

The Seven Pillars of Wisdom

Pillar One

‘Unguarded Stand Our Gates’

By Sandy Arbuthnot

July 4, 1999

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Warning

This book is a work of fiction. The information contained within the covers of this book can be *extremely* dangerous, and is provided for entertainment purposes only. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate the use of any of the systems, products, materials, weapons, plans, or tactics presented herein. The use, manufacture or possession of certain systems, products, materials or weapons discussed herein may be illegal and quite possibly a felony *punishable by death*. The manufacture or use of certain systems, products, materials or weapons discussed herein by persons not familiar with them may cause serious personal injury *or even death*. Neither the author nor the publisher assume any responsibility for the use or misuse of the contents of this book.

The Author

Sandy Arbuthnot is a *nom de plume*. Those of you who have read the earliest fictional accounts of the “Great Game” will remember Mr. Arbuthnot as the hero in the book *Greenmantle* by John Buchan. In that classic 1916 tale, *Greenmantle* is a character patterned on Lawrence of Arabia (who was then fighting in the Arabian deserts) but who sees the “big picture” and dedicates himself to saving the European from extinction. Eighteen years later Agathy Christie used this surname for a fictional hero in her frivolous murder mystery “Murder on the Orient Express” — her thirty-third Hercule Poirot mystery.

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Unguarded Stand Our Gates

*Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South, East and West;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's pine —
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year
The red rose blossoms somewhere — a rich land,
A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bound
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free.
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
And Honor, honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law ...
Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a motley throng...
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
Those tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
Accents of menace alien to our air ...
O Liberty, White Goddess! Is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust ...*

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 1895

Preface

“Wisdom hath builded a house: she hath hewn out her seven pillars.”

Wisdom is in short supply in America today. The knowledge of the ages — including the Holy Bible — has been replaced by the “sound bite,” humanism and MTV. The Constitution is no longer required reading in our schools and even the Pledge of Allegiance has been removed from the classroom.

The spirit of historic America is being erased from our collective consciousness only to be replaced with a culture of mongrelization. If we do not return our country to the values and peoples of its founding then this country will very soon cease to exist.

Our problem is that mongrelization is *the goal* of our country’s leadership. They *boast* about it. And they predict complete success before the year 2020. They will allow *nothing* to stand in their way.

If we do nothing, our country *will* disappear.

If you believe in the United States and in our Constitution as the Founding Fathers created it, then you are today perceived as an enemy of the state.

The Carter presidency brought us tragedies of immense proportions but nothing on the scale of those visited upon us by William Jefferson Clinton. It is only under Clinton that American forces were used to target and murder American men, women and children at Waco. Waco was the worst cold blooded murder of Americans on our own soil in more than 100 years. In fact, the deaths at Waco were only eclipsed by the slaughter of American aboriginals at a place called Wounded Knee.

William Jefferson Clinton has engendered an ever-growing underground movement of tens of thousands of well armed American men and women who spend their weekends preparing themselves for battle against federal forces — or even federal troops. Hundreds of thousands more are quietly buying guns and ammunition in preparation for the inevitable judgment day.

I am not the first to use a line from The Book of Proverbs (9:1) as the title for a book. T. E. Lawrence used these words as the title for his illustrative work on the citizen’s revolt in the Arabian desert of eighty years ago.

Eighty years ago the people of Arabia were under the thumb of a crumbling Ottoman Empire which controlled every facet of their lives. Eighty years ago the people of Arabia rose up and fought their enslavers using every weapon available.

The difference between T. E. Lawrence’s poor souls of 1914 (or even the slaves of Stalin’s Soviet State of the 1930’s and 1940’s) and today’s enslaved Americans is the total invasiveness of our government and its computers. T. E. Lawrence became known as the “Emir of Dynamite” — and was able to lead bands of freedom fighters hundreds of miles from their base to attack the enemy at will. In Stalin’s Soviet Union the State’s secret intelligence organization — and its leader Lavrenti Beria — were unable to control the Soviet populace in anything but a very gross way and then only

through the use of absolute terror.

Even in 1990 — at the peak of its power — the KGB had far less information on the average Soviet citizen than the FBI has on the average American citizen today.

In today's America the FBI admits to monitoring more than 109 million American households. If you have (literally) even bought a *dog license* then you are in their files. We cannot escape the government's gaze. We are closely monitored and therefore we really *are* controlled.

In a different age our country's Founding Fathers called for us to work together to fight tyranny. Taking that advice today will get us killed.

The *worst* thing one can possibly do today is act as part of a group. By creating clusters of like-minded people we dramatically increase the government's ability to hunt us down and neutralize us. The government monitors our money, our mail, our telephones, even our Internet access.

America's future is in your hands. If we remain anonymous, if we remain but simple grains of sand in a sea of sameness we can end the tyranny. If we operate individually we cannot be stopped.

But be warned:

The Southern Poverty Law Center — an organization that carefully tracks Americans who oppose the destruction of America — reports that more than 100 anti-government "extremists" are now prosecuted every year and that in one year the number reached 131.

In many ways it does not matter if these people were ever convicted. The cost of their legal defense was probably enough to bankrupt each of them and ruin the rest of their lives.

In the federal cases against the survivors of Waco we discover that the jury found them innocent of the meaty charges and the jury foreman, Sarah Bain, said:

"The federal government was absolutely out of control here. We spoke in the jury room about the fact that the wrong people were on trial, that it should have been the ones who planned the raid and orchestrated it and insisted on carrying out this plan who should have been on trial."

This is not to say that the presiding federal judge released the Waco survivors to their families and children, on the contrary, Waco's survivors got 40 years!

Special Agent Burdena Pasenelli of the Seattle office of the FBI has said:

"The most difficult thing for the government is making that determination — of when it is no longer rhetoric — when there's gonna be action. The vast majority of these individuals are very dissatisfied for one reason or another and they talk and talk — but they don't do anything — and they have no intention of doing anything. It's just that very small pocket of them that start with talk but then move to take vio-

lent action that we're interested in.”

In one case, five Los Angeles militia members were summarily arrested on minor charges and everything they possessed of a “military nature” was seized. They had been secretly monitored for *two years* and the police had photos of the five shooting at a public rifle range. These photos were taken by hidden surveillance cameras. Cmdr. Tim McBride of the Los Angeles Police Department said about the case:

“To have waited any longer would have invited a holocaust.”

In another case the government seized three Holy Bibles from a Christian’s home and used them as evidence for the prosecution.

John Trochman of the Militia of Montana has said:

“We question whether these people that have been indicted on something would have in fact done anything had it not been for pressure from what they had thought had been their peers. One in five that wishes to get involved in the militia movement is either an [FBI / BATF] agent or agent provocateur.”

Chris Peck, Editor of the Spokane *Spokesman Review*, who has spent a considerable amount of time researching “extremist” groups has said:

“I think there’s a spider web of interactivity that is connecting these people — like in a way that they have never been connected before. They are connected in a loose way — but in much more real way — than they ever have before. I think that what they have discovered is that the most effective way to be organized is to get a group together of half a dozen people — who have shared beliefs — and refer to some of these manuals that have been written about how to form a resistance — and to have these cells operate really autonomously from one another — in the sense that there’s not a centralized person out there.”

This is what we know:

- The government thinks that it has no alternative but to investigate and monitor each and every person who expresses, suggests, or even alludes to an anti-government attitude or belief. The government’s excuse is that it cannot possibly know ahead of time who will turn from talk to deed — and therefore they must watch everyone.
- A militia leader who has been under the thumb of the FBI for years suggests that one in five members a militia group may be a government informer.
- A leftist newspaper editor suggests that the perfect (for whom?) size for a “cell” is at least six.
- An ultra-leftist organization brags that the government has prosecuted and destroyed the lives of as many as 131 “extremists” in one year alone.
- Christian faith can be used as evidence of criminal intent.

The FBI recently admitted to listening in on more than 1.3 million telephone conversations a year.

But it gets worse.

The FBI ordered America's telephone companies to provide them with the capability to operate 60,000 *simultaneous* wiretaps "to support law enforcement." We must understand that this terminology refers to the number of wiretaps in operation at any instant. A line that is not in use at a given moment is not counted as one of these taps. A 60,000 wiretap capability is enough to monitor more than 6,000,000 telephones. What are they planning?

The FBI has the capability to listen to and record every call we make or receive, in its entirety. The FBI can later use a computer to convert the recorded voices to printed text and then store the text for later recall. What's worse is that the FBI can search these mounds of text not just by key words — e.g."bomb" — but can use very sophisticated software to examine the entire message's context. We might replace the word "bomb" with "carrot" and yet the context of the conversation will reveal to them our intent. The FBI can also score our calls for validity. If our call doesn't make sense it will be flagged. Because phone lines are not active 24 hours a day one computer can be used to process the data from many phone lines. Only about 6,000 "home PC" type computers are needed to do the entire job. Lastly, because international calls have been recorded for many years, eventually they will find the time — and the money — to process all of our old calls they recorded over the years.

The FBI also monitors telephone billing records. They might not know the topic of our conversation but they know who we called and who called us. This is just our "Caller ID" system turned on its head. And *our* ability to block the information only stops *us* from getting it. The FBI gets it all. They have no legal requirement to get permission from us or anyone else to monitor these "toll records".

The FBI is everywhere and is growing by the day:

1994 FBI Field Staff

District	Field Staff
Albany	107
Albuquerque	112
Anchorage	46
Atlanta	314
Baltimore	333
Birmingham	108
Boston	375
Buffalo	163
Charlotte	161

1994 FBI Field Staff

District	Field Staff
Chicago	620
Cincinnati	133
Cleveland	271
Columbia	114
Dallas	376
Denver	204
Detroit	364
El Paso	125
Honolulu	122
Houston	434
Indianapolis	147
Jackson	92
Jacksonville	122
Kansas City	223
Knoxville	116
Las Vegas	161
Little Rock	101
Los Angeles	887
Louisville	130
Memphis	138
Miami	572
Milwaukee	122
Minneapolis	150
Mobile	90
New Haven	162
New Orleans	230
New York City	1,862

1994 FBI Field Staff

District	Field Staff
Newark	485
Norfolk	94
Oklahoma City	193
Omaha	116
Philadelphia	492
Phoenix	237
Pittsburgh	197
Portland	119
Richmond	105
Sacramento	155
Salt Lake City	236
San Antonio	263
San Diego	265
San Francisco	524
Seattle	171
Springfield	94
St. Louis	137
Tampa	217
Washington Metro ^a	1,129

a. Washington Metro does *not* include FBI headquarters!

This data is from the Transactional Records Access Clearinghouse, Syracuse University.

Today, the government can monitor everything about us — except only for that which goes on *inside our heads*.

The misguided psychotic Theodore John Kaczynski may have wounded 22 innocent people and killed three more over his two decade long bombing career. He would, probably, have never been stopped if he hadn't blabbed his 35,000 word political manifesto to the world.

But the government will stop at almost nothing. Government documentation abounds that describes the training of U.S. Executive Branch covert assassination teams. One senior government official has stated that assassination has been “*a pervasive topic of conversation and planning*” of government agencies. In one case a government agency had a list of 58 people who were to be murdered. The number of people to be murdered under this one program was only trimmed because a bureaucrat decided that “even a smaller number, say 20, would be sufficient.” These murders — called “slotting” in the vernacular of government murder — are usually made to look like robberies or street crimes gone bad. These assassinations aren’t cheap — \$150,000 is the acknowledged rate — and in one case the government reimbursed expenses that were an additional \$11,000.

