homes. They weren't looting, that was for certain.

"Oh god... they lost", they murmured, could only wonder at the fate of the unarmed people who'd been there, hoped they'd got out as those areas fell or had evacuated beforehand.

"We go in there", more successful neighborhoods around them instantly suggested. The call was echoed, they passed the word and began to prepare, gathering volunteers and weapons, plotted access and backup into those areas. Absolutely everyone stepped forward without being asked as soon as they heard.

Military people decided upon Snipers and backups and observers in multiple positions, shooting from multiple angles and steadily moving in, covering their friends as they moved in from one direction so their opposition had a way out, with more trying to approach from the sides, picking off the opposition and driving the rest out. They speedily prepared with neighboring blocks and hundreds who ran to volunteer to help, only hoped they were in time to do something to help any unfortunates caught out in those places. Forget waiting for nightfall, they were going in within an hour. More shooters were arriving by the minute to help as word of the impending action spread like wildfire, all hardened survivors of the previous nights fighting. They weren't leaving anyone for those Wolves to savage, if there was indeed any left alive in those places by now.

Elsewhere, the builder had been instructing his neighbors, countless new friends who he'd helped to survive the previous night. Now that they were in a War, they were listening to every word he said. How to move, how to stay still and hide themselves, where to look and what to look for. Tactics and counter-tactics. Not to just walk up to their observation points but to hide and stealthily approach them so the enemy watching hopefully wouldn't know they were there right from the start.

He was taking his turn on a balcony alongside others, watching for encroaching Blacks with a handheld radio constantly on. Nobody spoke a word on it unless necessary, as he'd instructed. He was looking back and forth between the people, along the street and into the distance. He didn't like what he was seeing.

"Something's going on", he finally snapped.

Instantly all his neighbors were fully alert, the ones resting up were shaken awake, jumped up or were dragged to their feet, turned off the safeties on their pistols and rifles and furiously ran to be at his side, were straining to see what was coming even as they aimed along the street, only a twitchy finger away from firing.

48 hours earlier they wouldn't have lifted a finger in a Crime Emergency, he knew full well. They'd have gone "How terrible...", and stood back as a gang pummeled an innocent. Now here they were, even the most laid-back liberal, instantly standing side by side without hesitation, with murder in their eyes, all standing as one for pure survival. Just one raised voice, and they were all ready. He'd have loved to see them in the Army, he suspected they'd all do just fine.

Why was it that only in a War this happened, only in the face of imminent Death that a community put aside petty differences and became one with itself, he thought.

"Where?", one asked.

"Look at the central city", he told them.

They all turned to see, scanned back and forth, one by one gave up.

"Smoke, flames, we all know that. I can't see anything coming."

"Okay, now tell me what you don't see."

Perplexed, they looked again. One finally noticed what he meant.

"That's strange. The Police and News Helicopters, planes are gone".

"All of them. They've been watching over this city in shifts from the start, every one just flew off. They've been ordered out, the airspace has been cleared. Someone is up to something."

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Federal Officials monitoring the chaos had been consulting with experts from the start of the Worldwide chaos, had been taking steps and preparing quietly for ultimate last resorts out of sight of the population. They'd received the orders they'd expected to get, the time was right to deploy one of few countermeasures which could completely reclaim the city. Only now would civilians agree to its use upon urban America instead of some overseas warzone, and this high-profile city was going to be the testbed. Forget DM tear gas, they were going all the way to the top on this if that's what it took to get the message across. Very high people had given their go-ahead, President Bush had just given executive authorization and final preparations were already underway. Media people were in place and waiting to record everything. It was time to brief the Police.

Most of the Exhausted, burned-out, strung-out Officers and Sergeants still had no idea how their own friends and families were coping as they gathered a few hours after dawn downtown in a Federal building. They didn't know why they'd been suddenly ordered here, only that it had to pertain to the disaster befalling this city and everywhere else.



Right now, they'd have been perfectly happy to hear that sanity was returning to their leadership and they'd been given the green light to shoot to kill rioters on sight, that the overseas Armies were being recalled and were on Emergency Flights home, that Power or Train or Truck services were resuming, or that the Army and Air Force was about to do strategic strikes on Gang fortifications and besieged food storage areas to force the Gangs back to the Ghettoes they'd come from.

Some doubted any of that would be the case but kept that opinion to themselves for now, they felt bad enough as it was. The people who'd ordered them here seemed less and less interested in Criminal investigations, in fact some felt they'd set about obstructing them in any way they could think of. These days they seemed only to involve themselves in cases of Blacks claiming racism, in cases which touched upon the rights of Criminals, individuals who'd taken a stand against Gangs, and most aggravating to some of those present, they seemed more interested in cases which increased the powers of the State and dealing with Dissent instead of Crime. Some felt they were at least partly to blame for the Racial Disaster which had torn apart the City for decades before this War began. Whatever happened, this meeting promised to be interesting. They expected excuses to flow from their lips, not apologies and especially not promises to change.

As they gathered, puzzled looks began to go back and forth as the same realization slowly came to everyone. Of their Black officers, almost 50% of the total sworn staff of this city, almost none were among their number. They'd been too busy until now to notice their disappearance over the last two nights. None dared to say what was on their minds, that the missing officers had obviously deserted to join their true allegiance, the Gangs they'd come from, just as they did in New Orleans. Shades of the Rampart Scandal all over again.

With the incessant Politically Correct demands from the Black community for 'unbiased' Black officers to serve the Black community, they'd been forced to lower previously high standards and dumb-down entrance exams to the point they ignored Gang affiliations, minor criminal records. It was blindingly obvious to everyone else that Black Gangs wanted inside informants, and in scandal after scandal the LAPD had been forced to reverse convictions and pay enormous sums in compensation after tainted, false and destroyed evidence. The media oozed over the slightest whiff of racially charged Police corruption, pouncing like Baying Hounds and giving it top billing for months. But they couldn't drop this huge Scandal fast enough from their headlines, managed not to interview a single victim or give a single photograph of a tainted Officer, tip-toed around the uncomfortable fact that every single Officer involved had been allowed to join under the lowered standards. Even other Officers claimed their Senior staff weren't interested in fully investigating the scandal and ignored crucial leads, even discouraged officers from coming forward.

And now, all those Affirmative Action 'unbiased' Black officers had disappeared, were nowhere to be seen. Everyone had a good idea where they were but couldn't say so, especially not here.

The atmosphere chilled, conversation stopped when Federal Officers finally entered the briefing room. Taking their time as always, showing who was in charge. No, they wouldn't be apologizing to anyone, especially not to the relatives of those who'd died overnight.

"How in the hell do you guys do it? Keep your uniforms clean no matter what happens?", a Sergeant asked them straight off.

Some of the Federals looked confused. Their commander smiled and said "We change regularly."

"I bet your sidearms are spotless, too."

Instantly the room was silent. The smile dropped. Ah, now he understood.

"We've been doing our part... Officer", he snapped the last word, showing his seniority.

"That's SERGEANT, to you! We haven't seen a single one of you until now. You've been sitting on your asses, watching hundreds dying in front of you after ordering us to not to protect Citizens or arrest rioters, probably watching us in the hope we lay a finger on any of them."

They were all well-rested too, they noted. Unlike the Officers, some of whom were literally sleepwalking. A few of those present were wondering if that was the intent - compliant staff.

His eyes narrowed to slits.

"I don't like your attitude."

"When this is over, I'll be telling everyone what a great job you've been doing, telling us to ignore the citizens you're sworn to protect and pulling us back right in front of fucking rioters."

"I don't have to explain myself to you, now shut the hell up!", he glared in full fury.

"Yeah? Well, if you'd let us shoot to kill instead of appealing for calm and getting pissed on like every previous fucking occasion, the city wouldn't be in this goddamned mess."

"I'll forget you said that."

"And maybe if we'd used a Whip instead of a Welfare check on these fucking Animals, they'd know some semblance of human behavior!", he snapped back.

Right. That was it. Instantly the Fed was in his face, jamming his face against the

Officers'.

"What is your problem, you racist piece of shit!" he screamed at him.

Everyone flinched. They fully agreed with what he'd said, but in front of these people...

"You're my fucking problem! My men are dying out there, and you're doing everything EXCEPT fucking help as always!" he screamed right back into the Fed's face. He shoved the Fed hard into his chest, slamming him against a table to get him out of his personal space.

Hands were moving to be closer to Tazers, Tear Gas, Pepper spray and pistols, and everyone in the room knew it.

"That's assault on a Federal Officer, I'll have your badge for that."

The Officers fist flashed out, but the Fed was ready. He flinched out of the way, but the followup knee up into his solar plexus connected, was instantly followed with a baton raised and slammed repeatedly into his arching back. His friends were dying, countless innocents were dying, he hadn't heard from his family for days, and he wasn't holding back any more at the arrogant, uncaring authority figures who'd brought it all about by ordering them to show 'restraint' in the face of savagery for far too many years.

The room had been subtly rearranging, taking sides, moving into position. Now officers jumped to help friends, others drew pistols, squeezed to the first pressure.

"Everyone back off, right now, and listen to what they have to say!", the Section chief shouted as he stepped into harms way, physically shoving almost-combatants apart before a worse Civil war erupted.

Pistols began to lower, but remained drawn.

"We're liaising with the Military, we're bringing in other options as we speak to contain the situation", a Federal Officer snapped at furious Officers as his colleagues helped their stricken comrade to his feet.

"You're not Military, and you're not fit to wear that uniform, you worthless Gestapo prick", the Sergeant snarled.

"SARGEANT!!!", the Section chief screamed at him at the very top of his lungs.

This absolutely wasn't the time to press the issue, not with everyone at boiling point. No charges would be laid, but this would be remembered. There would be a time, a darkened office perhaps, with no witnesses around when some payback could be afforded. But not now.

"We've just got authority from President Bush to crop-dust with BZ aerosol. Your rioters are about to have the very worst time of their entire lives. While they're down you can arrest whoever you want, and we won't get in your way."

There was a joint intake of breath. "Holy Shit...", more than one Senior officer muttered. They knew what that stuff could do, which was why it had never been used before in any arena, Civilian or Military. The uproar would be beyond belief, hysterical in fact, in any other than an extreme War situation.

And then there was 'our' media to consider. When it came to Blacks, the viewpoint they'd display could be depended upon to be completely at odds with reality. Aggression would become Self-Defense, Defense would become Racial Hatred, and driving out Black criminals would become Ethnic Cleansing. But only if it was Whites doing it. When Blacks did it to all others, that was perfectly fine by them.

The Senior Federal Officer read their thoughts, stated they'd placed all the media they could access under direct Federal control the morning after the Virus attack, they would not be interfering with this and would be used afterward to get the word out. He didn't say that unreachable, Government funded Black stations smack in the middle of Warzones were another matter.

"What about your friends, the Civil Rights bullshit crowd?"

"If they get in your way, or they'll get the same treatment."

Ah, finally some sense from these people, they were talking on the same Wavelength. That could only mean the rioting must have begun to affect them too, some snidely thought.

"Send the word out on the quiet, not on the radio. Ready your men with Gas Masks, we're dusting in 20 minutes, Choppers are loading as we speak", he smiled.

One of them took the opportunity to drop the bombshell upon them.

"Did you know the Mexican Army is right here in this city? We saw them using Artillery on Black areas last night."

"Someone was using it, nobody knows who yet. You above all should know better than to start wild racial rumors!", he snapped back.

"Well, we saw Phosphorus shells being used on Welfare blocks. The US Army got rid of its stocks, so who does that leave?"

"Hold that opinion until we know more, in the current circumstances the final result may well be classified. Don't say a word to anyone in the meantime, and that's an order!", he snapped.

"Everyone already knows. There's lots of ex-army people in the city", he replied.

Oh hell. They'd hoped to keep it quiet, but the information had already gone public. Several of the Federal Officers quietly stepped out of the room to notify superiors in Washington. They had to deal with this right now.

"I know for a fact it wasn't Whites manning those guns last night", the same Officer

added.

"And how can you possibly know that!", he snapped.

"Because of you. You just told us who was firing those guns. If it was White Supremacists, you'd have made damned sure the whole World already knew about it instead of not even mentioning it until we brought it up!"

The speakers face darkened with rage.

He ordered "Strike that comment from the record!", furiously glared at the Officer.

Ethan had been looking between the Federal Officers and his strung-out colleagues. He'd been troubled from the start of this meeting. He didn't want to, he'd never been more reluctant in his life to volunteer information, but his conscience finally got the better of him. He finally put his hand up, regardless of the uproar this was going to cause.

"Go ahead."

"Yesterday, I received a call on my Satellite Telephone. Whoever it was said you were going to dump chemicals over the city. It also said you're going to take Civilian and Police firearms, arrest any civilian leaders you find, separate the Children of suspected Defenders from their Parents in the name of 'safety', remove all radio communications you can find, set up 'Food for Guns' distribution posts, and more."

The Federal Officers jumped, every Officer in the room turned to stare at him.

"Who told you that... Total Bullshit!", the senior Federal Officer finally shouted amidst the shocked silence.

"He said he was someone called 'US Resistance'. Is that a Federal Government branch?", he innocently asked.

Confused looks turned to shock, then solid stares. The senior Fed wavered, replied "It's someone's idea of a sick Joke".

He told Ethan to stay behind as the others were ordered out.

The instant the door closed they pounced, demanded his Telephone, they wanted to trace the call if possible, told him to repeat word for word exactly what he'd heard. He did. They looked up the length of the call on the phones internal log before believing he'd disconnected without paying further attention.

They then swore him to silence on anything he might have ever seen or heard, threatened him with a lifelong Federal jail term under the Patriot act, with additional non visitor and non contact provisions, if he ever breathed another word of this, anywhere, before allowing him to leave and assist in the preparations. They did not return his phone.

With no means of contacting their families directly to warn them of what was coming, Ethan and fellow officers rushed to their vehicles, saw from the Helicopter preparations in secured yards nearby they were already too late. They couldn't possibly get to their homes on those blocked and rioter filled roads in time to tell them to seal all doors and windows, cover their mouths and noses with cloths doused in alcohol to stop and dissolve any poison that penetrated. Granted that they were still there despite having access to his Firearm collection and the knowledge to use them. The drop would not be delayed, not even for them, not when lives were being lost by the moment. Ethan swore out loud, buried his head in his hands briefly, before composing himself to do his job.

More Senior Officers were having concerns too now, were whispering them openly among themselves.

They recalled how in previous threatened crises where there'd been forewarning of major trouble, it'd been no secret that they'd been told to use whatever force necessary if riots were threatened, such as the leadup to the second sentencing of the Officers involved in the Rodney King beating. They'd gone public with that information, placed heavily armed officers in plain sight for all to see. An ounce of preparation had literally prevented hell when potential rioters knew authorities were waiting for them, with full authority to shoot on sight. If Blacks hadn't got the verdicts they wanted and taken the excuse to attack innocent people again, they'd have died this time, not innocents.

And why wasn't it the Military who'd offered this solution to them?

A Nationwide, Worldwide, total crisis on this scale which threatened the viability of entire Cities and even the Economy itself should have caused immediate consideration of ultimate options with the Government and senior Police everywhere. They should have been calling this shot from the start, their thinking and their duty to their Nation was to go straight in and deal with the situation as the good people they were to avoid further loss of life. The Military had a clear chain of command and sets of protocols; in an event of this magnitude, a disaster with Worldwide ramifications, they would have immediately coordinated with everyone they had to on handling an event like this as fast as possible, assisted in returning power, whatever it took.

But nobody had heard a word from the Military on the US homeland itself, not even now, as though they'd been ordered to stay out of it from the start, and the decisions weren't theirs to make any more. Their representatives were conspicuously absent here, the Officers noted. And in a time of crisis they would have at least tried to coordinate with organized groups of armed Defenders via the Police instead of leaving them out there to be dusted too without so much as a warning.

This was infinitely worse than the 1992 riots, it was in every city Worldwide, but instead of fully arming, receiving full authority, holding the line and separating the two sides, saving countless lives and homes and preventing both a War and a Refugee exodus, not even safeguarding critical power and Government installations, Officers had been explicitly ordered to withdraw from trouble regardless, even after they knew how truly bad it was. The delay and ordered withdrawals had cost untold thousands of lives, tens of Billions of damage, kilometers of burned out businesses and homes in this near-Bankrupt city alone, this could easily be the final push which sent the whole of America into an Economic Depression.

And the Federal government must have known the full Global and National picture long before Local Law Enforcement before giving those damned orders, even threatening Federal prosecution if they weren't obeyed. They and the population of this City they were supposed to be responsible to had instead been deliberately left on their own. Until now, when only on the Third day of this disaster instead of the very First, when the fighting here was almost over, this solution had finally been presented to the City without discussion or alternatives.

An Officer pointed out another set of uncomfortable, undeniable facts.

If they were ready to use that Chemical at all, it meant they were out of options. But even a full cross-country flight from Military storage depots would take 8 hours, tops, and despite even their inside information it'd still taken them until the third day to coordinate this, or any response at all?

They highly doubted even the Federal Government was that blind or unknowing of what was happening. After consulting with their own coding experts, those people must have known within hours at most, perhaps more like minutes, how truly bad this Virus disaster would become, that there was no easy solution, and that massive Warfare would break out in Cities.

And they'd sat on that information too, refusing to Warn the Population or even their own Police, on top of ordering a Police withdrawal here.

Oh, Jesus.

And if that were all true, if that stuff was as powerful as claimed, then what the hell had they been waiting for?

More than one Officers hands went to their pistols as the answers came to them. Those Bastards hadn't been waiting for the Civilian chaos and Deaths to cross a set line before the consideration of extremes. It'd been past that point right from the start, and they knew it.

If it was up to the Military they'd have gone straight in. These filth had waited, apparently stopped the Military from getting involved, deliberately worsened it here, waited for enough Citizen and Cop blood to be spent in sight of the media to justify the means, to show the World the new means of handling severe crises.

And they all remembered the media staying low until suddenly they'd appeared near Police lines the previous night, refusing to move, or help, or record anything else. They were under orders, too.

If this didn't come from the Military at any point, then who'd authorized the movement of a monstrous chemical like that from secure Military Armories?

Homeland Security.

This was a show, not a means of retaking control.

They could have done that days ago, and Nationwide, shocked Officers were realizing.

Does any Nation build such things for idle contemplation, someone once wondered.

The Federal authorities actually wanted extremely serious trouble in American cities, had sat and waited, used the deaths of countless civilians and even their own employees Nationwide as a means to justify another extreme means to an end, ordered them to pull back here to worsen things further still and provide the justification they wanted.

An outraged Officer commented that if previous history was repeated, as soon as this crisis was done, just as in 1992 these same filth would turn around and quietly ensure there'd be no real search for their colleagues' remorseless killers, few trials and no publicity of what little justice was actually done. With the near-psychotic Hate of Blacks there'd be little to no hope of capturing them even though every single Black in their areas would know who'd done it. They'd be the 'Heroes' of their neighborhoods, despite killing their own people, destroying their own areas, destroying the stores and outlets that fed them, destroying their own peoples education and employment and business opportunities and forcing their own people to abandon yet more areas. The only publicity that would be afforded would be for the "Poor, deprived Black residents who'd suffered the hardest", not the innocent White dead, not the dead Officers, and absolutely not any of their mourning families. The murders would only be a statistic, the Millions of individual crimes that'd been perpetrated in the last few days would never be mentioned.

But now, out of all that blood and mayhem, they'd get what they really wanted. The authority to use that Chemical to control any crisis they liked. And it had only cost

untold Tens of Thousands of lives in LA alone to get it. Nationwide and Worldwide, only God alone knew the cost of the delay, materially, financially and in lives.

Some began to wish they'd done the hitting themselves, and a whole lot more. And if they found they'd lost Family members in areas they'd been ordered to pull back from, a few made up their minds right here and now to do just that.

At a cleared Police Helicopter facility, half a dozen Helicopters had been hurriedly fitted out with commercial crop-spraying equipment to handle a liquid load. They were partly armored against the gunfire they'd doubtless be exposed to, it would take a lucky hit to bring them down but even so they'd be running flat out. In and out.

The loading crews wore full chemical suits and oxygen tanks, everyone nervously rechecked their connections, made sure every scrap of flesh was covered before cracking the first sealed container of harmless looking crystalline White powder. They carefully mixed it into organic solvents and allowed it to dissolve, poured the mix into full sprayer tanks to dilute further. The process took place under heavily armed oversight.

As Pilots breathing bottled oxygen finished their pre-flight checks and turned their engines on, the loading crew thoroughly cleaned off in portable chemical showers. They took way longer than recommended minimum times before peeling off their hot outfits. They weren't sweating just from the heat, they knew what even the tiniest amount of that stuff could do, they'd had it hammered into them its effective dose of micrograms per kilo of body weight, not milligrams like most drugs and riot control agents. And they were using Fifty kilos on this one drop, enough to incapacitate the entire Nations population if it could be evenly distributed. Anyone touched by this spray was going down, no two ways about it. The loading area was being chemically sanitized as well, there could be no lingering residues.

The Helicopters lifted off with an armed guard alongside every pilot, turned to get into position for their assigned drop runs over the city. The airzones above the city had been cleared under executive order, not that any apart from Police spotter planes were flying with air traffic control down. Several of the 'Birds' were now accompanied by News choppers to record for the World to see what was about to happen, their pilots also seated alongside heavily armed guards wearing flak jackets.

Final authority was given as the last turned into line with firestorm zones and moved into formation to cover entire swaths at a time, the armed guards nodded, the pilots flipped off the safeties and switched on the feeds, set the drop rate to fifty liters a minute and gunned their engines to full speed only a hundred feet above rooftops as they approached the smoke. A fine spray dropped from each, the droplets partly evaporating on the way down and disgorging their contents as a barely visible mist which descended among the buildings.

The gunfire at their approach was enormous, every last rioter opened fire at the sight of flying symbols of authority. The Pilots involuntarily flinched, swore as a storm of small and large caliber bullets crackled off armor plate, chipped bulletproof windows as they wove between occasional transmission towers and taller buildings. They nervously listened to the rotor pitch and watched their instruments as lead occasionally twanged off the rotors, but they stayed their course.

"Just like New Orleans", a pilot remarked to try and lighten the tension.

As soon as one run ended they turned into position for the next using military encrypted GPS, steadily covering the warzones in precise swaths. The gunfire continued unabated as the odorless, almost imperceptible mist swirled around the rioters, who laughed and hooted, gesturing wildly and grabbing their crotches in response to the seemingly pathetic effort.

"This is a very low rate of dispersion for this speed, what can we possibly hope to achieve?", a pilot casually asked his armed escort.

"Don't worry, it'll work", he replied, smiling.

One Chopper was brought down by groundfire, taking a lucky hit into a fuel line. The pilot had enough warning to divert and bring them down onto the top of a skyscraper instead of into a warzone. Another took up where he left off.

Some of the Black Delegation rushed back to the central district station, ran inside and screamed to the Federal Officers who'd quietly replaced the Desk Sergeant that Innocent people were being attacked.

"Innocent? Like hell they are. Get out now!", he snapped, signaled other Federal Officers to remove them with force. They gladly obliged, jammed pistols into their fat faces, shoved them out the door with batons and tazers on full charge.

Unlike ordinary Officers, they didn't have to show the respect those people always demanded but never gave.

Unnoticed by the news choppers, after their main runs several Helicopters peeled away from the riot zones toward subdivisions where civilians had successfully fought the tide of Ethnic violence, disgorged the remainder of their loads there.

As the last of the Choppers came in to land, gas-masked Police were reporting over the radio that the gunfire was as bad as ever, the mission appeared to have been completely ineffective, perhaps worse than useless, if anything it might have inspired rioters to

worse violence.

"It takes two hours to begin its work", Federal Officers said to the less knowledgeable Officers, and they glanced at their watches.

"Another hour? Shit! It's a goddamned warzone out there!", one shouted back.

"Tell them to hold the line, they don't have to do any more than that. Just sit tight and watch. And for gods sakes keep your damned masks on!"

True to their word, two hours after the initiation of the BZ drop the gunfire abruptly began to fall away. Observers could see confused rioters arguing and gesturing among themselves. Some fiddled with their headgear, loosened their clothing. They could feel something beginning to happen to them, didn't know what it was. Some began drinking large volumes of fluid, vainly tried to dilute the effects with alcohol, thinking they'd taken a dose of some bad drug as the first effects took hold and kept worsening.

Two hours after the onset of effects, rioters and wildlife were dropping to the ground all over the city, gasping like fish on land as their brain circuitry misfired, gripped by hellish visual hallucinations which worsened by the minute. And the effects they were feeling would be increasing for many hours yet, shocked Officers were assured as the riot-torn city quietened and finally completely stilled.

Only two rioters had worn captured gas masks throughout. They were captured without fuss, standing amidst the laid-out bodies of untold thousands of Gang members and civilian rioters with mouths stretching and groaning in agonal gasps, their bodies slowly twisting and turning under the grip of still worsening effects. They filled the streets, homes, buildings. They hung from trees they'd been sniping from, laid in the aisles of stores they'd been looting, every weapon imaginable next to them or on their person. Occasionally a solitary gunshot rang out as a rioter flexed or rolled into a position which put sufficient pressure on an unguarded trigger. Other than that, silence reigned.

During their briefing, Police had been permitted to read firsthand accounts of test subjects who'd willingly accepted trial doses, some stating afterward they wished they'd been killed instead. They had no idea of what they were letting themselves in for, 72 hours of hallucinatory horror which dwarfed LSD. Most tellingly, it was the only riot control agent no volunteer had ever accepted a second dose of.

The streets were filled with hundreds of thousands of affected rioters, millions more had felt themselves losing control, went inside buildings, locked themselves in and collapsed there. They were all but frozen where they'd fallen. Nobody particularly cared if many of those ones outside died from exposure to the elements, but there were untold innocents, family and friends caught up in the airborne drop too.

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Michael Chertoff was in a foul mood even with the good news so far from the city they'd selected as a trial.

The Chemicals had worked exactly as planned, the footage would be public within hours. In a few days when the effects wore off, they'd order the release of all rioters not actually caught in the act so the word would spread even faster. Fear of the unknown, fear of food and water shortages, fear of crime, fear of Federal bullets, and now fear of that monstrous chemical should pull the country back from the brink. In the meantime, the Officers in that City were for the first time being allowed to use every information gathering tool they had without restriction on captured rioters, it would keep them occupied and distracted from the other things he'd personally ordered there.

Until essential services were up and running they could only try to contain things. That would change shortly when the footage went Worldwide, when crowds of rioters realized there was an extremely effective cure to their behavior that couldn't be hidden from, one that was ready to use on them right then and there.

Every few hours now they met to pool the latest updates, the continuously incoming tips, informants calls, analysts opinions and derived information. The good people at the Pentagon had done an admirable job of bringing them the information they needed, re-tasking Surveillance Satellites, signal processing and radio resources from monitoring Overseas nations to the Heartland and compiling information to assist Law Enforcement. Nobody was happy about that move, shifting their focus down from International, to National, and finally only city centers. It meant the Countryside, the rest of the World was wide open to whatever else might be happening, but there was no choice in the meantime. Without their help they'd only be seeing scanty outlines and snippets of intelligence instead of on the spot telemetry and live images. As soon as the Commercial Satellite telephone system was restarted they'd begun to coordinate their offensive response, starting with the chosen city they'd made an example of.

It was definitely a good call by his staff, snatching every available Diesel generator for miles to fully power up the Pentagon as soon as the full scale of the disaster became apparent, ignoring furious protests from businesses and even other Government departments. Within hours of losing their dedicated power lines they were back up and running. They'd detailed extra officers to monitor the approaches, communication relays, adjacent computer centers, and more importantly, the outskirts of the Black areas near it to prevent an aggrieved mass approaching the building demanding fuel and food. No

unauthorized person was going near that place until this situation was resolved.

Nationwide they'd been making frantic efforts to get the systems back online and had almost succeeded in restoring from backups when the Virus swept through everything a second time. The decision was then made to isolate the secure networks and operate using only those and approved terminals, regardless of how much trouble it caused. The Internet servers were being brought back online but with all users locked out so only operators and remote interrogators could access them to aid in the investigations. Once that was done they could really get started.

The power subsystems were reluctantly being disconnected from the computer networks and set to local control under trusted people. The primaries were being tested and run up and should progressively come online starting in the next few hours. A few isolated power stations and relay substations still weren't responding to communications, things must be really screwed up out there. People were going in there in person to sort them out.

Among other confidential news, there were food supply problems cropping up as well as a complete breakdown in law and order in parts. Both could only be expected in the circumstances. Food distribution in particular was worrying some people. With crowds roaming the streets in places and attacking at will, Truck and Train drivers were naturally refusing to move inside cities or even enter them until the situation was under control. Armed escorts were being arranged for them, not just in but out of the cities too, as they were demanding.

Most disturbingly to him, everywhere there were reports of increasing return fire in places. Police everywhere were calling in large and rapidly growing armed enclaves which had sprung up in every city and were pouring fire into the streets. Not again, he groaned. It was a rare person these days who took that kind of initiative these days, especially with the ever expanding legal consequences to all around them. Who gave them that idea, he pondered. The whole of Urban America was in serious danger of dropping into an unstoppable downward cycle if this kept up. He ordered all such news to be kept in strictest confidence to prevent it becoming 'popular', outside people getting the idea into their heads to come and join them. They'd promptly deal to them as the criminals they were as soon as they had the chance.

The results of the full Forensic search of Aaron Winters' computer hard drive was in, and they'd displeased Michael immensely. His underlings seemed reluctant to inform him. It was merely a data backup belonging to a Plastics recycling and Latex products factory. "I get it."

Aaron's little joke at their expense.

'Screw you'.

He'd dispatched people to the factory to try to find who'd disposed of it, ordered it sent to a specialist magnetic lab for overwritten data to be recovered just in case anything else turned up. Only then would it be handed to the FBI crime lab for intensive physical examination.

The remote possibility that it was a rogue American military Virus accidentally given to Aaron on a secondhand PC or computer disk had been quickly dismissed. The Virus was constructed elsewhere as a weapon of War and built to destroy, it's message was the same, and was being treated accordingly at this point.

Senior National security people said something in passing to put this into perspective for the searchers. Aaron's Virus wasn't actually that hard to build, any decent programmer could do it - if they had the right information. It was little more than a blunt tool which evaded defenses very well. Just like their own secret Viruses, they remarked. Which was why they suspected the real author of the monstrous security evading coding was a Military person, Aaron merely released it. He'd never had access to anything like the kind of knowledge needed.

They added there were real nasties in other fields which were also relatively easy to produce; Chemical, Biological, Electrical, even Nuclear. It all came down to knowledge and determination. One had finally come out of the closet and snapped them in the ass. It could have been worse, they hinted, and only by the grace of god it hadn't happened before. Even Michael had pause to think; if that Virus wasn't the very worst an individual could do, then what was?

They'd all read the note hidden in the Virus, but at that point they weren't taking it as more than the ramblings of a deranged psychotic. If it was indeed a declaration of War, it was like no other. Every little pipe-bombing lunatic rushed to claim they were a group with a flashy, self-important name and some impossible goal. Whoever wrote that had deliberately refused even to do that. That bothered him. They didn't believe it possible that a substantial Resistance movement could exist, not any more. Most tellingly, there'd been no realistic claim of responsibility and little evidence beyond hearsay and a few statistical anomalies that anyone else was involved. Far more likely Aaron was talking through his ass.

But just in case, there were other searches underway. Among other things the Echelon people were interested in houses where the purchase of food and the amount of power usage had risen substantially before the Virus struck.

One piece of good news was that Aarons contacts and deleted contacts lists stored at instant messaging sites and elsewhere had been found and were being compared. So far several names had come up repeatedly as they systematically went down through their contacts in turn. Several had disappeared or been murdered over time, all were closely looked at before being taken off the suspect list.

The most promising to come up so far was a Matthew Prentice, a highly popular Military worker who'd been fired under a severe cloud some months before and had vanished a month before the Virus attack. He was a former high-level Military programmer who among thousands of others had worked on the latest operating systems themselves. He'd been under constant high level surveillance, but he hadn't done any programming at all since his dismissal, he'd immediately dropped that profession since then and had done manual labor instead. There were numerous credit card charges to Bars, Nightclubs. There was no sign of contact between the two for many months in surviving ISP logs and phone records either, so once again that angle seemed to draw a blank. Maybe. You'd expect at least daily contact if they were doing something together.

But there were tie-ins, too. His Bank accounts had also been emptied before he'd disappeared, and his computer hadn't been reconnected anywhere. Often in theft cases the computer almost immediately reappeared on the Networks from another location, a dead giveaway if the Police had the inclination to follow it up, if they'd been interested they could have sent Officers straight to the address of the thief.

His Military records were brought out of cold storage. Before being dismissed his military record was exceptional and clear, he'd traveled the World upgrading Military computers and installations, and had done so in remarkably quick order. Something minor that struck investigators was that every single operator, clerk, technician and programmer made inadvertent attempts to access directories or files with wrong keypresses or mouse clicks, mostly overlooked but dutifully logged of course. Matthews count was a grand total of zero. He was as close to the perfect Employee imaginable, right until the statement he'd made at a high-level official meeting after the Death of his daughter. And he did it right in front of visiting Senior Officers and Political appointees.

"Why are we supporting a Government which doesn't support its people?"

Upon being told to shut up, he became so violently offensive toward the visitors that after being physically removed, the Base Commander himself felt the need to personally apologize to them.

Michael instantly ordered a close watch put on his friends and family members in case there was a connection. His staff had already done that hours before; upon hearing his background information, he'd already gone to the very top of the suspect list.

And it had just been confirmed, Aaron was definitely in the wilderness somewhere. Technicians had recovered a few deleted photos from his Digital Camera which had been left behind in the house. It hadn't been used since then, luckily. The photos showed the start of a log cabin in dense forest somewhere. The datestamps were almost a year old. They'd been sent for analysis, but from what he'd seen of them no landscape was visible, they'd purposely been taken only toward the ground in the immediate vicinity with no scenery or horizon visible. They'd try plant and vegetation typing, but that might at best narrow the search to a state. The comment had been made that if he'd taken the time to adapt to Forest living to that extent, he'd be that much harder yet to find. On the other hand, it also meant he was likely confined to a small area, if they could find it.

At least one factor had been reduced to a manageable figure. He hadn't flown or caught any public transport to wherever he was, so it had to be within driving distance. They'd drawn a thousand-mile circle around his former home, shaded out all non-parkland, then proudly stated "He's in of these". These, being one of dozens of enormous Forests and Parklands.

Radio traffic and EM emission scanners were gearing up to look for electrical noise originating in Forested areas. They had Supercomputers readying to chew into positioning and sorting algorithms to isolate anything operating out there. It was relatively easy to scan a specific area, they'd cycle through the list of possible locations over and over while they could. If they could detect active electronics all the way out at the planet Mars, they could damned well find what they wanted emanating on Earth, it would just take time and brute Computer power to isolate a miniscule electronic signal coming from a forest in the midst of the cacophony of other computers and signals. Aaron Winters couldn't hide forever, and this was the perfect time to conduct such a search while the power was still down. The bastard should be paying attention to news of the search. Well, maybe they'd see him at the same time. His own Virus could be his undoing, without it they probably wouldn't be able to filter the background radio noise.

Further evidence came when a warrant was served on the Winters' family Doctor over his strenuous protests. National Security overrode any privacy concerns, and they threatened him with a lengthy Federal prison term unless he immediately and fully complied. They were checking for the possibility any had a medical condition requiring ongoing treatment which could be used to tail them as well as anything to potentially use against them in



the media. Every angle had to be considered. The records showed a series of vaccinations in preparation for their departure including some which only Farmers and Hunters usually needed nowadays. They also showed something they didn't expect, and which might come in handy in a few months when his Wife would probably begin seeking help.

Technicians had easily succeeded in piecing together the discarded fragments of paper on the mountain of burned documents from Aarons back yard. Pattern searching software had quickly sorted and arranged the segments and produced a clear text despite the missing pieces. It was a definite match with samples of Barbara's handwriting.

It appeared that his Partner and their Children had deserted him to parts unknown a short time before he'd unleashed the Virus, for his long and unexplained absences and possibly other things.

He smiled broadly. At last, a break in the storm. That information could be used in any number of ways, he thought, starting by discrediting him personally. But as for a motive? No, you don't destroy the entire infrastructure around you just because your partner has left you unless you were a complete psychopath, he thought. He didn't seem that type, though of course the media would be given a free hand to portray him any way they liked, the more vicious the better, maybe they could provoke him into responding in person.

"Trust is the key in any relationship, he broke that, we can use that to our definite advantage", one of the people at the meeting happily stated.

APB's had immediately gone out to search for his Wife and Children elsewhere. Barbara Winters' friends and family as well as her Children's friends had been flagged and monitored from the start.

The Family were a definite drawcard. If he succeeded in getting his hands on them they were instant leverage to try and draw out Aaron himself. Even if they didn't know where he was, they might've overheard things, seen things that could lead searchers in new directions. He was especially interested in the Children, they above all could be used as collateral if word were allowed to get out that pressure was being applied or they were about to be transported overseas.

Some of the officials Michael was addressing looked uncomfortable at the line he was proposing, but all knew better than to question his authority.

As they filed out the door afterward, a Police Officer remained behind in the conference room as the door closed behind them. He looked troubled.

"Yes?"

"Well, Sir, it's just that I was one of those who interviewed Barbara's former office co-workers", he began, "They told us that a few years ago word got out that she was having an affair with some other guy, and everyone believed it except Aaron. He didn't even think twice about it by all accounts, and it turned out he was right. And now she's upped and left him just like that?"

That made Michael pause for thought.

"It's worth a try, we'll go with this in case it leads somewhere".

They had plans for him and his family, and for many more people in this Country and all over the World, and after seeing the results from Aarons hard drive he was in the mood to begin implementing them. This time, they wouldn't be satisfied with merely putting ringleaders, Aaron on trial, they'd be after blood.

They'd started with Saddam, and now they going to step up their campaign to make their unspoken policies a matter of public statement. As well as their usual messages of War against non-aligned Nations in the name of Freedom, they would begin a new campaign. The media would call for it, the Politicians would call for it, and then the public could as always be relied upon to take up the call too without thinking about it for a second. And they'd get what they demanded.