On June 5, 1997, in testimony before the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Crime Louis Freeh, Director of the FBI, made a terrifying admission and said, “We are potentially the most dangerous agency in the country.”

And the FBI is but one of more than a dozen agencies out to destroy anyone who does not believe in the future that has been planned for America.

The only way to win today is to act as an *independent* soldier. And the only way to survive is to remain *completely* anonymous.

This book is the first of seven — the seven pillars of our new wisdom.

Foreword

The Wall — 1998.

It lays there in the dark like a sinuous black python fifty miles long.

It crawls from the surf of the Pacific Ocean, up the glistening white beach and then on to the east — over the rolling hills and toward the high mountain peaks at the southern extremity of California's Sierra Nevada mountains.

It is all that stands between the health, beauty and wealth of America and the disease, filth and poverty of Mexico.

Three million pounds of steel and barbed wire.

For fifty miles this barrier is all that protects America from what — for more than a thousand years — have been one of the most violent people on earth.

And it isn't enough.

Mexico is in utter disarray. It is no longer possible to discern what is drug cartel and what is Mexican Government. Our government has always told us that Mexico was a monolith — with singular direction and purpose. The truth is that Mexico has fractured and is today held together only by Mexican Army bayonets.

Mexico has a population of over 90 million but more than 25% of these people do not speak Spanish — instead they speak one of almost a hundred different Indian dialects. Most of these dialects are some form of Mixteco or Zapoteco — pre-Columbian tongues whose structure makes it extremely difficult for these people to transition to Spanish let alone English. Many of these Indians speak other even more primitive languages — including Triqui and Mam.

The dream is over. The only thing holding Mexico together today is — truly — the Mexican Army.

Unfortunately, the Mexican Army is up to its eyeballs in drugs, murder, kidnappings and more — and is on the verge of collapse. There will soon be another revolution in Mexico. The last Mexican revolution convulsed the country for ten years (1910 — 1920) and more than ten million people were killed. As the revolution boiled back and forth over the US border Americans became a significant — but secret and unreported — addition to this body count.

We must understand the true barbarity of that civil war. The vast majority of the deaths were civilians. Most of these murders were perpetrated by Mexican civilians against other Mexican civilians — with farm implements. We have to search this entire century and the entire world to find a similar level of barbarism. It can only be found in central Africa and the tribal violence between the Tutsi's and the Hutu's.

Today, there are civil wars raging in a dozen Mexican states. Mexico is dying — drowning in its

own citizen's blood. Mexico's future can only be 1930's style Chinese Warlordism — but these warlords will also be drug lords.

It's just a matter of time.

Along the western fifty miles of our southern border, Mexico's violent convulsions and terror slam into America's only defense — The Wall — and then over the top and into the soft unprotected underbelly of America.

The border is unguarded and open. More than 400,000 illegal aliens are captured someplace along The Wall each year.

Along just the first five miles of The Wall — in what the Border Patrol calls the Imperial Beach sector — there were more than 118,000 illegal aliens captured by Border Patrol agents in one recent year alone. These criminals are wriggling like rattlesnakes toward the bright lights of downtown San Diego.

But this 118,000 number was a fraud. To keep the number even this low the US Immigration and Naturalization Service — using California National Guard vehicles and drivers — sends tens of thousands of captured illegals far to the east so that they can be entered into the statistics as having been apprehended far outside San Diego's City limits.

Mexico is moving to the United States en masse. Even eighteen wheel semi-trucks are now being used to ship a hundred Mexican illegal aliens at a time into the United States. Over just a weekend 417 illegal aliens were caught being shipped by semi-truck into the United States. One load had 107 illegals, another had 133 and another had 177. These are just the trucks that looked suspicious enough to be stopped. The true magnitude of this wanton truck stampede from Mexico to the United States is completely unknown.

Anyone who thinks that a "Romantic Mexico" actually exists is delusional. We have all heard the story about how Mexican "border towns" are bad — but that you can experience the real Mexico by going deep into the warm, dusty, easy-paced interior. It's just not true. Every Mexican city of any size is a pit of poverty, drugs, assaults and murder.

The secret to the Mexican's brutality and violence is population density. As soon as there is a modicum of infrastructure to support a non-agrarian lifestyle — which allows the Mexican to settle into dense pockets — the Mexican returns to his violent roots.

It is not a border or "border town" problem. It is a Mexican problem — too many Mexicans in one area and there is violence. This is true in their enclaves in America as well as in Mexico itself. Mexico City, Monterey, Veracruz, Acapulco, Guadalajara (where Mexicans even machine gunned a Cardinal of the Catholic Church) and Tijuana are all awash in blood.

In Tijuana there are — on average — six murders of policemen each year. Recently, this statistic included the assassination of Federico Benitez Lopez — Tijuana's Chief of Police.

On just one average day in Tijuana there were three completely unrelated acts of extreme violence: two gun battle / bank robberies — one in the fashionable “Zona Rio” area of town and another in the La Mesa commercial district plus a shoot out right at the US / Mexican border between two Tijuana policemen (Antonio Garcia and David Cruz) and three gunmen. The policemen died.

Certainly, even the Mexicans do not enjoy living in a world of such violence — so they come here!

Every night more than four thousand Mexican campesinos clamber over The Wall’s steel plates and barbed wire to invade America. And every night more than a thousand of them are captured someplace along this fifty mile length of steel. Many of these illegals are then imprisoned for crimes that they had committed on their previous runs into America. Most of the remainder are simply returned to Mexico. Those who are returned just rest and cross again.

The four thousand Mexicans who clamber over The Wall are not the only Mexicans invading America every night. The US border with Mexico is 1,945 miles long. This northbound stampede occurs along the entire border.

To the north of The Wall lies San Diego, California — the sixth largest city in the United States. To the south of The Wall lies Tijuana, Baja California — the third largest city in Mexico. Because of this collision of populations the United States has built a barrier to slow the inexorable northward migration — The Wall.

Along The Wall itself — in what the Mexicans call “La tierra de nadie” or “no man’s land” — an area governed by no one — the true natural barbarity of the Mexican people is given free reign. It is there, in the shadows of The Wall and within sight of San Diego’s skyline and Civilization itself that the Mexican rapes, robs and murders his own kind. And it is done night after night after night.

There are constant shoot-outs along the border between the US Border Patrol and Mexicans. The rules of engagement require that the Mexican shoot first before the US agent can respond. In one recent engagement two Border Patrol agents expended more than 60 rounds in a fire-fight with Mexicans. In another, an agent was shot twice while he sat in his car.

The murder rate for the City of San Diego is available to anyone willing to seek it out in the mountains of police information recorded each year. It is also available — recorded on a monthly basis to make the reality harder to discern — at “<http://www.sannet.gov/police/sdpdhome.html>”. One of the worst Negro areas of San Diego — “Valencia Park” — has 0.47 murders for each 1,000 residents — or one chance in 2,127 of dying violently in the area. Otay Mesa, home of The Wall — has 3.72 murders per 1,000 residents. Along this part of the U.S. / Mexican border in any given year you have better than one chance in 269 of waking up dead. Otay Mesa has a higher murder count than most northern European countries. There is no way of knowing how many more of the dead and dying are taken south across The Wall and back into Mexico — never to show on US crime statistics. The numbers of rapes along The Wall are in the thousands and even more are never reported — because a report means U.S. Border Patrol involvement and deportation of the victim.

Thousands of the illegal aliens who are wounded in this perpetual bloodbath and too enfeebled to escape are carried to American hospitals for emergency care and are nurtured back to health at

American taxpayer expense.

The U.S. government throws the expense for treating illegals onto local communities by refusing to arrest the wounded — allowing them instead to be eventually discharged from the city's hospitals and often right back onto America's streets.

The hospitals have no one to bill for treatment and must add the costs to those of patients who do pay their bills. This is a conscious act of the US Border Patrol — their standard operating procedures demand that they, if at all possible, avoid obligating the federal government for any illegal's medical care.

The hospitals are not innocent. The government lets the hospital get paid for these “services to the indigent” by adding them to the bills of anyone who does pay. Thus the hospitals profit from the scam — and most even have outside consultants on their payrolls to help the “indigent” qualify for some government program.

Don't think that illegals are mistreated if they finally are imprisoned. California spends about \$4,000 a year just on medical care for each prisoner. The feds spend even more. How much do you spend on your own personal medical care every year?

Tijuana is the site of more legal (and illegal) international border ground-crossings per day than any other place on earth.

Tijuana is acknowledged as the world's biggest migrant camp. Campesinos from all over Mexico and Central America come to Tijuana and build their own cardboard colonies while waiting for a chance to invade America. Some of these colonies limit their residents to villagers from a distinct region. This allows the residents to pass their cardboard homesites on to successive waves of their own villagers. These “colonias” are not small. Some have as many as 150,000 residents.

The largest of the “colonias” occupies a triangle of land five miles on a side. To the west is the United States Border Checkpoint and its monstrous 24 lanes of cars slowly edging forward to cross into the United States. To the north is The Wall. To the east is Tijuana's Abelardo Rodriguez International Airport. To the south the “colonia” melts into the gray-brown dirt of Tijuana itself.

This “colonia” is the most squalid and dangerous place in all of Baja California. To the United States Border Patrol the area is called “E1”. To its residents it is called “Colonia Libertad”.

It was born in the depths of the American depression — when the United States Government decided that American jobs should be reserved for Americans. In 1934, Mexican nationals were scooped onto trains and pushed out of California and back into Mexico. The US government paid the Southern Pacific Railway \$14.70 for each Mexican they dumped over the Mexican border. Don't think that these Mexicans were getting the “bum's rush” either. For the average American of 1934 this was more than two days pay.

More than one half million Mexicans were sent deep into Mexico — far south of Mexico's barren and arid desert states — to discourage their return. Others were simply pushed back over the border

and into Tijuana. Some of the Mexicans forced back over the border near Tijuana purchased land on a hillside to the east of Tijuana's downtown business district. The lots were 18 by 50 meters and cost 75 pesos. Colonia Libertad was born.

After more than sixty years of Mexican style "development" Colonia Libertad still has no running water and no sewer lines.

There is no better place in all of Mexico to see what sub-species of humanity America's welfare state attracts. These people are so violent that they attack every sign of authority. Tijuana police cars entering the colonia are even stopped, rolled over and set on fire. Tijuana police — wearing double-thick Kevlar vests and military style helmets — now travel the area on dirt bikes — vehicles maneuverable enough to escape most ambushes and attacks.

The people of Mexico have been told how the Norte Americanos have stolen their country's land and wealth. For all the years of their schooling their teachers repeat the stories of how Mexico has the right to reclaim its land. They have been told of how their brothers and sisters were winning the battle and that they soon would take back California, Arizona and New Mexico. And that it was all being done one small step at a time.

And the truth is that they really are doing it.

First there is US citizenship for any Mexican child born in any American hospital of an illegal alien mother (and in Los Angeles County 66% of all births are to illegal alien mothers). The average Mexican woman averaged 6.8 children in 1970 and although this number is believed to have dropped since then it remains a bio-bomb of cataclysmic proportions. Honduran females today average 5.2 children, Guatemalans 5.1 children. Demographers describe the average of 2.1 children per woman as the ideal "replacement level" — the point where births equal deaths. The birth rate for White females in the United States is about 1.3. America's hospitals are incubators for the seeds of America's demise — funded by the US taxpayer.

Then there is free housing and free food. And then free medical care beyond anyone's wildest dreams. Million dollar heart transplants are free in America — and yes, foreigners from Mexico or even Iran are given priority over Americans. This sometimes means the death of Americans who have to wait as foreigners are put at the front of the line. Impossible? Incredible? It happens almost every day. There have been well publicized hearings on the matter but nothing is done.

These children born to illegal alien mothers are immediately eligible for Aid To Families With Dependent Children — AFDC. Illegal alien mothers can and do receive even \$2,000 a month in benefits — it depends upon how many US citizen children she had spawned.

San Diego has tried to force these illegal alien mothers to perform some kind of work to get this money. The illegal's present Modus Operandi is to have the checks mailed to a US Post Office box at the border and have someone collect the checks for them. In Mexico she can live like a queen on \$2,000 a month.

San Diego has also discovered that trying to make these illegals work for their \$2,000 is a federal

crime! It is illegal to hire an illegal alien — so making these illegal aliens work for their welfare money is thus — illegal.

And then there is free schooling for Mexican children— - they simply cross the border in broad daylight and even take America's bright yellow school buses to America's schools. Nearly a dozen yellow school buses line up at the Tecate border crossing point every school day morning to pick up Mexican nationals crossing the border and then take them to American schools.

It is a federal offense to even try remove illegal aliens from the schools (US Supreme Court decision in Plyler vs. Doe). In one well publicized San Diego case two illegal alien high schoolers went on a school sponsored trip south of the border to Tijuana's Colonia Panamericana. On their return the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service refused them re-entry to the United States. Their "plight" was publicized in major newspapers.

The two illegals "somehow" then returned to high school classes in America. The Vista High School legal position was: "The high school must welcome the undocumented students even if they are well-publicized fugitives from the INS".

Vista High School was acknowledged as one of the finest in the nation — a National Blue Ribbon School. American children are refused access to this school (and others like it) because the seats that would be theirs are already being filled by illegals.

To educate these Mexican children in Spanish, America's schools spend millions of American tax dollars to buy textbooks from the Republic of Mexico — more than 73,000 textbooks a year. And again, these are Mexican textbooks — reinforcing the cry to liberate the southwestern American states and to return these lands to Mexico.

With all of this funding and coddling one might think that Mexican children would be at the top of their grade level. Not true. While they make up more than 50% of the students in San Diego's schools they do poorly. More than 80% are "D" students or lower. More than 40% drop out before high school graduation. San Diego practices "social promotion" — a student is moved to the next higher grade level whether he passed or not. The only way one of these "students" won't graduate is if he doesn't wait around for his diploma.

There is much more to this catastrophe than meets the eye. California schools use a special system to set the levels of education expected at each school. This process is called "Expectancy Banding". The band goes from 0 to 100%. A school swarming with Hispanics or welfare children is fitted into a lower "Expectancy Band" than a school in a White neighborhood. A school in a White area would be set at near 100%. Schools where Mexicans predominate are set at a median of 30%. This means that a Mexican child need learn less than one third of the information and skills learned by a White child to receive an "A" grade at their school — and they aren't even doing that.

Mexican children — to get a "D" — are learning about a third of what's required to get an "A" at even their own school yet drop out because they are despondent over their learning difficulties or are just plain uninterested.

But remember that it would be only a slight oversimplification to say that in 80% of these cases the Mexican children — taught in their native language and using their native textbooks — are performing at one-ninth the level of Whites and yet 40% drop out because school is still just too difficult for them.

In some of these American schools American students are not allowed to sing “America The Beautiful” because it might be “insensitive to the Hispanic students”. In many of the schools the “Pledge of Allegiance” is effectively banned.

In most parts of California you can register to vote even if you can’t speak English. And it is illegal for the clerk to ask for proof of citizenship.

When a California Congressman went onto the floor of Congress and called Bill Clinton a traitor “who had given aid and comfort to the enemy... during the Vietnam War” this Congressman was targeted by Clinton’s political machine. In 1996 sufficient illegal aliens were registered in the Congressman’s district to vote him out of office (by a very narrow margin). The effort was funded by a 28 million dollar federal grant to help resident aliens with their immigration papers.

Mexico’s presidential elections were marred on March 23, 1994 by the Tijuana assassination of Mexico’s contending presidential candidate Sr. Luis Denaldo Colosio. The assassin finally convicted of the crime was Mario Alburto Martinez. It was subsequently discovered that Mr. Martinez — Mexican National — was fully registered to vote in Los Angeles, California, USA, in all of the local, state and U.S. elections.

The American media call even people like Mr. Martinez “undocumented workers”, or “undocumented immigrants”. The term “Illegal Alien” is considered so racist that it cannot be used even by the police. Yet Mr. Martinez and all those of his kind have a name for themselves — “Los ilegales” — The Illegal Men.

The final destination for many of these illegal aliens is the huge Mexican colonia in south central Los Angeles — which has become the second largest “Mexican” city in the world — second only to Mexico City itself. And this populous new Mexican city is in California — in the United States of America.

The streets of Los Angeles were once clean and the buildings white. Today, the streets are littered with trash, broken bottles and squalid children and the buildings are covered in graffiti.

The Mexican colonia in Los Angeles is a very violent place. There is at least one murder in this colonia every night. It is so violent that even weddings are dangerous and about once a year a wedding in the colonia is marred by a drunken fight that ends in murder.

California prison statistics demonstrate the true nature of the Mexican. While Negroes make up the majority of California’s violent inmates the singularly most violent inmates are Mexican.

California’s prisons function in a hierarchy of increasing security (and violence). At the bottom are the various probation department run “Honor Camps” and at the very top is one of the most secure

prisons in the United States of America — the Pelican Bay SHU.

Just a few miles south of the California/Oregon border near the small town of Crescent City lies the remote Pelican Bay State Prison. This prison is home to more than 3,700 hard-core criminals. Deep within this prison and isolated within multiple sets of razor ribbon topped climb-proof chain link fences is another prison — the Pelican Bay Security Housing Unit or SHU. Since its opening in December of 1989, it is here that California sends many of its most violent criminals. Within the closely guarded walls of this high- security prison-within-a-prison are more than 1,550 of California's most despicable felons. Warden Robert L. Ayers Jr. is in command.

Only prisoners with a history of violence while incarcerated — including those who have attacked a guard causing serious injury or who have assaulted or murdered a fellow prisoner — are sent to the Pelican Bay SHU.

No communication is allowed between prisoners as they are moved through the prison. All prisoners are manacled hand and foot before being moved anywhere outside of their cell. When these prisoners are moved they are escorted by two guards — each in full battle dress of steel plate reinforced bullet proof vest and black Kevlar helmet with face shield. There is no common exercise period or meal time. Each prisoner gets 90 minutes of exercise a day — alone or with their cell partner if they have one.

It is in Pelican Bay and through this “demographic filter” that we can measure the relative violence of various races. Mexicans make up the majority of the SHU's inmates with Negroes second and Whites following far, far behind.

If we review the transcripts from one of the largest crime trials in Los Angeles history — in the court of U.S. District Judge Ronald Lew — we discover how violent and pervasive the Mexican is in our prison system. Thirteen Mexicans were tried on charges of killing or trying to kill 22 people.

Much of the Mexican gang population in the US operates under the name “La Eme” — which is the Mexican phonetic pronunciation of “M” for mafia. La Eme was formed by illegal aliens held in California prisons — to create what they described as “the gang of gangs”. When out on the streets they call themselves “carnales” — which is a street-wise term for brothers.

What should be of keen interest is the fact that most of U.S. District Judge Ronald Lew's “defendants” were already in prison and some were in for life terms. Most had spent an average of only six months on the streets before again perpetrating some crime, being re-arrested and returned to prison.

Part of the trial concerned these prisoner's extortion racket. Although ensconced even in the Pelican Bay SHU these entrepreneurs forced drug dealers out on the street to pay a percentage of their gross revenues to the prisoners behind the wire. Because, not if — but when — these dealers were arrested they would then have prepaid for various services within prison — such as not being murdered.

There are tens of thousands of “carnales” on the streets of America.

There are thousands of Mexican gangs scattered all over the US. One is the “Eighteenth Street Gang” of Los Angeles. The Los Angeles Police Department admits that this gang has more than 9,000 local members and that it controls a sizable portion of south central Los Angeles. The gang members are not only responsible for hundreds of drive-by shootings, tens of thousands of acts of property damage and over a hundred murders, but the gang has become so bold that the members block traffic on the streets of Los Angeles for hours at a time and extort money from drivers — a “transit tax”. One of the gang’s most popular acts of defiance is massed public urination.

The 300 “Eighteenth Street Gang” members of just the half square mile area of Los Angeles called Pico-Union kill about three people a month. What’s worse, according to Los Angeles Deputy District Attorney Lisa Fox, is that they use radio scanners to listen in on 911 calls and threaten to (or actually do) kill those who report crime to the police.

These “people” are all talk when compared to the Mexicans of Mar Vista — a tiny neighborhood near the adjacent Los Angeles city of Venice. There, gangs wounded more than 20 and killed six in just one month.

Then there is the “Avenues” gang of Los Angeles. Three members of this gang — Messrs. Rodriguez, Rosales and Gomez — were recently convicted on five counts of attempted murder in the death of a three year old blond-haired blue-eyed infant that they slaughtered with volleys of gunfire as the child’s parents made a wrong turn off a freeway and into the gang’s Los Angeles turf.

We all are aware of the terrible civil strife in Northern Ireland. Almost every week we hear of new atrocities and murders plaguing that land. The total number of deaths over the last 20 years from all the strife in all of Ireland is only 3,000. In those same 20 years more than 7,000 people have been killed by Mexicans in south central Los Angeles alone.

The magnitude of the Mexican crime plague in Los Angeles is a well guarded secret.

What is admitted by police is that more than 13 percent of all felons being sought in Los Angeles are known to have escaped the United States and fled to Mexico.

American police have no authority in Mexico. Barbara J. Moore, chief of extradition services for the Los Angeles district attorney has said:

“I’ve never extradited anybody from Mexico. Mexico wouldn’t give up their nationals.”

We must understand that this level of violence is simply part of a larger plan to retake all of the lands Mexico lost through conquest. The plan is set forth in the “El Plan De Aztlán” — a document that can be easily described as the Mexican manifesto for the return of these lands:

In the spirit of a new people that is conscious not only of its proud historical heritage but also of the brutal “Gringo” invasion of our territories, we, the Chicano inhabitants and civilizers of the northern land of Aztlán from whence came our forefathers, reclaiming the land of their birth and consecrating the determination of our people of the sun, declare that the call of our blood is our power, our responsibility and our inevitable destiny.

We do not recognize capricious frontiers on the bronze continent.

Brotherhood unites us, and love for our brothers makes us a people whose time has come and who struggles against the foreigner “gabacho” who exploits our riches and destroys our culture. Before all of our brothers in the bronze continent, we are a nation, we are a union of free pueblos, we are Aztlan.