"Killing the Worlds Enemies".

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Los Angeles was a frozen snapshot in time.

The Welfare blocks, Apartment buildings and shopping centers, residential areas. Every last one of the warzones which had sprung up since the Virus struck. All silent.

Maintenance crews were already gearing up to work flat-out restoring services, starting with the central city then moving outward, doing 20 hour shifts putting out blazes, returning Emergency power, Communications, replacing kilometers of stolen Copper and Aluminum cables, repairing fuel pumps. All they needed was mains line power restored then they were well on track to getting this city back on its feet, but they gathered there were problems elsewhere. Not surprising, they shrugged. They were only beginning to list the incredible damage that'd been done in just two days. No storm, no earthquake, no Tornado, just Human carnage by people who were proving themselves something less than Human every day. The crews could only do their part, then wait for others elsewhere to do theirs.

First, the Police tended to their own in the stilled city. It was difficult for them, seeing the stripped, mutilated and cut-up bodies of civilians and especially their fellow

officers. It was apparent huge mobs had vented enormous rage upon them, continuing long after they'd died. Missing body parts, grisly trophies, were already turning up in the pockets of rioters. Bastards. The handcuffs went on good and tight when they saw those, they were being prominently marked for special attention by jailers.

Ethan and the other Officers were a few at a time quietly tapped on the shoulder by their Commanders, permitted to slip away from their duties for a short time and race through the streets, swerving around burned vehicles, the fallen, citizens roadblocks to their homes to check on loved ones. He returned home past barricades where his neighbors had held firm, past intact homes and instant fortifications made from sandbags, vehicles, debris. Thank god for that.

He unlocked the front door and rushed inside to find his wife and two children, slowly twisting and turning on the carpet in a full BZ-induced state. He was horrified at their condition, but they were safe, for what that could be called. They'd felt the effects begin, when they worsened to the point they couldn't take any more they'd left the barricades and gone inside, and there they'd collapsed. All he could do was put them into a recovery position in case they vomited, make them comfortable with blankets and pillows, talk to them in case they could hear him and stroke their heads, tell them it wouldn't last forever, and he'd be there when they recovered. There was no cure for that chemical, only time could do that.

The only thing Ethan could do was secure the doors again before returning to his duties so others could do the same for their families.

Police facilities, radio repeater stations were immediately powered up with generators to handle the coming workload. To everyone's relief, the highly secured Police databases were unaffected by the Virus and booted up without any problem. They set to work.

Federal Officials had suddenly okayed Police to go anywhere they wanted and use everything they had, DNA, fingerprints, unrestricted use of databases, whatever they wanted to gather evidence. A few suspected the real reason was to delay or lessen the inevitable; being confronted by Police over their failure to promptly deal with this situation on the very first day with those Chemicals. Federal Officers were noticeably staying away from ordinary Officers, they noted. They could wait, their time would come, but first things first. Duty and their people first.

Freed for the first time ever from Civil Rights or legal encumbrances which only ever assisted Criminals and encumbered the Law Abiding and their sworn Protectors, with the full blessing of Federal authorities they were now gleefully using their Technical resources to full capacity; every recovered firearm was being test-fired, spent shells and bullets examined and compared in seconds by automated ballistics labs with those recovered from previous crime scenes. Fingerprints and DNA of captured rioters were compared with 'wanted' databases, DNA from bloodstained clothing was being matched with victims where possible. Immigration officials and Officers compared the fingerprints and details with citizens databases to find countless illegal immigrants.

They couldn't keep up with the stream of 'hits', had to tag each identified felon with color coded tags so they wouldn't lose track. Virtually all the residents in some places had criminal records, many were additionally tagged for bail and parole violations. Red cards for people who didn't believe in any rule other than their own. To some Officers' shock, but not others, they were finding firearms registered as being in Police lockups, even destroyed under amnesties and court orders. Some weren't surprised by that news, they'd expected this to happen in fact. They'd long known that in some areas, Cities, there was a huge difference between the number of armed felons captured and the number of firearms placed in lockups, and they also knew the destruction and storage procedures had been placed in the hands of local Black staff, even subcontractors with known Gang connections who'd enthusiastically bid for the job and got it regardless. The City had effectively been paying Gangs through the nose to give captured guns slated for destruction back to the Gangs they'd been taken from.

The Officers were gleefully reminded by their senior Sergeants that under the Constitution, the right to a fair trial could be suspended only during a Rebellion or Invasion, and vigorous official attempts had been made in recent years to extend the exceptions. This was as clear as case of rebellion as could possibly be imagined, events here more than met every legal and military definition, Martial Law was all but declared, and when it was, each and every captured rioter was going to be handled in minutes-long legal proceedings which looked only at the solid evidence, not weeks and months discussing legal loopholes. Technically, as combatants hiding in civilian clothing, no military mercy would be shown to Gang members among the rioters. Furthermore, any criminals found with Cop DNA, body parts on them were going to be liable to execution under Military Law. All they awaited was the official word. Within days Gunfire was going to ring out once more, only this time it would be Military firing squads executing all Gang leaders and convicted murderers. For once, the recent Law changes enacted to defend the Nation from Terror would actually benefit the Nation.

All this was almost too good to be true, more than Officer commented. For decades they'd been erecting barriers to Law Enforcement, and now suddenly they were turning back the clock, falling over each other to assist Police? Not even New Orleans made them saw

sanity. A National Civil disaster didn't fully explain that total turnaround, they suspected.

"Keep an eye on those Feds...", they said to fellow Officers.

Tens of thousands of obvious, known and suspected criminals were already marked, identified by portable laptop fingerprint scanners, waiting in the streets for pickup at their leisure. DNA apparatus was processing bloodstains on the spot, compiling reams of Court-admissible evidence of crime and placing the proof alongside their ID's. They quickly ran out of handcuffs and resorted to plastic ties, carting ever more rioters to hastily fortified industrial facilities, gated enclosures as prisons and police cells ran out.

They struggled to show any degree of respect to the people responsible for the deaths of friends and innocents instead of hanging them on the spot as they so thoroughly deserved. But they didn't have to hold back from slapping cuffs onto rioters with blood-stained clothing, contemptuously throwing them on top of each other as they loaded them onto trucks for transport to lockups. Nobody knew or cared if they'd recall what'd happened to them when the effects began to wear off. They'd wake from their drug-induced hell to a hopefully worse one, shackled in a darkened cell, awaiting a very short date with a Military tribunal.

"Do you think they'll learn from this?", a sweating Officer remarked after sending yet another truckload of colorfully emblazoned, proudly criminally tattooed, cuffed and shackled savages to another nameless lockup. A prison, industrial complex, they didn't particularly care as long as they were away from the city.

"They won't learn Jack-shit", his Sergeant spat, not caring any more who else was listening. "Not when they never have to take Responsibility for a single thing they do. This City is a fucking inside-out Zoo where the Wild Animals roam free and the Keepers are restrained. When these people break the law they gain Rights, not Penalties. During the Segregation era they always Whine about, 70% of Black kids had two parents, now three quarters are illegitimate. They bitch about Slavery and Civil Rights while they prey like Hyenas, live lower than Animals, breed like Rats and walk away from their own kids. 400 years in America, ten years of free school and free training, and they still can't Behave themselves, Clean themselves, Shit in a Toilet or put Trash in a Trash can. ER staff every day have to deal with disease and insect infestations on these disgusting people who aren't even house-trained. Dog trainers house-train Puppies by having them sleep on top of them because they won't Shit where they Sleep, they'd complain if they were covered with Parasites and wallowing in their own Filth, but these people DON'T!

They always talk about RE-habilitating people and neighborhoods, but you can't RE-habilitate people who can't even HABITATE! If they lived like Human beings there'd be none of the racism they Whine about. They belong in Diapers in a fucking Zoo enclosure, not an Apartment block. People who won't fit into society don't belong in it, being in a Civilized society is a Duty, not a Right, and that's all there fucking well is to it, that's the only way Civilization survives!".

Everyone grimly chuckled. Everyone had long thought the same thing, it was nice to hear it spoken.

In 21st Century America, America was advancing... Advancing to the point where a segment of society did whatever they could get away with and blamed everyone else, advancing to the point Prisons were endlessly expanding and finally Chemical warfare was the only way to keep the whole racial mess under control. Drugs, Gangs and Bullets ruled our cities, not Peace. And we weren't even allowed to mention the obvious cause of all of it.

"Diversity and Tolerance, the gifts that keep on giving", an Officer wryly joked.

By Definition, a Multicultural society meant that all parties had a culture to share. Black culture was constantly on display for all to see, and it had nothing to do with Civilization or including others. There was no possibility of Blacks successfully joining a society when they not only hated it, they were granted constant double racial standards, exceptions from contributing toward it or adhering to a single rule that had built Civilization. Our enforced Racial blindness and Hypocrisy toward Blacks were destroying us, and only our Politicians said otherwise.

Investigators, officers, observers and trained searchers strolled where no non-Black had dared set foot for years in this 'Non-racist, Free and caring' city. Neighborhoods surrounded by cheap motels, slum apartment buildings and large clusters of social service agencies soaking up Government funds and throwing them at the inhabitants in the hope it might somehow improve them. They weren't supposed to, but couldn't resist the temptation to see the interiors of places they hadn't been able to visit for years without prior approval, being accompanied by Black Liaisons, the permission of local Black Leaders as well as armed backup, to see for themselves the inevitable difference between what Blacks said and reality.

Many of the Section 8 blocks were already little better than concrete slabs, the only way they could be built to prevent them being torn apart by the people they were built for. They were bereft of color or life, almost identical to prisons, which they knew many of the inhabitants were very familiar with. The inhabitants couldn't smash holes in the

walls, but they'd done everything else they conceivably could, and more. Attempts had been made to burn them, whether by the inhabitants or Hispanics, nobody knew. Only in a few small spots had the flames briefly taken hold before dying out on their own. The interiors were darkened chasms of garish colors, unendurable smells, human filth, punctuated with copious amounts of trash, bodies and blood. Without working air conditioning the interiors were unendurable for long, they were already a serious health risk, and they quickly left after satisfying their curiosity.

Other 'low-income' blocks were built of less robust materials after relentless 'outrage' from Blacks at 'Being shoveled into Slave Quarters'. Inside spacious, already furnished modern one and two storey homes, they saw what Newspapers and TV reporters wouldn't let the reader see for themselves while quoting the inhabitants' endless tales of woe. Beautiful polished Hardwood floors, brand new Taxpayer supplied appliances, the only thing they'd had to provide was the curtains and bedding. Homes worth 200-300 thousand dollars and more still weren't good enough for them, they were unanimously described as 'Slums' and 'Slave dwellings' right from the start by their perpetually ungrateful Black occupants.

"I wish I could have afforded to moved into a house like this when I started work", a Sergeant angrily remarked.

Inside those Government paid accommodations meant for the poor, they found enormous Plasmas TV's, a Satellite TV dish on virtually every roof, huge stereo setups, the latest game consoles, every kind of high tech entertainment. Many obscenely balanced on buckets, crates, stacked wood, stacks of papers, anything other than spend one cent on anything except luxuries. In most houses they found the expected trail of deliberately inflicted damage inflicted during rages, drug binges, parties, or more often just because they felt like it, which they'd then loudly demanded the council have repaired. Most were already infested by Cockroaches attracted by the living conditions the residents had recreated yet again, just as in all their previous residences.

Powerless fridges were filled not with the basics even their Senior officers were forced to budget for but were still perfectly happy with, but with expensive prepackaged meals and delicacies, crab meat and prime cuts, all purchased with food stamps. No fruit or vegetables were to be seen.

"And this is the 'Slave food they're forced to eat', according to these people", an Officer snapped.

In the Trash and filth scattered on the floor they found some of the purchase receipts.

"I wish I could afford to eat like this", a young Female Officer commented, looking at dumped receipt listings, the evidence in front of her of extravagantly wasted welfare money.

"That's what your taxes are paying for", a fellow officer remarked.

Every utility bill was paid for by welfare vouchers, but that still wasn't enough. They still kept running out of funds "Because they'd paid so many bills" and claimed more, and they got it without question before accusations of 'Racism' and 'Depriving Black folk' began yet again. Food stamps too had been exchanged for Drugs, then yet more requested. They could all see where the previous money had disappeared into; Lottery tickets, alcohol and luxuries, the very latest designer brand name clothing; shoes, hats, jackets to keep up to date with their neighbors.

Despite free Trash pickup paid for by vouchers, much of the garbage was still dumped; in the house, in the back yard, it didn't seem to matter where as long as they weren't required to make the miniscule effort to put it where it was supposed to go and weren't penalized for not doing so.

She was surprised at the amount of taxpayer funds that had poured into these units, had been expended without any gain whatsoever on these slovenly, ungrateful, destructive people.

"Can't the Council even tell these people to clean up their own homes?", she asked, amazed.

"Yeah? I thought you'd have learned by now. Try telling these people to behave or clean up any of their own little messes throughout their lives, and see what happens", a colleague snapped back at her.

She was small, petite, blonde, far too small to be a Cop, both physically and mentally. Standards had changed far too much, they thought. Instead of already tough, life-hardened, no-nonsense people selected for training as Cops, they now wanted 'sensitive' people who were 'more understanding' - but only toward minorities, was the unspoken message; with anyone else they could be as rough as the situation dictated. "LA's finest" no longer were, on many levels. She'd come straight from a private college to the streets, had been taught for a decade of Society's 'Oppression of Blacks'. On her application form she'd proudly written "I want to help end Racism in US society", which was doubtless why she was accepted for training.

She was new to city streets and very naive the others knew, but she was slowly learning the hard way. They'd made sure right from the start she got to see the reality for herself, deliberately putting her up front to see it up close and in person, letting her come to her own conclusions without saying a single word she'd have opposed. Blacks were showing her all by themselves what nothing her co-workers could convince her of no matter

how hard they tried; their Hate, destructiveness, malice with forethought, greed and two-facedness. She'd been taught they were peaceful but underprivileged people who respected the same, just like everyone else. Her fellow Police were making sure she found out the reality, how so much as a glance interpreted as "Disrespect" started fights, caused lifelong grudges, was often a Death sentence in these places. She'd been reduced to tears a number of times by their sheer Belligerence and Ignorance, even she'd been moved to comment you could actually feel their Hate toward people who were trying to help them.

And above all, they were making sure she saw their constant use of the word 'racism' when it suited them. She'd been accused of it on her very first day on the job, and they managed not to laugh when she vainly tried to defend herself against the charge brought by a youthful shoplifter she'd caught red-handed. They already knew the charge only arose when anyone stopped them acting the way they wanted or when the consequences of their own actions and ignorance snapped their asses, never for any actual racism, were content to sit back and let her sweat it. Like a lot of things, they were letting her find that out for herself.

To that end, a couple of her fellow officers made sure that when she was in their vehicles, the radio was always tuned to Black talkback radio and their 24/7/365 litany of Hate Speech and ways Blacks were being held back from advancement, jobs, education, everything. Blacks happily telling everyone that hard-working Asians who'd set up business in Black areas were 'Stealing from the Black economy' and deserved to be killed and burned out. They made her hear for herself the Black 'thing' of never being at fault for a single action, ignorance or consequence in their lives, instantly rearranging things in their minds to offload all blame to everyone else, to the point of lying even to themselves.

They knew it was getting to her when she began to demand "Change the damned channel, will you!"

"I find it Educational", they'd reply and leave it right where it was. She hadn't picked up yet that that comment was aimed at her.

She attended the gruesome murder scene of an Asian PhD post-graduate student by a pack of Blacks, who'd chased, cornered, beaten then robbed him of his cellphone and wallet, and as an afterthought stabbed him to death. Blood splattered the whole scene, the walls, floors, even the ceiling. It was impossible for her not to get it on her too.

As part of her on-the-job training, she got to inform his relatives of the worst news a family could ever receive. Amidst their tears and horror, they saw gears finally working even in her mind; Economics didn't make them plunge that knife in repeatedly, the crime was already done. They could have just walked away and disappeared, they'd have gotten only minor charges in the unlikely event they were caught, and they had to have known that. Whoever did this had no remorse, no feelings for others at all. They were more interested in the Killing than the Robbery. And from her training she remembered that only self-defense or Hate makes a person choose to kill.

The next day they saw her desperately flipping through the pages of one paper after another, looking for something, anything about the crime.

"Expecting to find something, are we?", an Officer remarked to her as he finished his Coffee. Once again, they were letting her come to her own conclusions.

Outside, they looked over the welfare residents vehicles. Some were brand new, some had gas-guzzling SUV's even in these times of rising gas prices, many with shiny rims, spinners, neon lights, custom seat covers and accessories worth more by themselves than the Officers' personal cars.

In the back yards of many of the homes were previous vehicles, some still perfectly maintainable but slightly outdated. Others had never been maintained but simply used up until they'd broken down then discarded rather than make the small effort of having them repaired. The pickup of unwanted vehicles by metal recyclers was free, regardless they'd been thrown aside like disposable commodities rather than so much as pick up the phone. They were leaking oil onto once-tidy lawns which hadn't been mown since these people had moved in, combined with trash, cooking oil and other poisons to kill the lawns, trees. In a back yard they found a Car which had just joined the collection, it was perfectly operational and started with little difficulty despite an almost flat battery, but had a single flat tire. The owner apparently didn't even know how to replace it and couldn't be bothered to so much as find out how.

"How on Earth can they afford all this!", she asked.

This time, now that she was ready to listen, they indulged her.

"They afford it with Credit companies, Credit cards and Bank loans, that's how. Your Government, in its INFINITE WISDOM in always rewarding Bad Behavior, has begun to bow to Black demands and decreed Banks can't refuse credit for Bad Histories even when they lie on application forms, because anything that stops them acting the way they want is 'Institutional racism' instead of 'Self preservation'. Every Banker will tell you the majority of Blacks default on loans, but they're not allowed to say that in reports. So once again they've all defaulted, but now WE'RE bailing them out! They get repossessed, and in between being served notice and then they've sold or deliberately damaged the items to show who's in charge, so they're written off. Then they start all over again, and you and I pay for it with higher interest rates. These people buy \$40,000 cars then

can't afford Gasoline and ask for fucking vouchers! In the meantime, Blacks are complaining their older Cars are making them unhealthy. So your Government has once again decided to reward them. In some states it's offering Welfare Blacks \$3000 toward buying new cars if they've deteriorated beyond a point. So now you're not only paying higher interest because they default, you're paying Taxes too for them to destroy Cars and get new ones! Neat, huh?"

She was almost in tears at the combination of Wealth and Squalor, the comparison to the Poverty they claimed, the disgusting mess they'd inflicted upon themselves while wasting their income on Luxuries few of them could afford even if they'd wanted any of it. She was looking at a mammoth 60 inch Plasma Television, subscription satellite TV bills, garrishly colored furniture which had to be custom made as shops didn't stock those colors.

Her Jaw dropped as she toured the apartment building, hands covered her mouth in shock at the Human wreckage in one apartment after another, none of which she'd known was even here, right in her own city.

"And they call this 'Poverty'. Some Poverty, huh? It's always been what you make of it. Not this total WASTE!", an Officer said to her.

"The cost of all this could have sent them through University, to Gyms, the whole World could have been theirs!", she said.

"But that's not what it's about, is it? These people have made jack-shit of themselves. Most of them can work, they've CHOSEN not to. Just about every one of them is on some form of Welfare Aid, Section 8, top-ups, direct cash from welfare, vouchers of every kind, and it's still not enough for them to so much as clean up after themselves. They have no concept whatsoever of the value of the services they abuse. It's called 'Living for the moment at everyone else's expense', and it's not just a few doing this, there's entire suburbs, cities much worse. And all of this is thanks to YOUR Taxes, YOUR Government giving it all away free to these people! Every working person is slaving for these ungrateful people to stuff their faces, sit on their fat asses and blame us for all their problems. No matter what anyone does for them they keep on wallowing in their own filth and accumulating diseases and parasites that've been eliminated from the rest of the population."

He furiously kicked a super-size LCD TV off its milk-crate pedestal, didn't care if it was wrecked, he was so angry at these people.

"Come on, I'll show you the things your school never let you see. I'll complete your education into how these 'Underprivileged' people have treated this city in return for everything that's been done for them!", he snapped at her.

He ordered her into his vehicle, drove her into total racial no-go areas, now safe to enter for the first time in more than a generation.

She saw for herself Mile after Mile of decaying, demolished, vacant buildings, homes with every single item of value not torn out, but physically smashed out, cabling, water pipes, making simply abandoned buildings now unrepairable. In places Grass, Trees, a veritable Forest was growing on sidewalks, roads. In others, the infrastructure decay was so complete that buildings were warped, collapsing, and nobody even dared come here to follow official orders to demolish them for public safety. All the shops were gone, robbed broke and forced to move on, and the residents left with them. Entire shopping centers, factories, manufacturing plants stood there, with every Roof, Window and Door broken and the interiors exposed to the elements. Empty street after Empty street filled with not just abandoned but wrecked, burned homes, garbage and regrowth.

She'd never imagined anything like this in her life, couldn't comprehend the scale of the urban disaster Blacks had created in peacetime. She'd never seen a single photograph of any of it, was almost in a state of shock, hadn't imagined this was even possible in America.

"Welcome to your glorious, happy Multicultural future of contributing, working, Taxpaying Americans!", he sarcastically remarked to nobody in particular as they drove on through.

Back in the still-occupied Black areas, they kept the windows up to hide the smell from two nights of Ethnic warfare. Bodies were still strewn in the streets here, Blacks who'd been killed by each other, then countless more mown down as they fled approaching Latino gangs. Cleanup crews hadn't reached this far yet, were dealing with the city center and occupied areas first.

To her surprise, she suddenly realized she could actually tell which buildings had been occupied simply by the volume of trash around them. This one Black-only area alone was a swath of filth, destruction and decay as far as the eye could see. Almost new housing projects were so strewn with Trash they looked more like Third World cesspits than US city blocks.

"How long has it been since this place was cleaned up after these people, just two days?", he asked her. "A block filled with Children couldn't make this much mess in that little time if they TRIED! With these people it comes naturally, no matter where they are. Don't kid yourself that this is 'individual', because EVERY single damned Black majority area in America looks just the same as this!"

He'd worked in other cities, Chicago, New Orleans, Detroit, and assured her they were worse still. Some parts of this city had never been rebuilt after the '92 riots, the Shopkeepers had been told by the locals that if they returned they'd be burned out again. In other cities there were areas untouched since the Watts riots in the 1960's and earlier. If you went there you literally stepped back in time and saw adverts, billboards, abandoned cars from another era, punctuated with near full-grown trees growing out of buildings, windows, modern buildings sinking into long ago reclaimed swamp. You couldn't build there not just because of the threats and crime, but because it was hard to determine who owned the abandoned land. All you ever saw of New Orleans on the news was the tiny Tourist area, which was just a few hundred meters long, and a few small heavily-policed areas. The media just refused to show the rest of the city, which in many places more closely resembled Haiti with its indescribable filth and decay. Occasionally tourists to New Orleans drove through the wrong area and were killed on sight, raped, or just robbed if they were lucky. And despite what you heard in the news after Katrina, most of the old structures were made to take it, the builders knew what they were dealing with and planned accordingly - the worst part of the reconstruction wasn't the Hurricane damage, it was the Blacks. Detroit had lost half its entire population since just 1980, entirely due to Corruption, Incompetent Black Leadership, the crime and degeneration of its own population; the result there was mile after mile of vacant lots, derelicts, much more extensive than here. The only reason Detroit hadn't been abandoned entirely was our taxes paying for food stamps and welfare, and there too the living space looked more like Africa than America. But the media never showed any of that to our Children during their extensive upbringing in White racism.

She was slowly recovering from seeing just the start of the sheer scale of the overwhelmingly racial, self-created squalor in Modern America, her hands repeatedly moving to cover her mouth not just from shock, but disgust at the smells, the sight of faeces on the footpaths, roads, floors, even walls. The yellow trails of urine down the walls of high-rise apartment blocks, punctuated with brown streaks of unmistakable origin, unbelievable scenes of purposeful destruction done to once perfectly maintainable buildings.

"Have you noticed anything else missing from all these places?", he casually asked her.

"No Bright colors, because everything's built from concrete?", she tentatively replied.

"That too. What else?", he asked.

"No gardens or Beautifications?"

"Yes, because any attempt to beautify these places is immediately destroyed by these people. These people sit on porches and watch as their kids rip apart trees planted in their areas. And what else?", he asked.

She paused to think, couldn't think of anything in particular. Gave up, invited him to explain it.

"No Wildlife, that's what's missing. Look closely. You'll see no Birds, no Trees, no Squirrels... Nothing! They've killed or driven off every single last animal from every one of these places. Even they can't stand these destructive people either! The only things that thrive here are Rodents and Cockroaches!"

"'Ghetto' doesn't really describe this place, does it? That word is a bloody insult in itself, it implies they have no choice in the matter. All of this is entirely self-imposed. And LOOK! Just LOOK at this goddamned MESS! They STILL can't even look after these places they're given FREE!!! Yes, you heard me right. FREE!! Some Housing Developments you're helping pay for don't require ANY payments, EVER, if the applicant doesn't have a job. That's a real incentive to improve themselves and get off Welfare, isn't it!!

Did you know having an illegitimate Child and refusing to say who the father is now qualifies you not just for Section 8 but FREE housing!! It doesn't matter if they don't want the Child, don't care for it, don't feed it, beat it and burn it, tell it that it doesn't have to go to school, let it commit crime, join a Gang. There isn't a single obligation or expectation for any Civil Behavior in return, not even to look after those freely provided homes, NONE!! That Child entitles these people, but not working people, to FREE housing and 18 years of free Welfare!! The Father doesn't have to pay a cent, the Mother doesn't have to pay a cent, but WE have to pay for everything!!

You'll remember when the Housing Official was told off just for having that old Bumper sticker saying "Can't feed 'em? Don't breed 'em". They then admitted MOST of the people he dealt with had done just that!"

"What is your god-damned problem!", she finally snapped and shouted at him in rage.

"My problem... MY PROBLEM...", he shouted right back, "Is that it would take me TWENTY YEARS, a LIFETIME to afford the homes, the things these people get for FUCKING FREE just by dropping their pants for the first wandering Buck who takes their fancy. We're paying for Immature, Dysfunctional Children to make more Dysfunctional Children, and then they're turning around telling us all their problems are still OUR fault! In some places your Government is paying \$1700 a month and MORE to house these people! Nobody I know could afford that!! NOBODY!! Did you know many of these households get more than \$2000 a

month in welfare from the Government on top of that for having Multiple kids and no Fathers? The MORE IRRESPONSIBLE these people are, the MORE they're REWARDED and the LESS they appreciate it!!

If you want Kids to remain Kids their whole lives, that's exactly the way to do it!! So I'm working my ass off paying for Criminal Welfare Blacks to breed more Criminal Welfare Blacks they can't afford and won't look after in return for permanent free money and board, free food, free entertainment, gasoline, garbage disposal, everything!! And they're NOT REQUIRED to do a single thing in return, tell their kids to behave or clean up or anything else. How in the BLOODY HELL is that supposed to fucking improve these people and get them off Welfare!! You just know those 'Parents' are going to be really great role models to their kids, don't you? THAT'S MY FUCKING PROBLEM!!!", he screamed back at her, by now almost black with Rage.

She wisely backed off, seeing his pent-up anger was at violent breaking point.

"Would you believe that sixty years ago these were all safe areas? Look at some of the buildings, you can still see the architecture from back then. My Father and everyone else could and DID walk from here right to the central city by day or night, nobody so much as harassed them for money. The ONLY difference between then and now is the population! NOT poverty or any of the other Bullshit you've been taught", he said as they drove.

She regained her composure enough to reply after driving past scenes of wretched decay spread across entire swaths of once-happy, once civilized, contributing city blocks where absolutely anyone who desired the same was welcome. Now, they were all exclusive Black-only racial no-go zones created in the name of ending racism, where workers were looked down on, where Ethnic strife prevailed, any people other than their own were violently driven out.

"It's like a Hutu Refugee Camp and Mogadishu city have been transported to the American Heartland", she finally overcame her Tears and Politically Correct silence to say.

"Well done! For the first time in your life, now that you've left your little School that taught you all that BULLSHIT, you're beginning to see the ONLY face of Hate in this and every other US city! Blacks cause more Racism with their own actions EVERY DAY than the Klan ever did in its entire history. A lot of our Officers start off just like you, they're Liberals who just want to help Blacks, they find out the hard way they DON'T WANT to be helped! They don't want our support, friendship, community relations or anything else. The only things they want are our Tax money, and for all non-Blacks to DIE!

Their mentality isn't "With a bit of help I'll start to belong to society", it's "You have it, I want it, and I'm going to take what I want". That's Jungle law. How in the HELL is giving them unlimited welfare going to make them want to change that attitude? They hate Police not for wanting to help them, but for stopping them doing what they want!

These Waste products of our Welfare system are killing the Productive people of this society every single fucking day for a few measly dollars with no remorse for anyone or anything except themselves. Can you even begin to imagine spending 15 years bringing up a Child, watching over them every minute for the first ten years of their lives, you see them off to University or a career, get their first girlfriend, they're on the verge of becoming someone, only to see them die like that at the hands of Uneducated Psychopathic Animals who say your Child is to blame because they 'Dissed' or 'Dogged' or 'Looked' at them or 'Had the wrong color shirt' or 'Were in their area', or whatever that days fucking bullshit excuse was to KILL!!! And then you see these Animals claim 'Oppression' as the excuse, not one single Black shows any empathy at all for the death of your Child, and knowing that YOUR State is breeding more of THEM at YOUR expense? And we're supposed to feel bad for THEM for 'having a bad upbringing' or whatever! Political Correctness toward Blacks is killing our Country, its Economy, its whole damned FUTURE!

It never ceases to amaze me that people like you who live in safe schools and safe areas insist this isn't the truth, they come here and still think this isn't what happens EVERY TIME Blacks become the majority in any area! These people get on with NOBODY, not even each other! When Blacks move to White areas they're 'Tolerated', when non-Blacks move to Black areas, they're TARGETS! If you break down in a 100% Black area, the Predators will be on you in minutes!

Did you know your State has a Black-only housing voucher system that exclusively funds ONLY Section 8 Blacks, ONLY if they move to non-Black areas? Blacks have told us they only attack Blacks if there's nobody else to attack. So what do you think these god-damned Animals will do to those unfortunate people in return!!

Are you getting it yet from everything you've experienced since you started work in this City? For every one 'Nice' MTV Black who wants to succeed in life and get along with others, there's a Hundred that DON'T!! Racism be damned, it's about Survival, THAT'S why EVERYONE leaves these areas, NOBODY comes to live here, because these people WILL kill you over 'Territory' or whatever!"

"You talk about this as if it's that easy to accept, that everything we're taught is Wrong! I can't just believe that!", she shouted back at him.

"Yeah? Well, how many times have you ever heard a single good thing said about any of these places? Never? Well, you'd be right. Come on, admit it, you know that if there was ANY WAY they could possibly say anything remotely positive about these places, they



would. But they CAN'T!!"

She was seeing he was making sense, saying very ugly but undeniable truths. That was what was hurting her the very most.

"In case you haven't figured it out by now, the Melanin Content in skin has never been an issue for anyone EXCEPT Blacks, they prove it every day here and everywhere else. The only problem is their BEHAVIOR, that's why Blacks are at the bottom of society but at the top of every single Social statistic, THAT'S why people stay away from them. THAT'S the little thing your god-damned Teachers and bloody MTV never warn people about, it's not 'Racism', it's Fact!"

That was too much even for her.

"You're Sick!!", she finally snapped and shouted at him.

"Oh please... Let me put it another way then. Imagine a classroom full of spoiled, cranky Toddlers. How would they act?"

"What the hell do you mean!!", she angrily shouted at him.

"If they saw something better than what they already had to play with, what would they do?"

"They'd demand it", she replied.

"... without a thought of the cost. They'd say something like 'Me got less than him, I want it too, its unfair!...'... sounding familiar?"

She immediately saw where he was leading, wasn't sure she liked it.

"And if they didn't get it, what would they do?", he asked her.

She paused to think before replying.

"They'd throw Tantrums, demand it louder, maybe break what they already had to try and get it replaced with what they want. But then there'd be consequences."

"Not to Blacks there isn't, not any more", he said, motioning toward the destroyed buildings all around them.

"Now, if that class of that class of cranky Toddlers expected something and didn't get it, if something didn't go right in their lives and slightly annoyed them, or someone told them to wait, or to stop doing something because it's dangerous, what would they do?"

"They'd throw a tantrum, start throwing things around, probably attack the Teacher."

Just like Blacks at traffic stops, arrests, their behavior in shops, restaurants, schools and everywhere else.

"And if someone then asked those Toddlers to tell what happened, what would they say?"

"They'd exaggerate, make up stories, and they'd say the Teacher hated them just over that little thing."

Just as she and every other Cop was accused of racism every single day. She remembered being called to a Fast food outlet to deal with a Black woman endlessly abusing staff and screaming "The fact I can't get an extra slice of Cheese at this place is proof of the Endemic racism in America!", and the Blacks around her nodding in agreement.

Online, in person, the slightest criticism of Black behavior, no matter how outrageous, was met with a outraged Black scream of "Racism" and threats of Violence. Any online rebuke of any Black criminal by a non-Black was never justified in Black eyes, it instead 'proved' the whole city, the whole state, the whole race to be irredeemably racist, it 'justified' more Black hate, lifetime Black attitudes, Black attacks upon others. All because someone had written something that slightly bothered them.

Adults don't act that way. If she'd taken that attitude when she was young, she'd have gotten the spanking she deserved.

This time, she began to take note. He was making brutal sense even to her.

"Lets look at the Social Welfare situation you mentioned earlier. The way things used to work is, if someone spent our Tax money on bills and asked for more, the Welfare staff would ask to see the Bills, and if they were spent on Luxuries instead they'd refuse outright, as they should. So what do Blacks do? If a staff member dares to ask for proof of what they've spent our money on, they get a mouthful of Hate. They abuse staff, demand it, threaten them, whatever it takes.

And you know what? It works! The staff then give them what they've demanded without further questions. All these so-called 'Adults' have to do is Scream and Yell and Pout like little spoiled kids. They're taking already spoiled kids and making them even more spoiled and less appreciative every day, they only want 'More and Better'. And they don't think for a second of those who're paying for it, because they're not required to.

You wanted to know the reasons Blacks and this City are the way they are and why they're only ever getting worse? Well, there you go. Blacks are under no obligation at all for any semblance of Adult Behavior. They don't even have to clean up after themselves, because everyone else always does it for them! They're the Cranky Toddlers who REFUSE to grow up!!"

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Elsewhere, Officers walked among fallen rioters and collected weapons by the truckload from obvious criminals, taking great care to distinguish between weapons held for Offence and Defense. Everyone was entitled to self-defense, and working Blacks needed them more

than anyone when their neighbors were taken into consideration. As well as the occasional bullet-proof vest, they found Military weapons, armor piercing ammunition, even occasional Military Explosives, things even the Police would never have been issued under any circumstances. Those weren't meant for each other, they reasoned. They were astounded that Civilian shooters had held fast against even those weapons, could only presume some of those brave Snipers and Hunters who'd held back the tide were far better than their opponents.

They began to be grateful for the chemicals, in that it forestalled the use of those weapons upon them too as food ran down. They also wondered where in the hell some of them had come from. As liberal as the gun laws once were, even things like this had never been available to the general public. Someone had provided those monstrous weapons to them over a length of time, and they wanted to know who. They looked over the recovered heavy grenade launchers, the military-only high power ammunition, the automatic weapons, and could only wonder about the Bastards who'd signed them out, declared them surplus, accounted them as expended at a range, whatever it'd taken to get them out of Military and Federal hands and into the hands of Gangs. And they were curious as to why there'd been no scandal, no mention of this at any point.

To their fury, even though they'd expected it, they found the missing Black Police Officers among the fallen rioters, some still in uniform, others wearing Gang clothing. Some had apparently been directing their people and stolen earthmoving equipment to treasure troves of Liquor, Jewellery and Hi-fi gear. And Guns. In the hands of a Black gang they found an entire truckload of firearms from a Police evidence lockup, still with the Police tags on them. Only a Police Officer who knew where the keys were could have unlocked them. After some discussion, they decided the best thing to do with the traitorous Officers was to pretend not to recognize the ones not in uniform and send them downtown with other captured Blacks, preferably ones from another Gang.

"I know her", an Officer stated as they worked their way through streets filled with the fallen. Her, being one of the Blacks interviewed by the eager TV Cameras the previous day. The Officer remembered seeing her screaming her lungs out into the microphone that one day into the disaster, Blacks were being deliberately starved here. Her hands and pockets were filled not with Food and Water, but Jewellery and money.

They used the opportunity to visit known Drug dealers, Pimps, Gang houses and other lowlifes held in high esteem in the Black community instead of the successful. They went there without any legal interference, Court Warrants, and without Liaison approval.

As well as the expected drug stashes awaiting distribution, they collected mobile phones, address books for analysis and further searches. This time they weren't just looking for associates, more drug houses, they were after much bigger game. They wanted what had only rarely ever been hinted at, and which every single attempt to locate had been officially and legally denied to them; the prime sources of Drug importation and supply, and if possible the names of those who'd assisted, taught them to hide their activities, kept them low key and out of sight. No search, no drug probe had ever started with a street arrest and continued up the chain to end with the arrest of a major importer, and not just because the little people they'd caught couldn't breathe a word to Police if they wanted to live. Their superiors seemingly couldn't even follow phone records. Maybe this time it would be different, with no Federal interference and oversight demanded, no legal delays, no time lost obtaining warrants, no demands for wiretaps to obtain further evidence, no need to request permissions from other people and jurisdictions, during which process the people and evidence they wanted always seemed to disappear. This time they'd just go straight in and follow it as far as it went.