Nationalism is the key. Nationalism is the common denominator.

Economic control of our lives and our communities can only come about by driving the exploiter out of our communities, our pueblos, and our lands.

Cultural background and values which ignore materialism and embrace humanism will contribute to the act of cooperative buying and the distribution of resources and production. Land and realty will be acquired by the community for the people’s welfare.

The three steps of their plan are:

∑ “Self defense” against the occupying forces of the oppressors at every public school.

∑ Community nationalization and organization of all Chicanos.

∑ An autonomous nation.

This information is widely available on the Internet. It should be interesting to note that one of the larger repositories of such information is a Web Site sponsored by the University of California at Riverside.

Much of this activity can also be traced to the Mexican Cultural Institute of Los Angeles. In their California State Report CT-2, Section 12586, California Code, the bulk of their funding is documented as coming from a single source — the Mexican Government.

A frequently seen bumper sticker on cars leaving the Mexican areas of Los Angeles is simply the word “AZTLAN” in four inch high letters and printed in black on a white background.

The Aztec is retaking his lands and wealth. And he is doing it with the gun — one house, one street and one neighborhood at a time.

More than 87 percent of people of Mexican decent now residing in the United States are not US citizens — holding instead resident alien status or illegal alien status. In addition, the largest immigrant group of all the immigrant groups in the United States are Mexicans under the age of four.

America was built by a Christian people who were expected to fear a Higher Power. The Aztec fears no one and America pays the price.

Everywhere the Mexican goes he creates another Mexico — with the same dirt and violence and poverty. It is a standing joke in Mexico City: “You gringos took half of Mexico in your war with us in 1848! We’re still pissed! You took the half with the roads!”

Mexico City is the only city in the world where dried particles of human feces float in the air like brown snow.

The Mexican people carry within them the blood of the Aztec — a culture, a race, that has bred a thousand years of warriors. The Aztec considered themselves a race of “Chosen People” and a “Cosmic Race” and had little regard for their neighbors.

To the Aztec other people were merely cattle to be sacrificed and eaten. The Aztec were so barbarous that their conquered neighbors sent yearly tribute without even being asked and the Aztec maintained no garrisons among conquered tribes.

As with other “Chosen People” they spent sixty years wandering in the desert before reaching their holy land in the year 1311 — a swampy area that is now called Mexico City. To the Aztec

this new land was the “Fifth World”.

The Aztec also took special pride in their relationship with cacti. The barrel cactus was often used as an impromptu altar when ripping out a victim’s heart. Being stripped naked and then thrust onto a cactus with 5,000 inch-long spikes was traumatic. The victim was actually immobilized by the excruciating pain and death brought relief. The Aztec’s special relationship with Cacti can be seen emblazoned in gold at the center of Mexico’s flag today.

When the Conquistadors arrived in what we today call Mexico they described it as a “land awash in blood”. It was so barbarous a place that Cortez sent messages to Spain asking for priests to come and bring Christ to the natives.

The Aztec captured the early Conquistadors and tied them up and cut off their limbs one at a time and then cooked the meat and ate it. And the Conquistador — bound to a stake — could smell his body being cooked and then watch his body being greedily consumed. And whether he had bled to death or not when they were done with his limbs the Aztec would cut out his heart and eat it too. To the Aztec, human sacrifice to the god Huitzilopochtli was an essential part of everyday life. Usually the victim was held face up and spread-eagle’d over a round stone — so that his body was arched. His limbs were held by four priests. The fifth priest sliced under the rib cage with an obsidian knife and then ripped out the still-beating heart.

The third son of Moctezuma — Ahuitzotl (Water Dog) dedicated a new temple to the god Huitzilopochtli in 1487. The ceremony lasted four days. The victims to be sacrificed were lined in four columns — each column stretching three miles. At least 20,000 hearts were torn out during this one ceremony alone. The ceremony was only brought to a halt when the knife-wielding priests collapsed from exhaustion.

When the Aztec ran out of people at home they resorted to “Flowery Wars” (Xochiyoyotl) to capture neighboring tribes as live prisoners to be sacrificed. These wars went on for centuries. The Aztec ceremonially sacrificed a higher percentage of their own people (and their neighbors) every year than were murdered during any similar period of time by Adolf Hitler or Josef Stalin.

There were people in Mexico far more barbarous than the Aztecs. The worst were probably the Tarascon. The Tarascon were originally part of the Aztec migration from “Aztlan” but broke off from the group. These people built their capital Tzintzuntzan in what is now Mexico’s state of Michoacan. When Moctezuma’s third son Axayacatl attacked with an army of 24,000 only 4,000 escaped the Tarascon. The Tarascon ripped the heads from the 20,000 living and dead and fermented them in a huge stone bowl at the center of their great citadel. What they did with the fermented juice is anyone’s nightmare.

The foods of the Aztec live on. One popular Michoacan dish uses the Amaranth plant. Amaranth — which is higher in protein than rice and tastes better than broccoli — is wrapped tightly with cheese then battered and deep fried. During Aztec times the spongy green plant became popular for its ability to absorb great quantities of human blood.

In fact, Amaranth was the second food outlawed by the Spanish. The first was human bodies.

In 1942 — in one of the largest mass arrests and trials in American history — 600 Mexicans were held for murder in Los Angeles, California. The Los Angeles Examiner described the defendants as “pillaging rapists”. During the trial the Los Angeles Sheriff’s Department expert testified: “Total disregard for human life has always been universal throughout the Americas. And this Mexican element feels the desire to kill.”

The land of the Aztec may truly have been a bloody and brutal ant hill but no worse than other great societies in man’s history on earth. The Sumerians of 3,500 BC were probably no better. We must remember that the Sumerians also fell. Their civilization lasted only 1,200 years — until 2,300 BC. It is our good fortune that the people of what was Sumeria have carried only small bits of their violent human inheritance to the present day. Most of the incredible violence of these people has been bred out of them — but not all.

The Aztec, however, remain to this day a barbarous people — unchanged from their roots of 1,500

AD and they remain at the point on the scale of human developmental where the Sumerians's spilled their victim's blood into the sands of the Lavant almost 4,000 years ago.

We must also realize that the barbarity of the Aztec truly is a natural part of our own Native American population as well.

This very same Aztec barbarity was practiced by nearly all of the Indian tribes throughout North and Middle America. For example, American Plains Indian women would search the battlefields after battles between tribes and hack the arms, legs and head from the victims and carry these pieces back to the village to be tossed in the air by them during victory dances. This is what happened to the Seventh Cavalry and to General George Armstrong Custer at a place the Indians called "Greasy River" — also known as "The Little Big Horn".

The Spaniard's introduction of the horse to this continent — and its availability to the Plains Indians of North America by the early 1700's — caused a massive increase in the general level of barbarity among the North American Indian tribes. The Indians could now raid the villages of their enemies far and wide — and they did.

We have all heard of the massive western migration of the "evil white man" and his destruction of the Indian. But we are never told of the terrible atrocities committed in the name of expansion that were regularly perpetrated by Native Americans against other Native Americans before the white man even appeared on the scene.

Again, thanks to this new weapon — the horse — the Mandan, Pawnee, Lakota, Arapaho, Crow tribes, and others — battled across most of the North American continent killing the men, women and children of every tribe in their path.

The name "Sioux" — although a French word — was given the Lakota tribe by the other tribes in the area — it means "cutthroat".

One can consider the horse as the 18th and 19th century equivalent of today's "assault rifle" in its ability to greatly amplify the murderous natural instincts of a human subspecies — in this case the American Indian.

The first horses fell into Indian hands in 1690 when a Spanish mission in what is now New Mexico was sacked by Indians and more than 365 white men, women and children were murdered — and more than 100 horses stolen. Those Indian marauders then bartered the horses taken during this raid for slaves (yes, slavery was rampant in the Indian's America — then and for a thousand years before the white man) and the horse quickly spread as far as what are now the Dakotas.

The horse also enabled the Indian to have a monstrously destructive effect on the plain's buffalo population. No longer was the Indian limited in his killing of man and beast to what he could accomplish on foot. Now it could be wholesale slaughter from horseback. We all have seen the images of the "heroic savage" shooting a buffalo from horseback and using a bow and arrow. In reality the Indians would ride into a herd and stampede a large segment of it into a ditch or even over a cliff.

And it was only the pandemics of cholera, small pox and measles that winnowed the Indian populations sufficiently to save the buffalo from utter destruction at the Indian's hands — fifty years before the railroads and the White Man crossed the great plains.

We must also understand clearly that it was not the White Man that brought these pandemics to the interior of America — these diseases were carried by marauding Indians as they fought their wars of conquest from village to village to village — from the "European" eastern seaboard all the way to and then over the Continental Divide.

Certainly, the White Man did carry new diseases to the New World but it was the Indian and almost exclusively the marauding Indian that carried them throughout the continent during the Indian's own wars for territory, conquest and slaves.

Much of the modern "romantic ideal" of the American Indian has come from the 1970's era "New Age" books of Carlos Castaneda and his Yaqui shaman Don Juan who used hard drugs to connect himself to mystic visions. Others have found profit in the Indian — Hyemeyohsts Storm (a.k.a.

Charles Adam Storm) has sold hundreds of thousands — if not over a million — books including “Seven Arrows”. There are dozens of publishers across this entire nation that are feeding this hunger for Indian lore. Bear & Company of Santa Fe, NM is one of the largest.

“The New World Order” has capitalized on this phenomenon with their own “New Age” retreats and motion pictures including “Dances With Wolves”. Their intent is certainly to use every tool at their disposal to destroy Christian beliefs and foist on us the terrible fiction that we are all loving, caring, feeling — that we are all one.

Have American Indians actually changed?

No.

The media portrays the Navaho as a tribe of simple, passive natives — victims of the evil White Man — and certainly these Indians are known for raising sheep, creating pottery, rugs and hand-made jewelry. Let’s take a close look at the Kayenta Navaho Indians of Monument Valley — a place often used for western movies seen around the world (e.g. “Stagecoach, My Darling Clementine, The Searchers”).

The Navahos call the area “Hozhon” which means harmony. The Navahos think of their land as the Fifth World — where Adam and Eve created “The Four Sacred Mountains”. One of these mountains is “Dzil Dotlizi” or The Turquoise Mountain. In the shadow of Dzil Dotlizi is the Navaho Reservation at Kayenta, Arizona.

Kayenta, Arizona is at the intersections of state highways 160 and 191. With a population of 15,700 people there are 27,000 reported arrests each year. The reservation has six jails — more than most American cities of 500,000. The murder rate on the reservation is reported as five times the murder rate of neighboring counties and several times America’s barbarous national average. Are their police any better? Not really. The reservation police are also Navahos. In the last nine years three police officers were reported to have been killed on the job, another committed suicide and yet another was convicted of killing his wife.

These statistics were recently “skewed” upward when in one week on this reservation there were two fatal “accidents”, plus one suicide and five other people were reported murdered.

Again, this is in a community of 15,000 people.

Because America’s Indian Reservations are considered sovereign nations they are not obligated to report any information to outside authorities and they have every reason to report the lowest possible numbers.

The Navaho came to this part of America from Mexico in about 1250 AD. The cave dwellings dug into the cliffs of our southwest are grim evidence of the arrival of these Indian butchers from the south. In 1250 AD the Four Corners area was populated by Hopi Indians. They were attacked by marauders time and time again. The Hopi’s only defense was to build nearly inaccessible fortresses on the sides of cliffs and on the tops of flat mesas. Life in these tiny refuges was snuffed out one settlement at a time. Usually the marauders would bash in the heads of every man woman and child they found. Many of the fortresses remain untouched even today — with the skeletons of the victims still where they dropped to the ground and died seven hundred years ago. The Hopi abandoned the area in about 1300 AD.

These marauders came from far to the south and are the very same people we today call Mexicans.

And now these marauders are returning to America — by the millions.

The Mexican assault on America is blatant, bloody and continuous. The Calexico, California Border Checkpoint is a good example: It had a drug-crazed Mexican-involved shootout with US Border Patrolmen inside their office, a bomb, and a 100 mile high speed chase all in one day. The Mexican shot one Border Agent in the face and another in the chest before being killed in a hail of gunfire. The bomb was in the pedestrian tunnel providing passage between Mexico and the United States. The pickup truck carrying 17 illegals plus a driver crashed through the border checkpoint and then raced from Calexico to south central Los Angeles before running out of gas. There, the

cargo of illegals ran in all directions like beetles from under a rock and most were never caught. All of this was during a single eight hour shift at the Calexico, California border crossing. This Mexican invasion and its terrible toll is America's best kept secret. Although this invasion has gone on for years nothing is done. Americans live in a country controlled by "One Worlders" — people who do not believe in borders. Things have not always been this way.

In the spring of 1916, American troops along our southwest frontier had been alerted to the possibility of raiders coming out of the arid wastes of northern Mexico. There were few roads in that part of Mexico. Everything had to come by train — even Pancho Villa.

In the early morning hours of March 9th, 1916, Mexican campesinos under the command of the Great Mexican Hero — Senior Doroteo Aranga — better known as Francisco "Pancho" Villa — came across the border at Columbus, NM, shot up the town and killed a handful of Americans. According to "High Times" magazine, there is documentary evidence that Pancho Villa's army was spurred on to new heights of barbarism — and the brutal massacre of these poor American men, women and children — through unrestrained use of hallucinogenic drugs.

The U.S. Army had rejected all of the world's best machine guns — the Maxim, the Hotchkiss, the Browning Medium Machine gun, the Browning Automatic Rifle and the Vickers. Instead the Army had selected the 1909 Benet-Mercie'. The co-inventor of this piece of trash — Benet — was related to the former head of US Army Ordnance. The Benet-Mercie' does not use belts of ammunition but instead depends upon its operator's timely insertion of stripper clips. The gun crew must be well trained or the gun will jam. Operating the gun in the dark requires an expert crew — which was something not present in Columbus, New Mexico in 1916. Pancho Villa struck just before daybreak. The U.S. Army was essentially unarmed.

That single incursion of American territory was enough for Americans to force even the limp-wrist'd dreamer — President Woodrow Wilson — to take action. He called out the US Army. Within seven days, the United States Army was on the move to kill these murderers and avenge the deaths of American men, women and children.

General John Pershing (assisted by George Patton) acted quickly and amassed more than 150,000 troops to guard America's southwestern border and to fight Villa. This was the largest troop concentration in the United States since the Civil War. Pershing then took eight thousand cavalry troops into Mexico and chased the Mexican criminals around for eleven months. As soon as Pershing seemed to be gaining the upper hand Wilson called off the mission — and pushed the United States into World War One.

But again, Villa attacked on March 9, 1916 and within seven days America was on the move to exterminate these psychopathic vermin. In seven days Pershing mounted what was to be the largest unified cavalry force in American history. It was also to be the very last massed cavalry action of the United States Army.

The hatred and calls for vengeance provoked by the Mexican's barbarous acts of 1916 cannot be adequately described today. This attack on American soil certainly caused more of a reaction among the American people than did any propaganda about World War One. It can only be compared to the reaction Americans had to the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor.

The loss of life caused by those Mexicans of 1916 is literally a daily occurrence at the hands of Mexican illegal aliens in America today and yet nothing is done.

John Huston's movie "The Treasure of The Sierra Madre" with Humphrey Bogart was adapted from Berwick Traven Torsvan's book about Pancho Villa and the gold he stole from the United States and buried in the arid Sierra Madre mountains.

Certainly the most famous lines from that motion picture are Alfonso Bedoya's — who plays a mass murderer: "We are the Federales. You know, the Mounted Police. Badges? We ain't got no badges. We don't need no badges. I don't have to show you any stinking badges."

Those lines now come from the mouths of U.S. federal agents as they terrify Americans into sur-

rendering our lands and freedom and literally open our borders to murdering Mexican psychopaths. Times have certainly changed.

Oh, and Columbus, New Mexico, site of the Mexican invasion and wanton murder of Americans? The city nearly went bankrupt in 1996 from the court mandated costs of educating illegal alien Mexican children.

Mexican illegal aliens have a name for themselves — “Reconquistas” — the re-Conquerors. They are retaking their lands and returning them to a level of barbarity not seen for nearly five hundred years. Their symbol is an image of the original American flag — with thirteen stars. This flag is used by them to signify how they intend to push the “gringos” back to the original thirteen states. Over this flag they place the word “Cuidadania” which means citizenship. It is through American citizenship that they will become permanent conquerors of these lands.

The situation is grave and our greatest threat comes from the south.

Chapter One

Simon Aliverra was hungry. He hadn't had a good meal since he'd left his small village in the state of Michoacan two days ago. His stomach churned and growled but he was too excited to eat. He walked the streets of Tijuana, Baja California del Norte, Mexico. He was now less than one mile from his goal.

He needed only to arrange for a guide, wait for darkness, take his chances crossing the gringo's heavily fortified frontera and finally disappear in Estados Unidos — The United States of America.

Each year — at the beginning of Lent — men of his village prepared for their migration north and work in the United States. Soon, vegetables growing in the rich fields of California, Arizona, and Texas would become ripe and require tending — and the *gringo* did not do this kind of work. This was true even for the gringo's home gardens and lawns. As the growing season commenced these too would require tending and mowing after the winter hibernation.

In the early spring more than a hundred menfolk would leave Simon's village for America — usually in groups of ten to fifteen. Their exodus was accompanied by the music of Mariachis. You could estimate the combined wealth of the departing group by the quality of the mariachi band they hired. While gringos think mariachi music is the historic music of Mexico, it is not. Most Mexican music is actually Czecho-slovakian in beat, intonation and origin and almost all is played on European instruments. In fact, it was only in the 1940's that trumpets were added to Mariachi bands — by Jorge Ngrete and Pedro Infante — so that the music would have enough “punch” for inclusion in Mexico's movies. Not one of the Mariachi instruments are indigenous to Mexico — even the vihuela (a five string guitar) and guitarron (a huge six string bass guitar) are simple modifications of European instruments. Beneath the European music, and instruments, and Western clothing, breathes the Aztec, unchanged in 1,000 years of conquest, terror and blood.

With the coming of cocaine, the Mariachi bands sang a new theme — the heroism of the narco-trafficker. Now they sang of the land and seashore of Cancun, with roads paved in gold from the generosity of the narco-lords. They sang of how cocaine came from the mountains of Columbia and of how the rulers of those mountains spread their wealth along the highways of Mexico and far into the U.S. The Governor of Cancun, Mario Villanueva, was a hero of dozens of songs since his disappearance with hundreds of millions of dollars in narco-profits.

Simon's village was a microcosm of modern Mexico. The village consisted of little more than a Catholic church, a video store and a money exchange. Of Michoacan state's three million residents more than one million are in the United States nine months of the year. There is a very good reason for this seasonal migration — in his village Simon earns but 60 pesos (about \$7.00) a day. In the United States he earns \$7.00 an hour.

Some of his friends traveled to the United States and worked as far away as Illinois or in New Jersey. They made good money — much of it in cash and tax free. Many returned home with enough money to build two story concrete block houses in the village. Most of the menfolk sent their earnings back to Mexico every week using American Express money orders. The women formed long lines at the local money exchange and converted these money orders from dollars into pesos.

In Michoacan's state capitol — Morelia — the Mexican government had even set up special aid offices. If you expected money from the U.S. and it hadn't arrived, the aid office would help you get a refund from American Express. If you needed to reach a relative who crossed into the U.S. — even illegally — they would find a way to contact them.

Thanks to more than twenty years of U.S. federal- and state-supported pre-natal care (which lures pregnant Mexicans to America) — and automatic U.S. citizenship for all children within its borders — many of the younger workers of Mexico's Michoacan are U.S. citizens.

The magnitude of the Mexican invasion of America is hidden by the fact that so many of the invaders were born "legally" in the U.S. and thus not counted as foreign nationals — although they hold no allegiance to this country. In addition, the U.S. census does not count most of these people because they are often not in the U.S. when the census is taken.

Unlike a million other young men in Michoacan, Simon had been born in Mexico, was a Mexican citizen, and would have to sneak into America.

The bus ride from his village had been arduous — every few miles the bus was stopped by federal troops and searched for drugs and guns. The troops were draftees and had little discipline. The soldiers had a passion for stealing small items from the baggage — or even from the pockets of passengers. Because Mexico is so close to revolution the possession of a firearm can bring you nine years in prison.

The Tres Trias de Oro bus to Tijuana was modern by Mexican standards. It had windows that closed and a toilet at the rear. All Mexican bus drivers prided themselves in their ability to get passengers to their destination as fast as possible — it was *machismo*. Due to frequent stops at army checkpoints busses sometimes arrived as much as three hours late. There was no way to know how many checkpoints a bus might hit. Drivers took great risks making up for lost time — even passing cars on blind curves. The accident rate was astounding and even two busses would sometimes collide head-on.

Simon had awakened to the sounds of traffic — more cars and trucks and busses than he'd ever heard in his entire life. After thirty-two hours on the bus he'd reached Mexicali — the capital of Baja California del Norte, Mexico. America was now literally a stone's throw away.

He was quick to realize that Mexicali was a thousand times larger than his village. The streets of Mexicali were paved in a black tar — just like *real* roads. There were raised concrete paths at each side of the street to allow pedestrians an opportunity to remain relatively untouched by the dirt of the roadway. Every few steps there was a shop or restaurant or cantina. The smells of leather, tacos and beer wafted from doorways.

Simon's home in Michoacan had been constructed from brush and daubs of mud. His kitchen was a flat rock with three smoke-stained aluminum pots. He bathed once a month. His toilet was a shallow trench. To Simon, Mexicali was paradise.

After picking up passengers at Mexicali's central depot the Tres Trias de Oro bus moved westward

— toward Tijuana. Ahead of them were the Sierra Juarez mountains and their six thousand foot high peaks of gray weathered granite.

Mexico wasn't the only country to put a road over these mountains. Just five miles to the north America had built its own highway — U.S. 80. Both countries had faced nearly insurmountable obstacles in building these roads — including air temperatures of over 120 degrees, ground temperatures of 170 degrees, no water, and a solid granite mountain face rising four thousand feet from the desert floor.

The Mexican road was two inches of sticky asphalt spread sixteen feet wide — with steep grades and blind curves at the switchbacks. The U.S. interstate was a strip of foot-thick reinforced concrete sixty feet wide and almost arrow-straight for 90 miles.