To their disgust, Officers searching Drug and Gang premises houses began finding incriminating evidence leading straight to 'upstanding' Black citizens, Leaders, activists, the most vocal opponents of pro-active policing and even Black Officers. Private unlisted Phone numbers, email addresses and work numbers were turning up on mobile phone contact lists and phone books. Phone company records were destroyed by the Virus, but countless discarded Mobile phone bills and statements were found dumped in trash-filled drug apartments. They'd become careless about security, and Police saw they'd every reason not to be concerned; Black Community-Police Liaisons' details immediately turned up on the discarded Mobile phone listings. A quick check confirmed the timing of calls from Drug dealers to their numbers coincided within minutes of Liaison requests for Police to stay away from certain areas, and Incoming calls from their numbers also coincided within minutes of meetings where they'd been entrusted with details of major Police operations in the name of 'Community Cooperation'. Disgusted Officers realized they were getting Police to stay away from Drug shipments, not 'Sensitve Funerals', and were the ones leaking the details of surveillance operations and imminent Busts. Other incoming calls to Drug dealers phones were from overseas, doubtless the start of the Drug supply trail eventually leading back to the growers.

Crudely written Drug-debt notebooks and ledgers showed not only written-off bad debts where overdue and refused payments were exacted with a bullet or knife, they showed payments given to the Liaisons in return for their information. They also revealed

payments to Black Officers for details of surveillance operations; cameras and microphones hidden with difficulty inside Gang premises, names of informants who'd turned up dead shortly after. There were even payments to Black Leaders in return for demanding Section 8 building projects be built in more neighborhoods to help their drug runners deal in new areas.

They had names, details, everything. More than enough to put a lot of people into Jail for a long, long time.

Payback was going to be very sweet for some of these people, especially those entrusted with confidential information, who Police knew from the start never should have been, but as always they'd been over-ruled by their faceless politically correct masters who were never brought to account. Certain politicians were going to squirm in their seats, and they wanted to be there when they began to sweat as they tried to explain themselves to the Public, explain away the Corruption and multitude of Deaths they were directly responsible for. The Officers wouldn't let this scandal pass unreported, would take it as far as they could.

As expected, they were quickly finding Aladdin's caves of stolen goods, guns and Drug stockpiles, which in turn were step by step leading them to the focus of the search. Without legal hindrance it'd taken them less than a day to go from street drug dealers to this.

The first big Drug Warehouse they broke into, disguised as a trucking firm, with solid reinforced steel doors, electronic security, tunneling sensors, hidden Cameras, gun slits, metal detectors, cellphone and surveillance blockers, security that would have put many a Bank vault to shame, was a shock to even the most experienced officers. In a factory-zoned warehouse they'd finally found what had been known to exist for many years, hidden locations with dozens of tonnes of everything from Marijuana to Cocaine. Weighing, assay, cutting apparatus, chemicals were tidily arranged on one side together with all the breathing apparatus the employees needed. There were copious signs that enormous volumes had passed through over all that time; Ledgers were filled with quantities, purity, dates. But as expected, no hint of source or destination were listed, at least on paper. So much had been here that the big Importers and Dealers had needed Computers, Employees to keep track of it all. Their hard drives were promptly seized to continue finding more names, details in an ever-expanding net. Financial and other details had to be recorded on them too. And nobody was stopping them this time.

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The Female Officer was in shock on multiple levels at what she was seeing for herself, what she was hearing from her fellow Officer as they drove through the City. He stopped before a ruined welfare block surrounded by garbage like so many others.

And he began moving in for the kill, told her a few last things the media absolutely wouldn't tell people even to save lives, and Teachers weren't allowed to teach or show students.

"I bet your Teachers didn't tell you that every Historian says the same thing - Oppression has always been a minor factor in people, in fact it's spurred them on to not just leave but create better Civilizations, the very best revenge of all. That's how America was founded, many of the Pioneers were fleeing genuine Hardship and Oppression, often going back generations. But they came here and succeeded, and MORE!! The ONLY people who complain about 'racism' and the past are Blacks. Every people have their own History, some worse than anything Blacks endured, but NONE of them complain about it. NONE!! They all get on with Life and succeed without a hint of Blame or even a single Bitch about 'racism'. But not Blacks.

My favorite teacher always told us that anyone who WANTS to succeed, can. If they can't, they move to where they can. And in the short or long term, they'll outdo the losers who held them back, every time. We've all seen it; the 'Cool' guys in my school ended up with shit jobs and lousy marriages because of their own attitudes, the 'Losers' who quietly persevered and got on with others went into business and they've now got 5 happy kids climbing all over them.

He also told us that people who DON'T want to succeed WILL fail, no matter what support they have. Well, these people bite the hand that feeds, every time. They're trying to tell you that 150 year old 'Oppression' they only found about in school is affecting their whole god-damned miserable, worthless, selfish, self-destructive, ignorant, Hate-filled lives TODAY. Which do you believe?"

She was aghast at the full-frontal assault to her previously cherished beliefs, could hardly reply. There was much worse to come.

"Did you ever stop to think there were more Jews in Berlin during the War than there are non-Blacks in any Black area in 'non-racist' America, TODAY? Civil Rights for these people has meant the loss of everyone else's Rights to live in safety!".

She flinched, stared hard at him. Her mouth moved but no words came out. She just didn't know where to begin to reply to that. But she'd seen for herself it was true.

"Look at photos of the WW2 battlefields in Russian cities, and tell me if there's much

difference between those and what these disgusting people have done HERE, in this so-called Peacetime!"

She'd never thought about it that way, was shocked by the comparison.

"Your Teachers had lots to say about Civil Rights, didn't they? I bet they didn't say a single word to you about Civil WRONGS or DUTIES! Martin Luther King had a Dream, and this is the result. The only Right EVERYONE ELSE gained is to stay quiet about the results or else! They insist on pissing on the rest of society while demanding we see them as victims!", he snapped to her.

She sharply glanced at him, half from remaining politically correct anger, half from now knowing he was telling the Truth.

"Remember the '92 riots? Tell me what happened", he asked her.

"One Black idiot got beaten up, so Blacks killed dozens, injured thousands, ethnically cleansed Asians, and did Billions in damage", she reluctantly replied.

"Yes. And these are supposed to be ADULTS we're talking about.

Now, tell me what happened when the Virus struck two nights ago."

"The City lost power. Blacks suddenly had no fast food, entertainments...", her voice trailed away.

"... So they began a fucking Ethnic cleansing War..."

"And while we're on the topic, it's a Mathematical fact no social statement can ever change - if an area takes more than it produces, it will decline.

This city alone needs Two Billion dollars a year just to clean the filth these people make. Let me put that into perspective for you. That's TWO THOUSAND MILLION dollars just to tidy up their little messes, and that's just in this city alone! For that amount of money, you could launch the Space Shuttle THREE TIMES!! And that's not even including the cost of the property damage these people do. You know as well as I do that repairing Welfare buildings and homes is about the highest priority, so think about it - the Buildings here are in this state because ENTIRE TEAMS of repairmen and cleaners STILL can't keep up with the damage the occupants do to them!!

If you added up the Welfare and Devastation these people cost America and compared it to a War, this would be WORSE! At least after Wars, people appreciate what they have and know they have to look after it because their survival depends on it, and they know not to attack the people helping them!

Welfare was only ever meant to be a Temporary assistance, for these people it's a now a Generational lifestyle, we're into the Third generation of Welfare recipients with no end in sight! Did you know that your city now pays for Welfare Blacks to have free Cable TV? How in the HELL is that supposed to get them off their fat asses and contributing to society? With all Carrot and no stick AT ALL in our welfare system, that's how Gangs came about. Our welfare CREATED THEM!! That's three whole generations of kids now, one after another, all created without a single positive influence in any of their worthless lives.

If not for the cost of these People sucking down our resources and destroying our Cities year in year out, we could have self-sufficient Colonies on the Moon and Mars and god knows what else!"

"Who did this to us?", she asked as if she really wanted to know, as though she'd only just begun to notice for the first time in her life what was right in front of her, in front of the whole Nation, if they just cared to look.

"Your god-damned Representatives, your Congress and your President are doing this, THAT'S WHO! Your elected representatives are allowing this to happen, and no matter how much evidence is right is put under their fucking noses they won't change a bloody thing! The fact is, there's NO WAY that our leaders don't know what they're bringing about!"

He paused to let it sink in. His voice softened as he continued.

"I bet none of your Teachers told you that just about every Civilization decayed from within before it collapsed, few were actually invaded. Their leaders stood by and let it happen instead of taking charge. Well, look around you right now, and tell me what you see. Our cities are supposed to be the peak of our Civilization. THIS is what's going to Bankrupt our Nation, it's going to tear our whole Civilization down from within.

That itty-bitty little piece of Computer code you've been hearing so much about in the last few days... if you haven't figured it out yet, that's NOT what's kept the power out this long. All that's happened is some hard drives need to be restored from backups, a few circuit breakers reset, and that's all. How long would that take, a day or two, tops?

Well, I've been talking to people, and they've told me things they don't want the public to know. A lot of the big power lines pass through and near Cities much worse than this. Some of those cities have dropped completely off the networks, NO NEWS at all is coming from those places. NOTHING! The last that was heard from those places, you could multiply New Orleans by a hundred and you'd still be understating what's happening there. How the HELL is someone going to get in there to fix those lines and substations without getting their ass shot off? THAT'S the problem!! And in this City, they're finding that half the Substations have been shot to pieces with high velocity rounds. FOR FUN!! High voltage

transformers explode real nicely when shot. The same thing has more than likely happened everywhere else too. Power is NOT going to come back anytime soon, maybe not for months, even IF they can get this situation under control.

If this mess is Nationwide, which it may very well be, there may now be no possible way of going back to the way things were. This might be the end of Civilization in this country, right here and now. And if it is, I hope you're ready for what's going to happen next, because it's not going to be pretty! All that Chemical did was put it on hold for a few days, nothing more. These people are NOT going to help out in any way at all, not here, not anywhere!!", he snapped at her.

And he told her a few more unpleasant, unavoidable facts that were going to affect everyone, very shortly. They were right in front of City planners, Health professionals, and had been for many years, but they weren't allowed to mention them under pain of dismissal.

"In Black areas in America TODAY, you can't get away from the trash and filth these people create and bring upon themselves. Statistically, most US Blacks already have multiple infections of every kind because of their lifestyles and obesity. Health experts have been reporting for years that Worms and Parasites produced in filth are eating these people alive in America, not Africa! America!! HALF of Black teens have MORE than one STD! In some US cities, Black HIV rates are HIGHER than in Africa! Because of the filth these people choose to wallow in for year after year, they're reservoirs for diseases and infections eliminated from the Western world for hundreds of years. The more infections you have, the more vulnerable you are to still more. Their immunity is shot to hell.

What do you think would happen if a Plague hit majority Black US cities TODAY, with this amount of Filth and Parasites to carry and support it among that number of already infected and compromised people? It would spread like absolute wildfire, and you know these people would blame everything except themselves for it."

"Why haven't Health people done something about it, then!", she cried, seeing some hint of an opening, a way to blame anyone except Blacks.

"They've been trying for DECADES! Repair people just can't keep up with the destruction these people do to their surroundings. Well, Health professionals can't keep up with the damage they do to THEMSELVES either! Like a lot of other things, 'Preventable' is the word you NEVER hear with these people, only 'Racism'.

Now that Garbage collection, Health support and just about everything else have stopped, with this number of Dead around with no way of storing them safely, with rotting food and stagnant water everywhere, Cholera, Dysentery and every other kind of disease are GOING to erupt here and everywhere else. Great Plague? Hell! You're now talking DOOMSDAY material, right now in America, the forefront of the fucking Industrial World! My bet is in a week, two at most, we're going to have to evacuate every large City in America just to get away from the plagues that are GOING to erupt, starting with these people!"

She turned pale at that information, even though the proof had been right in front of her for days.

Around now, surrounded by the dead and the destroyed ruins of entire city blocks, facing the full racial reality of what was happening and was going to happen in once-civilized, once perfectly safe American streets and cities, was when she began to cry.

"Congratulations. You just graduated from the school of the Real World", he said as he angrily drove her back to her fellow officers.

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Away from prying eyes, the media were having a field day too, visiting places they hadn't been able to get to for a long time either. Not that they didn't have the resources, it would have been too easy to fly a plane with a high resolution Camera over even the most violently inaccessible areas and show them up-close and personal to the public, but there wouldn't be a story in that. At least, not one that they wanted the general public to see.

Under Federal orders, they now had a list of targets to photograph.

They drove past kilometer after kilometer of burned residential and commercial buildings, past entire shopping malls looted and burned, past whole lines of Asian businesses torched while the only Black business in their midst was untouched, past entire streets marked as being occupied by Blacks so fellow rioters wouldn't touch them, and through streets filled with Black dead which had been completely ignored by their own people. They drove past Civilian barricades and homes pockmarked by intense battle, past streets filled with downed mourners beside coffins surrounded by flowers and candles, past Black bodies stacked inside buildings and burned by Hispanics.

Finally they stopped at the burned Welfare offices and Black premises. There, they fell over each other to photograph the Nooses and graffiti tags, the burned interiors. They searched for and photographed the cut-down Basketball hoops replaced with nooses. They pounced upon the still-hanging body of the killed Black rap singer, with his kilos of gold chains untouched, hundred dollar notes stuffed into his mouth and Cocaine packets hanging out of his pockets. Nobody had wanted anything to do with his Wealth. They

removed the Spanish language sign around his neck, removed the money, drugs, before swarming around him to take his photograph from every angle.

They all knew what the line on this story was expected, demanded to be. And it wouldn't be "Hispanics repay Black Hostility".

Federal Officers too had their orders. First, there were people they wanted to help them restore order starting right now, not when the chemical effects faded and people awoke. They had a short compiled list of respected Black Councilors, Representatives, Sportspeople, anyone who had the respect of the Black population, they wanted them located and taken aside for when they would be needed in a few hours. Blacks wouldn't listen to a single thing a non-Black said, but they would listen to fellow Blacks. They needed the help of every Engineer, electrician, technician, anyone and everyone who could help end this crisis.

There was no cure for the Chemical other than time, but there were short-term solutions, drugs which briefly stopped its effects. Repeated injections would suffice. They needed those people awake right now and working on resetting and repairing the power lines. The rest of the population could stay just the way they were, they were being taught a lesson in control they would never forget. They wanted them and the Nation to associate any future Resistance with pain.

To that end, they needed a massive, planned and useful National-wide spin coverage on this. Media people were already working hard preparing it, culling and selecting footage.

They'd learned from the initial public relations disaster of Katrina hitting New Orleans. They were lucky on that occasion, many people were trained and inert enough not to notice the sudden change in focus in news, with very little effort on their part the public simply forgot what they'd seen for days with their own eyes on Television. Instead of Black crime and White victims, entirely Black looting and even Black Police abandoning their posts to loot, they suddenly saw only Black 'victims'. Snipers attacking Helicopters and Aid workers suddenly became "Mentally Disabled" instead of "Violently racist". The numerous Black and White victims of Blacks suddenly weren't mentioned any more. And the public didn't notice the change in focus, believed what they were now told, and went back to sleep.

The Trials of Defenders, Police who'd shot rioters shooting at them went on for years, and every time they emphasized "Intellectually impaired" and "Starving" instead of "Rioter". Blacks instantly emphasized "Race", and naturally, nobody in a position of power opposed them.

Their experience, and the valuable lesson given to them by Psychologists, was that there were Three main techniques to turn Selectively presented information into Fact for unthinking people. It worked during Elections, it worked during Wars, it worked with New Orleans, and it would work Nationwide now.

The First, the lesson every Dictator used was simple Visual stimulation. The Brain was naturally hard-wired with the Eyes as the strongest input. Visual images immediately changed the thoughts of the simple-minded. That was why Speakers could do a lot to turn the public, but Movie makers, TV presenters could do a lot more. They just showed the people what they wanted them to believe, repeated it endlessly with a few variations and examples to reinforce the message, and most people believed it without question.

The Second technique was the Presentation. The Brain picked up unspoken messages even more than spoken ones. The trick was to combine them with the message.

Whether they knew it or not, people took more note of a very high politician, normally immaculately presented, suddenly appearing without makeup and looking unhappy before TV Cameras, as if they'd felt a huge, immediate need to say what they wanted to say.

When the public saw numbers of 'Nice', trusted people standing beside an articulate Speaker and agreeing with them, the majority of viewers, Adults as well as Children then believed it too. All they had to do was fill peoples TV screens with the images they wanted, tell them what they wanted them to believe, have numbers of attractive, intelligent-looking people standing close beside them and quietly agreeing with all they said. It didn't even matter if they didn't mention any facts at all - The information presented in that manner became irrefutable fact in most citizens minds.

That was why Political rallies were always a huge success. Huge numbers of people thunderously cheering the speaker could only convince most unbelievers.

The Third was to keep it simple. They didn't even have to give any details or facts at all; Repetition of simple slogans alone was enough to sink into simple minds. If a Politician repeated "I will bring Change" often enough, people believed and repeated it parrot-like. The Politician didn't even have to say what he was going to change or how he was going to do it. It worked every Election, because simple people didn't learn. It would work Nationwide today to restore order.

First, they would use the media to calm the people down. If they told them the rioting they'd seen was by "Individuals", was "Just in their area" and "Wasn't anywhere near as bad as some said", they would believe it. They would show them heavily armed Police, Federal troops swarming through streets and shouting stern commands. They didn't have to

know those streets they were charging through were perfectly safe.

People were already hard at work writing speeches to accompany the selected footage. Their best apologists would be minimizing losses and damage, then giving excuses and blaming permitted offenders for the chaos at a Press conference where nobody would be permitted to reply, no evidence to the contrary allowed and no victims would be permitted into the room. The speakers would be surrounded by numbers of smartly-dressed City Officials, Celebrities, well-spoken Blacks, Reporters, all silently agreeing with their statements blaming everyone and everything except the criminals. It didn't matter if those present believed it or not, as long as they at least pretended to. But the audience would believe it.

Next, as they'd been advised by their experts, only when the people were relaxed and much more receptive to the messages, would they show them what they really wanted them to see.

This time around there would be no uncontrolled footage of Black chaos followed by suddenly compiled, highly selected footage of Black suffering. Instead there would be only Black suffering, Federal assistance, and of course Defenders being arrested and processed. There would be limited footage of the fighting, but the only people shown in the act of firing weapons and the only arrests shown would be White, there would be no footage of rioters arrested and no mention of the criminal evidence found on them. They would show streams of fleeing Blacks, even a few selected views of Blacks being shot from behind as they ran, but not their Hispanic attackers. Orderly White areas would be shown, then burning Black areas. Fear-filled Black faces would be shown, then determined-looking Whites firing guns in defense of their lives. There would be plenty of footage of guns collected from Whites, but none of the weapons being found with Blacks. There would be a few select shots of Black dead laying on the streets, but only of those in peaceful, tidy areas. There would definitely be no 'Ghetto' views. There would be plenty of footage of White defenders taken down by the Chemicals, but no White dead would be shown. There would be footage of Police defending people, assisting with Deliveries, but no footage whatsoever of Civilian defensive positions, the enormous packs of Black attackers, Black homes marked so as not to be attacked by their own people, and especially no footage of Hispanics burning Black buildings. No crime victims, no footage of attacks, nothing that went contrary to what they said would ever be broadcast.

After all that, they would then show more uninjured Whites taken down by Chemicals, then views of Blacks Military weapons on the ground. The viewers didn't have to know they weren't their weapons, they would pick up the visual stimulus and assume. They would show those selected shots over and over for weeks, months, to get the message across, and only then use them to clamor for more Gun controls.

As always, they would never hint at "Race" in their highly selected footage or Words so they couldn't be accused of leading the public. They would let the audience do that for themselves, without a single word needing to be put into their mouths.

The Trials of defenders would go on for years. They'd fill papers and news reports with them, everywhere you went for years you'd see headlines like "Man sentenced to Life for shooting person who just wanted Food". And they'd make sure the Offender and Victim photos were printed together so people would see who'd shot who.

Except, that they'd just discovered there was a sudden serious problem with the first part.

Officers and Federal officers alike were reluctant to inform Washington of what they'd found while searching for the people they wanted in front of TV cameras, all of whom were positively known to have stayed out of the trouble and survived the second nights total Ethnic War unscathed.

The Black Police chief was dead, his plush, entirely Black-staffed office torched.

Some of the Black Liaisons too were dead, some shot, others grotesquely hanged in their offices and outside their luxury homes.

Worse, some of their best, most highly selected and even more highly paid liberal media people, social workers, city representatives were dead too. They'd relied upon those people to front up to the media at bad times to quickly recite phrases provided to them by party minders, to snap their trained excuses for Black outrages and Black failure to eager cameras with no reply whatsoever permitted either in person or on news reports. A few of them had been shot outright, more apparently hunted down then hanged from the most public places imaginable, others had just disappeared from their homes and weren't to be found anywhere.

What in the hell was going on, the Federal Officers thought when they heard the news through their confidential network.

The Historical response to Imposed tyranny had begun yet again. Nobody had organized it. Nobody had suggested it. It had come from within the population itself. In the hours between Dawn and the Chemical attack, a lot of people had died who should have been removed from office a long time ago.

Other cases were a somewhat different matter.

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With the return of power in a few critical US centers with rerouted power lines and generators, limited overseas air travel was possible once more, though like much else it was still restricted to high-level contacts and the extremely wealthy. With fuel prices through the roof from short supply as well as the security situation, trade and diplomatic flights along with everything else were sharply reduced except when absolutely necessary.

Sinah Musekwa, an African president for life and his entourage of armed bodyguards were flying into New York for his delayed business trip and personal meetings with American diplomats, Private Bankers and Financiers then later with United Nations staff. He was the ruthless tribal leader of a small but highly fertile, oil and mineral rich landlocked nation which until recently had been embargoed by mild UN sanctions which prevented food from reaching the people, but not weapons and luxury items from reaching him by numerous back routes. Trade and Aid had been curtailed for years because even Western Governments had become aware that all of it ended up in his pockets while his people starved. He was even happy with the embargo in some ways, he'd taken the opportunity to ensure his Tribal enemies starved while his Tribe had first choice.

Wherever there was a source of supply and a demand, there were people willing to help out if the price was right. Money always talked, and so did certain other products and services among clientele who could arrange seemingly anything in return. And when there was a demand among those people and the will to meet it, they could arrange for high-up people to lean on Lawmakers and Policy makers to quietly change things when the terms were in their favor. When conditions deteriorated in his country so that even he was affected, he'd been approached by very wealthy business people with off the record offers he'd jumped at to return things to the way they were and much more, if he just agreed to do as they asked.

They'd done exactly as they promised, the sanctions were quietly lifted, Trade and Aid money resumed, improved in fact. And in return he'd granted private and US based consortiums full mining rights and more. His pockets grew fatter, while his people suffered more than ever. Since then, his purges of opponents and ethnic cleansing of other tribes from ancestral lands using modern firepower and machetes weren't mentioned in UN reports or Western media any more, only by traumatized refugees fleeing his country who weren't given a voice to speak to. He'd even forcibly removed the small White and Asian communities of the capital city and small cities alike with hardly a murmur. His benefactors kept his name clean, the money flowing into his accounts, and in return he let them do as they liked including polluting the rivers and land with mining byproducts.

His country's exports were Internationally listed as Oil and Minerals, which was half accurate. His extremely fertile countries imports were never listed; food, weapons and luxury items for his countryside palace which had taken a decade to build using entirely imported stone and materials. There were so many rooms in the sprawling complex that he rarely slept in the same bed twice, each with gold embroidered sheets as befitting his status. His personal protection force wielding gold plated AK-47's cleared the few passable roads in the country before he drove in armored limousines with duplicate decoys past starving masses struggling to survive in stone age conditions, bereft of the most basic necessities and often reduced to picking through rubbish for scraps to eat. It amused him when Aid agencies arranged for stupid, over-eager Westerners to sponsor starving children in his country, half those funds vanished into his untraceable Overseas bank accounts, the rest of the time the well-fed children were forced to join his heavily armed ragtag militias to retain their 'privileged' status over their peers when they were dropped from overseas support at the age of 18. Either way, he won.

There were plenty of currencies other than easily tracked money which some of his clientele insisted upon at all times, he suspected that was the reason he'd been approached in the first place. Though he was always paid in cash as he insisted, deposited into his untraceable private Swiss accounts, never his Countries accounts. Uranium and 'Blood' conflict Diamonds, Gold, Platinum had become lucrative but highly secret exports in the previous decade, all kept under wraps by the mining companies, the US and UN alike. Everything was handled by intermediate Pacific-flagged companies which specialized in such matters, they provided everything from mining logistics to never-speaking foreign soldiers in uniforms without identification who watched over wooden crates of Diamonds, huge barrels of Uranium yellowcake as they were loaded onto civilian-flagged transport and passenger aircraft. The Gold and other precious metals usually went straight to Switzerland and the US, the Stones went to intermediate countries first to hide their origin before being transported to the US, all shipped with forged paperwork as his benefactors requested. They'd even provided the equipment needed to make the fake papers. He had no idea where the final destinations were or especially where the Uranium went, and truth be told, didn't care.

As part of the arrangement, he allowed the same people to use his nation as a transit point to hide the origin and final destination of other cargo; hard drugs, party pills, weapons, illicitly obtained high-tech. With their help he was becoming an International



destination, of sorts. They'd built private secluded Airstrips and Hotels using entirely imported labor for people who adamantly refused to allow themselves or their dealings to be photographed. To hide their purpose, the main airport was publicly accessible by all, but with the secret dealings and private cargo handled behind permanently sealed-off doors and hidden in false cargo manifests and reports.

The smaller airfields blended into the countryside alongside the mines, and the comings and goings there mixed unnoticed among the paycheck and high-value cargo flights. Unlike other mine airfields throughout Africa which were plagued by gunmen trying to shoot down small planes for the riches they carried, these were well-protected, his benefactors assured him, smiling broadly.

As for Sinah, he was happy for them to flood the West with their transferred poison since they'd almost forced him out of power. Wearing his Italian suits in his gold-plated office lined with the preserved heads of enemies, he laughingly described himself to his few remaining friends as "Total Criminality under the guise of Diplomatic Immunity".

The Virus chaos elsewhere hardly touched his country, things could hardly get worse for his people, the infrastructure for the most part was so basic it was unaffected. But his benefactors were running scared for no reason he understood and didn't want to elaborate to him. He'd been scheduled to visit the US for his latest Business Trip a few days before, had expected it to be delayed for weeks, but then was suddenly told to come to the US, right now. As long as he benefited, that was all that mattered to him. He didn't mind a brief change of scenery, he was tired of seeing the constant carnage around his palace.

His benefactors had abruptly stepped up security everywhere, especially at the airport as the cargo in his plane was loaded onboard, as always with no Documentation as it was listed as 'Diplomatic Baggage'. He didn't know what was in the crates and attaché cases, but it had to be very valuable to someone. He saw an endless stream of wooden and steel crates being loaded onto the plane as he sat in his luxury reclining seat awaiting takeoff, tonnes and tonnes of them. His personal Security detail, over-eager as always to stick their noses where they shouldn't in the hope some of his wealth might fall into their pockets, actually had machineguns jammed into their faces and cocked when they approached those crates. One who protested the 'Intrusion on Government business' and tried to force open a crate received an instant bullet to the head without a word of warning or even an apology to him. His benefactors, usually so benevolent, were deadly serious this time. The cargo was obviously desperately needed to cover a sudden immediate demand, and they didn't want anyone else to know about it, not even him. Or maybe especially him.

He'd often had the feeling they were only using him, nothing more, and if he knew how to do it safely, he'd have stabbed them in the back before they stabbed him. But he also had the feeling they were expecting that move, there seemed to always be a number of those people around him at all times, even without being told where he was going they were always somehow deployed nearby when he arrived.

The thought occurred to him that they were worried about imminent US Economic collapse, were covering their asses with hard currency that would retain its value. That didn't concern him in the least as long as his benefactors came through once more on this trip, any other result and he plotted vengeance, held grudges for as long as it took.

The only thing he was worried about was how many of his entourage would try to defect and claim asylum in the US on this trip. Finding reliable people within his own tribe and few remaining friends was hard enough, especially when he didn't want to wake up with a knife in his back. He'd personally killed a few associates in wild rages when he suspected they'd betrayed him and ordered their bodies fed to wild animals kept in compounds around his palace, forced their families to watch the gruesome scene. Most were still alive as they were very slowly lowered legs-first into the water for waiting Crocodiles. The overseas advisors appointed to help him gave the same advice they'd done previously; invite or force the extended families of his entourage to the guardhouse of his palace before departure and keep them there with minimal food under close supervision until his return, and make sure his entourage knew it. The threat to their whole families would keep them loyal when direct threats to their person wouldn't. He'd learned they had considerable experience in such matters.

He was looking forward to signing the latest deals agreed upon months before which would enrich him even further. He hardly even needed to pretend to the people he'd be meeting that his country was benefiting, not when everyone already knew most of the Trade proceeds going into the Country's accounts were immediately transferred to his private Swiss accounts. They didn't know the rest of it. The benefactors of the expanding Uranium mines had as always kindly arranged everything, all he had to do was put on a diplomatic face to US and UN Officials, at least pretend to them that he cared when he didn't, then sign on the indicated lines and let his benefactors continue as they'd done. His favorite part of the deal was the Cargo hold full of his favorite guns, riot control agents, torture equipment and other 'suppression equipment' as they nicknamed them, which they'd gifted on all his previous overseas visits for him to use in any way he chose. And he did.

It was a pleasant morning over America as his Jet flew in over the Atlantic and descended toward Washington DC. Usually there were just a few pleasure boats and private fishing vessels out there, today there were boats as far as the eye could see. It looked like everyone with anything from a sailboat to a pleasure yacht had jumped to get off the mainland and away from urban areas, were sitting offshore, unsure where to go.

His plane flew in over the Coast as it descended, turned toward final approach. The airport came into view as they passed through patches of cloud. His Middle Eastern pilot lined them up expertly, lowered the undercarriage and flaps, trimmed and prepared the aircraft for landing.

From an overgrown drainage ditch just beyond the end of the runway a tiny puff of blue-grey smoke appeared, dispersed instantly in the wind. A moment later a fifty caliber bullet smashed through the cockpit window, barely missed the pilot. Screaming 200 mile an hour wind filled the cockpit as glass shards embedded into the back security wall. The pilots ducked forward into the instrument panel and strained to declare the flight emergency over the deafening wind, switched to automatic guidance to let the aircraft bring itself to a safe landing. More smoke puffs appeared from the grassy ditch, heavy bullets ate into the spinning turbine blades. It didn't take much damage; even a small imbalance with blades spinning at high revs and enormous centrifugal force made a huge difference in balance, the engines tore themselves apart and huge chunks of metal broke through the casing, slashed at the skin of the Aircraft, control lines. More bullets ripped into the wings where they joined the frame, fragmenting and tearing at control lines.

The plane tipped to port, began to side-slip and fall. The last thing Sinah saw was a mass of flames out his window as the ground came directly up at him.

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In Los Angeles, some of what they were finding in armored warehouses filled with huge bales of Drugs raised more questions than it answered. The sheer volume here, tonnes and tonnes of it, made clear these were the distribution hubs for at least this part of the US. But there was no money trail here, and no sign of where it'd come from or gone to. There weren't even any safes or drop boxes in any of the buildings. They were probing for hidden rooms, but didn't really expect to find any. The people working out of here simply hadn't expected to ever be found.

The only secure room they'd found was a solid steel, carded access, reinforced concrete office with a rack of guns and tear gas equipment inside, complete with push-button Thermite self-destruct protection in the remote chance of Police entry. The Computer room. It had no outside internet access, not even a Telephone line. The builders had gone to great lengths to isolate it from the outside, even blocking all radio frequency emissions. Surprised Officers seeing that room wished their own superiors would spend this much money on their own systems, which some were convinced had been compromised for many years.

Examiners were already working on the captured hard drives.

They noted the room completely dominated the storage and cutting facility; some of the officers suspected the weapons in here weren't actually meant for the Police, but in case any of their own staff got uppity.

None of what they'd seen so far began to answer where the vast illicit funds resulting from the Drug trade were going; as Police often joked, "Black drug dealers wore their wealth". They couldn't hold onto cash if they could see Flashy objects to spend it on, despite appearances most earned less than McDonalds workers after the people above them took what was owed to them. And the only reason they didn't spend that too was because they'd be killed if they did. They were only the very tip of the picture, the rest of the money trail was invisible, it seemingly vanished once it hit the Drug, Vice, Stolen property rings.

Everyone knew there was a colossal underground economy; Enormous sums of Drug money, stolen property and much more seemingly vanished into thin air. Untold Millions, maybe Billions, had to be involved every single day in Drug money alone, just in this city. How and where those huge sums went, where they were laundered, what it was spent on, nobody had ever figured out beyond reasoned guesses and the occasional chance discovery of a few tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars of Drug money. That was small change compared to what had to be flowing out there.

For an Economy to exist, whether public or underground, it had to be interchangeable, exchangeable, transferable. Only in a few select places in the World could you exchange Cocaine for a House, and America wasn't one of them. And you couldn't just walk into a business and purchase it with a briefcase containing a few million in spare cash either. Drug houses couldn't exactly run electronic funds transfer machines connecting directly to Banks, their small-time clientele might not give a damn if they left a permanent electronic money trail, but their suppliers and big buyers certainly would.

Traditionally, illicit cash was funneled into false front business to 'Wash' it, enter it into the banking system as legal money to be used in any way they chose. Gambling,

Prostitution and Legal drugs were the Historic favorites; cash constantly appeared from nowhere in those businesses, entered the system and became legitimate, with few or no questions asked from often paid-off authorities. It gave the opportunity to legally purchase ever more businesses in an expanding circle. Only then did it pay taxes and appeared to outsiders to be legit, it also gave increasing opportunities to launder the funds.

Those avenues were less and less important these days, especially where the long time favorites of Gambling and Prostitution were small scale, highly regulated or illegal, and when the funds involved became so vast those means couldn't begin to cope with the flow without questions asked from highly experienced Taxation people who could estimate takings better than the owners could hide what they were doing. Criminals were forced to constantly evolve, develop complex systems of shell companies, false front companies, holding companies, intermediates, offshore accounts, sale and purchase of assets, to split up sums and move them through multiple channels to obfuscate the trail between money and crime or money and criminal. Many methods were developed and refined during the prohibition era. During that time Meyer Lansky went as far as to buy a Swiss bank to transfer his illegal funds into after obscuring the origins in small casinos.

Goodness knows what had been developed since then. Offshore banks weren't as discerning about the source of funds in return for a fee, small Nations had turned themselves into Tax havens for a cut of the proceeds. Even some larger public companies were known to use these means to some extent too now, not exactly to hide their income, but to legally reduce the tax take upon them. Which made some wonder what else was out there.

It was the Money trail that always had everyone stumped. From the undoubted Drug proceeds alone, enormous sums seemed to just disappear without trace every day.

All reputable property dealers handed large transactions electronically, few accepted large sums of cash for exactly that reason. A huge part of the Drug network had to be Electronic, yet Banking systems set up to watch for anomalous transactions saw nothing, only catching the occasional over-enthusiastic fraudster or welfare cheat. All transfers above \$5000 came under Government and Taxation scrutiny, and there had to be thousands, tens of thousands of times that going out every day. All large transactions required advance paperwork, and if the same non-business accounts were used to transfer multitudes of smaller amounts from multiple sources they'd still have known about it immediately. If truckloads of money had been transported to less discerning banks in Mexico or elsewhere there'd be the occasional discovery, but there had never been anything on that scale.

As investigators had often gleefully stated for the prosecution, "The Banking system is everything". It was all but impossible to operate on any kind of scale without involving them in one way or another, and indeed, Federal investigators first call was often the target individuals credit and banking records. They could lie in official papers, but they couldn't lie to bank records, which silently and patiently accumulated year in, year out. They often compiled entire lives from them alone to throw at suspects during interviews when they refused to talk.

Their hope had been that ever-increasing technology and surveillance software and Government systems would curtail then obliterate all Electronic and Physical avenues of illicit transfer, and through it wipe out organized crime from the top down to the street level. National Security far overrode Personal security, and those agencies had all the keys to the secure accesses used by Banks and others, in fact any such accesses were watched most intently of all, they knew.

But all those sophisticated Banking systems saw nothing, the Patriot act surveillance saw nothing, and now the Netsafe monitoring too saw nothing, the Underground Economy continued to bypass all controls and measures like a ghost. The Police knew some things about the low-level AI used by Echelon and seni or Netsafe operators, but all that programming and National security didn't seem to be of any help at all either, which constantly baffled them. Things only ever seemed to become smoother, more streamlined, larger scale and more organized. Funds disappeared ever more readily, drugs were transported in ever larger quantities, and all Police ever seemed to be doing was cope with the aftermath and the social problems. Gangs thrived no matter what they did, they just couldn't cut the source or supply, and they never had any problems getting whatever they wanted from Guns to Drugs to overseas-born Recruits. No hint ever seemed to be found anywhere in the records where it was all coming from.

After decades of fighting organized crime you'd expect to see processions of companies foreclosed and names named, top criminals sentenced to life without parole for huge scale importation as Police constantly adapted, learned how they operated and followed trails up and down the scale in minutes using internet surveillance networks, dispatched teams of international investigators to assist overseas governments in bringing justice to the very top people of Drug and murder empires once and for all as the World watched on TV, cutting off all possible avenues to benefit from crime and freeing the public people to do what they do best - contribute to society, and ultimately, to be able to walk the streets safely once more. Kill the Drug trail, and you killed Gangs, stopped addicts, freed up countless Billions in funds to now add to Americas economy instead of take from it.

But there was nothing. They seemed unable to ever follow the trail past the street dealers to the sources of supply and ultimately the large scale importers who had to be out there somewhere.

What little money was occasionally found was promptly taken by Federal Police under their jurisdiction to handle Interstate and International aspects. There were yards, fields filled with captured Boats, Planes, vaults filled with Drugs, captured cash. But the trail always seemed to end there. Ordinary Officers thought it odd that they never heard any results, no followup or court cases, no intelligence reports or requests to watch individuals suspected of involvement. Nothing. The same when internal details were found of major Drug networks and Gang firearm suppliers, the result of Federal investigations seemed nonexistent.