Thanks to NAFTA, this was the last run Simon's bus would make using the Mexican road. From now on it would cross the border at Mexicali and ride on the American's highway. Not only would this cut nearly an hour off its travel time but it would save twenty gallons of fuel. And Americans paid the costs of maintaining the road.

As the bus moved westwards, Simon could catch flashes of America through the trees. At the side of his road were donkeys loaded with firewood, unpainted wooden huts pretending to be neighborhood stores, and uniformed schoolchildren walking through blue clouds of car exhaust on their way to school. In America — which was sometimes less than a mile to the north — he saw towering steel monoliths even 100 feet high with names like SHELL and TEXACO at their tops. Over there the roads were white and the cars on them were polished and glinting in the sun.

The city of Tijuana got its name from the local Indian word "tijuana," which means "by the sea," and for the first time in Simon's life his lungs filled with the heavy, salty, moist, smells of kelp and surf. Easterly morning breezes carried thin clouds of sea fog far inland. He could feel moisture in the air and a promise of coolness.

The bus climbed a small hill and Tijuana — a rancid border town of almost two million people — lay before him. The city's smoke and smog filled the valley and even climbed half way up the western hills. Just below a thick brown inversion layer he could see the Tijuana bullring, and the Pacific ocean seven miles to the west.

To Simon, the busy pace of Tijuana was astounding. He could sense it in the bumper-to-bumper traffic and the honk of car horns. He saw it in the seven channels of Mexican programs blasting out of television sets in every shop and restaurant. He heard it in the nearly thirty radio stations radiating Baja's form of Spanish.

It didn't take Simon long to decide that Tijuana was not a nice place and that everyone was out to rob *campesinos* — farmers like him. Everyone seemed to be trying to drag him into a shop to sell him clothes or pull him into a saloon to show him naked girls and get him to drink beer.

Simon was worried that he would simply starve to death after he crossed into America. He didn't think he would like American food. He could tell from the TV commercials that he would never

eat at McDonalds. He walked past an American hamburger restaurant and was disgusted by the stench of meat vapors. The odor was so heavy that he thought he would wretch. He was a Terascon Indian and had grown up on cactus leaves, maize, beans, rice, lizard and chicken.

Finally, when he could stand his hunger no longer, he stopped at a street vendor and purchased a meat-filled “Torta” and a Coke — for \$2.50 American. A “Torta” can best be described as a “Submarine” sandwich with a meat of unknown pedigree.

As he walked the streets of Tijuana it was painfully obvious to him that *his* Mexico was a different world from this. His entire life had been one of dirt, dust and heat — he had lived his life *very* close to the earth. Downtown Tijuana was a city of more than a million people — with buildings rising a hundred meters into the air. Here, Mexico seemed to be a country on the move.

He turned a corner and there before him was a long line of dirty men waiting to enter a graffiti smeared building. Above the building’s front door was a sign, “Sisters of Hope”. He peered through the doorway and into the shadows of a large room. Possibly a hundred dirty men were slurping soup from tin bowls. There were stacks of tortillas at each man’s shoulder. Suddenly, a man stood up and flicked open a huge farmer’s folding knife. The knife was then brought down like a scythe — slicing a seated man’s neck. Screams and blood filled the air.

“Policia! Policia!”

Simon backed away from the door and lost himself in the passing crowd. He could spend no more time exploring the lives of failures — men who had come to Tijuana to cross the border and then discovered they lacked the fortitude to accomplish such an arduous and dangerous task. Simon knew he was not one of them. He would succeed.

In all of his village there had been but one telephone — in the police station. In Tijuana, telephones were on almost every street corner — hanging on poles like ripe fruit.

He looked at one of the telephone machines. It did not have a dial. This telephone had silver numbers in the shape of a square. How did the squares rotate?

He did not want to explore such a machine in public — the policia might think he was trying to steal it.

Simon stood by the telephone and measured the faces of each bronze-skinned person walking toward him. One of these people might know the secrets of this machine and assist him.

“Senior, cómo lo hago utilice este teléfono? — Sir, how do I use this telephone?”

“Do you know the telephone number you wish to employ?”

“Si. I have it here!”

“Do you have the coins?”

“Coins? Do you mean that this machine robs you of coins for the privilege of its use?”

“Look, you brown, squat, person of the ... dirt, do you want me to help you or not?”

“Si!”

“Give me the number.” The man took the scrap of paper from Simon, put his own coins into the telephone, punched in the number and handed the phone to Simon.

“Gracias Senior!”

“Por nada!”

Simon listened intently to the ear-piece. He had never in his life actually used a telephone before — this *was* magic!

“Bueno!”

“My name is Simon Aliverra. I wrote to you. I am ready to pay you for guidance over the *frontera*.”

“Indian piece-of-shit. You have the \$2,000?”

“Si!”

“Where are you now?”

“I am on a large street — near a donkey that has been painted with white stripes.”

“Walk north east until you get to a place called Colonia Libertad and then place yourself at the front of the pink movie theater. You will be collected at seven o’clock tonight. If you miss the appointed time, do not call me back.” The man hung up.

Simon now had a mission. His only real problem was that he could neither read nor write and street names were a complete mystery to him. He surveyed the streets and hills of Tijuana — looking for a pink movie theater. He was diligent — he would slowly move east one block at a time and plow up and down each and every street from end-to-end as if they were furrows in his field. He would find this pink movie theater.

His travels took him through the center of the city and past the Fronton — the jai lai palace — and then back to the bus terminal and even to the outer northern reaches of the city and to the border checkpoint between Mexico and America. That place was amazing — 24 lanes of cars inching their way north — each car stopping next to a White man in a little round hut. It took 30 minutes for a car to move from the end of the line to the man in the hut. Sometimes the driver of a car would be asked to open the trunk. Other times a car would be directed to a special area where dogs restrained with huge leather straps would paw at the machines and sniff their interiors. Sometimes even the car’s seats would be removed and the car even more carefully searched. Simon watched as one

driver was placed in chains and lead away.

Simon could not help but notice that many White people were walking around the city — *thousands* of them. Most seemed to stay near a street called The Avenue of the Revolution — *Avenida Revolucion*. These people were *blanco* — white! They were the whitest people he had ever seen in his entire life. Did this whiteness really cover their entire bodies? Would the men's dicks look like peeled bananas — with little peeled radishes hanging on each side for decoration?

And these Whites were *huge* — many were *two feet* taller than the average *mestizo* from Michoacan. Most of these Americans — for that's what they had to be — were *fat*. Many of the American women had buttocks the size of a cow's — possibly even larger. Simon started to laugh. How could these human cows shit? Wouldn't the turd be flattened by the female's cheeks? What insane man would want one of these huge females? How could he even afford to even feed such a *gigantesca mujer* — such a gigantic woman? Simon decided that America must truly be a rich place to have created such colossal women.

He started to wonder if he was doing the right thing. In less than twelve hours he would cross the border and be on his way to Los Angeles. He knew many villagers who had forsaken the fields and farms of California to instead work in auto parts refurbishment factories in Los Angeles. There was considerably more money in such machinery work — but he would have to deal with many more of these Whites. He wondered if his boss would be as fat as some of these Americans. Ugly, ugly people.

It took Simon six hours of walking to find the pink movie theater. All he could do was hope that was the only one in Colonia Libertad.

He sat there at the front door of the pink building. The doors looked as if they had been nailed shut many years ago. The building's pink paint was flaking off the walls in patches the size of his hand. He had been told that at one time it had been a thriving theater.

But since 1965 — and the beginning of America's "Great Society" — people would stay in the colonia only long enough to rest for the journey north and the free medical care, lodging and food. Few people in the colonia were interested in seeing movies anymore.

Just to the north of the pink theater was a dirt road that separated Colonia Libertad from "The Wall" — America's defense from people like him. The Wall was a formidable obstacle. It was a barrier more than fifty miles long. It was a fortification. He'd looked through a hole in its steel plate only to see *another* wall a bit farther north topped with barbed wire — and he could see yet *another* wall beyond that. Crossing the frontier at a place such as this would be suicide.

He would wait. A truck would arrive soon and take him back into the mountains — to a weak spot in America's border defenses. At that spot and with more than a dozen just like him he would make the "*brinco*" — the break — across the frontier and into America.

The last rays of a California sunset bathed Simon in a dusty warmth. He could see the faint golden sparks of cooking fires drifting out of chimneys and into the evening haze. On the hillsides to the

north Simon could see the slow-moving headlights of white and green Ford Broncos used by the United States Border Patrol — “*La Migra*” — as they searched the hills and canyons for border crossers like him. The US Border Patrol officers were called “*Los verdes*” or “the greenies” because of the dark green color of their uniforms.

The U.S. Border Patrol maintained over 2,500 agents along the western most 50 miles of US border and 350 agents in just this sector — with more than 80 on duty at any time. If Simon were caught crossing here — near the Colonia — he might spend as long as four hours in “the tank” at the Border Patrol’s facility off of Dairy Mart Road. He would then be deported to Mexico. With luck he might be able to cross north again before the agent who’d caught him even got home for dinner. But being fingerprinted and photographed and recorded in the big U.S. government computer was not what Simon had in mind. The first time he was caught he would be deported with a pat on the behind. If he was caught again it would be a federal felony and he could get two years in an American prison. So many men like him were crossing the border that America’s courts could not handle the load and he would have to be caught more than 20 times — and thus have at least 20 federal felony counts against him — before he would see the inside of such an American prison. If he was careful he could probably cross the border every year for ten years and not use up his chances — and thus still be eligible for some future immigration “amnesty”, become an American citizen, and then legally invite his immediate and even distant relatives to become American citizens too. Simon would save his “lives” and cross safely far to the east.

A few paces from him several members of Colonia Libertad’s local gang — called “Linea 13” — sniffed paint fumes from plastic bags. The fumes destroyed brain cells and made the men stupid. Most had tuberculosis. Some of the gang members were also drug addicts. Thanks to their carefree attitude toward hygiene almost every needle hole turned into a puss-oozing open sore. The smell was overpowering and resembled a combination of toenail clippings and rotting hamburger. These people were terrifying to look at and truly sickening to be near.

A small stream of raw sewage and soapy water trickled past — effluent from shacks up the hill. The smell of shit and urine — mixed with the smells of fresh tortillas, cooking meat, paint fumes and rotting flesh — is what he would forever remember of his visit to Tijuana.

Simon was wearing four layers of clothing, not because he was cold but rather so that on his journey he could easily discard the layers one at a time as they became coated in dirt. When he arrived in America he could seek employment wearing only the innermost and cleanest layer. Also, he had been told that American drug police looked for short brown people carrying backpacks and that they put a high priority on capturing them. A backpack meant “drug smuggler” to American police.

Simon watched as the sun fell below the hard blue edge of the Pacific Ocean and the border slowly darkened into shadow. Then, starting far to the west at the shores of the Pacific and moving eastward, it became a ribbon of blue-white light. US Border Patrol light towers spaced every two hundred yards sparked to life and turned the border football-stadium white. No wonder few campesinos risked a crossing along this part of the border.

An overloaded truck strained to climb the hill into the Colonia. At some time in its life it had been a brown 1953 Ford pickup. Now it was painted in several colors of greens and blues.

As the truck pulled to a stop Simon could see a faint yellow glow inside the cab and long strings of blue fringe hanging down from the top of the windshield. A rosary was hanging from the rear-view mirror. A plastic Virgin Mary was glued to the dashboard.

There were two men in the cab. The man on the passenger side seemed to be the boss and pointed to Simon. The boss would be the “*coyote*” — the smuggler. The word *coyote* is from the Aztec word “*coyot*.” To the Aztec, the *coyot* was a trickster figure who resisted domination. Today, he is a person who moves back and forth between two cultures as a trafficker in human life.

To give the smuggler a bit more panache he was sometimes called the “*guia*” or guide. At other times the “*coyote*” would be called a “*polleros*” or chicken-man and his cargo “*pollos*” or chickens.

The driver creaked open the truck’s multi-hued door, put his green cowboy boots onto the rock strewn dirt road and slowly walked toward the rear of the truck and toward Simon. The driver was about 60 and wore a white straw cowboy hat with the hat’s strings hanging to the rear and down his back. Even in the dim yellow street light. Simon could see a huge silver belt buckle on the man’s ponderous belly. The driver spoke in the slow easy dialect of Baja California.

“Hey, hombre. You wanna ride to the big city?”

“Si!”

“Oye, cojudo. Ven Aca — Okay, ass hole. Then get over here!”

The driver opened the rear gate of the truck and Simon climbed in. The back of the truck was filled with stinking, unwashed bodies. It took him several seconds to squeeze into the mass of humanity squatting in the darkness.

Driving without lights was dangerous on Baja California’s unpaved mountain roads but most coyotes agreed that this was the safest way to avoid “La Migra.” As trucks passed in the opposite direction a blast of air hit Simon square in the face and dust filled his mouth and eyes. The jarring road made him bite his tongue twice and now he could feel a small line of warm sticky blood leaving his mouth and running down his chin. All he could do was keep his eyes shut and his teeth tightly clenched.

There were 16 others in the back of the pickup with him. This time they were all men. Sometimes there were children and women. The women often got a “discount” on the fee charged to take them across if they provided “needed services” to the coyote and his helpers.

The truck lumbered through the low hills to the east of Tijuana and to a village called Tecate — a Spanish corruption of the Kumyais Indian word “*zacate*” which is the name for the bowl-like valley in which the village sits.

One of the passengers tried to converse with Simon. “Amigo! So where are you from?”

“Michoacan!”

“Is it nice there?”

“Oh si! Es muy tranquilo!”

“Have you heard of the *gringo*’s efforts to remove us from our lands? Have you heard of this *hijueputa* California governor Pete Wilson?”

“No, I know nothing of what goes on in the land of the *gringo* — except what I have seen on the television set in my village. But I have one tremendous curiosity. Ah, senior, how are the young women in America? I have seen the old ones who are over twenty years and they are too fat for me. I want to meet the good ones — aged twelve, thirteen, fourteen — the ripe ones! What I have seen tells me that they yearn for our interest and warm caresses.”

“Oh, yes! They are all wonderful! They are *all* named Manuela!”

At this many of the men raised their hands into half-closed fists and pretended to masturbate. Working in America was a lonely life. The reality of their America — compared to the machismo they exuded at home — scarred their very souls.

“You are going to find yourself in a new world little man. In *los Estados* you will work your ass off. The *jefes* will control your life. But you will become proud of your new life and its travails. Your prayer will be *Yo aguanto!* I endure!”

Another passenger — more contemplative than the rest — finally entered the conversation with a confession: “In los Estados we live the life ... of the homosexual — *vivimos maricones.*”

The public admission of the true emptiness of their lives north-of-the-frontier forced everyone into silence.

The truck droned on into the night.

After an hour of following rutted dirt tracks through the hills the passengers started pounding on the truck’s cab to make the driver stop and let them piss. The bouncing ride was now more than their kidneys could take. To save time the driver simply stopped in the middle of the road and instructed his cargo to stand along the top edge of the truck and piss off the sides. The smell of various rotting liquids spurting from infected urinary tracts was disgusting even to these men who were used to a life very close to the dusty earth. A truck passed and blasts of air swirled their piss into soggy dust clouds coating trousers and shirts.

The truck left Tacate’s valley and moved east — following seldom-used dirt trails through narrow mountain passes. They entered a rock strewn shallow *arroyo* at the 4,200 foot level and angled north — toward The Wall. There, among low scrub the truck finally slowed and stopped. The driver killed the ignition and the engine wheezed and clanked to a stop.

After the thunder of the truck the world seemed absolutely silent. There was only the faint creaking and clanking coming from the exhaust pipe and muffler as they cooled. There was a bit of a moon and the sky was clear enough to see for miles. Under a cold and cloudless night sky there was nothing to retain the ground heat and temperatures could drop to freezing in these mountains even during the summer.

The driver, sweating from the stress of driving these roads with no lights, popped open a can of Tecate beer and told his load of peasants to get out of the truck.

As each man jumped out the back there was a thump and an “Uh!” as they misjudged the distance from the tailgate to the ground and landed sooner than expected.

Simon could smell the truck’s burned clutch, cheap Mexican gas and sour human sweat.

Just a mile to the north was the United States of America. Even at night there was an obvious difference between the two countries. Even here — near a small mountain village — Mexico was dirt, foul smells and poverty and America was paved, white, clean and rich. Yet it was the same land, the same resources, the same rain and wind and sun. Only the people were different.

Across the valley they could see the outline of an American farmhouse built on a low hill that jutted into the valley. This small piece of rich America was to be their first goal.

Once the campesinos reached this American farmhouse they could steal food, money, clothes and maybe even a car — and use it to take them deep into California. Each campesino had agreed to pay the coyote \$2,000 to be taken to Los Angeles — half had been paid in advance and half would be paid on arrival. If they could steal a car then they could get to Los Angeles on their own and save a great sum of money. And, perhaps, they could find money or valuables in that house and their entire journey would have cost them nothing.

Border crossing tactics varied from crossing point to crossing point. Here in the mountains one coyote could manage no more than 17 men. Elsewhere along The Wall the number of border crossers might be larger. Sometimes the coyote would wait until he had more than one hundred in his group.

Simon had been told about these crossings. When there were a hundred or more they would all lie in wait for a lone Border Patrol vehicle to approach the planned crossing point. The campesinos would block the road with small trees or rocks. As soon as “La Migra’s” Ford Bronco stopped they would rush it and stone it, and if the driver was foolish enough to get out of his vehicle they would stone him too. They would then strip the driver of his gun, ammunition, clothes, and money and pack twenty or more people into his Bronco and drive away. In these cases the vehicle would be used as a diversion so that the remainder of the crossers could reach the safety of San Ysidro or Chula Vista — areas just to the north of the border — where they could quickly blend in with the existing Mexican immigrant population. This all was possible because the Border Patrol Agent’s radios did not reach over the hills to his brothers even in the next valley. Each Agent was alone.

The most outrageous crossings were made by eighteen-wheel semi-trucks. As many as 177 illegal

aliens would cram themselves into a single truck trailer and then the truck would race across the border and toward Los Angeles. As many as one of these trucks a day is discovered, stopped and seized by U.S. Border Patrol.

Simon and the other campesinos lined up single file at the edge of the road. The coyote tried to hurry them. If a Mexican Border “*Grupo Beta*” team discovered them then the coyote would be put in jail (until he paid the jailers all the money he had collected) and the campesinos would be abandoned — to find their own way back to Tijuana.

The coyote’s orders were simple — stay close. If the campesinos needed support or guidance as they moved down the trail in the dark then they could grasp the belt or shirt collar of the person ahead of them.

The driver finished his fourth beer, twisted and crushed the can into a biscuit shape and tossed it into the brush. He then opened his fly and pissed against the front wheel of his truck — splattering his shoes and trousers.

The coyote ignored the driver’s privacy, tapped him on the shoulder and discussed how he would take the campesinos up the trail and that the driver should meet them on the US side of the border a mile east of Tecate summit — which was at 4,200 ft elevation.

Each journey was different. The physical condition of the “chickens” and even the season of the year affected the route to be used and the group’s travel time through the mountains.

The driver nodded to the coyote, finished peeing and zipped up his fly. He then slowly wedged himself back behind the steering wheel of his truck and drove on — farther to the east. In fifteen minutes he would be five miles away, where he could set up a little diversion for “La Migra.”

The driver had made a mortar from a three foot length of steel pipe. That mortar would be used to send 9.5 ounce Nescafe Espresso Roast cans full of home-made napalm half a mile into the U.S. The driver used Nescafe cans because they were the last small cans still made of steel. The brush fires caused by these cocktails would be spotted quickly and attention diverted miles away from the little band of “Conquerors of the New Mexico.”

The band’s signal to cross the border would be the sight and sound of American fire trucks arriving at the distant fires.

Chapter Two

Bill Johnson was 50, with more than 27 years of computer experience — most of it in defense work. His wife Sally was the smart one in the family with a Masters degree in Computer Science. They had two children — Bobby (12) and Samantha (10).

The Johnsons had moved to California from Pennsylvania because their daughter had been involved in a public school sponsored genital fondling session. Little Samantha — and all of the little girls in her first grade class — had been forced to the nurse's office where Dr. Raham Bledawi had removed their panties and spread their labia with his cold rubber-coated fingers and had then peered deep within their sexual orifices. The little girls had screamed and kicked but there were enough nurse's aides present to hold even the most stubborn girl in the stirrups. The school had thought it best to check the first grade girls for sexually transmitted genital herpes and saw no reason to ask permission of the parents. The rape with a foreign object — for that was what it was — had been covered by the local small town press but never made it to the "One World" national media.

*****I TOOK THIS (^^^^) RIGHT OUT OF THE NEWSPAPER!

The Johnsons moved to San Diego.

More than 40,000 San Diego children were bused from their homes to some distant school every school day — to "Balkanize" the schools and destroy a neighborhood's cohesiveness and a parent's ability to join with their neighbors and fight. The cost of this bussing had already been more than eight hundred million dollars. Neighborhood schools were a thing of the past.

Two months after they had arrived in California little Bobby Johnson had been involved in an altercation at school with a "special education" child. California public schools begin teaching children about the state's diversity of cultures in the fourth grade. These lessons include several on the multi-culturalism of homosexuality. Homosexuality is not a sexual orientation. It is a culture — with its own holidays, ceremonies and special rights.

California school children are encouraged to experience the "rich diversity" of all cultures. They are not — as yet — encouraged to experience and enjoy all of the diversities of the various homosexual cultures but they are familiarized with them — including the use of "dental dams". A "dental dam" is a homosexual oral condom.

The "special education" child that attacked little Bobby Johnson was a sixteen year old "Hispanic" who had been mainstreamed in spite of his record of three rapes of small children. His "hyperactivity" had allowed his mother to register him as handicapped. This status put the boy at the top of the list for access to the area's magnet school, plus free transport to and from school and free breakfast and lunch in the school's cafeteria. And free school clothes.

And yes, there was no evidence that the child was even a US citizen — and it was illegal to even ask. There are more than 4.3 million of these special children in America's schools. Each is eligible for more than \$500 a month in federal social security benefits. This federal funding had begun under the Johnson administration to provide some funds to an estimated 20,000 profoundly handicapped children and had been expanded every year ever since. This special funding now stole more than \$50 a month from each American retiree's social security benefits.