Occasionally the Police found Firearms in New York and elsewhere which forensics tied to 20, 30, 50 murders, and once again the details seemed to vanish, no Federal murder indictments were handed down, no investigation seemed apparent.

Fleets of stolen cars ended up in Europe, Russia, Africa, and again the trail ran cold, not even fingerprint evidence seemed to be followed up. There were transport organizations, Port authorities, Wharf Unions where you couldn't just join and start work, you had to be approved. With some, outsiders could still join, but they had to know when they weren't wanted and when it was time to leave rooms, buildings. And again, nobody seemed particularly interested in looking into what was going on.

Even they, the Police, never heard of any investigation or requests for followup information into Commercial frauds, the whereabouts of the disappeared funds, hundreds of millions, Billions in some cases. Those cases seemed to just grind to a halt in the legal system and disappear from the news with few arrests and fewer trials, even though home videos often showed dozens, hundreds of wealthy people benefiting from their proceeds at extremely lavish parties while their victims starved in some cases. They were never asked to try and track or interview those people.

Or as a few had darkly begun to suggest, maybe those higher powers just weren't interested in looking at any of it, afraid of what they might find. Or they already knew.

They were all tired not only of endless and ever-increasing Police restrictions which only assisted increasingly organized crime, but the complete lack of any coherent organized crime strategy or even any apparent will to coordinate between agencies. Nothing ever changed, no lessons seemed to be learned, unless of course it was in the name of 'National Security', which never seemed to be applied to organized crime even as the Nation literally fell apart around our Politicians.

They only ever seemed to be allowed to act upon small-time crooks, never to follow the crime trail, access their bank, email and mobile phone records. And nobody in charge even suggested using those supposedly impressive National surveillance networks upon Americas crime figures and networks to end our own terrible problems before hypocritically imposing our will upon other countries and worsening theirs.

They'd all seen Blacks at ATM machines, using one card after another to withdraw fraudulently obtained welfare money. Supposedly sophisticated Bank and Welfare systems didn't seem able to spot multiple cards used within a short time frame, week after week from the same ATM. An intentional omission or oversight, perhaps even a racial courtesy for political gain, some officers suspected. Or a symptom of much, much more flitting past all the supposed safeguards and controls.

Some officers reckoned Authorities were just being selective and biding their time, rather than both blind and ignorant to the problems growing in Americas midst as many suggested. Others thought both they and their surveillance systems deserved to be kicked into the trash can, replaced with good old fashioned unrestricted police work for all the good they'd done for the population - which was none at all.

And they also knew the last time organized crime was properly investigated in the US was in the 1950's, and it was then concluded that hundreds of millions annually in organized crime money was incontrovertibly tied just to Las Vegas casinos. They'd already advanced to that massive stage from their small-time start of illegal stills, small private clubs and down on their luck Women. Federal gambling control was proposed to stop it at that stage, but the proposal died in committee after Senator intervention. Even then, our so-called representatives seemed to ally more with crime than their own citizens.

Since then, not one serious attempt had been proposed to handle organized crime at a Government level, or to even institute joint, Nationwide teamwork between Police forces to handle the ever-increasing drug traffic entering the country from more and more sources. Even today, ordinary Police car chases were still infuriatingly forced to end when they crossed state lines and jurisdictions. The whole subject had seemingly been forgotten by our representatives in their rush to do nothing.

The lingering question was, had those organizations simply ceased to exist, or had they just adapted, learned how to disappear into the woodwork? All we heard of was the occasional arrest of some low-key, long exposed, old time crime figure who'd been hunted for many years, with no mention ever of the money trail involved. They seriously doubted a few arrests stopped any of that, especially when such vast sums were involved. Far more likely it had passed to more learned hands, slipped through legal cracks, adopted a more

legitimate face and vanished from sight. If that was the case, they had to wonder where they were now, how far they'd progressed since then and with whose help they'd done so.

Those few investigators who'd traveled to Russia to see the extent of organized crime there, talk to secretive investigators working under permanent sentence of Death issued by the people they were working against, had more disturbing observations to make.

There too, it had started on a small scale as all organized crime did, merely supplying difficult to obtain or illegal needs and desires at a price, just as they did in the US. Instead of Liquor, Gambling, Women, contract murder, they forged papers to travel within the country, assisted in escaping from the Socialist 'paradise', obtained hard-to-get overseas equipment for businesses.

Then in their new Freedom, the Economic situation became desperate. Instead of buyers who intended to negotiate deals, improve substandard plant and machinery and gain access to overseas markets to improve the lot of the Russian people, organized crime used political connections to go on a buying spree of state assets sold at cents on the dollar or less, cut wages and often stopped paying wages completely.

Workers, Police, Officials, Soldiers, almost everyone suddenly found themselves having to make deals with them just to Eat. Suddenly just about anything could now be bought, even high-tech military weapons. A huge-scale traffic of unfortunate Women into sexual slavery overseas began. Impoverished Parents allowed their Children to be used in the making of Child Pornography which flooded the West. New illegal markets opened up worldwide. Untold Billions suddenly began to flow into organized crime coffers while the population nearly starved. Super-rich Oligarchs appeared from nowhere, they quite literally controlled the Economy now, not the Government.

"These people just love Desperate economies, because Desperate people do as they're told when their Children are starving", the US investigators were told.

Those lucky few who'd spoken to the Russians in person couldn't miss making more pointed observations:

Successive US Governments weren't interested in assisting the Russians in their sudden organized crime crisis. In fact they'd threatened them for so much as arresting Oligarchs, had even assisted them in their flight from prosecution and asylum claims. They weren't interested in staying a step ahead of increasingly International crime based out of Russia by sharing intelligence with the Russians. Or better yet, preventing it from getting here in the first place.

They now weren't interested in any kind of prevention, were actually acting against any kind of strong Enforcement against Organized crime. Even a strong Border fence would cost only a few Billion but save Countless more Billions in Drug, Health and Crime costs. A sane Government would jump at the opportunity to save Costs and Lives, ours just wasn't interested.

"The last time we heard of the influence of organized crime here was in the 1950's, then they all but disappeared from sight. Now, in the 1960's, our whole Economy suddenly flipped over with the active connivance of our Government. It changed from always positive to always deficit, every year..."

Today in the US too now, not just Russia, wages were dropping, people were forced to work for less, Inflation was growing, the Drug and Crime trade only ever grew. Organized gang figures, International criminals walked our streets with impunity. And our Government didn't seem interested in doing anything about any of it.

He left the uncomfortable question in the air.

Was this a bit much of a coincidence? What if someone within the US was actually working toward bringing about the ideal conditions they like to operate in?

Wherever the money trail was, it had to begin locally if it apparently wasn't being transported.

They didn't know where to start looking, especially when those kinds of people always seemed to be better legally protected and informed than the Police. One of very few clues they had was larger Drug dealers refusing to take small notes from customers, implying their laundering trail started with counted bundles going somewhere.

In the absence of solid information, they were reduced to guesswork as drug related chaos grew in front of everyone's eyes year by year. It was obvious a certain amount of discretion would have to prevail; just as among Pedophiles there was never a website called Childporn.com, among Fraudsters and organized criminals there was never a website called Crimestash.com. The only things they could be sure of was that the money trail led through multiple false fronts, likely numerous separate routes, was being bounced to hide the origin.

And if it wasn't being done through conventional means or business to stay out of sight, the general feeling among the few who'd discussed the problem in depth was that the transfers were probably software driven through intermediates, then it would be just more binary data to the networks, and to banks, just more transactions from business or wealthy individuals. Banking Computers would automatically 'trip' if they detected a range of IP numbers, providers in use from non-commercial accounts, which meant it had to be Commercial, large scale providers accessing Banks.

Others suspected they were looking for a sophisticated solution that might not be there

at all. If the right people in the know just weren't talking, that was a simpler way around the whole thing.

Which brought them to the captured Computer hard drives. Every available Forensic examiner was immediately diverted to start work on them. They had no time to lose, when the Chemicals wore off and the denizens involved realized what had happened, they would yet again take steps. This was truly a once in a lifetime opportunity.

As expected, the Drug Networks' small, low-key systems were completely isolated from the computer networks to keep their system undetectable, invulnerable to automated Netsafe computer scans. Batched transactions, transfers, emails were encoded to hide them from curious eyes who might by any chance happen upon them during transport, loaded to memory cards to be decrypted and handled online elsewhere. The Computers themselves were loaded with old, pre-Netsafe operating systems and safe from its inbuilt, permanent Keyloggers which would have instantly unraveled the entire life of the computer. No help there. Encryption and thorough overwrite software was loaded together with off the shelf database and accounting software, but their databases were locked up tight. The operators knew what they were doing, had set their computers to not only use specialized cleaning software which overwrote every temporary file upon shutdown, their operating systems were also regularly reloaded from backups, making any attempt to install interception software pointless as well as deleting all previous system logs. Those Computers were completely cleaned out, locked up tight. The encryption code keys were sent downtown for a Supercomputer to attempt to crack the passwords, for what that was likely worth.

One Hard drive was a completely different matter. It had been in use when the power died, leaving unencrypted files and remnants strewn throughout the file structure, a fortuitous piece of luck. They also knew the encryption passwords were embedded in the uncleaned Swap file, immediately set to work on finding them. An entire transaction batch file was present, it had just been encrypted and copied to memory cards, but the original and the decoded databases weren't yet securely deleted off the computer and were instantly viewable. The hard drive was repeatedly copied using DOS mode so not one bit of data was lost, a copy given to each Forensic officer to concentrate on, right now.

Police using specialized softwares were already hard at work producing electronic auditing trails, unraveling transactions and patterns from the databases. Experts began to see how the system was working, vast numbers of smaller sums originating from many different places were being moved both electronically and physically, distributed by various routes to end up at the same destinations, all below official notice. They saw multiple electronic avenues for transfer, thousands of Company and wealthy individual Bank account numbers which according to datestamps had been accessed often and used to repeatedly transfer sums which stayed below Bank security screens.

They also saw huge sums appearing from nowhere in Corporate accounts of Trading Banks. The account names in the databases didn't even bother to hide their major US Gang origins. It looked like Corporate people were actually facilitating the laundering and banking of money by gang members, had assisted them in running legitimate operations to launder money. Those account names were just too blatantly upfront, the investigators realized. Again, they were fronting for other people hidden behind the scenes. But if those people weren't even bothering to hide the origin of that money, then the end of the trail might be close to those Corporate people, an investigator hinted.

As some had suspected might be the case, the electronic transfers were disguised as Debt and credit payments, employee pay, purchases and sales, online customer banking, routine currency and bank transfers, anything except what they were, the trickling-back of Drug and Crime proceeds bounced between intermediate companies to disguise the origin and destination from officials. Again, the smaller amounts wouldn't trip Bank screens, and the money wasn't appearing from nowhere to make officials curious.

A lot of people, private citizens and companies must have opened numerous accounts in their names using multiple proofs of ID, at least some false if the level of sophistication they'd seen so far was anything to go by, allowed them to be used as intermediates to disguise the origin and destination of transfers to larger companies. But they had to have a physical mailing address too.

Some of the origins weren't in the US; Private overseas-based banks operating outside US jurisdiction which few ordinary citizens knew about or were wealthy enough to be allowed to join came up repeatedly. They appeared to be the ones doing the laundering of the tonnes of paper currency without asking questions. Those places had no problem with large numbers of transactions converging from different sources as long as they got their cut out of it. There'd long been suspicion of such, this was solid proof, enough to have them Blacklisted and permanently blocked out of the US financial circuit, trade embargoes begun on 'friendly' Third World nations whose leaders merely said what stupid Western politicians wanted to hear, while hosting those banks on their shores and doubtless taking a cut of the proceeds. The amounts they were seeing looked as though entire shipping containers full of cash and interchangeable commodities were being moved. They saw Commodity nicknames used constantly, which they took to be Precious metals and Diamonds. No Company stocks or bonds were mentioned. "I guess they don't trust those either", an officer joked.

Moving companies, Exporters and Importers appeared in the ever-expanding web. It was

Long known that a degree of corruption existed among some Unions, Port employers, to the point you couldn't join some workforces without their prior approval. To nobody's surprise, at least some of the physical transport to those Offshore Banks was being managed with legitimate business contacts to move huge sums of money without suspicion and little or no chance of inspection. Some suspected the easiest way to transport such cargoes was to simply swap a legitimate container for one of theirs after it was documented and accepted for transport, there were many ways to do that through ports only approved 'Union' people could work at. And a containers stated destination didn't by any means have to be the final one.

A lot of seemingly unconnected pieces were beginning to come together.

The memory cards had also brought back the previous Internet cache and log files for the operators to check for transactions that didn't go through as intended, proxy servers which weren't operating when they tried to access them. They could see internet banking screens updating, with vast sums appearing and disappearing from accounts. To their surprise, the differences didn't correspond to any figure in the batch file, meaning this computer wasn't the only one accessing the transfer system. The sums were staggering, tens of millions were in the one transaction batch they'd looked at. They probably couldn't imagine how much was involved when the other computers accessing the network were included.

As expected, Email experts found no direct contacts between Mexico, Afghanistan and South American drug dealers, the overseas Banks. Everything was handled via encrypted mail between intermediates, just like the money trail. Several message texts were visible as well as the encrypted files, the guarded but still rather boastful messages making clear the huge scale of operations.

They followed the trail in the transaction batch file, saw huge sums of illicit money being transferred from legitimate companies minus a small fixed percentage, presumably their tip for accepting questionable money for inclusion in their takings and allowing the use of their Bank accounts. The same computer had also handled the transaction from the other end, pausing a few minutes to let transactions complete before transferring the accumulated sums from company accounts which routinely handled large sums to offshore banks, numbered Swiss accounts. Major Diamond currency and Gold transfer accounts appeared, leading them into the untraceable non-cash zone. Both trails went cold there, the money was gone, out of their hands and into the Black economy.

Officers gathered to watch as they compared their databases of prefixes, account numbers of public companies with the lists being extracted from the transaction files. They watched as an unending procession of Nationwide, International Names and Companies came up, many doubtless false fronts which existed in name only. But their directors had names, addresses, phone numbers, many doubtless false, but they existed and were trackable, for now. There were gasps of breath as others went up the screen. Supermarket chains which had edged out and undercut small competitors in one town and city after another, Finance companies headed by people whose names they instantly recognized from previous sudden huge business collapses but had been hired regardless. Corporate and Financial giants. Forget small-time false fronts in vacant buildings, these people seemed to have set up entire Nationwide chains to hide their dealings. They'd wondered why so many of their stores seemed to happily remain open in high-risk areas despite doubtless enormous losses, stock and building damage, yet still manage to undercut competitors. They were now beginning to see very good reasons.

Respected Business, Political and Academic leaders private companies and holdings were right there with them too. Some Investigators had suspicions for a long time that at least a few of our Political and Financial leaders names weren't their real names, they couldn't find any reference to some before they appeared from nowhere in positions of prominence, they refused to show Birth certificates despite a requirement by law, were also very reluctant or refused outright to disclose some of their past and present business dealings and associates, but were promoted to high positions regardless. There'd been for years numerous vague hints of unexplained business dealings in Military and Political circles, complete outsiders who came from nowhere and received US Government contracts importing and exporting high-tech, military items. Occasionally you heard of questions asked even in official circles, but as always, even Investigators never heard any followup to any of them.

Naturally, in today's Free Nation, despite all the disclosure regulations, reporters and investigators were strongly dissuaded from looking into our leaders' backgrounds, especially their past travels and Passport records. The public were only given their version, and they knew for a fact that with some, at least some of what they said was entirely false.

And it could go further still. Everyone had long known Drug networks had been planned in detail to stay under multiple detection systems based on multiple networks, it was as if the big players were always one step ahead of every effort to catch them. Some had suspected that Bank and ISP insiders were heavily involved in helping them, but no proof of such was ever found. Until now. Maybe. Experts would reverse compile the unique softwares, search for signatures of the programmers. This one hard drive could unravel all the electronic techniques being used as well as the physical transfer routes.

The final Destinations of the accumulated cash were also hinted at in the records, some of the account numbers, prefixes were definitely overseas. But none of those appeared in their databases, they couldn't resolve them to people, companies, banks or locations. They brought in a financial expert from a Bank, swore him to secrecy before allowing him to view the recovered information. They wanted to know about the large company accounts, whose names they were registered in and who'd filed the advance paperwork, where the Overseas accounts and Banks were hosted and whose accounts they were, and if possible where else they'd been accessed from. And they needed to know that right now. They also wanted to begin Government action to identify the Swiss account holders, the owners of those Banks, and for that they needed their help.

After the first few minutes looking he became reluctant to answer questions as the information continued to come up, became keenly aware of the Police eyes upon him as well as the International and Political implications. After repeatedly failing to answer direct questions from Officers, all he'd say, and he almost whispered it, was that those accounts were hosted in New York, Washington DC, Offshore and of course the Swiss accounts. And also in the Middle East.

So, the Chickens were starting to come home to roost, they thought. All they needed now were names, places to start asking questions.

The financial expert was sweating profusely, finally snapped "I will not talk further about this", and scurried out as if the Devil were following him.

They watched him leave, wondering what'd bothered him so much, before returning their attention to the still ongoing Forensic examination.

"Is there anything here giving an indication of the sums involved so we can see what kind of organization we're dealing with?"

"Well, there's balances before and after the batch file was processed, timestamps, but none of these balances match the transaction sums, which means a bunch of others were accessing this system at the same time. I'd need to know if this is constant and make an estimate of throughput..."

"Off the top of your head, then. Give us a ballpark figure."

He brought out a calculator, took his time to manually average times and balance changes.

"Well, if this is representative, Worldwide you're looking at around a Trillion Dollars a year", he finally replied.

"Oh... my... God..."

There'd been massive Drug busts, sometimes into the hundreds of millions of dollars worth on ships, which had promptly disappeared from the news after being announced. No trials were ever mentioned. And that had to be only a small fraction of what was found, otherwise it wouldn't have been worthwhile to operate those drug cartels. This was the equivalent of entire Western Nations' economies. Even they hadn't been expecting anything like this.

One of the Officers suddenly remembered the computer this hard drive had come from.

"Get that thing to Forensics. I want to know who was trusted to use it. There should be fingerprints, DNA..."

"We're already on it."

An officer pointed out that there were three more, small, easily overlooked details which made the increasingly nervous Forensic examiners think hard about the higher Political implications.

The unavoidable fact was, the system they'd found only hid the senders origin from Commercial interests, most definitely not from Official interests; Netsafe could easily follow the whole trail from both ends with its overview over the entire Internet if any operator cared to watch. Apparently not one of those highly placed people had been so much as curious enough to try and follow this chain from any Drug dealer, to follow their mobile phones or anything else which would have quickly nailed them in this day and age.

And they knew better than most that Netsafe automatically sniffed computers, emails, data packets for encrypted data and reported it to authorities before it'd even reached its destination, unless its operator was a flagged Public, Legal or especially Military or Federal official with a vested Government interest in privacy. Either someone had exercised authority to similarly exclude the computer and the email addresses being used, or they were actually being handled by just such an official, the officer pointed out. Someone Politically or Militarily connected would have very tough questions to answer over this.

"So... just what do you think we're looking at here?", one of the examiners casually asked.

"Political Meltdown", was the blunt reply. "I don't know yet if this Virus disaster is going to be a good or bad thing, but one thing is for certain. A heck of a lot of heads are going to roll over this."

And he pointed out one more thing to bear in mind. He remarked that before September 11, the London bombings and other terrorist events, financial crises of every kind, Stock and Financial markets showed odd transactions from people with apparent foreknowledge who



planned to benefit from them or at least protect themselves. They suddenly switched from stocks to hard currencies, purchased Gold, even shifted their operation bases to other countries out of harms way. Few knew that certain large scale criminals had also made significant changes, shifted assets before those same events to keep themselves safe from sudden prying eyes and in some cases gain from them. That information wasn't even hinted at in the news.

Whoever was behind this massive Drug network definitely hadn't been expecting the Virus, it'd come as out of the blue to them as to the rest of the World. Perhaps this tip should be passed to Homeland security, he suggested...

The Officers were beginning to consider where this might lead to once the US Attorney General and others walked into Banks with Government Search Warrants to find out the origin and destination of those transactions. If they ever did. If the official action into high-level Drug trails could apparently be quietly leaned on by these people, with no questions asked by usually all-invasive, long-remembered investigative media, they had little doubt this could be just as easily squashed, with even fewer questions asked. Governments had collapsed over much, much less than this.

They'd killed for a lot less, too.

Ethan and the other Officers all knew the Conspiracy rumors, the talk that for decades Politics, Business and Organized crime were related, that nobody ever came to any kind of political power without approval, and not by the public. None had given them any credence. But if this kind of money power was involved, with apparent Political connections, then maybe they should proceed very carefully with this. And maybe they'd already stepped over the line and were already living on borrowed time.

"Ummm... I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but does anyone remember what happened after the accidental transport of Nuclear weapons by the Air force in 2007?", an officer reminded them, "Every single Officer involved in the disclosure of that information was dead within a week. Every damned one. You're talking National Economy size corruption here, so what do you think is going to happen to us if word gets out about what we've found? With the mess out there, we can't possibly get word out to the public."

"I think you're right. It's time we started covering our asses, right now", Ethan immediately replied, "If anyone is asked about this, for gods sakes LIE! You haven't seen anything, you haven't heard anything, nobody could determine the origin or destination of those transactions, you got that!"

They all turned to look at the captured Hard Drive, wondering what the best option for it was. Replacement in the computer or outright Destruction. Shit. Word of their discovery had be spreading as they spoke, starting with the nervous Banking Official. It was only a very short matter of time before it came to very high Federal attention. Along with them.

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Federal Officers too were busy. They also had their list of priorities and were going down the list. Only, while the Police did their work for them in Black areas, they were in working in areas which had held firm in the face of Gang Terror.

In line with Federal Policy, their very first job was to stop the Civil and Racial War which had broken out by removing the means of fighting, not the causes. Unlike the Police, they confiscated every last gun from the prostrate residents, emptied shop shelves and registered home lockups of any remaining weapons and ammunition. They identified the apparent ringleaders, separated Wives from Husbands and Children from Parents, hogtying all of them before transport to separate prisons. They ran fingerprint scans on all holdout residents to compare to those on captured firearms, later they would compare those guns to bullets recovered from the dead and ballistic tests to reconstruct who'd shot who.

Federal Officers ordered ordinary Officers, civilians and especially the media to stay completely away from certain locations as well as the city prisons while cleanup squads were sent in. They refused to say why. Covered truck convoys escorted by never-speaking, machi negun-armed Federal Officers began to move back and forth between areas bordering former Black racial territories and up into the hills. Nobody knew what was in them. The same thing happened immediately after New Orleans, a few officers who'd been there recalled.

Ordinary Officers were having their suspicions, began to seriously worry about what had happened. All through the crisis there'd been rumors of massacres of unarmed civilians attempting to flee Ethnic terror. They'd all seen entire deserted, burned subdivisions with nobody to be found. They were analyzing the bloodstains and body part souvenirs found on captured Black rioters, some had DNA signatures of multiple presumed victims, and of those only a few matched on-file criminal DNA, almost none of which belonging to Blacks. If they'd been killing each other they'd have immediately known about it from DNA alone, so many Blacks were already on DNA databases from prior offending.

The very first thing the Police had done was to clear the main roads using bulldozers and tow-trucks to remove debris and burned vehicles to facilitate speedy access to official traffic and repair people. There were a lot of damaged, crashed and abandoned vehicles on main roads passing former Black areas, many with bloodstains, bullet holes. There were bodies of Blacks who'd manned bridges and blocked main roads to prevent people fleeing, they'd been cut down by Civilian fire and by Hispanics racing into the area. They were more interested in preying than fighting even as the warzones approached them, had remained there to attack innocents fleeing until they began to be shot and only then had fled. And there were countless more nearby, brought down by the BZ aerosol, not bullets.

But there were few non-Black civilian dead and no injured here, nervous Officers slowly realized they'd been taken somewhere else. They had a very bad feeling about those missing unfortunates who'd tried to flee the city before or after nightfall. Near many of those roads were Federal-roadblocked areas which nobody was being allowed to enter, not residents who lived there, not even Police. They refused to say why.

A few of the captured rioters were very familiar to some of the Officers. With a shock they recognized inmates from prisons around the city, even high and maximum-security inmates, a few still wearing prison issue clothing. Officers promptly drove to those Prisons to find out what the hell had happened there, were once again stopped at the gates by Federal Officers and told to turn back.

At midday, truckloads of Federal troops surrounded the Police Tactical Response Unit headquarters. They told the Police they needed to inspect their military style weapons, compare their fired cartridges with those recovered from riot zones to distinguish between Cop and rioter bullets and spent cartridges to help clarify the situation for court cases, they'd return them in a few hours. That sounded reasonable and the Officers agreed, even helped to load their heavy weapons onto Federal trucks.

At the same time, more turned up at Police lockups and seized all the Gang firearms that'd been analyzed, demanded access to and drove away with the dozens of covered truckloads of labeled firearms still awaiting examination.

Medical technicians had been kitted out with Brainwave monitors by Federal and Military investigators and researchers to measure the strength of the chemical effects and the approximate time remaining until the unwilling subject regained movement. It'd been many years since they'd been permitted to test that chemical, monitoring and detection techniques had advanced beyond recognition since then. Naturally, they were sworn to National Secrecy on all findings. This was the first and hopefully only large scale use of that Chemical that would be necessary, they couldn't let the opportunity slide to gain practical experience and find which if any individuals were worse affected.

They quickly spotted that subjects in areas which had held firm against the floodtide of Ethnic violence had been subject to higher doses than the rioters themselves, an observation they kept to themselves lest Law Enforcement go on the rampage against Federal Officers.

Forensic officers were busily overwriting every last trace of what they'd found on the captured hard drive from off their own computers, when conspicuously heavily armed Federal Officers marched in and demanded all their discovery material, all copies of the captured hard drive, everything they had. This was absolutely Federal jurisdiction, they said, and they would handle this better than they could with their vastly greater computer access and resources.

The staff present were held for questioning by armed Officers as the place was thoroughly searched, the Police computers checked for any sign the hard drive or extracted evidence had been copied further. None was found. The Officers all said the same thing, with all that was going on they'd hadn't had time to take more than a brief look at it, they hadn't been able to follow the transaction trails or banking prefixes without Bank assistance, were intending to leave it for Financial experts after the restoration of communications and banking systems. And was there any sign services would be restored soon, so that they could just do their job?

Finally satisfied, they were released and told never to breathe a word of this to anyone. The hard drive and the copies they'd made were accounted for, removed in a locked briefcase under armed escort. They were assured it would be investigated in due course and they'd hear the results along with everyone else.

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Officers had seen evidence that some of the trouble over the last few days had been organized from the premises of State funded organizations, and Police thought it was high time they viewed the interior of 'Historically Black' schools, Government funded Black-only agencies they'd been strictly forbidden to enter unless their presence was requested. Which meant never.

Black school principals and state-funded community organizations had loudly protested for a long time that Blacks shouldn't in this day and age still have to always explain

themselves and be accountable to Whites. They were 'outraged' that additional scrutiny which always fell upon Black schools was 'racist' and not because they were failing, and was just another sign of racist interference instead of letting them have a chance to do their job and help Blacks. In the name of 'fairness', unless the situation in a school was so terrible that even the press stepped in, Black institutions weren't subject to education office review as this was 'racist', the bad schools inevitably were Black, proving the examiners to be racist. And in the changing, ever-more sensitive political climate, that was that. Some of these places had evaded normal scrutiny for 30 years due to racial politics. Financial records weren't available and hadn't been for a long time, even though the City and Taxpayer had a vested interest in knowing, demanding in fact to know how their hard-earned money was being used.

In Black 'self-help' agencies, non-profit organizations, drop-in centers and businesses all over the city, all of them leased rent-free under the various Black-only business incentives, they found empty and locked premises which hadn't been entered in years, scam operations existing in name only to take funds meant to help Blacks. Some of the operators weren't just using already available opportunities, some had plainly jumped to take advantage of news reports, not to help their own people. One Black organization funded by public monies had filed papers showing they'd been doing useful work getting delinquent Black kids to school after news reports of absentee Black students, a quick check showed what little had been done had actually been done by the schools themselves. Some 'Offices' and 'Centers for troubled youth' were plainly Gang bases of operation funded from the public purse and had never been used for their stated purpose. As they suspected, in others they found stacks of crude weapons, petrol bombs assembled for use in the just-quelled riots.

Officers jaws dropped at what they were finding everywhere they looked. Any school or social project with "Black" in the title was guaranteed to get funding, and already wealthy Blacks had picked that up, got themselves into position to scoop up the funds they'd requested for one imaginary project after another with no accounting trail requested by the City. All but a few of these places were plainly just a thinly camouflaged plan to transfer Billions of dollars into their hands with nothing to show for it, least of all for the poor Blacks it was supposed to be for.

In a lavishly funded and equipped dedicated Black-only school behind the racial lines that'd formed overnight, they still found what looked more like a war zone. In a safely locked building named after Martin Luther King, Black students had kicked in the walls, windows were broken, most of the furniture was damaged and even floors were scarred. Elsewhere, they found empty classroom shelves, purposely disabled security cameras and metal detectors, damaged and missing computers and equipment.

A Teacher brought in to compare recorded examination results and work was surprised by what he saw, within a minute commented "I was teaching this school's Senior material in Elementary school". An Auditor and Document Expert quickly spotted that Pupil numbers didn't match the number stated as present in official papers, an immediate indication of fraud to claim entitlements, and many of the scores showed signs of alteration after the fact. He found evidence that classes and programmers hadn't been begun but were documented as completed and grades handed out accordingly. Disciplinary records were completely nonexistent, but scanty reports had been filed anyway 'proving' the school had a good record compared to those around it. Like all schools they had required minimum standards to come up to upon penalty of loss of funding, here they'd forged them aplenty to keep the funds arriving, and according to the Auditor, were disappearing unrecorded into thin air.

None of this was actually a surprise to him or anyone else in a position of oversight over our school system, he shrugged.

After what they'd been through in the last two nights, the Officers and the Auditor decided to go through the Curriculum to see how Black Children were being prepared for a future of personal accomplishments, academic success and contribution to society. Instead, they all could see for themselves that over half their time was spent teaching Racism, Oppression and Slavery and how it pertained to them today, emotionally, economically and criminally. On one Blackboard everyone could see the latest choice of mind-boggling assignments, ranging from 'Black Economic disempowerment from Slavery' to 'The lifelong aftereffects of institutional racism'. Alongside the essay list was a long list of 'facts' for the students to draw upon in their essays:

- ' Every people Whites encounter end up much worse off'
- ' Every White explorer was a racist mass murderer'
- ' Whites only go where there's money'
- ' Everything Whites create is used to destroy and enslave'
- ' Hundreds of Millions of Blacks died so a few Million could be Slaves in America'
- ' Every White with Money only has it because of Slavery'
- ' America was made great only by Black Slave labor'
- ' Only Whites have ever wanted Slaves'
- ' Blacks created everything, Whites took it all for themselves'

'The History of America is 400 years of White hatred of Blacks'  
'Whites have polluted the planet for all other peoples'  
'Every unhealthy Black is a victim of racism'  
'Aids was invented to kill Blacks'  
'Blacks take Drugs only to escape daily racism'  
'Whites created Drugs to keep Blacks down'  
'Black lifespans are shorted by racism'  
'All Black mental illness is due to living with racism'  
'Injustice is only perpetrated by Whites'  
'Every Black in prison is a victim of White injustice'  
'Institutional racism makes Blacks kill Blacks'  
'The Death penalty is Genocide against Blacks'  
'Only Whites are racist'  
'Whites created racism'  
'Every White is a racist, even if they deny it'  
'Being White carries lifelong racist privilege'  
'Every Black is a victim of racism their entire lives'

The school library contents were the most telling. There were few ABC's, maths, computing or science texts. There were countless expensive remedial texts, but no sign they'd ever left their dusty packing cases in the disused storeroom they'd been dumped into. There were no Arts, Music or foreign-language study at all. The History section had no European, overseas, early American or any other peoples History. But occupying shelf after shelf, rack after rack was a plethora of Slavery, racism and hate, much of it crudely written and printed, some could have come straight from revolutionary China and Russia, the language was the same. An Officer remarked that the written texts were neat and tidy, the gory Picture books with few words depicting Slave-era racial atrocities upon Blacks had been thumbed through to the point of cracking apart, giving an indication of the reading skills that'd been imparted to the student body. There was even a small subsection of badly written books by Black authors claiming every single invention, every Historical achievement, every modern industrial process for their own.

The missing books were eventually found by a shocked officer in a basement storage area. Science, Maths and History texts, Novels, fiction and non-fiction, all had all been contemptuously dumped here like so much litter, filling the room to the ceiling. An Officer picked up a selection to try and find any pattern to the madness, quickly spotted a possible common factor. Every one of the books back cover or insert depicted a non-Black author.

30 years before, this school had been closed, rebuilt and re-opened a year later the way it was today. After all this time, one of the Officers remembered the way it once was, went looking for vestiges of his time there. None of the original building names remained; Martin Luther King's name naturally presided on one heavily damaged building, the Nation destroyer Robert Mugabe presided over another, the rest were notorious Black murderers and rapists elevated to 'Hero' status in this school. In his time, in a corridor near the offices was a wall of names of honor students, former teachers engraved in plaques, bricks purchased by the students themselves, himself included. There were still scars where they'd been physically smashed out long ago and the new administrations hadn't even bothered to cover the damage. They'd obliterated every last sign there had once been White students here.

"What a surprise. Once again, 'Diversity' doesn't mean increasing Minority enrolment at any of these places, it only means getting Blacks in, and it doesn't matter if they force everyone else out. It never means getting others into all-Black schools. Blacks aren't interested in Equality in schooling or anywhere else, they want to be in charge", another Officer remarked upon seeing the wall as his furious colleague stormed out.

It didn't matter if a school or anywhere else was virtually all-Black, nobody spoke of the persecuted remainder being a 'Minority', assisting them, or 'Increasing diversity' - they only spoke of 'White racism' yet again as the school failed from the attitudes and violence of its students.

Yet again, the Majority was expected to accommodate the Minority, change and make constant exceptions for them, but the Minority wasn't expected to adhere to a single standard of civilization or show any respect for others. So they didn't.

Upstairs, a furious Officer going through the catalogue of hate snapped "Back then, Black Slaves started at the modern equivalent of Thirty Thousand dollars, they were too expensive to risk doing dangerous work, they'd NEVER have been treated like THIS! Less than a quarter of the slaves shipped across the Atlantic were destined for the US, the rest went to South America, even MORE were shipped to Islamic slavery in North Africa and the Middle East. Only two percent of Whites owned slaves before the goddamned Civil War and there were numerous Black Slave owners too. There weren't hundreds of millions of Blacks in Africa during the slave trading days, they were sold by their own Tribal Chiefs or captured by Black Muslims, not kidnapped, and riots happened in African slave ports when Slavery was stopped. Most of those Lynched were White, a Million Whites died in the

Civil War so they could be free, Slavery ended 140 years ago, and Genetics says few or no Black women were raped by slave owners. If Slavery was like THIS, there wouldn't have been fifty thousand Black troops in the Confederate Army and the only Black slave uprising wouldn't have been reported by Blacks! It was the NORTH that wanted Blacks counted as 3/5ths of a person, not the South, and they wanted it to get representative numbers changed in Congress, not because of race. There isn't a Black alive today who was enslaved or a White person who owned a slave, or their parents, or their grandparents, but they're being taught to blame all of us, TODAY! American Blacks today have the World's highest standard of living among Blacks but they're the ONLY ones who complain of Slavery! For that matter there's MORE slavery going on right now in Africa than at any time in history, but these Ignorant Bastards today want reparations for what Blacks did to fellow Blacks!", while flipping through a Gory picture book of racial atrocities.

"I risk my life every single god-damned day trying to help these people without a word of thanks, and my hard-earned taxes meant for education are paying for THIS? It's against the Law to teach Religion in public schools, but it's okay to teach fucking Racial Hatred? No wonder there's more Blacks in prison than in college!" He wildly ripped up the picture book, threw it to the ground, stomped and spat on it.

"It's not very nice, is it?", the Auditor replied to the outraged Officers, "It's not just this school, it's the same to some extent everywhere. These Lies being forced upon our Children are allowed to stand no matter what proof otherwise is in Libraries and Historical records. This has been taught to our kids for generations now all over America, and nobody is allowed to dispute any of it."

The school system we were paying untold Billions for wasn't interested in just teaching 'Mutual Respect' and 'The past is the past', which any normal society did. Instead it was determined to force the full Hate package upon our unwilling Children - Oppression, Slavery, Guilt, for year after year until it was overflowing from our schools and into our Streets, Gangs and finally Prisons and Graveyards.

"Let me tell you a few little facts I've learned which you won't hear in your news. It won't have escaped your attention that no dedicated-Black or Black-administered school allows any open day, public event, fundraiser or anything else on behalf of others on their premises. Everyone else does, they don't. Well, I checked; my records show that of those who allow non-Black students at all, not one has ever had a non-Black at the top of any class or win any award in any subject at all."

"That is... DISGUSTING!!!", a furious Cop replied.

Black schools had the same public face of 'We have Zero Tolerance for Intolerance' everyone else did, they had all the anti-prejudice programs recorded and in place, but instead the teachers taught Hate, the corridors and classes were filled with Hate, and the students practiced that Hate upon any non-Black unfortunate enough to be employed at or worse, be a student at that school. Some Elementary schools had permanent displays of Nooses, chains, shackles and lynching photos to force-teach their students as young as possible why they should hate Whites today, forced students to wear them and re-enact lynchings during endless classes on racism, encouraged the students to display them during speeches and talks. And that was just the start of year after year of taught Hate. This same Hate-inducing material was now being moved steadily into all schools to 'educate' non-Black students on what Slavery was like. Some California elementary schools were taking it to an extreme, sending all White students to special classes where they had to pretend to be escaped slaves and hide in buildings and fields while being chased by 'Slave owners'. A few Teachers had even taken to ordering White students to stand up in class and apologize for Slavery to the Black students. In places, fully a third of school teaching in one subject after another now touched upon how good Blacks were and how bad Whites were, indirectly it was much more. And those models of 'Education' were spreading.

They increasingly weren't even allowed to teach Children to beware of Gangs, Drugs, Guns as that was increasingly viewed as 'racist', as well as of course exposing the teacher to the risk of organized intimidation and violence. But it was perfectly acceptable to teach Blacks to hate other people and to hate every single thing about America.

The already furious Cops balled their fists at that. There weren't words to describe their disgust. Even they'd no idea of what was now being taught to our Children in the guise of Education.

"Let me make this quite clear, this isn't Education, this is planned step by step Indoctrination", he told them.

A few weeks before, one of his long lasting Teacher friends gave him a book which had shaken even him to the core. It was about the research done into why nearly every American POW during the Korean war turned upon their own people to some extent, giving away military information, revealing escape plans, all without any force used. Always, friendship, small talk and smooth manners were used, never brutality or outright questioning, to establish trust and keep people talking. The secret turned out to be using that trust to plant small seeds of dissent and constantly building upon them; they'd start with asking a simple leading question like "Is America perfect?", and when they truthfully replied to the negative they were asked to expand upon it. There were

essay contests with prizes awarded for incorporating the 'correct' statements into them, not necessarily the most blatantly anti-American entries. Textbooks were provided for them with the 'correct' answers to copy if they were reluctant to do it in their own words.

"If it worked that well on Adults who at some level must have known what was being done, how well do you think it would work with Children who have no choice but to trust their Teachers?", he said.

"Look at this Library, look at what's on that Blackboard, and you tell me what you see there. And remember, what you're seeing here is the end of the process, not the start of it. This is what's being done to your Children today, here in the land of the free", he said to the suddenly appalled Officers.

"My God... ", one of the shocked Officers slowly replied.

Everyone received the same bland 'Everyone is the same' education, he'd come to the conclusion that was only really meant for the White students, because mixed with all the rest of it was a catalogue of Hate for Blacks to digest. The 'Equality' teachings were thereafter only mentioned to Blacks reference to what they somehow aren't, and nowhere was it hinted that it was entirely their own fault that that was the case, it was always others fault.

In Elementary schools, the seed that started the Hate-building process was constant, simple comparisons. "When they're told to think of 'Green', White children think of Traffic Lights, Black children think of Forests", was one. In every book and every subject you saw 'Black' and 'White' mentioned separately, never 'People', never 'American'; it was all in the words. Even the Maths problems were about Blacks. Then they moved onto simple statements given without opportunity or permission to discuss them; "If you're living in a bad home, it's because of oppression", etc, etc. One Kids movie after another had peaceful, productive Blacks overcome racism, but only with the help of a single 'good' White from among the crowds of hate-filled ones. Even in kids picture books, cartoons you saw the same themes - every Offender was White and every Victim was Black, they just didn't explicitly say it.

But our kids noticed, as they were meant to.

And once the seeds had been planted, they were built upon year after year, subtly woven into one subject after another in our schools. Literature, History, Art. Instead of schooling it was carefully scripted indoctrination in Racism, Slavery, Oppression. Journeys of Exploration were referred to in terms of how they hurt Blacks. Discoveries in terms of how Blacks didn't get credit. Achievements, Wars, Successes, right up to the Apollo moon program, referred to in terms of Blacks not allowed to participate. Inside and outside school, they were surrounded with movies, books, illustrated graphics showing Blacks being discriminated against in every open and subtle form in a carefully delivered script prepared for Teachers by professional social programmers, and Teachers weren't allowed to deviate an iota from teaching any of it.

Slavery ended 150 years ago, Civil rights was almost 50 years ago, but you wouldn't know it from reading the texts constantly forced down our Children's throats, the movies they were made to watch.

If you looked closely at it, as he'd done, there were glaring gaps that nobody without a deliberate agenda could possibly miss including. You never saw anything positive at all about Whites toward Blacks or Indigenous peoples, not in the past, not in the present day. And never in any of it was it stated that this was hundreds of years ago and not a reason to hate today, and none of those Blacks had ever been told in their lives it wasn't acceptable in Civilized society to blame innocents.

"Officers, when you get home, look at your Kids' History texts. Today's books have less than a page each on the Civil War which cost a Million White lives, Lincoln or much else from that time period, some don't even mention the Civil War at all, but on one page after another you'll see Slavery, the Klan and Lynchings. I guarantee you the largest photo in all of them won't be the Graves of all the Civil War dead who helped free Blacks, it'll be a solitary Lynching. The greatest War in the History of our Nation, and all other History are being reduced to footnotes compared to Black suffering. And they've been like that since before the 1980's.

You could ask any Black student to name any White in the last few hundred years who've helped Blacks, and you'd be lucky if you got two names. Abraham Lincoln would be one. But off the top of their heads they could tell you a dozen reasons they hate White people today because of something that didn't happen to them, all of which they've been taught. People have said that Blacks don't see racism in America until they're told about it. Well, they're right. They're being taught to see it where it doesn't exist", the Auditor replied.

"Who in the bloody hell ordered that to be taught to our kids!", an Officer stepped up and demanded of the auditor.

"You'd have to talk to my superiors, but they're not the type to answer questions, and they're not accountable to anyone, if you know what I mean..."

Uncomfortable silence.

"I wouldn't exactly say History is being rewritten in our schools, it's just being very

selectively provided. Compare texts from fifty years ago with those today, and you'll see big and small omissions, rewrites in every single racial aspect of US and World History. Today's kids are using the fiction they've learned in movies and TV programs in their essays to reply to questions about History, and they're getting pass marks for doing so", he added.

You could see the programmed statements in one ugly, hate-filled Black political diatribe in the news after another, all of which they'd been taught, and Blacks didn't realize it. The slightest problem in their lives was loudly compared to "Slavery", next came blatant racial hatred while claiming "racism". All of which even Children could see through if allowed to, but in today's schools they were actually disciplined if they dared to speak up against any of it. Any Politician, any Historian or even a Child could demolish all those taught statements without breathing hard, and often had, but regardless you saw the same outright racial lies repeated year after year, forced upon our Children using Federal monies by our own Education system.

"Blacks are poor today because of Economic aftereffects of slavery" was one. Of course that statement neglected to mention that people arrived all the time from Third World countries with absolutely nothing, better than succeeded all on their own with no assistance whatsoever, quickly learning English better than local Blacks and far outdoing them in every way. Immigrants from all over the World stated "If you work your ass off for 5 years when you arrive, you've got it made". But students weren't allowed to say any of that, because if they were, none of this racial bullshit would have ever gained a foothold in our once-proud school system.

"Do you know the definition of 'Ugliness'?", an Officer replied, "It's 'poor' Blacks picketing stores serving them that're owned by Asians, even African Blacks. They've worked hard to get here, they're working even harder to succeed, but 'Disadvantaged' Blacks don't want them in their areas 'Because they don't look like us'. And those are their actual words. Black leaders then complain when stores close down, but not one of those Ignorant, Fat Bastards is even honest enough to say it's because those stores were Ethnically cleansed instead of welcomed!"

Racial attacks on Africans by American Blacks were a daily occurrence. When caught, the perpetrators happily told them "They dislike Africans because they think they are better than everyone else". They gave Africans a hard time for working and being responsible, they attacked 70 year old Africans for refusing to retire and working as cleaners, anything other than sit on their asses like the local Blacks.

The Auditor wasn't surprised. He replied that the worst thing he'd heard in a long time was parents commenting that their kids' Black friends were always visiting them, never the other way around. They found that the Black kids had all been forbidden to bring White friends to their homes. Then around age 12 most of the remainder of Black friends cut off completely, they'd been ordered by their parents not to be friends with any Whites any more. And he'd found there was evidence that enforcing a racial cutoff at that age had been a tradition for generations of Blacks now.

Even the Officers were personally shocked by that information.

What really said it all to him was White students with "I hate racists" right on the front of their webpages, while many of their favoured Black 'friends' and musicians had comments about 'Crackers' and 'Honkies' on theirs. And the White students didn't even seem to notice it.

There were another couple of little things in this mind-boggling array which he pointed out to the Officers. In all the old Bible stories, stories read to kids, kids books, all had simple lessons, do's and don'ts and consequences incorporated into them, it was a natural part of growing up as well as fun. But nowhere in any of this material force-fed to our Students was there any acknowledgement that any Black could do anything wrong to themselves or others, the only ones who ever did wrong were non-Blacks, and they always did it to Blacks. There also wasn't a single guide rule on behavior, a glaring omission no civilized society would make, there was no way it was anything other than deliberate. Of all the Socialist, revolutionary rabble-rousing now being taught in our schools, those were the two lessons Blacks were learning very well.

The result was, all Social Stigmas, Shame at crime, Shame at living on Welfare, Shame at having Criminal records, Shame at disgracing their own families, Shame at illegitimate births, all were rapidly vanishing from the Black community, because they simply hadn't ever been told they were wrong, let alone destructive not only to themselves but to society. This had been going on for two generations now. The strong Grandparents who Black parents used to fall back on were disappearing, replaced by the same hate-filled uneducated trash. The feedback to society could only be catastrophic. And that's what our taxes are now overwhelmingly paying to produce, not success, he said.

What was being taught in our schools, and what wasn't being taught, was actively tearing society down, he could see it in every single report concerning Blacks and Education. Any attempt to control increasingly savage Black behavior in schools or anywhere else now caused an explosion of Rage and refusal, which was agreed with by other Black students, their parents, Black organizations, Black leaders. Not for an instant did they consider

there was a reason for being told "Don't do that", instead they cried "racism" and attacked Teachers.

They simply had no understanding any more that anti social actions, breaking rules carried consequences. But all he was allowed to do was write around the subject with statements like "The school district has a broad-based problem with students who have behavior problems, learning problems and aggressive behavior", which of course implied more funding was needed, not self-control and better societal and parental guidance.

The Officers strongly agreed. Today's Blacks being asked to be quiet when others were trying to enjoy a movie in a Cinema, to put out a cigarette in a Restaurant, stop blocking a sidewalk, turn down a stereo when others were trying to sleep, were almost certain to respond with an explosion of Violent Racial hatred instead. If a store employee informed them of a prominently posted rule or limitation they were flagrantly violating, they instead claimed racism, demanded to see a manager or erupted in rage. Just being asked to stop doing something, told they were at fault in any way was often enough to start a Black riot, the smallest remark was enough, which they then had to attend to in force.

There was a constant problem in Black areas with teens insisting on walking on the road, then their parents complained and sued when Cars hit them, not about the behavior which had put them at risk. They abused anyone who told them to stop doing it. There were places where fuel pumps were not only set to prepay, customers weren't allowed to pump gas at all to prevent ignorant Blacks smoking in an inflammable haze, checking gasoline levels with cigarette lighters or pumping gas with the engine running; telling them it was life-threatening behavior resulted in rage and abuse. Whenever you heard of youths run down while playing in the street, electrocuted after forcing open locks on transformers or climbing power pylons, burned while playing with matches or gasoline, you knew there was a very good chance they would be Black.

They added that they'd far rather deal with Drunk Whites than Sober Blacks, young or old; if you used common sense and courtesy all but a few of even the very Drunk Whites appreciated the effort. Pubs packed full with Drunk Whites rarely had problems. Deliberately ignorant, aggressive Blacks responded to courtesy, attempts to control their behavior with increased Aggression until they needed to be Maced, Tazed and restrained, then as always complained about 'racism' while completely overlooking their own behavior that'd started it.

Teachers had often made the same observation to the Auditor. Some said they would far rather deal with Children than Black adults, the latter were just like cranky, bad-tempered, babbling Toddlers and just as demanding and uncommunicative. One had remarked to him that just to keep his own sanity and add a touch of humor to the situation, in his mind he replaced the constant Black cries of 'racism' for their every little self-created problem, with Babies cries of 'Waa... Waa...', even if he didn't dare repeat that thought to others.

The Officers had seen it all before, countless times before in schools and on the street. Those Blacks 'progressed' from dropping out of school or being expelled, to violent robbery, drug crime, etc, all the while claiming "The man is out to get them", blaming society, not even considering that their own offending might be the reason Police were chasing and arresting them. They'd arrested Blacks red-handed, sometimes on video while they committed crime, but they still loudly protested "I didn't do nuffin'" or "You're arresting me for being Black!" - they seemed to genuinely believe they hadn't done anything to deserve being arrested.

Just as Blacks seemed unable to comprehend the connection between refusing to put the effort in at school and failure, they seemed completely unable to comprehend that committing crime resulted in being arrested, or have any understanding at all that their own actions had prices down the line. Always they blamed others, 'lifelong institutional racism' instead, anything and everything except themselves, as they'd been taught to do. Black parents jumped to offer excuses, not apologies for their Children's extreme violence, never an acknowledgement of their offending or a word for their victims. And you saw Black leaders jump to condemn Police for arresting Blacks. But they didn't tell you that the same Blacks who protested Police arrests, declared "The Police are to blame for crime", triple-locked their doors and barred their windows against their own people, purchased Burial insurance marketed specifically to Blacks because they knew there was a high probability at least one of their family would be murdered by their own people during their lifetime.

You saw Blacks protest "The mass incarceration of the youth and minorities", they demanded the release of insanely vicious youth gang members, but they absolutely never protested their peoples Crime even when Innocent Blacks filled mortuaries every single day, everyone from Babies to the very Elderly, all victims of their own people, many of which you didn't hear about in the papers. Some were never identified, nobody cared enough to so much as look for them so they languished in mortuaries until they received a paupers grave. They called the disproportionate Black incarceration numbers 'Systematic Slavery' and wondered how many were innocent, despite many having preyed upon their own people and most being violent, persistent felony offenders with more than a page of priors. When Police were forced to shoot a violent offender with pages of convictions



who'd preyed on Blacks his entire life, Blacks still protested "You're killing innocent Blacks!".

Black parents claimed their Children were 'Victims of mistaken identity' even after security camera video was produced, had 'Never been in trouble' despite having lengthy records. When Officers came to their front door and told them their Children had been arrested for violence, their first reaction was disbelief that they'd been apprehended for something so 'trivial', the next was an explosion of rage and racial abuse at Police. They stated that an 8 on 1 mega-bashing their son participated in was a 'Fair fight'. They outrageously continued to state right to Officers' faces that their Children weren't Gang members despite wearing gang clothing, being shown Police photos of them displaying gang signs, having sleeves lifted in front of them to show gang tattoos.

We all heard about "No Snitching" and the other "Don't report crime to Police" rules in the Black community, it didn't matter in the last to them that it was overwhelmingly Blacks who suffered and died in those places for no reason. The reality was worse still. Few knew the ACLU actually endorsed "Stop Snitching" as 'Free Speech'. Black celebrities, Rap singers had stated to the press that they wouldn't even report Pedophiles or Serial killers to the Police, and weren't castigated by any of their 'leaders' for it. When Police asked for help in solving major crime, they often knew for a fact that numerous Blacks already knew all about it, and rarely did anyone say a word. Often hundreds of Blacks had favorited teenage criminals online profiles boasting of guns, drugs, security camera pictures of themselves and arrest warrants for crime.

Blacks then loudly called 50 executed Blacks a year in the US "Genocide", but didn't mention the Tens of Thousands of Blacks killed by fellow Blacks every year in mindless, motiveless, unnecessary crime they were often happy to boast about to anyone who'd listen. And those Black Victims were often the most productive and innocent Blacks in society, Fathers and students, not just the lowest dregs of society killing each other over drugs or 'respect'. But Blacks never protested any of that. The only explanation was they were willfully blind, it was just total, blinding Hate.

The Auditor had made the same observations many times; most Blacks seemed to have no understanding that actions carried consequences - That refusing to work meant they failed school, doing dangerous acts meant they put themselves and others at risk, that treating others badly meant others avoided them, that breaking the law meant Police would come after them. Teachers all the time saw Blacks driving non-Blacks away from them with continual Hostility, contempt, abuse and slurs, instant violence and threats of violence if anyone so much as asked them to stop doing that, then the same Blacks complained "Whites don't like us because they're racist". They genuinely didn't seem to understand any connection between the two and assumed others were picking on them, they only saw themselves as the Victims, and their whole mentality was based upon that mindset.

After mentioning that in passing to a psychologist friend, he'd replied with a very pointed conclusion. Among others, trouble discerning cause and effect, limited reasoning ability on academic topics, trouble understanding Social rules and persistence of Infantile behavior were clinical diagnostics...

"For Anti-Social personality?", an Officer interrupted.

"For Low IQ"

The Officers immediately saw why he'd been forced to keep that information to himself.

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In his plush office, Michael Chertoff paused from reading the latest results and news from Los Angeles and watching live video from the city, previews of the news about to hit the airwaves, to flip open his laptop once more to review more confidential information that had just come to light.

Communications overseas were scattered and reserved for high level contact only at present. Many Third world cities had instantly dissolved into chaos after the Virus had struck, they were just dependant enough on Western technology that any extended breakdown had sent things haywire. And now that food distribution had stopped, the result was an explosion of violence. Refugees were swarming from the African cities and across the countryside, only to be hunted down and robbed or much worse by massed armed militias who'd seemingly appeared out of nowhere. Three days, that's all it'd taken, and old hatreds were resurfacing, tribal boundaries redefined, old grudges repaid with machetes and bullets, and bodies were floating down rivers.

Western governments were taking that as a strong warning for what would happen to their own inner city areas in weeks or less once supplies ran down, and the news had been quietly concealed. How long it could stay secret was anyone's guess, Western cities were racially volatile enough right now without that kind of news becoming public knowledge. All they could do was prepare and hope it didn't get to that point.

It had already begun in parts of Europe. In some European cities, chaos and warfare had immediately broken out among Ethnic communities. On both sides of the Atlantic they were

deliberately refusing to give news reports on other countries so as not to give rioters ideas. Not that they really needed them, it seemed. On both sides of the Atlantic, whole cities were already in flames.

To assist them, they'd be sending them the compiled video from Los Angeles as soon as it was ready, strongly suggested they also fly helicopters over their cities while it was played. The public didn't know there were no stockpiles of such chemicals in Europe, but enough secrecy had prevailed over the US Military in Europe that rioters would likely run for cover regardless.

But, there too, there had also been a sudden coincidental rush of increasingly suspicious, targeted and apparently very political killings. Not high up Political figures to make people run for cover and shut official doors... But just as in America, it was business leaders, education review office, newspaper reporters, criminal figures, immigration officials.

European Police too were trying to find a pattern, thought they'd found one. In every case, it seemed to be people who wrote, made policies, enforced them on Police departments, upon their cities, their Nation, without any public input permitted. Not those who'd actually carried them out under orders out or merely announced them. They were people who were rarely quoted, weren't interviewed, weren't accountable to the public, stayed behind the scenes. But they were being killed one by one regardless.

That shook up Michael like nothing he'd heard yet.

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The Auditor, feeling free to vent years of accumulated observations he'd have been immediately fired for putting in writing, replied that every school he'd seen spent far more per student on Blacks than the state average to appease Federal demands, but still ended up with Blacks that can't behave themselves, read, write or do maths. Blacks were 6 times more likely to be suspended, 60 times more likely to be expelled for extremely serious offences in school, and no amount of Teacher training against 'racism' changed that fact. Everyone else managed to make varying degrees of success of their lives, Blacks had endless opportunities, assistance, Black-only monies, affirmative action and handouts, but they simply weren't interested. They purposely chose to squander every opportunity they were given and end up criminal failures, all while still blaming everyone and everything except themselves.

The problem started with today's Black parents, even before the school system took over. Every Teacher could tell them that Parent-Teacher meetings in majority White schools were family occasions with extended family often in attendance, in majority Black schools few Black parents attended that or any other school meeting unless it affected them in particular. Most appeared to believe it was the Government's job to bring up their kids, not theirs, as far as most seemed to be concerned schools were just a free place to offload their kids for a few hours without so much as breakfast. Almost 100% of Black students needed free breakfast and lunch for this reason, then some of these ignorant, lying 'Parents' actually turned around and claimed their kids failed because they had "worse food than Whites". Those 'Parents' dumped their unwanted and uncontrollable offspring into first grade at age 6 with 25 word vocabularies, half of which were profanities and often didn't know their last name, but were fluent in gang signs. They were encouraged to follow up that promising beginning to a life of crime with a steady brainwashing diet of fact-omitting, anti-White propaganda disguised as education, incorporated into every subject from literature to history, systematically turning them into ungovernable racist savages who wished violence and death upon others. They left school sooner rather than later, still unable to do much as speak coherently or write a legible sentence.

Few Black parents or kids gave a damn about school, only in doing whatever they wanted, and woe betide anyone who tried to stop them. They threatened, attacked and sued over the slightest attempt to control the wild behavior of their offspring, condoned and often encouraged it when they disrupted classes, accumulated misbehavior records and played truant for long periods, then turned around and claimed 'racism' when their kids deliberately failed exams. So much as restraining a Black student from harming others resulted in lawsuits, a windfall of tens of thousands of dollars handed out to silence 'parents' who didn't give a damn that their children were becoming violent criminals. They publicly beat their children for attacking Black teachers, celebrated when they attacked White teachers. Black students often ran schools, not Teachers, they abused, attacked and threw things at them while Black classmates cheered them on. Despite all that, never once did they see themselves as being at fault, always it was others. 18 years later most such kids were still in the system, only by then it was the Justice system, and few ever left it.

Black students and their parents constantly accused Teachers and the school system of racism for every reason imaginable - except actual racism, doubtless to run cover for their own, while acting in ways that would be headlines if a Black teacher was treated that way in a White school. And if perchance a Black student did well, it wasn't unknown

for their 'Parents' to yank them out of school for learning 'White shit' then again blamed the school system for their failure. A typical example which showed these 'Parents' attitudes was when a few schools realized the extent of the self-induced Black health crisis, removed the snack foods and provided healthy meals. Instead of being grateful, they protested to the press "The most blatant racism they'd ever experienced... It shows the extent of racism in America...".

When the deliberate Black failure in school resulted in classes full of ignorant, non-advancing Blacks who in some cases remained in the same grade year after year, those 'Parents' complained "Classes are Segregated, Blacks are kept out of Advanced placement and Honors courses". They claimed "Blacks are 'locked out' of advanced education, and all sorts of other non-excuses. Yet again, they just couldn't see any connection between their behavior and its consequences.

If any one of them ever became successful in college, business and life we'd hear nothing else, they'd be put on podiums and displayed by our media as proof that the enormous spending on them produced results. But the unavoidable fact was, we never did. He knew for a fact strenuous efforts had been made to find success stories, in vain. Media people had come to him in person to try and find some, and he'd failed. So instead of the spectacular successes they wanted, they'd embellished marginal cases; affirmative action Blacks who'd "overcome adversity" to become low-grade Doctors, Police Officers, Firemen etc. Of course, they conveniently neglected to give a followup to any of the cases they'd highlighted.

Everyone knew Rich Black children did worse than Poor Whites and had far worse Disciplinary records, instantly disproving all the claims of Poverty and Racism being the sole cause of Black failure and crime. Yet again, it came down to willful ignorance, Hate and no other causes.

He put the full blame squarely on the uncontrolled Education, Welfare and Entertainment systems of this country promoting Hate for generations, and no other cause. He strongly felt we'd been deliberately 'Farming' generations of failures, misfits and enormous social problems, not success, by extensively teaching them its ok to be angry, hate and hurt others because of something that happened 160 years before. Of course those rich Black student failures were extensively interviewed, probed as to why, and the results were immediately filed away and forgotten because they didn't fit the pretty picture of 'poverty and racism is the cause'; those rich Blacks said they too were deliberately failing because they hated the White school system.

He compared the situation to some kind of Orwellian stupidity. A researcher says "Hate is the cause", so the researcher was thrown out and another hired. He too quickly concluded "Hate is the cause", so he was thrown out and another hired. And on and on it went, as it had for decades now. There was no directive saying so, but anyone in his position who didn't keep the non-excuses for Black failure rolling in was removed, it was that simple.

The problem was absolutely not school, poverty, societal failure or lack of funds as we always heard; no amount of free education helped people who didn't want it when their ancestors had begged for it, were taught by their music, their movies, their friends, teachers, their leaders, their parents to ignore, hate and kill instead of succeed, they saw every institution gearing them to success in the modern world as 'White' and refused it. Blacks received 'Street cred' and 'Respect' not for success, but for violence. That was the only real problem.

In dedicated Black schools, many Black students actually refused to get textbooks they needed even when they had vouchers to cover the cost, and most could not so much as be persuaded to attend class regularly, both as an apparent act of defiance rather than neglect. And that despite wearing expensive designer clothing, having the very latest cellphones, ipods, ghetto blasters etc. It didn't take a genius to figure out they weren't working nights or weekends for the cash to buy them with, while refusing to invest one cent in their future.

Elsewhere it was even worse, there was a massive peer culture that looked down on academic success as "Acting White". Teachers constantly complained to him that Black students didn't want to listen and they got a mouthful of abuse for their trouble. Many Black students actually competed for the lowest score as a matter of pride, they demanded fellow Black students who were succeeding show the same attitude else they were mercilessly bullied. Even in University, the Blacks who did well were preyed upon by packs of other Blacks demanding they 'Stop hanging with Whites and acting White'. Incredibly, he'd heard of Black parents withdrawing their Children from school for no other reason than they were succeeding in the "White" system. There was a massive peer and media driven Black 'culture' mocking Black people for success, but all we heard was "The school system is at fault".

He was friends with a few good Black teachers who knew this all too well and issued two sets of reports to their succeeding Black students; one had a failed set of grades and scathing remarks to 'impress' their 'friends' and 'proud' parents with, the other had their true grades for them to show to Universities and Employers, as well as giving them personal recommendations they cut all contact with those holding them back. Sadly, too few did just that.

Worse, most Black administrations in schools actually agreed with these hateful sentiments and never missed any opportunity to make things worse still for both Black and White students. They refused absolutely all advice, assistance from outsiders, insisting on doing things their own way. When safety projects, plans were drawn up to handle school violence, they were ignored without so much as a look at them. When Books, computer servers, equipment were donated and set up by others, they instantly took them down and put them aside rather than use them, with no explanation given. He'd long had the impression they were actually refusing to use anything provided by Whites rather than being totally ignorant as some had suggested. When White staff quit from frustration, it wasn't uncommon for Black administrators to send them racially taunting letters, emails sending them on their way.

He nodded toward the incredible mess they'd discovered in the basement.

Occasionally reporters, explorers, photographers looking through the ruins of abandoned city blocks found much worse things than that, he told them.

In every majority Black city there were entire abandoned warehouses filled with rotting educational texts spilling out of broken packing boxes. It didn't matter even if the texts were about Martin Luther King; if the author was White or it was donated by a White school, it was dumped and forgotten. He'd seen incredible photos of vast halls filled with the remnants of packing cases full of books, floor after floor of them, rotting away. Millions and Millions worth, just left there.

He told the Officers that most youth offenders had committed multiple instances of extremely violent crime to come to official school attention; pack attacks, rapes, attempted murders, weapon crime against differently colored students while at school, not minor offending such as petty theft as Civil Rights people always claimed. The attacks were initiated by a non-Black student so much as trying to speak to them, being asked to behave, a glance, or more often just because they felt like it. Two students accidentally bumped in a lift or corridor, the non-Black apologized, the Black started a fight regardless and every Black nearby joined in to help pulverize the non-Black. Often the packs had already formed and were prowling school grounds for non-Black prey to provoke or assault into reacting to create an excuse, or just attacked them outright. Many attacks resulted not only in Medical treatment, but the victim being forced to drop out of school and often the whole family forced leave the area completely after repeated victimization by associates, friends, the Black student body in general. You could see the true motive of Racial Hate right there in their initial offending at school.

As part of judge-ordered reports on youth offenders, schools were required to provide details of the students who'd turned into criminals to see if anything had been missed in their extensive efforts to help them, some of which the Auditor had seen. One report after another said the same thing about Black youth offenders; "The Defendant's unpredictable personality is such that any perceived slight would trigger anger or aggression", "The Defendant has an explosive, assaultive personality". Every second young Black criminal was recorded as having completed every available anger-management and anti-violence course, provided free by visiting counselors. They'd already been granted every available legal diversion for multiple instances of violent offending thanks to endless school and community support. Regardless, most sooner rather than later so violently reoffended that it couldn't be overlooked any more.

The real reason those Anger Management courses and all the others so completely failed was that they addressed every conceivable cause except the real one - the Hate. In fact they deliberately added to just that aspect. Many had topics included like "What it means to be Black in America" to somehow assist them, which of course newspapers didn't mention. He had the feeling those Blacks also refused to listen to the Whites teaching them after being taught not to, especially after seeing them wearing official ID, uniforms. They Hated authority of any kind other than their own. He'd seen Black offenders taken from school for a year, two years of incredibly expensive therapy, returned to school with a glowing rehab report stating "He is ready to be mainstreamed", only to arrive in class drugged, violently uncooperative and carrying weapons. He suspected those reports had been written to get those offenders out of their hands because they'd given up, nothing had worked. They were so surrounded by Hate that it had become part of their very being.

As a result of the Hate being taught in our Schools and no other reason, no amount of funding changed the fact that in schools you saw Whites with Books and Blacks with Basketballs. Whites and Asians aspired to be Lawyers and Doctors, Blacks aspired to be Rappers, Basketball players and Thugs.

Meanwhile, the media only showed their parents blaming 'racism' for their kids' failure, ignored Teachers and Administrators explaining they were at fault for letting their kids go to classes with no food, books, pens or pencils, but lots of expensive entertainment gadgets and plenty of bad attitudes.

A glance at repair bills showed all majority and entirely Black schools required major repairs after each semester after the students tore apart their surroundings, majority White ones didn't. Sometimes the vandalism was so extensive they had to be shut down

mid-term for repairs. In majority Black schools, one Black student in 30 demonstrated college-level writing skills, many of the rest were almost incomprehensible. He'd seen Black schools with the best essays of the Senior year on display for all to view, and those were almost unreadable; he'd have hated to see the rest.

You constantly heard of magnificent new initiatives declaring "1.75 Billion has been allocated to teach Black children how to read". They naturally didn't mention that those Black Teens had willfully ignored the same lessons everyone else eagerly learned before age 10, would be being taught the same things for the second, third and fourth times. And of course you never heard any results from those inconceivably vast sums of taxpayer money spent. Because there weren't any. All the time he heard of hundreds of Black students taken aside for these incredibly expensive remedial courses, and every single time the result was the same. No improvement at all.

"If Money or Opportunity were the reasons for Black failure as we're always hearing, schools should be churning out Black scholars", he mused. Many Black schools were veritable Palaces with every whiz-bang gadget imaginable, but it made no difference to results.

Kansas City spent as much as \$11,700 per pupil - more on a cost of living adjusted basis than any of the other 280 largest districts in the country. The money bought higher teachers' salaries, 15 new schools, it bought an Olympic-sized swimming pool with an underwater viewing room, television and animation studios, a robotics lab, a 25-acre wildlife sanctuary, a zoo, a model United Nations with simultaneous translation capability, and field trips to Mexico and Senegal. The student-teacher ratio was 12 or 13 to 1, the lowest of any major school district in the country. The results were dismal. Test scores did not rise; the black-white gap did not diminish; and there was less, not greater, integration. Hundreds of Millions were spent there alone, and it was an utter loss.

Washington DC, the Nations capital city, went further still and spent a record \$17,000 per year on every student, more than almost any other district, but their schools still recorded the lowest test scores in the nation, very few D.C. 8th graders could read and a whopping 36% of the city were functionally illiterate. He suspected it was still worse than that, the failure was so massive that the powers that be were actively trying to 'reduce' it. The latest schemes there included outright paying students to behave and learn, which he suspected actually increased the crime and abuse rate because now those kids were perceived to 'have'. Meanwhile, right across the river in Arlington there were 98% literacy rates despite much lower funding. The sole difference was the Ethnicity of the population.

And as for his beloved Los Angeles, California was once the Nations leading state for Education. Today it was still leading the Nation - in failure. The Officers could see the cause all around them, and it began right here in these classrooms. The problem was not, and never had been, funding, opportunity, poverty or anything else Blacks claimed, it was the Hate and outright Refusal to learn a single skill and its resulting attacks on the school, teachers, anyone and anything who tried to change any of it.

Despite all that, Blacks still blamed "Bad schools" and "A lack of Opportunities" for their failure. Anything except themselves and their own attitudes. Every time you heard of Black failure, you invariably heard "The system failed me", never did you hear "I failed the system".

Each Teacher had their class failure rates recorded by race, ethnicity, sex, etc. If Black failure rates were too high regardless of how simple the tests administered, the Teacher was called in for a meeting and implied that they were 'racist', and they weren't allowed to say their Black students just weren't trying. Some schools ended up a rat-race where the Teacher who committed the least amount of Fraud, doctored the fewest grades and transcripts, altered the pass grades the least and passed the fewest Blacks regardless of lack of effort, outright refusal to do assignments and homework ended up accused of racism.

There were many ways for a Teacher to be dismissed nowadays, few to do with actual failure as a teacher, most of them to do with Blacks. In his experience, failure was now the least likely reason for a Teacher to be dismissed. Black teachers let Black students run riot, they fell asleep in class, and got good performance reviews.

He knew Black Teachers from unfortunate personal experience with them, paid with City monies, who were happy to tell all who'd listen that they taught their Black students "Never Trust any White you meet, as they enslaved Blacks". Not surprisingly, those Teachers had massive failure rates, numerous complaints alongside their names, but weren't fired.

But any White teacher even implying 'Black' was likely to be ordered up before a committee.

The Officers already knew that in today's charged climate virtually every Male teacher received multiple sexual harassment complaints every year. They didn't know that every White teacher received almost constant racism complaints from all directions. And every little trivial complaint had to be treated seriously else those Blacks complained further to the media, anyone who'd listen.

In fact they didn't even have to mention Blacks at all to be fired. He knew a Biology

teacher who during a discussion on mating in the wild stated that all Advanced animals choose partners not by bright colors displayed, posturing and loud sounds as lower animals did, but by proving themselves a reliable Provider for their children and by Social skills.

He jokingly commented to the class that if they chose a partner who sounded like Beavis and Butthead, who couldn't even keep themselves tidy, had no work skills, no education, a criminal record, no means of support except welfare or their parents, had eyes only for other Women and talked only of other Women even when they were with them, and instead of wanting to be a Father and provider dreamed of being a Basketball player or Rapper, what kind of a partner did they think he'd be to them or their kids? Half the girls in that class dumped their boyfriends within days, and one of those dumped boys complained that he'd "Said something Racial...". After a brief behind closed doors discussion he ended up fired.

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Michael Chertoff was pleased with the progress they'd made here at the Pentagon.

A few hours before, they'd finished moving their Command post from the White House to the secured Pentagon grounds, centralizing and placing their decision making, Command and Control under the one roof with no delays in information sharing. If there was one thing they liked about the Military, it was their zero tolerance for equipment failure. Right now, with their fiber-optic lines connecting to radar, radio facilities, communications, their unparalleled remote access to Satellites, Drones and Surveillance, they were the center of their efforts to bring the Nation back under control.

To assist, within a day of learning the full extent of the crisis they'd taken over all available Civilian and Commercial survey satellites, Landsats, everything. They didn't have the resolution of the Military Satellites but were sufficient to assess larger areas, cities, the countryside. Their ground stations had backup generators but were worthless without working high-speed communications over long distances. To that end they'd just finished moving every available portable satellite ground control station into the grounds of the Pentagon and linked them into the defense grid. The Pentagon and its surrounds now boasted the Worlds largest collection of portable communications; Satellite telephones, Laser links, ultra high frequency radios and much more. Even Military burst radios were in use now, they listened for meteors in the upper atmosphere and used the momentary ionization trail to bounce signals over the horizon. It was enough.

The Pentagon was now the nerve center not only of the Military, but the Civilian sector.

The new approach was already paying dividends. They were steadily regaining contact with everyone, they now had live situation reports coming in from every major city, command and control was stabilizing. He'd already taken advantage of the new access to take command over the Los Angeles operation and personally given the order to proceed, then afterward arrest all the defense ringleaders they could find, use official power and access to compile all the personal information they could find on them to make a humiliating public example of them later.

Now they could begin paying attention to the big picture once more instead of just floundering in the indescribable chaos, one step at a time they would force and cajole it back into the cities with promises of food as well as threats, then get rioters back into urban blocks and contain them there. It was just a matter of regaining the means of mass communication, clearing or blocking the roads, withholding or giving essentials to force combatants to go where they wanted them to go. A few more days without food was all it would take to turn holdout Civilian Combatants into reluctant recipients, he'd been assured by experts. And that was indeed becoming the case, especially among the refugees fleeing the cities. He smiled.

He'd also used Executive Presidential authority under cover of the Emergency to move some of the Military figures out and Political insiders into the decision making positions. They'd wanted to do this for a long time, get rid of people who'd opposed some of their overseas and domestic moves, and now was a good a time as ever. The excuse they'd used was to control the information flow to both the civilian sector as well as the Troops in this time of crisis. Nobody needed to say that change wouldn't be reversed. It was about time Military Commanders knew who was in charge and who was pulling the strings, and they'd make sure they knew any dissent on their part would from now on carry a very high personal and social price, just as it had in the Civilian and Government sector for years.

They were bothered by the reappearance of anomalous radio traffic which had stopped just before the Virus struck. Even with the vast increase in civilian CB radio usage over the last few days they'd spotted them again on rarely used frequencies as soon as they'd been able to scan them again. Only now there were more of them. Overseas counterparts had just confirmed detection of identical signals in Europe also, particularly southern England. Before the Virus the senders couldn't be traced, the brief transmissions were invariably from moving vehicles deep in the countryside and never the same location twice. Burst of radio data then move on. Now they didn't seem to care, the transmitters were still

roaming, but were everywhere from the countryside to the very outskirts of cities, nestled in among the exodus of traffic.

Some of the traffic comprised bursts of computer data which they hadn't yet cracked, the rest were brief voice messages. Previously they'd thought it was just RT chatter between truck drivers swapping orders using radio modems on quiet frequencies; product orders were often indistinguishable from codes until you saw the arrangement of dispatch orders. With hindsight it was more ominous. It looked like an alternative communication system had been set up before the Virus strike using cheaply and easily obtained equipment in the knowledge the normal systems were about to collapse.

Some of the intercepted voice messages gave specific locations in forests and mountainous areas which surveillance had promptly been arranged upon, with no result. Then someone realized the obvious, they were messages hidden in plain sight; Mountains and Rocks stayed where they were, Forests grew and expanded. They hoped they hadn't been tricked into revealing their hand. Most of the references were to Mountains before, now they were all to Forests. They looked like discreet operational orders.

No way, that wasn't possible, was his instant reaction. There was no way that any sizeable force was assembling in staging positions and getting orders to move out. That couldn't be, not any more, especially without authorities knowing about it just about as soon as they even got the idea. One of Echelons many little secrets was low-key automatic profiling software watching for significant numbers of contacts between strong-minded people thought likely to cause future problems, among them former and present Army personnel, Pilots, Gym members, Firemen, outspoken individuals, and of course the identified visitors to the former anti-government websites.

It had to be college students playing pranks, or as some suspected, organized criminals running cover to divert Law Enforcement. That wasn't just his opinion, analysts thought it much more likely someone was trying to distract their attention from something else, suggested a closer watch be placed over critical facilities in case something was planned. Others thought those signals were just noise, nobody could act in this mess, especially with city and country roads jammed the way they were. In the remote chance something actually was afoot, the feeling was their plans had already backfired upon them badly; if the Police couldn't move, neither could they.

The Echelon people had assured him that there was nothing they couldn't detect with sufficient resources and input. He was having misgivings about that, no matter how good they were they could only interpret what they could see or hear. They'd spotted some trends before the Virus struck, but nothing definite, and now they were effectively blind in some areas. With everything that appeared to be going on it was almost like someone knew the weaknesses that would arise and had planned accordingly, too many things seemed to have begun to happen for their liking. Maybe they were interconnected, maybe they weren't, but things were rapidly coming apart at the seams, and with the Police preoccupied in the cities the countryside was being neglected. He didn't like it, but they were needed elsewhere. He'd have to wait till power and communications were fully restored before ordering plainclothes police cars to discreetly prowl isolated highways waiting for transmissions to occur and find out for sure one way or another. That couldn't happen fast enough, he scowled. If there actually were large scale movements of militants they'd find out about them at the same time. He personally doubted it, far more likely it was queues of city evacuees or at worst marauding gang members.

The Pentagon had been asked to take a look with their satellites, watch over highways and get imagery and video of affected towns, but without definite proof that was way down the list of their priorities right now. Even they could only do so much in this Nationwide chaos, they were flat out watching Cities and vital State facilities, directing Police and Emergency staff to trouble spots, fires that were starting faster than they were being put out. But once word got out of what had happened to Los Angeles from broadcasts and evacuees, in a few days or less they expected to be able to shift their focus out to those places. They'd watch those roads with space radars, Predator drones, Satellite cameras. They'd triangulate broadcasts and lock onto the senders in seconds, then identify and follow them without them knowing they were literally seconds from death if someone cared to press a button. They'd lead them to the rest of the Network, if there was one. If they turned out to be just noise they could either hunt them down or knock them off the air immediately with missiles if they chose. Then if there actually was some kind of insurrection going on, they'd be forced to communicate direct. He'd personally give the order to stomp them into the ground with airstrikes before they knew they were onto them. There'd be no mucking around, no asking questions. They would die.

And if that happened, he'd make damn sure the video went worldwide. He wanted the World to know nobody was immune or hidden from American justice, not around the World, and especially not in America, nowhere.

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In the Black-only School and others all around, Officers were making the most of this once in a lifetime opportunity to see what had been hidden by Black administrators here and all over the City. Their every ruling for years had focused on thwarting Police and

Teachers from doing their job, never once on protecting or assisting Students. It was painfully obvious to everyone else that they were more interested in hiding rather than dealing with or especially preventing problems, or even doing their job.

Experienced searchers didn't have to look very hard to find what they'd all known was here, just officially denied and refused permission to search for. Stashes of weapons, drugs in blocked off rooms and roof cavities hidden by students. Gang activity where its existence was denied. Evidence of purposeful Destruction of records, police warnings of crime possibly linked to their school was being found in offices. The Black administrations didn't want to hear about it. Many records were absent, there was almost no accounting trail at all for the public funds that had disappeared here.

"Look at the Cars, in the Homes of the Administrators, you'll find your missing funds right there. You won't find any of it in the Bank", the Auditor casually told the Police. Yet again, none of this was a surprise to him, he and many others had suspected for years they'd find as such if anyone were allowed to so much as scrape the surface of many Black institutions, businesses. He'd long snidely remarked many of these places were little more than "Politically Correct Corruption and Crime".

All of this, the taught Hate, the massive spending for no gain, the lack of accountability, the outright lying, the destruction and racial preferences, they were the very least of the problems facing the school system, he told the Officers.

The Auditor had seen his beloved public school system so dumbed down during his lifetime it was at the point of being utterly worthless. A few decades before we had three R's, students learned Algebra in sixth grade and Trigonometry in high school, and everybody took a second language. All of that was just a Dream today, and that despite infinitely more funding, student support and better schools than he'd have dreamed to have in his day. Every year he watched as the powers that be removed more practical skills, more literary classics, more languages, simplified more exams in the name of 'progress' and 'racial equality'. They were being steadily replaced with impressively-named theory, racial and social programming deemed 'relevant to today's youth'. It was oblivious to most, but over time he could see it happening step by step, to him it looked more like an organized effort to gradually reduce the range of thought, not increase it.

We were now churning out lifelong social and school failures who couldn't construct sentences, didn't know their times tables, didn't even know how to use a ruler, can't cook, can't identify plants, handle tools, repair or build anything at all, they had no real-life skills whatsoever. They didn't even understand the meaning of everyday words, but could readily repeat the meaningless and untrue racial slogans they'd been given and recite a hundred different ways they'd been oppressed, they were no better than dumb Sheep who existed only to follow orders. The results down the line when they left the school system could only be imagined.

Overseas students, even African students, constantly complained our school system was way behind theirs and much easier than what they were used to back home. In contrast to all we heard, home-schooled students were now officially ahead of school-taught students, by up to a year in some cases.

To the fury of employers, Increasing numbers of students now had to learn basics on the job, work skills, before they could do anything useful at all, and that despite all those years of schooling.

In Black areas, it was much worse. The things he'd heard, some of the hidden figures and the results of it were just staggering.

The ignorance of basic learning in favor of outright racial indoctrination was so complete that increasingly Black youth wouldn't learn anything at all unless they associated it with "Black". In fact it was so bad that some Black schools had taken to using anti-social Rap music to teach Black kids the most rudimentary school or social skills, and they actually received awards for doing that. Even the Maths problems were increasingly about Blacks so they'd at least look at them. Other schools were reducing themselves to using Comic books to teach Blacks to read, because they'd at least read those. He'd laughed when he read a report that those were the only books stolen from their libraries.

The typical student in urban all-Black schools, regardless of location or funding, was four or five years behind grade level. Large numbers of 12 and 13 year olds in the 5th grade were normal in those places. "Go figure", he remarked. 18 year old Black Sophomores were almost normal. He laughed at youth crime news items with similar age-grade discrepancies while describing the offender as a 'promising graduate'. Occasionally you heard 'Wide age-gaps in classrooms' listed as a problem, with of course no further details given. Only a Quarter tested proficient in reading at their grade level, just Ten percent were proficient at Maths. Math teachers in Texas high schools were offered a \$3000 stipend just to teach first year Algebra, which was supposed to be learned in the eighth grade, to 'problem students' who'd been allowed to advance to the next grade regardless.

An average of a quarter of the entire roll were chronically absent from Black-majority classes, strongly suggesting that despite everything they later claimed, their parents just didn't care. Many of those who turned up didn't do so on time and left the school



during the day. Only half of Black Freshmen made it to their Sophomore year and fewer yet remained for graduation.

He gave a few typical examples of just how worthless and unreliable our schooling had become with Blacks, that our media yet again would never publish. The dumbing down and grade alteration was so total that a Teacher friend who'd worked in an inner city Black school for 30 years told him this years school Valedictorian was a Black Woman who'd got straight A's for 3 years, but would do no better than C's and D's if she transferred to any average suburban school. And that disgusting example was what was being done in every inner city school in America to appease Black demands for grades, not quality students. Many Black schools had a sudden jump, even a doubling of number of students eligible for Graduation a few days beforehand. Every noteworthy Black student seemed to be described as an "Honors student and Star athlete". Only the latter part was correct, because they'd gotten there through a Sports scholarship and no other reason. The former was given to satisfy Politically correct demands.

It was well known, just not spoken of, like a lot of other things, that local Blacks were far behind even recently arrived immigrants with minimal English skills. The increasing number of African-born Blacks he saw in US schools who'd arrived on their own merits demonstrated this clearly. They did better than American Blacks because they expected to work to succeed. Most tellingly, few saw any racism around them, whereas American Blacks insisted it was just everywhere. And as always, the local Blacks Hated them for out-doing them in any way, for not having the same racist and loser attitudes they had, and attacked them for it.

He had access to true exam results before scaling, racial norming and all the other techniques used to hide the growing Disaster in our education system. And year by year, Black exam results were actually dropping while others gained. The only factor that could possibly account for that was the Hate. The latest false term used to hide the growing racial disparity was to constantly refer to the "Rich-Poor gap", just the latest attempt to claim it was Poverty instead of Race and especially Hate that was causing the problems.

Retailers where it mattered the most saw the failure growing right in front of them, but of course they weren't quoted. In Black areas today, not in the Slavery era, fast-food outlets had to display photos of each item on offer with no text description at all and count out the customers' cash and change for them, all for the benefit of illiterate and innumerate customers, as well as having large and often armed staff for when the clients frequently exploded with rage. Hospitals had to have huge, detailed signs for semi-literate Blacks to find their way around. Companies were constantly complaining to him that new employees straight out of school needed remedial reading and writing lessons, others so innumerate they couldn't use a combination locker door and insisted on key locks, and that despite a decade of free education and often having 'A' and 'B' grades all through high school. It was often a major undertaking to find employees who could pass basic reading, writing and math tests along with credit, criminal background and drug tests. They too were now reducing themselves to putting pictures on the register keys for the benefit of illiterate Black staff they had no choice left but to hire. Inner city stores always had a high turnover of employees as people came and went, combined with far higher theft rates from both staff and customers meant expenditure exceeded income and those places closed. Then of course, Blacks complained of racism because those stores were forced to raise prices in those areas just to keep afloat, finally closed down for their own safety and inability to keep up with the cost of theft and repairs.

What made him laugh, and possibly the greatest sign of the decline, was that every Election, Blacks complained that voting booths in their areas didn't work. Workers checked them, and found the problem was that the Blacks didn't know how to use them, they couldn't read or follow the instructions. Such people shouldn't be permitted to vote, he strongly believed.

To him, the most disturbing signs of all weren't in any of the official figures, not even the unofficial ones. He and others had found them by chance while viewing student data. A high percentage of Black children not only had no Fathers name on file, they were listed as having their fees paid by Welfare support, not Child support, which meant the Mother was unable to determine who the Father was. That, in conjunction with the school failure on such a huge scale, could have only one possible social outcome - Disaster. And it would happen in our lifetime, he said.

He added that the only reason he'd survived in his position as long as he had was that he'd quickly picked up the unspoken lesson of his predecessors; he must never criticize Black behavior or connect the Racial teachings with the Black failure.

Outwardly, his and others' jobs in many fields, including the Police and all social services, was to assist in improving schools, give advice, prepare reports on failures and point the finger if necessary. Easy, right? Not in this Orwellian day and age, where you were supposed to instinctively know what you just weren't allowed to report, and woe betide you if you didn't. His superiors had an unspoken, unwritten but absolute agenda of societal failure to print in the papers, never deliberate Black failure. They had a seemingly infinite number of ever more ridiculous non-excuses available for him and others to use as often as they wanted, all of which flew in the face of all the evidence

before them: poverty, environment, bad schools, past slavery, drug use, Black pupils being held back at school because teachers / the system / society / whatever are institutionally racist...

In fact it'd even simplified his job in some ways. Instead of researching and reporting, all he and others had to do was "creatively rubber-stamp the mess", as he put it.

The whole Black Education situation was just a huge joke, a continual examination of why Blacks always do so poorly on tests everywhere, while forbidden to connect the blindingly obvious cause and effect. Their message was that Black skin color was their lifetime of excuses, and he wasn't allowed to breathe a word otherwise. If he'd written a single sentence hinting at deliberate failure he'd have been immediately transferred without explanation as his predecessors were.

Though it was perfectly acceptable to vaguely and without any proof at all blame everyone and everything else for Black students' problems. A typical statement they released was "Historically in this region, when White flight has occurred, school districts have failed". Which of course didn't say why they failed, or why the White students chose to leave in the first place.

He'd been in his position long enough to do long-term off-the-record studies from the accumulated data he had access to. No program, no flashy high-tech school, no matter how well funded, well intended or Black culture oriented had ever any effect beyond temporary improvement on Blacks for all those Billions spent. In fact he'd gained the strong impression that the more spent on Blacks, the worse the final results, some even worsened the Black-White student achievement gap. The result was always the same; Gangbangers still prowled the corridors of the new, experimental high-tech super Black-oriented schools and abused staff, they still refused to learn and continued damaging school property instead.

His Superiors didn't seem the slightest bit interested in learning from the failure of every one of those programs, instead they repeated them over and over with slight variations at inconceivable taxpayer expense which was piling debt upon the Nation, not adding productive citizens. Even after the failed results from a multitude of other schools were in, they were still repeated elsewhere regardless. He felt like hitting his head on a brick wall in frustration at the more than predictable failures; they weren't interested in hearing about the cause right under their nose, only on blaming absolutely everything else.

They were so determined to blame everyone except Blacks, that they were now sending White teachers on courses teaching them about the 'subtle racism' holding Black students back, with of course no result at all. They did anything imaginable except cut back the hate-inducing material included in just about every subject now.

And when absolutely everything had failed no matter how often it'd been repeated, they'd then tried to officially force schools to give the results they wanted with 'Leave no child behind', with penalties listed if they didn't succeed, while still not so much as mentioning the real cause every single Teacher and academic fully understood.

He hesitated, then told the Officers that it wouldn't have escaped their notice that 'Leave no Child behind' was widely promoted at the highest levels, then quietly disappeared from the news. That was how he and everyone else in the know learned the latest Dream education program had failed like all before it, because it suddenly wasn't spoken of again. They all failed because as always, not one touched the real cause of the 'persistent racial gap' in education, the taught Hate. The only way schools could satisfy the new Federal demand for higher exam results was mass fraud, and it was quietly dropped rather than carry out a single one of their threats to withdraw funding from a multitude of failing Black schools. It might have been much better if they had, he said.

There were a lot of questions he badly wanted to ask if he wouldn't be immediately fired for it. He'd have loved to see them answer how if White people were such evil racists who'd destroyed Black education chances, why is it that Blacks want to send their kids to our schools? They would never reply that it was because facilities in White areas worked and people were far better behaved. We all knew how they'd answer it; 'Racism', 'The legacy of slavery'... and the media would highlight "The racist in the education department" to avoid attempting an answer which came close to admitting deliberate Black failure.

The figure the Auditor would never forget as long as he lived was a survey that somehow made it into an official school report; only 17 out of 265 Black graduates there intended to obtain a job.

"How much is spent on these students to get them to that stage, just before graduation?", an Officer asked, distastefully holding up a couple of exam papers and essays he could barely read that they'd found stacked on a desk.

"Around fifty thousand per student, in this city", he took a guess from known statistics.

"Okay. Now, if a High-Tech manufacturing plant cost fifty thou to make Business Computers for instance, and managers found ninety-five percent didn't work, wouldn't they discontinue the line immediately?"

The Auditor grinned.

"Officer, I couldn't agree more! But if you said THAT to my Superiors, they would pull every last stop to have you fired. They'd go to Politicians, your superiors, City management, the press, whoever or whatever it took, and they wouldn't stop until they got it even if it took years, that's how vindictive they are."

"Anything other than hear the uncomfortable Truth, huh?", the officer laughed. He knew the drill, they all did.

The Officer didn't particularly give a damn what PC types had to say any more. There were much more constructive ways to express yourself than words to those who'd rather destroy careers and lives, Soviet-style, instead of listen. Whenever he had the chance, he force-fed them a dose of reality. On his watch, more than one newly-employed Senior Officer with grandiose ideas of Equality and Blame had been 'accidentally' left behind in Black areas to fend for themselves. They'd come back a little wiser, with all those ideas gone.

The Auditor grinned at that. He wished he'd been able to do that to a few of his superiors.

Another Officer told him a little related fact they'd learned from talking to store management and which the media refused to mention. Employers hired Black staff for new stores, they seemed to be doing fine, then suddenly after 6 months many disappeared without so much as saying "Goodbye". The reason was the 6 month minimum Employment time before people were eligible for an Unemployment benefit. As soon as that was over the Blacks upped and left, some filing false complaints of 'Discrimination' as they went. And that was the attitude of the relatively law-abiding Blacks; their criminals' hatred of useful lifestyles could only be imagined.

Store owners, Restaurants constantly complained of Blacks with belligerent, violent, demanding attitudes, which was the reason store after store closed down in Black areas, even those owned by Blacks. There was a massive Black "Entitlement mentality" they all had to deal with, which meant virtually every problem customer was Black even in majority White areas. They all the time had to deal with Blacks who went shopping with little or no money and actually expected to get everything for free when they reached the checkout, or didn't even bother with the pretense and just walked out the door. They acted surprised when asked to pay for goods, glared at and abused the staff instead and arrogantly continued trying to get everything free or cheaply regardless. Occasionally groups of Blacks did this, when confronted they invariably went straight to screaming nonstop abuse and racial abuse louder and louder until the noise was just incredible, all in the hope the staff would cave in rather than create a scene. Groups of Blacks constantly tried every low trick they could think of to refuse to pay for meals, claimed "I didn't like the food", "Something's wrong with it", claimed that if one person had paid they were all entitled to eat, anything sufficed as an 'excuse' not to pay. Virtually every Black who demanded credit never paid, erupted with rage when asked at a later date to do so. Blacks paid with checks that bounced or deliberately put stop payments on them, reversed credit card charges, anything to harass the store owner more.

Upon hearing "No" to a demand for credit or any other demand, or catching them shoplifting, the result was an explosion of violently personal, racial rage abusing the staff, the store, anyone and anything except their own actions which caused the refusal. They were instantly a "Racist", "Cracker", "Taking food out of Black children's mouths", And this coming from people they'd never seen before in their lives. These 'Customers' turned around and told them outright that every single little self-created problem they experienced was "Created by Whites" and "You're out to get us".

"What else did they expect to happen?", the Auditor remarked, "That's what happens when you teach people that much Hate for all those years."

They spent 10 long years telling Blacks endlessly about Slavery, that everything is the fault of White people and that they're 'owed' for it, then Blacks deliberately failed at school, attacked White students, refused to get a job and were constantly aggressive. And nobody dared to officially ask if there was a connection between the Black failure and what was being taught. The only consistent result he saw in all those years of trained Black hate was a generation of Losers who desperately searched for 'racism' to justify their dependant, criminal lifestyles, refused to do anything even for themselves, blamed everyone and everything except themselves their whole lives no matter how obviously they'd brought the problems upon themselves.

The Officers reluctantly told him that they saw firsthand on a daily basis that the trained Hate and Ignorance was definitely being passed on from one generation to the next. Police tried to help Black Children who stood there ignoring them, pretended the Officers weren't standing right in front of them while their 'Parents' sat nearby, smiling broadly at their Children's willful taught ignorance. They were dealing with cases not just of taught Racial Hatred by Black children against others, Black 'Parents' aggressively supporting their youth in Crime against non-Blacks, they were now getting increasing numbers of cases of Black 'Parents' beating their Children not for committing

crime, but for being Caught. They did these things because now they didn't just think they'd get away with it, they expected to get away with it and were outraged when they didn't.

The Auditor was shocked to silence by that information. Even he'd never heard any hint of that. He'd been hoping against hope that the numerous cases he'd seen of Black parents congratulating their Children for abusing non-Black teachers, students might somehow be some kind of a passing phase. This information was much worse. It didn't just say something about the students, it began to say something about the attitude of the whole community.

"Read the fine details in newspaper reports", they told the Auditor. White offenders and their families were almost in tears of apology after traffic accidents where they'd taken lives. Black Offenders were only sorry they'd been caught, their families and friends erupted in rage when they were convicted. You would never, ever heard a Black say "I take full responsibility for my actions" no matter what they'd done. When one belatedly apologized only at the very end of a trial it got headlines, but their recidivism numbers alone suggested they rarely or never meant it. Their behavior in court more often than not made their true feelings even more clear.

White offenders who did terrible things were thrown out the door by their family, friends, everyone.

Black offenders were supported by Blacks regardless. Only Blacks held parties to celebrate the release of insanely vicious Blacks from prison. When a Black mindlessly murdered a completely innocent person of another color during a crime, the family usually didn't show a flicker of emotion, refused interviews, ordered Police and reporters to leave. No matter what Black offenders had done, no matter how outrageous their crimes and statements, no matter how many Blacks had suffered at their hands or how much damage they'd done to the reputation of Blacks, they always had other Blacks backing them up, ready to violently attack anyone who said anything against them. Black offenders, their families, friends who packed the courtrooms on weekdays while others were working were rarely quoted, not because they didn't have anything to say, but because they said things the papers wouldn't repeat because it made them look bad as an entire Race. The few times newspapers relented you saw the same things; not one said a word about their crime, no matter how horrific, only about the arrest and sentencing, they passed the blame entirely to the victim, 'society', education, Police, anything other than themselves. Their trained Hate was coming through. They and their families had completely justified everything to themselves and just didn't give a damn.

People didn't know that the first question out of many Black lips at crime scenes was "Who got shot?", and "Who got shot, Black or White?". They'd admitted their statements thereafter were based on that, and that alone. If Black spokespeople stated "We feel for the family of the victim", it invariably meant the Victim was Black.

In fact, you could accurately judge the race of the Offender and their Victim too just by their Communities, friends, families' statements even with photos, all racial details deliberately excluded from news reports. The worse the ignorance and abuse displayed, the more likely the victims were of another race. Every single statement of Black Offenders, parents was about themselves, not the victim, never in any of it did they so much as mention their wrongdoing. They jumped to offer excuses instead of apologies for their children's crime, outrageously stated that the victim insulted and attacked a massed group, tearfully stated that already pitifully light bail conditions and sentences were harsh and appealed them, stated "They didn't like the way this has been handled", "I don't believe he did that, it's made up" regardless of multiple witnesses and the evidence right in front of them. They didn't say a single word for the victims, let alone offer an apology for their Children's wrongdoing, instead they said "We want him at home with us", "He doesn't deserve prison", "The victim started it" and "He's never been in trouble before". And in virtually all of those reports it was only the Mother who was quoted; the Father was conspicuously absent.

Racist Black attackers and their Parents invariably claimed racism for being arrested, stated "The Police arrested the first Blacks they saw", once again didn't say a single word for the victims. They and their families refused to state the motive for the unprovoked savagery, they often refused to talk to the press at all, or they said things the media stayed quiet about. Black parents instantly proclaimed their Children's Innocence regardless of evidence and numerous previous convictions, described their Children as "Non-racist" despite proudly belonging to a racially-titled Black gang and pack-attacking only non-Black victims, but they called the Arrest and Trial "Racist". They claimed the victim made racist remarks when even the offenders didn't say that in their Police statements, outrageously told everyone who'd listen "That White boy made them do it" and "It was self-defense". Just about every time a Black racially assaulted a white, Black witnesses said the white "Deserved" it, even when they didn't claim that the White said a racial epithet. Their family and friends had nothing but Hate for the victims and their families who they'd never seen before in their lives, often stating on personal webspaces and even right there in the courtroom in front of the sometimes horribly mutilated victim that they'd brought it on themselves, and they deserved worse.

When the family and friends, supporters of a murdered White victim simply demanded justice for an outrageous Black crime, Blacks shook their heads, said "Whites haven't changed at all...", called the parents of a murder victim "Vindictive" for merely wanting justice, abused them inside and outside court. They saw those entirely normal human feelings as 'justification' for more Black Hate. Then when they got the Death sentence for it they screamed, cried, pretended to faint in the courtroom, called the Death penalty "Inhumane" and "Injustice" - once again, not a single word about the heinous crime, not a tear for the victims family.

Instead of sympathy or an acknowledgement of wrongdoing for a Victim who'd successfully defended their family during an armed Home Invasion, they only had a torrent of repulsive Hate; they called the shooting 'unjustified', 'an execution', they called the homeowner racist, stated the victim shouldn't have had a gun, demanded changes to the system and prosecution for the victim, outrageously described their savagely criminal son as 'The Victim' even when multiple victims were severely injured by the attackers, added "Our boy was only doing what he had to survive". Blacks protested "No Justice, No Peace", often rioted at the acquittal of a non-Black who shot a Black home invader in the act of savagely beating the occupants. Not a single, solitary word about the crime that'd caused them to be shot, not for the victims, nothing. Never did you hear a Black say "He shouldn't have been robbing a place with a gun".

Some officers were of the opinion that every Home Invasion should be prosecuted as Hate Crime regardless of the ethnicity of the victims because of the Violence that so often went into them as well as the vicious statements made by the offenders families.

On the rare occasion a Black was the Victim and the offender White, regardless of circumstance they considered 30 year terms 'lenient' and rioted in the courtroom. When Blacks were the Offenders and the victims White, the family considered a 2 year term 'excessive' and again rioted in the courtroom. The family cried 'No justice' and all the rest of their bullshit.

They all the time saw Black Offenders with no prior records at all who'd committed horrific crime with no remorse at all, the only thing they regretted was being caught. Often the lawyer for offenders stated for the press "They have shown remorse", then the Victims family replied they'd seen none at all, the opposite in fact; gang signs flashed at friends, smirking at the victims family, the conviction appealed regardless of evidence. There was an entire subclass of young Offenders who looked for bullshit excuses to attack innocent people, created them if they had to by bumping into intended victims, making offensive remarks to their girlfriends, any reaction or even a glance back at them was enough to begin a mass attack with drawn-out mega-violence, then they claimed 'self-defense'. Statistically, most street bashings had little or no buildup, no motive other than Hate; the robbery, if any, happened afterward. Many involved beating a victim to the ground then kicking them in the head and nowhere else until they got bored, which was often long after the victim was already unconscious.

More often than not, all the offenders friends, family knew they'd committed serious crime but didn't care, they even boasted about it in Myspace pages and got numerous positive responses from friends; once again, none said a word for the Victim or informed the Police. Intimidation, assaults, rape and even murder of victims, families, witnesses was routine, not rare, and that was just with personal crime; with gang members it could only be imagined. And once again, the victims were almost always other races, a little fact the papers didn't seem to ever mention.

When a Black was shot for pointing a gun at the Police, the family instantly claimed "He never carried guns"; they took no notice whatsoever of the fact he was caught with one. When a Black committed a series of heinous crimes against Blacks, Black leaders said nothing, but if he was shot by Police during a pursuit they said "You're killing innocent Blacks!". Statistically, most Police pursuits involved known serious offenders, not innocents, but you wouldn't think so from the continuous protests and statements of Blacks.

And those were just some of the signs of the sheer level of Belligerent Hate that was building up in our Society, starting with our schools.

The Officers told him some more things that were well known, were fully documented, but kept under wraps simply because they were racially inconvenient and truthful, so yet again the authorities in our 'Free' society refused to warn the public even to save lives.

They told him that the Black crime epidemic in the US started in the 1960's with the Civil rights movement, it was still going strong today, was getting worse, not better, in both numbers and the level of violence involved every year as the Hate increased. Until the 1960's, a robbery by any offender was usually just that - a knife threat, grab and run affair. After then, violence, showing who was in charge and often humiliation were increasingly the primary motives, both before and after the robbery. Most Robbers were wealthier than the Victims, their Family members often stated to Police "He wasn't desperate for cash" when robbers were arrested, meaning Robbery wasn't the prime motive of their violent offending, it was just a bonus, but of course the media didn't say that in their rush to declare crime to be 'Economic' rather than Racial. Rape and Robbery

victims often told them the Offenders didn't really enjoy the crime itself, the only part they seemed to enjoy was inflicting violence, pain and humiliation before, during and after the crime, sometimes for hours.

All over the city there were and had been for many years, unannounced but very real Black-only bus stops, buildings, parks, pathways, roads, Bars, amusement places, even entire areas where anyone else was attacked on sight. There were no markings, no insignia identifying them, but woe betide any non-Black infringing on them, because they'd been "Claimed" by Blacks. That was why some attacks included Death threats on top of the pack bashing and robbery if the victim ever returned to that place, but of course the media only stated it was a "Robbery".

Officers were trained in some Criminal Profiling techniques to make immediate judgments on the type of offender they were looking for, then weren't permitted to use them in reports; in one crime after another they saw the same thing - the only part of the body attacked was the head and especially the face, with furious, prolonged punching, kicking, stomping and often the prolonged use of weapons, meaning intensely personal hatred, way beyond what a simple crime called for. Women furiously attacked while their partners were hardly touched, their face and head pulverized to show their utter hatred not only for them, but for their race. No matter how weak the target or how great their numbers, even when they were young, elderly, or deaf and mute, they still had to get in their kicks and vicious facial pounding.

In Movies, you always saw Blacks say "The important thing is getting Respect"; away from the Cameras they stated "The important things are Impressing your girlfriend and getting Revenge on Whities" and "Crime is how we show who's in charge now". Blacks had told them the only reason Blacks were attacked in Black areas was because there wasn't anyone else to attack, else they'd attack the Whites. Black leaders had even openly told Blacks to stop attacking Blacks and save up their rage for Whites, and in one crime after another they did just that, went straight for the only non-Blacks they saw.

Reporters refused to mention it, but virtually every young Black offenders webspace had comments about "Whites", had copious racist music among their favorites, but prosecutors weren't allowed to enter any of it as evidence.

Even Rental Landlords said the same thing. Before the Civil Rights era, Blacks were friends with their landlords, would hug them when they met and swap presents with them at Christmas. Afterward, the massive Entitlement mentality, hatred and Property damage began. Their tenants now began to do every imaginable thing to inconvenience and force landlords out of business, ripping out appliances, right down to chopping holes in floors with axes and dumping household garbage into them then blaming the landlord for not looking after the place better.

The Auditor replied that the most telling thing he'd heard about the failure at School, and you'd never see it printed anywhere, was a little fact he'd learned from talking to numerous older Teachers. They all said the same thing; the Education rot set in around the 1960's with the Black 'Freedom' movements and Blaxploitation movies suddenly flooding cinemas.

Before then, Failure at school was rare and considered a shame for both Black and White. After then, a class of students emerged which they'd extensively learned from bitter experience no amount of effort made any difference at all with, it only detracted from those who wanted to learn. That was when the massive problem of students refusing to learn anything 'White' began, and it was still going today, worsening in fact.

The Hate and no other cause could be the only reason for the sudden massive difference.

Most worryingly to the Officers, they told him that Emergency staff too saw the same thing every day, especially after Natural disasters of any kind.

Before Civil Rights, Black men rushed to help at accidents of any kind and castigated their own, even Whites who didn't do the same to their satisfaction. Afterward, everything changed. The media refused to tell people that after Hurricane Katrina, companies on their own organized staff, entire truck convoys of aid and sent them at their own expense to New Orleans. When they got there, Police and Emergency workers advised them that not one of the people they were trying to help would lift a finger to help them unload, or anything else. Perfectly fit, healthy adults were content to sit back and watch Women carrying beds meant for them into emergency centers. The few who dared to ask them to help were racially abused, taunted with 'White people' remarks, told outright that since they'd lost their homes they didn't have to help.

The Officers told them of the Black Leaders who'd paraded into the Police Station here in Los Angeles on the very first day of the crisis, not offering their or their communities help in any way at all or making helpful suggestions to help end the crisis, but demanding that food be delivered to Blacks. Not only that, they all but threatened War if they didn't get it, even tried to say that it was only being delivered to Whites when none was being moved anywhere under direct order to keep those volunteers alive when every Officer was hell-bent on staying alive themselves.

Yet again, the Auditor was both amazed and disgusted. He didn't know any of that. The few working radio stations in the city had kept that last part absolutely quiet lest it

add fuel to the fires of Racial Hate burning this City to ashes.

Which could only make all of them worry about what was happening elsewhere.

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Radio traffic analysis and monitoring stations, computer staff, everyone was working flat out watching over the Nation, the World. In place of the Worldwide visual Satellite surveillance which had been forcibly reduced to watching just over their own cities, they were now the ears which had taken their place and were listening to the World. With their equipment, they could detect any signal they wanted on any frequency, it was just a matter of knowing what to look for and where.

Civilians, the Military alike already knew they had the best code-breakers in the World working for them, thousands of them, in many different facilities. Few knew that under the new laws they'd also demanded, gotten access to all Cellphone network software and hardware techniques, all internet voice communications, all private voice scrambling techniques. It wasn't just a joke that all conversations were now private... between the sender, the receiver and the Government. The World was open to just about anything and everything they cared to listen into.

In non-aligned countries, complex and ever-changing codes were in use to try and stop their prying ears. They didn't realize that just about anything they could conceivably think of had already been programmed into US surveillance networks. They'd had fifty years, endless experience behind them to already think of all these techniques and more. All those highly educated people, crude and limited AI, the enormous listening and computing networks at their disposal could penetrate codes just about as fast as they began to use them. The few one-time pad cipher broadcasts they couldn't immediately crack, they could still gather over time and decipher by volume. And again, they knew those systems better than those would-be encrypters did.

The only method they'd never cracked was Fractal, and that was what they were up against now on the CB channels. Well, even if they couldn't read them directly, they could still try and see who reacted to them, they could follow movements, transmitters, frequencies. All useful material. Some still suspected those transmissions were fake, perhaps just a time-waster to take their attention from other things, nobody seemed to be responding to them. Or they just weren't replying on the same frequency, or deliberately not replying immediately, others countered.

A major thing about them they'd noticed was that they weren't using the same tone every time for Binary Zero and One in their broadcasts. That meant the signals were software generated, not hardware generated, and any listeners out there weren't just looking for expected tones, they were using the same technique they did - recording the frequency and computer-scanning for tones. That bothered some. It implied they were not only more sophisticated than expected, numerous people could broadcast at once on the same frequency and not hinder the listeners.

They'd planned ahead, too. Fixed tones could be instantly jammed. This couldn't.

It also meant they must also have a powerful listening capacity somewhere. That, they believed. Any Amateur with even basic training could easily build a powerful antenna system, it wasn't hard to do. There were numerous amateurs who'd built small radio telescopes to listen to Galactic sources. Each time a probe left for Mars they competed with each other to achieve the greatest detection distance.

If this was some kind of a joke, it was either very elaborate or very coincidental, and with access to inside information. The originators would really pay for this when they were caught. If they were caught.

Usually they linked intimately into the Echelon system. The Virus hadn't exactly disrupted their system, rather it had cut power to numerous links as well as most of their raw data and surveillance sources.

Right now, apart from them, the whole system was almost blind with most of their inputs cut off. Normally they were almost overloaded with incoming data from countless frequencies, their computers were working overtime just to watch individuals, overseas Military and Government channels, Satellites and Communications, and of course CB channels. Right now just about every frequency was almost dead, but if anything their workload had increased dramatically. The Pentagon had them busy monitoring for threats, signs of military communication, planning, movements in the cities, anything which looked strange. Their attention was mainly on the odd transmissions in the CB channels, but they were keeping an eye elsewhere in case those were merely trying to hide something else. The CB channels were jammed solid with Civilian broadcasts, and with every other public communications system down there was no way they'd quieten down if they tried ordering them to. Not that it really mattered, the Government had their own exclusive frequencies, but they still preferred cleaner skies to hunt in.

They'd just finished linking direct to the Pentagon with a high-speed Military fiber optic line instead of dedicated Satellite communications. Now they weren't just observing for them, the Pentagon was almost watching over their shoulders. It was a debatable move, some thought, centralizing so many of their facilities at the Pentagon. It was probably a

good idea with the lack of reliable communications, but they still had a vague sense of unease about it. That was why all the added security was suddenly there, not just because of the rioting in that area.

When the Pentagon was built, it was in a perfectly safe city you could go anywhere, anytime safely. Now, it was everything but. What was the point of that place if they refused to even defend their own country, their own cities, more than one operator thought. But as always they kept that thought strictly to themselves.

As ordered, they were constantly scanning Forests and their surrounds for electronic transmissions, unshielded computers with their sensitive receivers, multiple Antenna complexes. Banks of computer operators were cycling through one Forest after another, over and over, bringing up the coordinates and scanning the full frequency range. They'd come up blank every time. Even with the current near radio silence, recording data to analyze with super-sensitive computer software for any hint of an overlooked signal, those places were Black holes where just nothing was coming from. They could literally hear a radio whisper across the World if they looked, and they were really going all out on this search. Even now, Federal staff still wouldn't tell them what they were looking for in those places, but it wasn't hard to guess. With less than an hour until partial restoration of power commencing in the cities and their window of opportunity closing, Officials were breathing down their necks.

They'd had a few 'hits' on the outskirts of those Forests, a few voice CB broadcasts, people trying their Mobile phones in case the system had been restored; all had turned out just to be more refugees fleeing the cities. The Interiors were radio silent, most of those few people who'd been in those places in holiday cabins had left to be with their families as soon as the Virus disaster started. Bonus to their hunt. They'd keep at it until power was restored. If it was restored, they'd begun to quietly mutter among themselves.

One of the operators paused his work for a moment to watch the others around him in the semi-darkness. Dozens of people were scanning locations, frequencies, Electronic Scanners automatically sniffing what they saw and heard, sorting out data and voices, decoding and analyzing. Some were watching Military locations in other Nations. More were listening to Police in US cities, locating them to the meter from their radio broadcasts, while the same voice analyzers in mobile phones produced text from their speech, then programs sifted the text, instantly mapping and reporting events in those places for Federal authorities to handle as they saw fit.

He returned to his job of monitoring the CB radio channels. Some of the software filters were better than he was, but Human operators still saw things, they spent time where they felt it was needed and often spotted things the computers still couldn't. Humans hadn't been superceded yet, and he personally doubted they ever would be. He liked to look at the big picture occasionally to make sure he wasn't missing anything, brought up the full National display and switched off the filters. Instantly the map blazed to life with millions of broadcasts of every conceivable type, color coded by time, traffic volume, signal strength or any other factor an operator cared to choose. He zoomed into a few cities, compared it to yesterdays maps, could see enormous changes in locations just in that brief time as people fled cities. Not good. Even they didn't know the full picture, but from this image alone it had to be really bad, like nothing that had been hinted at.

He flipped the software filters back on, selected the CB data traffic the National security interests were so preoccupied with right now. They speckled the screen, dotted along highways, none near cities. He chose one out of curiosity, zoomed in, brought up the recorded text. The usual jumble of random characters appeared. What are those people up to, he pondered. They'd hoped each broadcaster might identify themselves with a unique tag in their message so they could at least follow them across the countryside, but if there was one it was encoded with the rest of it. Every message was the same, a random jumble even computers couldn't see anything in.

Next, he sorted them by time, color coded them for visual aid. Blue for recent, red for oldest, changed the timescale, selected parts for closer inspection. Looking again for something, any hint of predictable movement, anything they could use to try and track these people. Yet again, nothing. Until he changed the timescale to look at the most recent transmissions. He was startled by what then came up, did some checks to verify it to himself. He thought at first he'd set something wrong, quickly verified that he hadn't.

"Are you seeing this?", he remarked to his companion. It wasn't so much what was there, but what suddenly wasn't. Something had just changed.

He called it in to the Senior operators, who dropped everything to scan those frequencies themselves to be sure. They'd seen this before. They watched for a few more minutes to be certain of what they were seeing, then one picked up the direct line to the Pentagon.

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The Officers told the Auditor a visiting South African Officer too, had said the exact same thing.

Before 'Freedom' was declared in that now all but destroyed Nation, simple Robbery was the motive in most crime. After then, not only did crime explode, the type of crime completely changed. In 2000, Black kids were into theft. By 2006, despite the enormous rise in crime, theft actually dropped by a quarter and Black kids were now more likely to Kill and Rape than Steal, often little or no robbery took place at all, it was just a bonus to their true motive. At the slightest difficulty, hesitation or inability to open a door they now didn't beat their victim, they repeatedly shot while aiming to kill; only half to a third of such victims survived.

Before, you were rarely killed if you cooperated, now in more and more cases robbery just wasn't enough; offenders made demands, but no matter how hard the victim tried to comply they were killed anyway, or they were shot on sight then robbed without any prior demands made. The latest murderous trend was for the victim to hand all their money and belongings over, were now actually told it wasn't enough, so they were shot, stabbed or burned alive.

Economics, Greed or anything else don't make people do that, only Hate does.

US crime trends too had begun to absolutely bear out the true motive of Hate in a lot of Black Crime, they told the Auditor.

The media refused to warn the public that simple crime in some areas gave way in others to execution-style murders during otherwise minor crime, offenders pausing to commit humiliations, drawn out beatings, even mutilations. Victims obeyed the offenders demands, were shot anyway, or shot even before they could comply with demands. In those places, reports such as "Person robbed at Knifepoint but left unharmed" gave way to "Victim fighting for life after Robbery", "Victim left unrecognizable after mugging", "Person killed for not having Cigarette", "Shopkeeper left in Coma after attack", "Victim repeatedly kicked and stomped while unconscious". Many crimes in those places were so viciously personal and hate-filled they sometimes drove the victims and even their families into a stupor they'd probably never recover from.

If you happened across or interrupted crime in other areas, the offenders thought about the consequences, they didn't want to incur worse penalties and they usually ran to escape if possible.

"But in Black areas, if you interfere in any way, tell them to stop, sometimes even just look in their direction during a crime, they WILL kill you, it's that simple. They're usually armed and ready to do just that."

"Because it's not 'Economic' at all, it's because they consider it their god-given racial right to commit crime!", the Auditor ventured.

"That's exactly what we've been telling the press for years, but they just won't listen!"

They told him US statistics were deliberately skewed by including Hispanics with Whites instead of placing them into their own category, to try to hide the truth from casual and unknowing observers.

Blacks were victims of non-violent crime in proportion with their numbers but were 49% of all Homicide victims, 93% of whom were killed by their own people, which showed both how truly violent and monoracial Black areas were. And despite what you heard, it showed how few were killed by Whites.

In comparison, 45% of victims of violent Black crime were White, 43% Black, 10 percent Hispanic. 50% of all White homicide victims were killed by Blacks, meaning the majority of 'Stranger murders' upon Whites were committed by Blacks, and those Black attackers had very likely specifically sought out Whites.

Blacks were 57 times more likely to attack Whites than vice versa. 90% of Hate crime victims were White, but you didn't hear about the vast majority of those.

You also didn't hear that in places, an astonishing 85% of Blacks were arrested at some point in their lives, 66% spent time in prison at some point in their lives, and an unbelievable 60% of Black men were involved in the justice system at any one time. Blacks were 7 times more likely to commit murder, 136 times more likely to commit Robbery than Whites. Between the ages of 20 and 34, an incredible 1 in 9 in Black men were in prison at any time. Black areas in the US were more dangerous than many Third World hellholes, they'd learned from South African cops.

The Auditors jaw dropped. Even he was shocked by that information.

"And how many of those crimes that landed that incredible number of Blacks in Prison did you read about in your paper?", an officer asked.

"Look at the crime reports in the papers. Many reports detail the crime, then say 'It happened last Monday'. So why did they wait before even reporting it? Every other crime report has a comment from officers, nurses, locals saying 'This happens quite often in that area'... 'There were 80 other robberies in the last month in that one area'... 'He has been charged with 6 other robberies'... 'He has 20 previous convictions'... 'We've seen worse injuries from attacks'... So what happened to all those other reports?"

Even the jaded Auditor was upset to hear that. He was used to censorship in education,

even he hadn't thought it was possible to censor crime, let alone on such a monstrous scale, even up to the Federal level, let alone with Official support.

They told him you occasionally heard papers say "We have captured a Serial Rapist", and that was the first you'd even heard there was one around at all, which should make people absolutely furious when not even so much as a warning had gone out while they were being hunted. There'd been serial burglar-rape cases where literally an entire busload of non-Black victims was brought to the courtroom to testify, and only a celebrity victim was mentioned. Officials initially described a crime scene as 'Brutal' and 'The victim was shot repeatedly' then immediately dropped both descriptions from all future reports in favor of "The Victim was shot during a Robbery gone wrong", leaving the reader with the impression the crime wasn't that bad or the victim might have fought back and brought the shooting upon themselves. Officials, Medical Examiners, the Media suddenly refused to release autopsy reports even through official channels. Victims weren't interviewed or quoted by the press, no followup was ever printed. The Crime all but disappeared.

The Officers told him many crimes went completely unreported-on, up to and including Serial rape and Murder. Victim support people would tell him the same thing, Horrific beatings and murders happened all the time with only passing mention in the press and increasingly, no mention at all anywhere. Crimes which made certain peoples look bad as a whole got the full 'disappeared' treatment.

Home invasions where Children were gang raped, Gang rapes committed by newly arrived Third world refugees, Violent pack attacks on Non-Black Children, the Elderly, Pregnant women. Attacks where entire apartment blocks of Blacks swarmed out to watch and join in the fun. Black women cheering on, even assisting their Men in committing Rapes of non-Black women. Packs of Black Women stomping and mutilating the faces of better-looking women of other races. Murders and Gang Rapes at Black events. Blacks bringing their Children along to watch the murders of non-Blacks. Blacks committing execution style murders of non-Blacks right in the middle of public streets during Gang initiations, often caught on video by co-offenders. Gang rape victims rendered permanently incontinent, then the criminals and their families imitating and racially taunting them while on the stand. Murder victims thrown into dumpsters not to hide them, but to show their utter contempt for them. Third World refugees forming Gangs and committing serious repeated pack crime within weeks of arrival, forcing non-Black Children into prostitution, doing everything except try to fit into the society that'd let them in. Rapists deliberately mutilating and torturing their victims, forcing them into incomprehensible sex acts to show their truly personal hate for them. Babies beaten and stabbed during muggings and Home invasions. Non-Black Children bullied to suicide by Black students or grabbed on the way home and killed in such a way it was obvious their racial class and school mates were involved; the rule in such cases seemed to be that there was no investigation at all. Third World disease epidemics in First World countries and so much as how they were spread; newspaper reports couldn't even make themselves say they were spread by filthy, unsanitary personal and work habits.

All of that and more went into the Trash Can lest the public become outraged and start asking hard questions about Government policy that allowed these monsters into our midst. You could see the sheer volume of unreported Black crime all for yourself if you just visited a courtroom, they told him. Just incredible cases went through courtrooms all the time that weren't reported in the papers at all. Occasionally the victim of such a crime spoke out at crime rallies, then you heard about victims slashed inches deep with knives all over their bodies to warn them not to go to the Police, mutilations, attacks with burnings, chemicals, Babies beaten and stabbed. And the horrified audience wondered "Why didn't I hear about this crime in the papers?"

The Auditor looked ill.

"Why do we let these MONSTERS stay here, instead of censoring everything for their benefit? Anyone who wants to commit crime like that DOESN'T BELONG IN CIVILIZATION!!", he snapped.

"Sir, I couldn't agree more! But just try telling that to our beloved Leadership, and see what happens!"

They told him that some investigations were curtailed under direct order and only minor parties arrested, the organizers behind some major Racial crimes were never even questioned. A few cases were so horrendous they were not only never mentioned in the news, the trials were aborted by direct order for spurious reasons to hide them completely and charges re-filed under lesser counts.

And it was definitely organized censoring. They'd found recently from talking to a friendly reporter that high-up people ordered a Total Blackout on certain cases, background information or news that didn't fit their picture. He told them their very first priority, as ordered by their news organizations, was to obtain the offender and victim details before anything else - with no other priorities mentioned. He told them all news media have access to the same sources, it was up to them what to print. There'd been instances of severe racial US crime being reported overseas but not within the US itself. With certain cases they were told outright by their news outlet what to print about a story, when they could print it, and when to cease all reporting.

They told the auditor that many cases, not only could you tell the Race of the Offender

by the level of publicity, you could also tell who the victim was by both the type and duration of publicity, and no other factor. When the Offender was Black and the victim White, in all but a few exceptional cases there was minimal or zero publicity about the crime. When no offender description was given in a news item, there was a high chance they were Black, and when no victim name or photo was given there was a high chance they were White. The ones you heard about were the mild ones; much worse ones weren't reported in the news at all. Occasionally such items inadvertently reached the news, then when the severe 'reverse racial' aspect was realized it was immediately excised everywhere at once, leaving only the Google reference with dead links.

When there was publicity of such a crime, there were desperate efforts to downplay the crime and charges, 'humanize' the offender and their family, throw the blame onto the victim and of course, 'society'. Desperate attempts were often made to portray it as a racial miscarriage of justice. Often the victim was hardly mentioned at all, so much was said for the offender in an apparent Racial Damage control effort. Sometimes the same news item stooped so low as to bring up some ugly long-ago White crime in the area, some ongoing local trivial Black claim of oppression to 'reduce' the racial aspect of the monstrous crime, anything to hide the real story from the public and reduce justifiable rage.

Some of their officers had it down to such a fine art they could accurately predict the media line on a crime, whether it would be censored, the defense arguments that would be used, the factors they would ask to be taken into account, even the sentences handed down on a crime. And they could determine all that just from the Race and social status of the criminal and offender, and no other factors. An Officer added that Crimes which made Blacks look bad as a race were fought over the very hardest in courtrooms, censored and 'reduced', if they were reported at all it done only in passing with the worst details removed. Some murders were absolutely never reported on at all by our 'Free' press for just that reason, they told him.

On the very rare occasion when the roles were reversed, well, we all knew what happened. Screaming full-on Nationwide publicity, the Victim or their Family were interviewed on every TV station, everyone demanded Hate crime charges, the offender was endlessly slammed, there were organized Black protests, there was just no end of it.

They told him something else that the media didn't want to warn the public about, especially not right now.

A subtle thing that came up with one Black offender after another in the papers was their constant 'Them vs. Me' attitude; every little thing that affected them was someone else's fault, everything that affected or bothered them was deliberate, not accidental. They instantly blamed 'society', innocent people, said it was deliberate, and they had no hesitation in saying as such in court.

And they reacted along these lines; that was why car accidents, a vehicle breakdown, anything at all often resulted in immediate violence upon people who had nothing whatsoever to do with it. It didn't matter if they were helpers, Emergency workers trying to assist them, which was why they were at the frontline of the abuse in those areas. A lot of Black crime resulted from someone being slightly annoyed at someone or anything at all; they had an argument with their partner, a minor dispute with a store worker, an appliance stopped working, so they went out and vented their rage on complete innocents on the spot, hours, days, sometimes even years later.

White teens if told to leave a building for bad behavior would accept it. Black teens were more likely to react by attacking people, destroying nearby property, potted plants, whatever it took.

Whenever they heard of outrageously young offenders burning their own house, forming gangs to attack teachers, students, using weapons on people for no reason, they knew they would be Black, and it would be because someone had said 'No', 'Behave yourself', anything they didn't like, or something had slightly annoyed them.

"When we told those Black leaders they were lying about only Whites being given food, even those so-called adults still couldn't hold back from abusing us and kicking doors on the way out", an officer remarked.

"Look at whats been done to this City over the last two nights. Was that 'Deprivation' as we'll be hearing forever, or was it Hate and Annoyance at not having Power to run their fucking Toys?"

The Auditor was surprised at that. He knew some of it himself from bitter experience, but he hadn't thought about it that way.

The Officers told him many people knew how Explosive-tempered and vicious Blacks were, many still didn't realize just how Dangerously Impulsive they were as well. Someone said 'No' to a demand for sex, refused to hand over their vehicle during a carjacking, refused to hand over their wallet, and instant murderous rage erupted. Many unknowing people had died just that way.

Horrendous crimes, Murders, Riots often began with a Black refused admittance to a party they weren't invited to, were told to behave, were removed from a nightclub, bar or store for stealing or abusing staff or customers. Their car breaks down, they lose their mobile phone somewhere, they spent all their welfare on drugs and alcohol then had nothing left,

they encountered a prepay fuel pump, a bus or train company raised their prices by a dime, they were mugged by another Black, a local drug dealer was arrested; anything was enough. They went on a rampage, attacked the first passerby they saw, bashed them, ran over them in cars, shot or stabbed them, whatever it took to get their 'revenge'. They'd had several cases of Black Karate exponents who you'd think would have infinitely better self-control, but something annoyed them, and they couldn't hold back murderous rage and stabbing to death the first person they saw. Occasionally they even planned revenge for days against a completely innocent person, followed the chosen victim before attacking or killing them.

In more and more attacks, the motive was described by the press as a "complete mystery". Increasingly they got their friends and returned to the scene, often hours later, and attacked everyone in sight; 'random' Black mob attacks attacking non-Blacks frequently appeared out of nowhere, and this was their first suspicion for the true motive when they did.

All the time you heard of Black gangs attacking people in cases of 'mistaken identity' after someone had earlier annoyed them, Home invasions which targeted 'The wrong address' but they still attacked the occupants regardless. They seriously doubted that in dozens of such attacks daily in every city, 3 or 6 offenders could all 'mistake' a victim for someone else, or after research and checking the place out all go to the 'wrong address', with no remorse ever shown when they learned of their 'mistake' - far more likely they were out to get 'anyone'. Most of the crime in Black areas was described in the news as "random", "senseless" and "motiveless", often with nothing stolen, it was just a savage beating or murder right from the start. Some victims were held at gunpoint and severely beaten by a pack, property was stolen but then found destroyed a short distance away. Occasionally you heard reports of people being attacked, a Woman raped, and the offenders were tracked back to a Black funeral taking place at the same time; the Blacks had left the funeral to attack a victim to make themselves feel better.

And Blacks had told them that "If the Victim of their rage was White, so much the better". Many went exclusively for the only Whites or Asians in sight while after their petty revenges.

It didn't seem to matter how disgustingly low they went, how violent they were or how innocent the chosen victim. They'd had numerous cases of Blacks beating or killing a Sibling, a neighbors Pet, burning Kittens or Puppies alive, it didn't seem to matter what the target of their rages was as long as it was something they could attack. Blacks themselves had freely admitted Child abuse was a huge problem in the Black community for this reason; numerous Blacks abused, raped, stabbed their own Children in frustration over something trivial that'd happened in their lives. Child abuse rates in the Black community were just horrendous, in places approaching 90%, but they weren't allowed to say that and no media person dared to mention it. And all because they'd gotten annoyed, a friend or relative had been beaten up, anything was enough. People could see and hear it for themselves in Supermarkets, anywhere Blacks went with their Children; you would never hear any Black talk nicely even to their own Children, instead you heard verbal abuse and beatings if they slightly annoyed those 'Parents'. Studies showed that up to 88 percent of homes with Child abuse also had incidents of Animal abuse and vice versa, because that's the kind of people they were.

"Good God!!!", the shocked Auditor couldn't hold back, covering his mouth in horror "Evil begets Evil", another Officer said, "And this has been going on for generations now in the Black community."

"Suffer the Children", the Auditor quietly said to nobody in particular. The role of a Parent was to support and nurture their child. The feedback from that kind of family abuse and betrayal was personality, family and relationship destroying, often lifelong.

The horrendous Xbox murders were the ultimate example. A White woman had Black squatters evicted from her Grandmothers home they'd broken into, and one lost a few of his belongings including an Xbox game console. That Xbox was the catalyst for 6 incomprehensibly violent murders and even abusing the bodies, they even killed the household Pet. The media glossed over the fact all the victims were non-Black and three of the four offenders including the organizer were Black.

The case they'd never, ever forget was a Black loiterer refused entry to a Wedding party he wasn't invited to, so he waited outside, grabbed a 5 year old girl who was going to the toilet and repeatedly raped her. In court months later he claimed "She came up to him and told him she wanted to be naughty". Never at any point did he show any remorse, and this horrendous family-destroying crime was totally justified in his primitive mind even after all that time, all because he was refused entry to the wedding.

Another Black spent all his welfare money on alcohol and was evicted from his apartment for willful damage and non-payment of rent, so he went to the local Bar and shot the place up, killing the bartender and manager. Outrageously, his family completely supported his murderous actions, saying "His welfare wasn't high enough" and "The town didn't support him". As if they owed him a thing for his worthless life.

Criminal profilers could often identify by the choice of victim and the injuries inflicted what had irritated the offender. But you didn't hear any of that in the papers. Just as you didn't hear that most Serial rapists, Murderers didn't attack impulsively, they attacked after something minor had irritated them, a Domestic argument, anything was

enough, so they went out and chose a victim to vent their rage upon to prove to themselves they were still in charge of their lives. Horrifically, often their partner stated to investigators "We had an argument, he went out for awhile, and he came back a lot happier".

"Just like Children", the increasingly shocked Auditor replied.

"It's much Worse than that", the officer replied.

Once again, even with all racial details omitted, the greater the level of explosive, unnecessary violence, the more prolonged the attack and the more attackers, the more innocent the victim, the greater the chance the offenders were Black and the Victims White.

They saw the same thing happen in both the volume and type of crime reports during and after every Slavery education class in schools, after every new TV series and movie about the Civil rights era and Slavery, after a Black sports team lost a game, after the release of new Rap songs glorifying violence. There was a sharp rise in unprovoked crime, packs of 'youths' attacked innocents at bus stops, parks and schools. Several times there'd been a sudden rush of such attacks in an area, so they'd asked around and found a nearby school had set up an inflammatory Slavery display or whatever and the students had reacted to it.

"Did you know that when 'Roots' was shown on TV, packs of Blacks screaming 'Roots... Roots... Roots' ran through cities attacking Whites?", an officer told the auditor, "Officers working then said that in places it was even worse than the Watts riots of the 1960's. And the papers and TV said NOTHING! As far as they were concerned it was just peaceful business as usual!"

After Game losses or even wins over largely White teams, after Rap concerts, they immediately set up extra patrols in the area to prevent such attacks, found packs of youths already formed and hunting for victims.

And they saw it every time a new regulation was passed giving another exception from arresting or shooting Black criminals, each time a multiple Black on White crime was publicized. They saw it each time there was publicity of another Black elected or hired into a high profile city position. Again, there was a Crime spike where packs of "Youths" suddenly committed "Random attacks" upon non-Blacks, presumably to 'celebrate'.

It happened yet again with every single Black public holiday and Black gathering. They kept a Calendar in their Office marked with every Black event, prepared not only for trouble at the event itself, but to protect the area around it as well from packs which sprang up to attack non-Blacks. Every year they were disgusted when Blacks 'honored' Martin Luther King day, a public holiday in the name of a Black who supposedly fought for Equality, not with the public parades you saw on TV to celebrate their 'freedoms' and 'rights', not with increased respect for others, but with multiple pack attacks on non-Blacks and severe harassment of non-Black store staff, especially Latinos. Those unfortunate staff celebrated too, when it was all over. But of course you didn't hear any of that on the news in their rush to only show Blacks celebrating Freedom and Rights.

"And if that's what they do when they feel like it, what would they do if someone or something REALLY annoyed them?", they said.

They told him that what was really worrying them at the moment, and it should be worrying every Civilized American right now in this 'Diverse' country, was they especially saw it after every Disaster, both Natural and Man-made, anything which affected Blacks.

They told him the media didn't want to mention that after Hurricane Katrina in New Orleans, even after the Black population had largely been evacuated, there was an explosion of violent crime lasting for months; home invasions, rape and murder, not food looting as the media would have people believe. During that time people couldn't leave homes unattended or go out alone, some had to stay up to guard their properties at night.

"I didn't know that!", the Auditor replied.

Compare that to Hurricane Rita, which affected largely White areas. But there wasn't any news in showing those peaceful people cleaning up and restarting their lives all on their own without blaming the Government, demanding handouts etc.

"Think about it. You see Water rising, what do you do? You don't stay where you are, you climb, you get out of the area. They're telling us that in a First World country, despite countless warnings and seeing it happening right in front of them, all of them having transport or offers of transport out of the city, being promised free accommodations elsewhere and full assistance with the cleanup afterward, tens of thousands of people didn't even do that in New Orleans."

Which left one uncomfortable conclusion. They'd deliberately stayed, ignoring the advice given by White officials. And once others were proved right and the storm was indeed horrendous, some would then have fled. Others erupted in rage, stayed to vent their rage at the storm upon others.

The Officers confirmed that. A few of their colleagues had been there during the aftermath, they saw for themselves that many of those classified as killed by that storm were actually murdered afterward. Not satisfied even with preying upon their own city to get their 'revenge', Carloads of Blacks instead of driving to shelter elsewhere, actually

drove to nearby cities to commit Violent crime rampages before returning to New Orleans.

Few noticed that coroners reports were never released, no racial breakdown of the dead was ever released either. They also couldn't make themselves say that all of the Police Officers who deserted were Black, many of whom actually joined the looting, just as had apparently happened here too in Los Angeles now. And all of that was just a part of the sudden effort made after days of nonstop footage of entirely Black looting to now portray those Blacks as Victims, not Savages, even trying to lie about all those Blacks not having transport. Just as with Rodney King, the media selectively edited Black Savagery into White racism.

Here in Los Angeles, it had started even before Sunset on the first day. If it had begun after dark it might have been called "Opportunity", but Home invasions of non-Blacks started within minutes of power loss, most likely sparked by Blacks suddenly unable to play video games and watch Cable TV. Within an hour non-Blacks with solar and battery power, gas cookers and BBQ's were under siege by Blacks, who weren't asking for but demanding what they had in violently racial terms.

And that's the kind of people, the mentality facing citizens in every single US city right now, they said. The BZ here had only put it on pause here, nothing more, of that they were certain. As for everywhere else, where communications, food supply, Law Enforcement and now all reporting had stopped on top of the total power blackout...

That was why they, as Officers, were starting to very seriously worry about events elsewhere, especially in cities where the Black percentage was much higher and often all but total, where the Black 'pack annoyance' factor would have kicked in even harder, and Blacks would be after their petty revenge even more than here. The media wasn't saying anything about those places, which they as Officers had learned from bitter experience could only mean it had to really, really bad.

The Auditor felt a sudden chill, realizing the horrendous predicament those people had to be in. And he'd thought it was bad here in Los Angeles. Oh, god.

The South African officer who'd visited them told them one more thing about the new types of crime they were seeing since 'Freedom'. When they had the chance, such as with isolated Farm killings, crime didn't just involve rape, robbery and murder, they often involved drawn-out Torture with boiling water, hangings, knifings, gasoline, anything they could find. Worse, Women, children and the elderly were more often victims than Men, which really said something about the offenders. The majority of Farm attacks now involved this kind of abuse, and the papers didn't want to say that in very few of those crimes was anything actually stolen.

What was known, was that just as in the US, instead of preventing the Economic destruction of such crimes, the Government only ever added restrictions to Police. In South Africa, upset Special Forces volunteered to deal with the Farm Invasions on their own, but were ordered not to.

US Police were genuinely worried those kinds of crimes would become common in US Black crime as both Black Christians and their taught Hate grew. There'd already been a few such cases, such as the Christian-Newsom carjack murders. They'd seen numerous US, British Blacks congratulating Black murderers online not just for their gruesome murders, but for the agonizing way they were committed. Even mainstream Black newspapers now not only didn't speak of the damage Black Offenders had done to their community and others, they'd begun to sickeningly write how even non-Black Child Victims "Wanted it from Blacks", "Wanted to be tortured by Blacks to remove their guilt for being White" and that the Offenders had earned "Bragging Rights". It was becoming routine for White Victims' memorial pages to be defaced with these kinds of sick, mentally deranged remarks by Blacks, sometimes the families of Offenders even made these statements in court.

"Where in the god-damned Hell did all this Hate come from!", the Auditor asked nobody in particular.

It was the cause of every single problem he'd fought against, then been forbidden to do anything about or even report on. The Hate had torn apart his beloved schools, Black society, countless Crime victims, and was now physically tearing apart America.

"We were hoping you could tell us", an Officer replied.

He told them the changes he'd seen had been gradually imposed upon the school system starting around then with absolutely no questions or changes permitted. They were brought in by order, not vote or discussion, by people who remained anonymous, and the media weren't interested in covering any of it, and especially not in looking for and questioning the people who'd set the hate-inciting Education programs into stone. Those people were never interviewed, never brought to account, never demoted.

The one question the Auditor really wanted to ask those people, was whether there was any purpose to keeping the Racial Education sham going regardless of its Total, Documented failure, because if there was, he really wished he knew what it was.

He sometimes had the feeling that it was as if Black students today were being taught just enough language skills to understand the Hatethey were being taught, nothing more.

"In your lifetime of experience, has any single one of the changes you've seen imposed

on the school system actually benefited Blacks in either the short or long term?", an Officer asked him.

"None whatsoever", he immediately replied.

"And have any of those Law changes you've had to work with benefited Law abiding Blacks either?", he asked the Officers in turn.

"None", they replied.

The Auditor paused, then told them some things he asked them not to repeat in association with his name, as there would be severe repercussions to him if they found who'd leaked them. He'd finally reached the absolute end of his tether, was preparing to throw in his resignation, there were Five final straws for him which had just completely crossed the line. It wasn't just the Book his fellow teacher had given him which explained everything they'd fought against all their careers, it wasn't even the total Bureaucratic indifference to the damage they and Politicians had wreaked upon his beloved education system.

The First was his 8 year old Grandsons Black classmates already bombarding the White students with Racial and Sexual slurs the White kids didn't even understand, and his Teachers already being told it was "Normal for their culture" and not to do anything about it. At that tender age they'd already endured the Slavery lessons where they had to pretend they were Slaves, act like runaways and hide while they were being chased, were made to eat the food allegedly given to Slaves, were abused and spoken to as Slaves. His Black classmates were encouraged to act as the White students' 'Masters', which they gleefully took up. All this in the name of 'Education', 'Sensitivity' and 'Race relations'.

"Involving kids in that kind of Bullshit is just the lowest of the bloody low!", a furious Officer shouted back.

"This is what's being done to your kids today, Officer. Don't take my word for it, ask them for yourself", he replied.

The Second, was Prison guards telling him our public schools were now like their prisons 25 years ago; armed guards, metal detectors, teachers and students constantly watching their backs for attacks, Black gangs dominating the facility, and nothing was done about any of it. Teachers who'd volunteered their time in prisons found they received far more respect and appreciation from Inmates than their Black students. Students ran amok in classrooms, teachers had almost given up trying to teach and were concentrating on keeping the less physically aggressive pupils and themselves safe.

And it was only getting worse, nowhere was it improving. School and Classroom invasions by Black youths, Gangs, even Black parents were increasing. They were motivated by so much as a Childs comment to another, a negative report, an accidental bump, and an enraged pack entered the school and attacked. It was particularly common among some of our new immigrants such as the Somalis where violence was ingrained and part of the culture, he added. Of course, none of this was mentioned in our news.

If it was this bad after just two generations of no Parental and Societal boundaries, the lack of Father figures, the loss of all permitted means of controlling kids' temper tantrums and the force-teaching of Hate, then even he couldn't imagine what the next generation of throwaway Welfare-created trash youth would be like. They'd not only be extensively programmed and brought up to Hate, with a large percentage of deadbeat, absent parents and now absent Grandparents adding to their woes, they'd also have near-Psychopathic, Criminal Drug addicts as both Parents and role models, and the way the education system was going, there'd be nobody to tell them things had ever been different.

And he had no intention of being around when that generation arrived, especially if all he was allowed to do was paper over the mess, never coming close to reporting truthfully on it, on pain of permanent removal from his position.

The Third was NAACP lawyers striking down the slightest remaining hope of restraining Black Crime in one school district after another. In one school after another they'd begun to sue over "Disproportionately punishing Blacks" despite the fact they were committing large numbers of serious criminal offences against other students and the school, anything other than learn in school.

The result was that LA schools too were now being ordered not to discipline Blacks for anything short of attempted rape or murder, severe beatings resulting in hospitalization, while everyone else could be disciplined all they liked. As he fully expected would happen, Schools weren't saying anything, the media weren't saying anything, the NAACP weren't saying anything about their latest 'success' on behalf of Blacks, lest all other Ethnic groups withdraw their children en-masse in protest and for their protection. In the face of exploding school violence non-Black students had been dropping out for years in ever increasing numbers, destroying their futures rather than live with the constant Hate dished out to them every school day. Teaching had long been secondary to just trying to keep order in Black schools and classes, and when even that last semblance of order was taken away...

The Fourth was being brought about as a direct result of that. LA Teachers were not only going to be ordered not to discipline Blacks for any but major crime, they would be forbidden to report to Police anything below Riots or Weapon crime occurring in LA schools and leave it for the students or parents to handle, the excuse being that "It wasn't the jurisdiction of our teachers".

Much more likely it was to reduce the public fallout of the coming Black crime in schools.

"If the school system or anything else ever come back with the mess thats going on...", an officer had to add.

"When Blacks figure out they're not going to be punished when everyone else is, and they start shoving it into the faces of the Hispanic students... At the very least, get your Children out of this city, because this cities schools are going to Burn", he warned the Officers.

And the Fifth, the one that completely cut all ties as far as he was concerned, was given to him a week before by the same Teacher who'd handed him the book on the Korean POW camps. He'd become firm friends with him, the too-observant Teacher and the too-observant Auditor overseeing the fast-declining mess of our once proud education system, both quietly garnering inside information they'd be dismissed for revealing instead of flushing it down todays Orwell Memory Hole as they were supposed to do. They'd had perpetual discussions on what they saw happening around them.

One evening his friend said to him over drinks that everything always had a pattern if you fit all the pieces together.

"What pieces?", he shrugged in return.

Student graduates unable to perform any complex task, all practical skills being phased out of our schools, Graduates needing to be taught basic work skills, Employers forced to look overseas for skilled workers, Hatred of academic and practical success all but taught, our Cities filling with cheap toxic labor and reducing to third world status, our Politicians happy to paper over the mess and pretend our cities were somehow improving, and apparently even happier at the loss of wages and lifestyles. All he and everyone else saw was urban and personal disaster.

"Every normal society wants to improve itself and its people, it wants its youth to be everything they can be, that's the whole point of a bloody education system. That's how a society progresses. Ours is deliberately reducing itself. Our leaders are perfectly happy for their own people to fail in every way it's possible to fail. If our Economy stopped right now, our youth would be good for nothing but working in fields!", he remembered angrily snapping at him.

His friend gave him a strange look, then dug out and handed him a Scottish newspaper report based upon declassified Russian papers, which US media refused to print. He'd been saving it for just this occasion.

"Every normal society wants to improve itself and its people", his friend echoed, "Socialists dream only of Slaves, the dumber the better", he said, invited him to carefully read the newspaper clipping.

Stalin, the ultimate Socialist, stated his dream desire for his captive population: "I want a new invincible human being, insensitive to pain, resistant and indifferent about the quality of food they eat". In accordance with that, his scientist Ilya Ivanov attempted to create "Ideal workers" by cross-breeding apes with human beings.

"Socialists don't constantly talk about 'Workers' out of any sympathy or solidarity, it's their statement of purpose for what they want to do to the World", his friend remarked to him over his glass of Rum.

The Auditor stared hard at him, thought about that in silence for a long time. That, of all the things he'd seen or heard in decades in the job, was what most closely matched the colossal mess he'd seen in one school and state after another Nationwide for all those long years that he'd only been permitted to Lie about it. And all those Administrators never seeking improvement in US education as they were supposed to, but instead helping bring it all about, bringing us closer to that Socialist ideal with every small step they took.

And this was the Education system he and countless others, Teachers and everyone else had been working for all their careers. In America, not Stalin's Russia. Those were the last nails in the coffin of his beloved Education system, the feedback to schools could only be imagined.

With that information, amidst everything else going on, he'd finally reached his limit.

He refused to do the Devils work any more, no matter how much he was paid for it. He'd made up his mind to refuse to contribute any further to a system that was now destroying far more students than it created, was actively destroying their confidence, literally destroying their humanity in favor of students who threw away every single chance they were given. He'd strongly felt for a long time we were purposely creating a student body which was incapable of thinking a single political or racial thought they hadn't first been trained with, and he refused to have anything to do with it any more.

In his day, Students were taught that only Tyrannies restrict Police, reasonable speech and discussion, yet another little thing purposely left out of todays Education. Todays



Students were now taught that reduction of Free Speech about the problems swarming all around them, Laws against discussion, prison terms, were all Just and Correct. And they weren't just accepting it as 'normal', they were embracing the restrictions and violently enforcing them among their peers. They were joining the rapidly arriving Tyranny wholeheartedly, and they didn't even realize it.

He'd made his choice, and felt far better for it. Someone else would have to imagine some way the system had failed Blacks, the Student body, he'd be out of here when the next batch of atrocious exam results and school indicators came out.

He was writing his Final report to the review office, and if they thought it would paper over the cracks yet again, they had a surprise coming. He was laying down the real cause of every last problem in the School system, holding nothing back. He was telling them about the future we were spending our vast tax monies toward, telling those higher powers to think carefully about what they were contributing toward. And he was going to present it in person, not by mail, together with his letter of resignation. Then he was going to walk away from his lifetime of work.

A Senior Officer looked around to see who was present before telling the Auditor something that had come through that morning from Washington, no less, that they'd been told to keep in complete confidence. Among other requests and orders concerning the chaos, they'd been asked to check school rolls for Aaron Winters' children, as they'd disappeared from their school without notice six months before the Virus was released.

"Six months, and nobody investigated in all that time!", he instantly replied.

The Officers didn't say a word, leaving the rest for him to work out.

That kind of inefficiency meant a percentage of the school body were Black, the school board, teachers and office staff all officially paralyzed from investigating or taking action against their crime, with the resulting dysfunctional or nonexistent reporting. Which brought another possibility to mind.

"You think maybe there's a chance they're re connected, don't you? His Kids dropping out of school, the Virus. That maybe all this isn't just random mindless Terror as we're hearing, but his RESPONSE to it?"

"Have a good day, Sir", they said as they left to return to their work, tagging and bagging the Criminals still laying everywhere on the streets of this once-proud and now ruined City.

An Officer paused on the way out, told the Auditor something to think about.

"The Feds don't think Aaron wrote that Virus. Aaron was just a little itty-bitty contract programmer. They're looking for someone else."

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Michael Chertoff was pleased with himself.

He'd seen and approved the final segments of footage that was ready to go public; Helicopters dropping the chemical then bodies everywhere, shiny uniforms of Police and Federal Officers solving the problems by setting up food depots and preparing to ration fuel, clearing roads, restoring order and most importantly, collecting trouble makers. Repairmen assisted by Officers were shown preparing to return power, there were even happy scenes of Officers assisting by handing tools to them, pressing buttons at their behest. The fallen were shown being moved to shelter, covered with blankets. He had a snide chuckle at that part.

Technicians had bypassed some of the non-operational power substations, activated backup power lines, were ready to shunt limited power between cities via alternate routes. They couldn't possibly power them fully, but it would suffice for suburbs, the TV stations. That was all they needed. The city centers, industrial areas could wait. They'd give a half hour delay between power restoration and beginning the broadcasts, repeat them as often as it took to get the message across.

At the same time, the Chemical was being readied for simultaneous use in other strategic cities, including here in Washington. They'd fly Helicopters in formation over trouble zones everywhere in a single warning pass, and if that didn't work, the next time would be for real.

Other cities were so completely gone it wouldn't matter what anyone did, they had to be overlooked for now. From what he'd seen of the Satellite video, those populations were, according to one report 'Reducing themselves to manageable levels'... He wondered who came up with that description, how it'd slipped into the Military network. They didn't have time to cast more than a glimpse over those places for now, but smoke, flames and bodies were everywhere. Countless more were fleeing, but without Gasoline and with roads blocked they weren't getting far. The roads were choked with refugees walking in every direction, every single one headed away from the city they'd come from. They'd ordered a full news blackout about what they'd seen in those cities.

The next phases in the takeback of Los Angeles were well underway, he'd seen video of mountains of Guns taken from defenders and attackers already being fed into metal

grinders. As would be happening before long in every city in the US. The footage of rioting would fill TV screens for months, years, while already-written laws were dusted off to remove all unnecessary weapons and increase Law Enforcement powers, and they'd replay the footage forever to remind the public for all time of the damage Guns had done to the Nation and their Freedom. The Blacks who'd actually fired those Guns at innocents wouldn't be mentioned, except as Victims. The Defenders who'd used those guns too would be mentioned a lot more, but only as Criminals.

Behind the scenes, every previously inactive part of ID cards and software was being activated, enabling full monitoring of every citizen by every Official and Law Enforcement officer, not just Federal Police and of course, Echelon. Every Senior Government official was happy, every additional security law and amendment they'd wanted for years was already being put firmly into place. Whatever happened, this disaster could only have a positive outcome for US Surveillance.

They expected a wave of long-awaited arrests to quickly follow, people who'd displeased officials by writing against the changes, those who'd seen things more clearly than they were supposed to. Their time was up. Once they were dealt with, society would progress a lot smoother.

This was the biggest win-win situation the Federal Government had ever had, even better than 9/11. He almost owed Aaron Winters for it. And he would help them a lot more too, both before and after he was captured. His experts assured him it was only a matter of time now before he was forced from his forest.

The power lines into urban areas were now going live as he watched. The Power Grid situation boards were steadily lighting up. And they'd just finished distributing the selected video to broadcast centers. Only fifty percent of cities had any power, many residential areas would still be blacked out, but it was better than nothing. The rural areas were still completely blacked out, but they didn't matter.

Police were reporting that people had already noticed the return of power, were heading indoors to prepare food and most importantly, turn on their Televisions. Police Helicopters were taking off to fly over every major city to accompany the video as planned.

Right now the operating TV stations were giving selected situation reports. As planned, in ten minutes they'd begin Broadcasting the videos from Los Angeles with their unspoken messages.

While waiting, he changed to another confidential folder and read the latest from Echelon. They were constantly assessing a wildly changing situation with many of their inputs cut off, but some worrying trends were coming to light.

There were inexplicable large-scale population movements heading north away from the Southern states, with some highways slowing to a crawl. From State police were coming reports of long convoys of vehicles moving around the countryside. He was particularly interested in reports of large numbers of out of town vehicles suddenly turning up near the Mexican border in all the Southern states, both in the towns and cities as well as the border areas themselves.

As well as the isolated power stations which still weren't responding to communications attempts, the cities which were dropping from the grid as their power and communications were destroyed by their inhabitants, to their surprise a number of isolated country towns had also begun to drop contact with the outside world as well. No Police broadcasts or radio signals, nothing were coming from them. Their phone lines appeared to be down too. There was no warning before they'd inexplicably disappeared from the grid. That had to be expected in the present chaos with power, utility and staff shortages, so they weren't concerned yet. They'd come back in time as repairs were made.

A related set of reports said the food situation in cities was worse than they'd admitted. Not good. They were keeping that information quiet. For various reasons to do with supply and demand, stockpiles in places had run lower than they'd have liked. It was nothing to worry about at present, just very badly timed and coincidental seasonal slowdowns, changeovers and related difficulties, the manufacturers had claimed before.

But someone must've gotten their wires crossed, because their latest information wasn't possible. Under the circumstances, they'd been forced to admit what they'd reluctantly hidden from authorities until now. That in the days before the Virus had struck, some deliveries had stopped Nationwide without any explanation given.

As he continued down the list, his laptop beeped loudly for attention when yet another high priority update from Echelon was uploaded from the secure building LAN he'd plugged into. He shrugged. Everything was top billing right now, in any event it could only be more bad news. It could wait. He'd catch up on the backlog of reports first to make sure he missed nothing vital.

Then a stream of orders began to pass through the encrypted networks, messages going out to every Military, Police branch. He heard shouted voices in the corridor, orders barked, people running to be where they were supposed to be as the alert status was ramped up again.

Now what? He brought the latest updates onscreen. He read them quickly, sat up straight

as he digested the new information. The radio traffic analysis staff were reporting that half an hour ago the mystery encrypted CB band transmissions had ceased again. Abruptly. The rarely used bands were clear right across the country, as though an order had gone through. Whatever their purpose had been, it was apparently done. Or they were waiting for something and had cleared the air for more urgent messages.

They'd ignored it once, they weren't overlooking it again. Michael ran from his office to join the people in the control rooms.

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Nearby, Patrolman Brent Copp shivered and braced himself against the chilly breeze coming through the streets near the Pentagon. It wasn't his choice to be out here today, he'd been rotated onto duty on the outside to keep up the patrols. Damn that solid concrete building, he thought. It could look after itself, it didn't need the likes of him shivering outside. He wanted to be with his buddies guarding housing estates and stopping the looting and rioting, or with his family guarding their home. The news of the Nationwide trouble was scaring everybody now, people were fleeing the City, even some Police were seriously talking of briefly deserting to get their families out of the City if things got worse. Smoke from entire burning blocks was rising all over the City, the nearest only a few kilometers away.

The Pentagon itself was guarded by impressive anti-aircraft defenses, chemical pumped anti-missile lasers and gatling gun batteries as well as large scale anti-terror planning all around the area. The streets blocked with movable barricades manned by submachinegun-armed SWAT soldiers were only the most obvious of the measures people working here had contend with for years, things were never the same two days in a row. There were random stops, body scans, bag searches and ID checks. There were rooftop snipers everywhere, highly trained personnel watching security cameras for suspicious body language and vehicles, daily changes of barricades, radiation, chemical and biohazard monitors and even aerial surveillance by unmanned drones. There were so many sensors in the area it took a dedicated bank of computers to monitor them all.

They also wanted a low-key human presence outside the absolute security zone, a visible deterrent to let potential perpetrators know they were still around. So he and other officers walked the streets nearby, idly chatting with tourists, posing for photos and making themselves known, constantly keeping an eye out for people whose demeanor didn't fit.

Few except Government workers had any reason to come here now with the power down, so the streets were quiet. Too quiet. He didn't want to be here by himself with chaos that close, but orders were orders. He shrugged. Routines had to be maintained. The whole central city was ringed by Police, so this area was supposed to be safe. It was better than manning the security barricades and dealing with the same flustered people every day, or worse, the new barricades beside Black areas. Officers there were wearing hot bulletproof vests in the firing line, not knowing where from countless possible urban firing positions nearby random bullets were coming from. And they were. He was also glad to be away from the long banks of guarded Diesel generators, there were so many they were pumping fumes and haze throughout the immediate vicinity. For days now entire truckloads of Security-intensive equipment had been moved here, he'd glimpsed Antennas, portable control booths, parabolic dishes. The Generator power they needed for the newly arrived equipment kept going up, more units as well as Diesel tankers were arriving constantly to keep everything going. Everyone working nearby for any length of time was now complaining about headaches. They were talking about bringing in bottled oxygen, carbon monoxide filters for those forced to work outside.

Over a kilometer from the Pentagon and several hundred meters from the first secure zones, gusts blew streamers of fallen leaves and rubbish along the vacant streets, his solitary footsteps echoed off silent stone and concrete buildings. Under these circumstances he couldn't shake the feeling he was in someones sights, instinctively he kept his distance from corners as he rounded buildings, kept reaching down to his holstered pistol to ensure it was still there.

Finally, signs of life. He was relieved. Ahead, several small groups of people were huddled on and near benches in a small park set among the buildings. The original city planners had insisted upon greenspace among the urban sprawl to break the monotony, very foresighted of them he thought. One of the group was a startlingly attractive college graduate who was setting up a heavy duty Camera stand among the leaves. She smiled and waved at his approach, and he responded in kind. Life goes on; even in the midst of chaos, Camera crews wanted to record a few shots of the changing season for the news to put a positive spin on things. A few wore workmens uniforms, the rest were dressed casually. Some seemed ill at ease in the chill, stomping their feet and rubbing their hands to stay warm. They must've been here for some time. A few were nervously smoking as he walked past, probably on breaks from endless shifts in the adjacent computing centers he thought. They'd really have their work cut out for them, he didn't envy them with their warm buildings right now.

He hardly glanced as a van drove up and parked alongside. Several people approached,

removed and unpacked lengths of cabling and portable battery packs beside the Camera stand. They discreetly waited till he'd passed by before unloading a large metal tube, a long sealed and capped metal pipe and a bulky plastic-cased warhead.

Brent continued on his solitary patrol, past a few more people loitering harmlessly in building entranceways beside the park, noticed a few more ahead smoking harmlessly. In a few minutes he'd radio in as per usual to let others know the perimeter was still secure. If the Camera crew were still there when he returned in an hour or so he'd chat with them for a few minutes to break the monotony...

He stopped, thinking. It occurred to him that none of the people he'd just passed had been carrying the mandatory security pass and ID tags expected from Computer center employees or Television crews. He promptly decided to return to find out more about them.

They were just finishing assembling the launching tube when he returned to the park.

What?

He promptly thumbed his collar microphone, reached for his sidearm.

"Control, we have a sit...", he got out, before a pistol rammed hard against the side of his head. Another man who'd quietly run up from the other side of the road pulled Brent's jacket aside, removed his sidearm from his hidden holster. They knew Police methods.

"Repeat that, over", came the immediate reply.

He dared not speak, could only watch in disbelief as they aimed the tube directly over the Pentagon, barely visible between the trees, locked it into place.

"Officer Brent, please repeat, do you have a problem there, over?", security radioed again more insistently.

"What happens if you don't reply?", the gunman at his ear demanded.

"They'll immediately send out a patrol", he tried to stay calm as he replied.

"Then tell them everything is fine, and be careful."

The man holding the gun to him was nervous, he could hear it in his voice. But he'd shoot if he had to.

He slowly moved his hand to his collar, thumbed the transmitter.

"Everything's okay here, false alarm. That's all for now, over."

"Damn you!", swore the gunman as the other man kicked his legs out from under him and painfully slammed him to the ground. Instantly the first gunman knelt on his back, pressed his head to the pavement with one palm and jammed the pistol to his ear, a fraction of a millimeter from actually firing. "Stay down and don't move!", he shouted.

Officer Brent did as he was ordered, not daring to twitch. With his head turned to one side he could only watch as the others continued their preparations. The caps were removed from a sealed solid fuel Rocket casing and discarded, it was loaded into the launcher and electrical firing lines attached.

"Charging!", one called.

"Hurry it up, they're coming!", the gunman screamed at his compatriots.

"All right, Lock and load everyone. Whatever you do, if it comes to it, don't let yourself be taken alive. Believe me, you do NOT want to be taken by the Feds. Look out for each other. Disperse, spread out and prepare to Fire! Don't bunch up!" came orders from the apparent leader.

There were nods of grim understanding as an arsenal of Rifles and Pistols were pulled from cases, bags and pockets. Handfuls of Flak jackets were thrown out of the Van and donned. Smoke and CS gas canisters were handed out. They didn't appear to be professional soldiers, but they all had the look of very determined people. Whatever it was they were planning to do, they hadn't changed their plans, they were staying right here. They were going to do it regardless. Some of the weapons were high-tech firearms, precision assault and sniper rifles and pistols. Others welded pump-action shotguns, one man hefted a pair of huge .50 caliber pistols in addition to a rifle.

They were several jackets short, they hadn't seriously anticipated to need them this far from the security zone with the Police occupied elsewhere, had only included them as an afterthought. The boyfriend of the college graduate instantly gave his to her. She gave it to one of the snipers in turn, held his hand momentarily before they quickly fanned out along and across the street into pre-selected firing positions.

They lay flat behind trees, under shrubbery, behind and under fences and in recessed entranceways looking both ways up the street. If you didn't know they were there you'd be hard pressed to see them from either direction. They pulled camouflage plastic netting over themselves, some scooping fallen leaves on top as extra camouflage. They'd obviously rehearsed and scouted for this day and knew the layout intimately, they'd chosen this location carefully, Brent thought.

And now he was stuck right in the defensive firing line with a gun to his head, smack in the middle of a for-real Terrorist attack. Oh Christ. If only he'd radioed in his suspicions before turning to check the scene out. He heard alarms going off, distant shouts. If he could change to the secondary frequencies he'd have heard a stream of barked orders going out.

"Smoke is ready!" came a barked voice.

"Don't fire it till they zero us or it'll give us away."

Right now the unseen Military surveillance drone which had to be somewhere overhead

would be searching for them, then the snipers with enormous semi-automatic fifty caliber Barrett rifles with fifteen hundred meter range would follow in seconds. They could hardly see the building for the trees, the snipers should have the same problem locating them. Heat sensors couldn't penetrate cold trees, shrubbery, plastic, and few or none of their people were now readily visible from directly above. That was obviously the reason they'd chosen this park.

The obviously heavy plastic-cased warhead was placed atop the rocket, locking pins slammed into place.

"What do you expect that to do against a building that size?", Officer Brent dared to ask the shooter pinning him down.

"More than you think", he snapped.

"Are you Islamic Fighters?", he asked, choosing his words carefully. He wanted to say 'Terrorists', thought that word would invite an instant bullet.

"Hell no! We're all-American Resistance, no religion is telling us what to do, Pal." Brent was surprised at that.

"Why are you doing this?", he tried to make conversation. If he could establish a rapport, it would make it harder to shoot him and increase his chance of survival.

"Well, in case you haven't noticed with what's been happening the last few days, America is going down the bloody toilet. We're almost a Third World nation and it's turning into a fucking Dictatorship. Our Government won't take any notice of anything their people want or need, so we're removing them from Office."

"Force never helps any cause, you won't succeed."

The Terrorist laughed.

"Force is the only option left! That's a very convenient Trap you've let yourself fall into, Officer. It worked in the past, it'll work just as well today."

"Bullshit!", said officer Brent, taking a risk.

"Let me tell you something, Officer. A Communist once said that if Voting changed anything, they'd outlaw it. They were right! That's why our school system never says 'Government by the people, for the people, and ANSWERABLE to the people'. Our Country is almost gone, nothing ever improves, NOTHING! It's only ever going to get worse under this Administration. So we're taking it back for the US people."

Their Commander knew what was coming, they all did. He'd overheard the discussion, decided to take advantage of the only opportunity they had. He ran over to Officer Brent, pulled off his collar microphone and broadcast direct to Pentagon HQ. It wouldn't matter now to let them know what was happening, they were going to do it regardless of consequence.

"Attention Pentagon security. This is US Resistance. We are Freedom fighters returning control of America to the American people. Do not attack, or you will be killed. You are not the enemy, we do not wish to harm fellow Americans."

The instant reply was deafening, unrepeatable.

The Commander dropped the microphone, returned to his men. There was nothing else to say.

There was a screech of tires and roar of engines as Vehicles appeared and began to converge from both ends of the street. Both Police cruisers and heavier Tactical squad vehicles, Armored carriers were among the convoys, he noted. From where they were, only he and the gunman were visible on the street. The person on top of him was making no effort to move, instead he leaned closer to Brent. They were homing straight on him with no idea they were driving straight into a trap. They wouldn't fire upon the gunman, they couldn't take the chance the reflex action would kill one of their own. But they wouldn't hold back if they had to either. He was the bait.

"If you shoot, they won't negotiate with you", Brent tried. He knew what was coming too.

"We're not here to negotiate, that time has passed. We're here to Act. It's the only option the American people have left if were going to survive."

"Who are you?", he asked. Politely.

"We're Freedom fighters, not Terrorists. We're here because our own fucking Government is destroying our whole bloody country. You see it yourself every single day, don't you, Officer? How many times in the last ten years have YOU had to move house to get away from criminals instead of the other way around! Any country that lets that happen is just Fucked! Come on, I challenge you, name one single, solitary social problem in this fucking country that hasn't been made worse in the last fifty years. Just one."

A Patriot. The very worst kind of Terrorist. This guy could kill him without blinking an eye, justify it to himself and continue to do so even as he was receiving the Death penalty for it, Brent remembered from his training. That lesson had been emphasized over and over to them by Specialists in Hate groups. He instantly decided not to say anything the gunman might disagree with.

Brent desperately tried to think of an example to appease the Gunman, anything to take his mind off shooting him. To his surprise he couldn't, settled for not saying anything, not sure what reaction the gunman might have.

"Well, I don't blame you. I used to think the same way as you before I lost my Wife to crime", the Gunman shrugged at his silence.

Officer Brent was startled. This wasn't a Terrorist holding him at gunpoint, this was

personal. That was why he was sitting on top of him in full view of dozens of approaching guns. The man didn't care about himself, he was ready to go. He felt a momentary surge of sympathy, then snapped back. Nothing justified Terror. Nothing.

"That's what it is to be a goddamned Slave in your own country. Always living in fear, to have to move away from Terror. What else can you call it when you're MORE afraid of the consequences of dealing with Terror in your streets than the Terror itself! And you're not even allowed to talk about it. This is the America you're working for, Officer, so I hope you're fucking proud of it!"

The grip on his head eased as the gunman took hold of the pistol with both hands.

Oh shit, here comes the bullet, Brent thought. At least it'll be quick.

A red LED turned to green as the big capacitors fully charged.

"Ready to Fire!"

Officer Brent watched as a timer attached to the firing mechanism was instantly triggered.

"Clear! Go! Everybody, Go!"

He turned his head away, as did the gunman.

There was a thunderous roar as the missile ignited and flashed above the trees. The searing exhaust blast knocked down the few people who were still moving clear.

A second later there was an explosion of blood and bone from the chest of the person who'd attached the Batteries and Capacitors to the firing lines. He fell to the ground with a ragged hole bigger than a fist clear through him. Evil hisses and streaks of light from solid and tracer rounds passed through the trees, began shattering branches, pavements, walls and people alike as the echoing booms of the big rifles atop the Pentagon followed. No amount of body armor could stop bullets of that caliber. Smoke canisters were already igniting as the order was given. The park turned into a bullet-filled haze of smoke, concrete dust, flying fragments of branches and great spurts of dust and dirt kicked up from the ground as the distant snipers opened fire with everything they had upon seeing the missile launch. People began falling as they ran to escape the incoming fire, the survivors throwing themselves behind any scrap of shelter.

A safe distance from the park the Tacticals stopped and disgorged from the Vans in a long-practiced pattern, not a split second wasted as they leapt from their vehicles and instantly assumed firing positions, began advancing fluidly up the street in combat formation, ducking from shelter to shelter, covering each other then moving in turn, constantly scanning dark corners, doorways, any conceivable shelter for threats as they went.

A number of things happened simultaneously, noticed by few of the Officers. The ignition systems of the petrol driven vans faltered and died, while the diesel driven ones were unaffected. The few working lights of the surrounding buildings flickered and went with them as computer screens within glowed brightly before blanking out. At the same time there was a loud electrical crackle from the officers radios, then silence. Moments later the sound of an explosion echoed through the area as the missile exploded in midair, a hundred meters above the Pentagon.

"They shot it down. What a surprise. Well, that was a total fizzer wasn't it?", Officer Brent sarcastically remarked as metal shards rained down onto the Pentagon, "Was it worth it?"

"Like I said, more than you think", the Gunman replied, watching the Troops advancing, firmly fixated on him. As he intended them to be.

The smoke billowing down the street from the canisters and missile launch was just thick enough to reduce visibility enough for them not to notice what was waiting for them as they moved in formation toward the park. An officer noticed the lights go out, glanced up and spotted frantically waving and pointing computer center staff who'd stopped to watch the scene unfold through the windows of the surrounding buildings, followed their urgent pointing fingers to the nearest fencing and spotted two separate rifles aimed at him from under shrubbery and accumulated leaves in an entranceway.

"TRAP!", he shouted, much too late.

Officer Brent flinched as a Firestorm erupted in the street. Bullets couldn't penetrate the Tactical squads Kevlar body armor, so the fighters used well-aimed hits to the Head and extremities. A few were more viciously selective in their aim; their bullets more than sufficed to leave the armored person in a world of pain as heavy impacting bullets hammered Kevlar against testicles, the center of the chest, the kidneys, the armpits.

His far less fortunate and unprotected colleagues dropped like flies in the street as senior officers instantly reconsidered the situation and shouted orders to pull back to the vehicles to await backup.

Nobody could get through to the control center, that missile must've hit an antenna or the power supply, they thought. Even their walkie-talkies didn't seem to be working, dammit. A senior sergeant threw his to the ground in disgust after trying repeatedly to talk to nearby officers. Some of their vehicles absolutely wouldn't start. Someone found a working Diesel powered van and drove to alert security and bring heavy vehicles and weapons.

The fire from the Pentagon snipers stopped, the new orders were obviously to capture if possible and kill only as a last resort. The surviving Resistance people in ambush positions pulled back into shelter, reloaded and prepared for the inevitable.

Their leader switched on a handheld radio, spoke a few words into it, ending with a pained "Remember us, and bring this damned Government down!". He then brought out a Molotov cocktail, ignited it and threw it and the radio into their Van. They weren't going anywhere, not through that massed cordon, and he wasn't leaving forensic evidence which could lead to others. A few faces looked on sadly as their transport slowly caught fire.

The boyfriend of the female college graduate held her shaking hands as they looked away while several of their number deliberately aimed at and killed the few wounded Resistance people writhing and moaning in agony on the ground. A few whispered quiet farewells to them; "Thank you" and "Wait for us, we'll see you shortly", including Officer Brents gunman.

The man holding a gun to Officer Brents head lowered it, told him to get up and leave. Their job was done, he wasn't of any further use to them. This was not a hostage situation, he stated, and there wasn't any point in trying to make it one. There was no way on earth they'd be let though, not after this, and he had no desire to kill an unarmed Officer who was only doing his job, misguided as he was.

"Don't take it personally Officer, the only difference between you and us is that you think you're living in a free America. When you get home, look around you and see how safe you are today compared to fifty years ago and think how that came about. And remember, that's what your Government has let happen. Your employers are destroying Freedom here and all over the World".

"You know that you're all going to die here", he stated matter of frankly to the gunman. He shrugged.

"Much worse things are happening to people in the cities. Not that you'd know, it's not your bloody job to care any more, is it, Officer!", he shouted back at him, "The only time you're happy to arrest people today is for speaking their minds, not for committing crime. You're no matter than the fucking KGB! 'Tolerance' is how far a part goes out of line before the whole bloody machine busts. Well, it's bust, and what're you doing about fixing it? When was the last time you helped take down a Black Gang, you Politically Correct piece of Government Shit!"

A look of pure rage came over Officer Brents face.

"You'll get yours soon enough", he slowly replied, his tone betraying ultimate contempt.

"No, we're the lucky ones. Enjoy your freedom while it lasts... Officer... because you'll be losing yours too", the gunman snapped at him then returned to his friends.

There was nothing left to say to them. Nothing. Officer Brent turned on his heels and walked away.

"You've been programmed, Officer! You're a proud servant to a Police state, not your own People!", he was taunted to his back.

Goodbye Officer, the Gunman thought as he watched him storm off.

When a supposedly Educated adult who experienced Racial Terrorists, Racial Hate and Racial Crime every single day, but was regardless more offended by the mere mention of non-White Ethnicity than their monstrous offending, more offended by hearing Criminal Savages described as 'Savage' than the Monstrous Crimes themselves, then we were on our way out as a Civilization, he thought.

You've allowed more to be done inside yourself than Stalin, Hitler ever dreamed of doing to subject peoples, and you haven't even noticed it, he thought as he stared at the officers' back. The unknowing are so easily programmed, he thought. You only have to tell them for long enough that something is 'bad' and they'll agree with it no matter how much evidence was right before them.

Well, none of that was his concern any more. He refused to cross over feeling angry at anyone or anything, silently wished the Officer his best for what little his future doubtless held, before returning to his comrades to prepare for the inevitable.

Officer Brent walked away up the road toward his colleagues, hands held high, fingers spread, without so much as a glance back at those Terrorists. As he approached his waiting colleagues, who were watching his every move over rifle sights and powerful scopes, smoke issued from the adjacent computer center as the automatic doors were prized open with crowbars and fire axes. The people trapped within ran out the entrance to escape the acrid smoke from burning electronic components, were instantly ordered to the ground to be searched and ID'ed by Officers gathering for the coming assault.

Nearby, wisps of smoke were rising from other locations. One was definitely coming from the massed Communications, Satellite phone and Surveillance area created in the sealed-off park alongside the Pentagon.

Brents radio was becoming hot to the touch, he could feel it heating up at his shoulder, didn't dare reach for it. He knew the drill; when he got close enough he'd be ordered to the ground, searched and his ID verified before being released. They weren't taking chances that a Terrorist had taken a colleagues uniform in order to escape. Several officers were gingerly removing their own radios, cautiously checking them. So it wasn't

just him who was affected.

What in the hell was going on?

His ID was quickly verified, he was quizzed on numbers, weapons and locations, any hardware they might have brought with them, computers or radios, before being sent to Police HQ for debriefing while events were fresh in his mind. The shocked Commanders were desperate for information, they'd thought he'd run into armed looters, not organized Terrorists, and American ones at that. He repeated the statement that they'd done what they were there for. Regardless, the Commander was ordering an immediate advance the moment they were ready, his preference in any other circumstance would have been to get absolutely everyone down here, surround, gas and snipe them out, but after what had just happened they couldn't take the chance the Terrorists had something else in store.

Before leaving, he paused to watch as more Officers and Tactical squads arrived, many visibly nervous at the sudden complete lack of communications, repeatedly checking their own radios while preparing the assault on the park. Heavy solid metal shields on rollers with narrow viewing slits, gas grenade launchers, fifty caliber automatic rifles and Thermal vision scopes to penetrate smoke were unloaded together with an arsenal of assault rifles, concussion, smoke and flash grenade launchers. Their orders were to try and capture a few alive if at all possible. Others were running up stairs and occupying the high points of buildings, preparing sniper and observation nests. They weren't making the same mistake twice, this time they were fully aware of what they were up against.

He glanced up at movement, saw an unmanned UAV military aerial surveillance drone making slow circles as it glided down unpowered toward an eventual crash landing among the buildings. As he watched it spiral out of sight, he was beginning to have an idea of what had happened, was having trouble with the implications.

The debriefing lasted for hours. Professional military interrogators used to sorting glib lies from truth scrutinized every detail of Officer Brents account. They asked him over and over, had he heard any references to names, other places, seen any documents or maps? Did they look like professional soldiers, what was their demeanor, was there an apparent command structure, did he see a radio in the destroyed van? And above all, was there any sign of communication with others beyond the final message? Did he see any suspicious vehicles or individuals when he'd walked past an hour before?

As the mood gradually lightened, drinks began to be served and the questioning continued in a lower key. He began to ask a few of his own. Chief among them was the gunmans claim that they were part of a US Resistance group. Was there such a thing?

The interrogators glanced sharply at each other. Nobody spoke.

Okay.

Every criminal always claims to be part of a group, he thought. Only, in this case they might actually be. The reaction he'd got had just convinced him they were very real. Oh, hell.

"Did you catch any of them...?"

"They were offered the chance to surrender. It went badly, there were casualties", was all they'd say.

"Well, good riddance! Those racist Bastards deserve everything they bloody well got!", he spat.

His interrogators nodded in approval.

"Did the Pentagon defenses hit their missile, they said it went off in midair", he took the opportunity to ask.

"No, they didn't get enough warning. We think it self-destructed after it did its job." Which brought him to the question he'd wanted to ask all along. He hesitated before asking.

"Was that an EMP device? The plastic cover on the warhead, the dead radios, it fits."

Their apparent leader had switched off his radio before the missile launch, completely unlike battliefeld conditions where communications were everything. He'd known what would happen to it otherwise.

He was surprised they answered.

"Yes, High voltage spikes were confirmed. It's a definite."

"Where in the living hell could that kind of tech come from! Surely you guys must've spotted a missing warhead or something?" he exploded.

"No, this was home-made."

"The Pentagon is fine, right? It had radiation-hardened computers and all that, didn't it?"

Again, the glances and awkward silence. He was learning the rules. Don't touch on National Secrets, and he didn't get the silent treatment.

Brent paused to think. He was seeing holes, things they weren't telling him. He was just glad he wasn't in the Military, there'd be holy hell being raised.

"I don't get it, someone with access to that kind of hardware teamed up with a whole bunch of people to do this, and you guys didn't know about it with that whiz-bang Echelon system of yours? Surely you guys saw something coming, this must've been planned for a long time, there must be a trail of some kind, components being ordered, people talking, sightseers taking photos, I don't know, you people are supposed to be the experts at this kind of thing."



There was a long delay before one answered.

"There's things that might've been done, people we could've checked out."

"Well, you're a bit late for that now aren't you, Sonny?", Brent sneered at the Military types. He wasn't bound by military protocol, could get away with saying things they didn't dare.

"With current Judicial process and Constitutional protections hindering us, there's only so much we can do. When they're done away with we'll be able to monitor and search at will."

The interview was over. Brent was ushered out the door, escorted from the building and driven back to his unit.

He was wise enough to keep his feelings to himself as he was welcomed home by his fellow officers. My God, did he hear correctly what that Federal Official had said?

"What do you think?", the chief interrogator asked of his subordinates.

"He didn't know anything, voice stress analyzer checks out all the way."

Two of their number were trained body language experts, they were selected for being rare natural talents at detecting lies, specialized training and a decade of practice made them sharper yet. They confirmed that opinion, he wasn't holding anything back. But he sure wasn't happy with the last comment made to him, they added.

"We'll keep an eye on him for awhile, something may turn up", he decided.

Officer Brent's colleagues filled him in with what'd gone down while he was away. After giving plenty of opportunity to surrender with no response to shouted commands, they'd approached the park behind shields with a deliberately noisy and intimidating approach, using drilled prison guard riot tactics and stomping their feet in unison as they advanced in short shuffling steps. They were trained and experienced in prison and terror tactics and ready for the unexpected. Snipers were positioned and ready in case they made a break for it and to shoot down the fighters hidden back in the doorways if they so much as poked a rifle out, as soon as they got close enough they were going to flood the area with tear gas and other special chemical agents before storming in. They spotted a mirror on a stalk peeking around the corner. Well, let them watch. In a minute or two this would be over, the survivors tightly shackled and on their way to 'processing', as they called it.

Back at the computer center, they'd almost finished checking the fleeing employees and ordering them to quickly leave down an alleyway to safety away of the line of fire, when one paused to volunteer a piece of information to the officer who'd taken his ID. He didn't know if it was important or not, but a few minutes after the Patrolmans last pass through the area, he'd noticed those people walking past to gather at the park. He saw someone in council workers clothing pull a pre-placed black cable out of the gutter and attach it to a large package almost buried in a garden near the park, then push the cable into a crack in the pavement where it wouldn't trip anyone and was almost invisible. You could almost set your watch by the regular visits of the Patrolman, he mentioned. He'd assumed it was just another traffic monitoring device or security measure, but thought it a bit odd that it was being emplaced when no power was available.

The Officer was already frantically running up the road to warn his colleagues, who'd almost reached gas canister range of the park. The big roadside bomb detonated before he got within shouting distance, scattering tactical squad members and body parts around the area. Instantly the people in the doorways rolled out and began shooting at the stunned and diverted snipers on the rooftops while the people in the park opened fire on the Tacticals and the snipers further down the road. Several wreaked havoc firing semi-automatic shotguns at the viewing slits of the metal shields. No quarter was shown after that, a pitched battle erupted as the surviving Resistance people alternately fired and threw smoke and tear gas canisters in the direction of the milling Tactical forces. They were quickly shot down one at a time by the waiting snipers who returned their fire with a relish.

The last to die was a man blazing away at the snipers with a hunting rifle, right to the end aiming at his opposing numbers. When he ran out of ammunition he ducked behind the wall to pull a pair of .50 caliber pistols. Immediately he discerned a change in the incoming fire; they switched from shooting to kill to keeping him pinned down, attempting to take him prisoner. He wisely forced the issue, charged the snipers shooting as he ran, the very image of defiance to the last. Bullets tore him down, he fell alongside the body of the female college graduate Brent had mentioned.

The bodies were left where they were for an hour before a bomb squad arrived and carefully checked them. At the Mortuary they were photographed, fingerprinted, weighed, DNA samples taken, clothing taken for forensic testing to look for hair and fiber evidence linking them to others. They paid attention to identifying marks and tattoos. None had ID on them; no drivers licenses, social security cards or anything else. Their weapons' registration numbers had been cleanly filed off.

Little was found on them except a letter addressed to the Police in the pocket of the sole female Resistance fighter. It was short and to the point, repeating the message in the Virus along with a more personal note.

"I know that I likely will not survive this day, but I am grateful for the opportunity

to live free, among my own, fighting for a free America."

Then orders came through from above, the bodies were taken away under escort and cremated, their ashes dumped into a river by night at a distant location. The process of removing all evidence they'd ever been was already all but complete, all officers and security personnel were being sworn to lifelong silence about anything they might have seen or heard.

There was only one minor discrepancy in Officer Brents account that niggled the investigators. The count of the dead was short by half from the number he'd stated were present.

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Michael Chertoff was in a state of disbelief in his office as people began to organize around him to deal with the new situation.

So it was true, what his advisors and military people had been concerned about. There was much more to what they'd seen, it wasn't just a series of horrendously timed coincidences. There really were people behind it. And they'd come right here, destroyed the most secure publicly accessible facility on the face of the planet. He'd even heard the missile debris falling onto the roof himself, moments after the external security cameras died.

This was it, we were at War with someone within the US. He'd told his people to drop every lesser priority, find these people, and use any force they needed to do it. Forget any signed conventions. And since these people hadn't made any public Declaration of War, used no uniforms and hidden among Civilians, they could damned well use any technique they wanted on them when they got them. Forget Guantanamo bay, they'd go straight to Hell.

The worst part was, they couldn't even go public on that news and get public support. Not when there were so many disaffected people after the Warzones their once safe cities had immediately degenerated into. He'd had to order a total silence order on that information, it was strictly need to know only. The very last thing they wanted was for the public or even ordinary Police to hear that these people were a home-grown, entirely American group, that they were this well organized and were already attacking the Government from within their own country.

No, it would have to be "Outside Terrorists" forever. That way at least some of the public would assist the Police if they heard something.

The one advantage they had was that every one of them had to be in the data somewhere, it was just a matter of finding them.

Lists of the initial 'disappeared' before the Virus strike were quietly being gathered, hundreds of pages of them so far, many of which would be false or unrelated. The situation in the hours before the initial Virus strike was chaotic, it'd happened just as the last people were returning home from work in the Western states. They were compiling a secondary list of those who'd vanished weeks before and left their computers online, but even that could only be incomplete with the Virus data destruction.

But sooner or later one or more would slip up, and if it was War they wanted, it was War they'd then well and truly get. And nobody would ever know their group had even existed.

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Brents colleagues were falling over each other to hear firsthand from one who'd been right there. Survivors of actual, for-real Terrorist attacks were just unheard of. He told them everything, taking care not to repeat the statements the Resistance fighter had made to him or what the Interrogator had casually stated.

Later, after thinking about it for a long time, he pulled aside several of his most trusted friends from among his fellow officers.

"We have to talk...", he said to them.

A few hours later he approached Pentagon security and asked if he could view the bodies, particularly the gunman who'd held him. He thought it might help him remember a few more details that might help the investigation. He was brought before one of his previous Interrogators, who was still grateful for his earlier cooperation, but without saying why informed him that his request was impossible, that all information on the Terrorists had been classified. It was a National security issue now, and he didn't need to know more. They sent him away.

His mind was churning over and over with thoughts as he drove home, none of them pleasant. In the middle of a Worldwide crisis, his superiors were considering canceling Freedoms instead of declaring Martial Law and hunting down Rioters? What the hell was wrong with them? And what was wrong with him that he hadn't seen it before?

And above all, one thought kept coming to mind, no matter hard he tried to prevent it.

Those Terrorists were right.

[end part2]

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Ancient Quote From Hermocrates: War is NEVER AN ACCIDENT!

"The definition of insanity is making the same mistake over and over again and expecting different results"

- Benjamin Franklin

"[i]f they [Negroes] are once raised to the level of free men... they cannot become the equals of the whites, they will speedily declare themselves as enemies..."

- Dr. Thornwell, 1862

"I have given my life to alleviate the sufferings of Africa. There is something that all white men who have lived here, must learn and know; that these individuals are a sub-race; they have neither the intellectual, mental or emotional abilities to equate or share in any of the functions of our civilization."

- Albert Schweitzer

A white man finds a desert and turns into an oasis and leaves...

An oriental man finds the oasis, Improves it, Preserves it and leaves.

A nigger finds this oasis and turns it into a desert.

"These liberal jerks are going to have to learn that you can't give limitless "humanitarian" aid to savage, half-ape beasts, without aggravating the problems you started with."

- George Lincoln Rockwell (from his essay "The Black Plague")

"Those who will not reason, are bigots; those who cannot, are fools; and those who dare not, are slaves."

- Lord Byron

"Truth is hate to those that hate the truth"

"There are none so blind as those who will not see."

"The modern definition of 'racist' is 'Someone who is winning an argument with a liberal'."

- Peter Brimelow

"A society that puts Equality ahead of Freedom will end up with neither."

- Milton Friedman

"Nobody is more inferior than those who insist on being equal."

- Friedrich Nietzsche

"Violence can only be concealed by a lie, and the lie can only be maintained by violence."

- Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

"The more often a LIE is repeated, the more likely the LIE will become TRUTH to the majority"

- George Orwell 1984'

"The great masses of people...will more easily fall victims to a big lie than to a small one."

- Adolph Hitler.

"See, in my line of work you got to keep repeating things over and over and over again for the truth to sink in... to kind of catapult the propaganda."

- George W. Bush May 24, 2005.

"None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free."

- Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

"Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason? For if it prosper, none dare call it treason."

- Sir John Harington.