Bill Johnson had removed his son from public school when the "handicapped" 16 year old attempted to use Bill Johnson's male child as an aid in the practice of a "homosexual culture" and all the teachers did was offer a "dental dam" to Bobby Johnson.

The Johnsons were almost happy. They had started a business of their own — a small computer store selling high performance computers to San Diego's developing scientific sub-contracting industry.

The Johnsons saw how intelligent and productive people had little time for children. The tax burden

forced them to work and work and work. But the failures, those people on “programs,” were breeding like hell. Every new child brought these people more and more money — in cash, educational benefits, medical care, food, housing supplements and more.

Smart, hard working people were being castrated by the tax man so that failures and violent criminals could breed.

Large corporations showed off their “affirmative action” employees. Those were employees the government had forced them to hire. Those “Double A’s” just sat there and did almost nothing of value while most of the real work was being done by outside contractors. On the government reports the corporations could honestly say that they had 40%, 50% and even 60% minority and handicapped full-time employees.

The most dangerous laws to America’s future were called “Clinton’s Troika:” Goals 2000, School-to-Work and the “Improving America’s Schools” Act. Under these laws each graduating high school student was given a Labor Suitability Card. This card noted the student’s abilities and also displayed the fields of employment for which the student was not eligible.

Hiring a student for a job category not approved for him by the government was a felony. The ratings shown on this Suitability Card were structured such that intelligence and talent were of limited worth. The key factors for a high score on this card were political. They included acceptance of multi-culturalism and acceptance of humanistic values. Thus, the compliant, the passive, the worthless, would be employed and the smart, rebellious — or even religious — could starve. If an employer dared to hire one of these federal outcasts he could be fined and/or imprisoned.

So, while the employment of illegal aliens was ignored — or even encouraged — the employment of “politically unsuitable” Whites was prosecuted immediately and to the fullest extent of the law.

Again, because one’s intellectual performance was not the main criteria for the ratings on the Labor Suitability Card, intelligent, productive, creative, thinking children could be rated lower and thus relegated to menial employment — essentially eliminating them from the future power structure of society.

Rather than openly fight those Americans who didn’t agree with the realities of “The New America,” the government simply destroyed them financially today and their children’s future tomorrow. In this way the culture of the Founding Fathers would be eliminated completely in one or maybe two more generations.

Anyone who disagreed with the New World Order and its views on morality and the Balkanization of the country were deemed to be as serious a threat to New America as Communists had been to the old America. Being a “patriot” today meant your destruction.

The Johnsons had built their business by staying open 12 hours a day, seven days a week. Consultants could send in orders over the Internet and pick the order up or have it delivered that same day. Broken computers were picked up and repaired usually in one day. If the repair was to take longer, the contents of the computer’s hard drive were copied to a “loaner” computer while the broken

computer was repaired. Time was money.

Bill Johnson was acknowledged as a computer expert but his customers often mentioned that he had a certain gleam in his eye and when he stared at them intently he could chill them to the bone.

For more than 40 years America had immersed itself in a Cold War against the forces of Communism. There had been a need for creative people to imagine, design, build and then install various advanced technological marvels to spy on the Soviet menace. No one privy to the secrets of intelligence could do less than admire the many successes.

One of the most admired — because it had been accomplished at the very center of the Evil Empire — was the installation and maintenance of an electronic listening post built deep within a 20 mile long tunnel the Soviets had constructed between Moscow and Yasenevo — the KGB's real headquarters to the southeast of the Soviet capital. The tunnel contained the only land-based communication lines between the KGB's turn-of-the-century buildings in Moscow and their 1960's vintage buildings in Yasenevo. These lines were considered by the KGB to be absolutely secure and thus carried the most secret of communications.

The CIA's wire-taps were serviced once a month. The standard operating procedure was to drive an old grey-green van down the road at a normal speed — 60 Kmh — and drop a communications expert out the side door who would then tumble into the forest. The expert would enter the tunnel and replace the tap's data recorder with a new one. The task was made more difficult by the necessity to expertly examine the various cables for possible tampering by the KGB. The expert was also authorized to use deadly force to protect himself and the information he collected.

When he had completed his task the agent would hide in the forest and wait for another van coming down the road in the same direction as the first — but with its rear view mirror askew. He would wait until the van was even with a certain stone near the road and then run from the tree-line and stick his arm out in the shape of a hook. A loop of thick black rubber hose would suddenly appear out of the van's side door and the agent would be snapped into the van. The entire retrieval — from running out of the trees to the van's sliding-door slamming shut — took about three seconds. The retrieval system was standard procedure for SEALs and had found a valuable new use a thousand miles from any ocean.

Bill wouldn't discuss much of the defense work he'd done but he liked to shoot pistols — and could put eight .45 slugs into a ten inch circle at 25 yards in six seconds. He could put 15 holes into that circle in 15 seconds — and that time included a magazine change. He'd taught his wife how to shoot defensively — including how to put a slug into somebody at close range and use the target's diaphragm and lungs as a silencer.

They lived in a three bedroom home in the older "Banker's Hill" area of San Diego. It had been built in 1934; Bill and Sally had paid \$51,000 for it in 1979. Now, houses like it sold for \$543,000 in today's inflated dollars. It was destined to be their only asset, as taxes took more than 50% of their combined \$66,000 income. The government program to "tax the rich" essentially forced them to depend upon Social Security for their old age — something that all the experts predicted wouldn't even exist by the time they needed it.

Of the \$66,000 they made, 15% (\$10,000) went to “Social Security self employment tax” — a Ponzi scheme of the first order that actually bled the productive to feed the worthless. Their federal income tax was \$21,000. Their state tax was \$2,000. Their property tax was \$3,000. Sales tax and gas tax and car registration, plus car and home insurance took another \$5,000. They also paid their own medical insurance through an HMO which cost them \$7,000 a year.

So out of their \$66,000 a year they *took home* only \$18,000, and they still hadn't put food on the table, bought gas for the car, paid their telephone bill or even made a house payment! Living frugally they could only save \$3,000 a year.

San Diego had never experienced the ravages of earthquakes, war, or even bad weather. This allowed the region to develop a graceful, easy, and relaxed architecture.

Much of California's character comes from the land itself. In fact, when Father Junipero Serra came to San Diego in 1769, he looked at the low hills and gray-green valleys and requested that architects be sent north from Mexico City to create missions and other buildings of memorable style and functionality.

The first mission built in all of North America was in San Diego — Mission San Diego de Alcalá.

In 1769 the Church's experience with the Aztecs was fresh in the minds of the Spanish Franciscans and the soldiers stationed at San Diego's presidio — yet they were *still* not prepared for the barbarity of the Indian attack of 1775. The Church mission was burned to the ground and priests were hacked to death.

The mission had only four soldiers for protection. Each soldier carried two pistols, a rifle, a shield, and a pack, and rode a horse. For protection from Indian arrows the soldiers wore a vest made of several layers of heavy leather. It is from this vest that they took on the name “Leather Jackets.” These four soldiers were all there was between the Indians and the local European community.

Because of the Indian attack the new mission buildings were *fortified* — three foot thick walls were built from adobe and robust clay tiles were used for the roof — all to make the buildings attack-proof and infinitely more fire resistant. It took the Padres five years to rebuild the mission.

They built the new buildings in the shape of a defensive quadrangle around a central courtyard. This defensive quadrangle is now part of California's psyche — and for good reason. Today, the blood of the Aztec courses in the veins of every Mexican driving a low-rider. The White European's leather jackets have been replaced with Kevlar vests worn under their shirts.

San Diego's warm seasons and dry air make for pleasant outside experiences the year round. The Johnson's home included a small walled-in entrance courtyard with curved red-brown clay tile pathways. The back yard was walled-in as well — and the home gave visitors the feeling they were in a rural Spanish hacienda.

The entrance courtyard and back yard were bordered with espalier fruit trees. Red Bougainvillea and Copa D'Ora vines covered the walls. Bougainvillea branches have inch-long cactus-like spikes

and are a natural barbed wire.

The reasons for a walled-in entrance patio in an urban environment are manifold. First, it provides additional privacy amid the conjection of the city. Second, it creates a first line of defense — including a legal one regarding trespass. Third, it isolates any group of intruders from their support — including spotters. Fourth, if properly utilized, it puts the intruders into a killing field.

The home's front patio and back yard walls had been made in the 1940's of terra cotta hollow bricks and then slathered with stucco. Bill reinforced these walls with foot-square steel-reinforced concrete posts that he cast in place. The posts were spaced on four foot centers and were planted three feet into the ground. The posts were then stucco'd so that they became integral parts of the walls.

The entrance gate had been upgraded to include a small transmitter so that every time it was opened a signal was received inside the house. He had used a replacement garage door transmitter and receiver — \$29.95. The transmitter had been modified to use a mercury tilt switch from an old Robertshaw furnace thermostat. When the gate was opened the mercury vial tilted and made the connection. The transmitter had been wrapped in duct tape and then actually plastered onto the wall. He'd replaced the unit's conventional batteries with a long string of lithium cells so they wouldn't need changing for a decade.

Bill had taken some care in renovating the interior of the home to greatly increase its security. These measures were not taken to repulse Aztecs *per se* but just to eliminate the most obvious threats to his family — including home invasion (a specialty of the area's Asian gangs), burglary, kidnapping and police SWAT assaults.

The methamphetamine plague had actually started in San Diego just after the Second World War. Veterans had returned from the Pacific Theater — where they had used such chemicals to stay awake to fight. Coming home meant forming Harley Davidson motorcycle gangs and selling meth. After fifty years the drug was even being made by housewives in their suburban San Diego kitchens. The police would sometimes raid a “meth lab” — only to discover that they had the wrong house. People were killed. Anything to give the occupants time to respond rationally and firmly to any kind of attack was of immense value. Then too, under California law the police could destroy private property with impunity and without recompense — so long as they were “in pursuit of a criminal.” This meant that the police could cause a tremendous amount of damage in and around your home and so long as they arrested *somebody* for *something* they were not liable for the damage. It was best to let such people simply thrash about outside.

The home had been designed with ornamental grillwork — ornate bars — on all of the front windows. Bill could have simply repainted them but instead he did a bit more. Because the home had been built in the 1930's these window bars were made of solid steel. Bill welded the bars together — leaving the ornate rivets in place. He had fastened one inch steel cables at the bottom of each grill and had then draped these cables against the outside wall and then set them deep in concrete-filled holes.

The standard method used by street thugs (and federal thugs) to gain quick entry into any home with window bars was to attach a steel cable to the rear of a truck and toss the other end of the cable — with a grappling hook — through the bars. The truck would then quickly

exit the area — carrying the bars with it. Should anyone attempt this feat at Bill's home they would not only lose the rear end of their truck but in all likelihood their cable would snap and then whip through the bodies of many of those involved in the assault. There were risks to any protection of one's home and property. The police have the legal right to take all appropriate action in pursuit of their duties. If, while performing their duties they harm themselves or innocent others then you can be charged as if you personally had harmed the officer or the third party. The cop kills somebody by accident — thinking they were aiming at you — and you will be charged with first degree murder.

The next thing he had done was rebuild all of his windows. He removed each pane of glass and replaced it with hurricane-proof glass purchased from a large glass shop in a gulf coast city. Newer hurricane-proof glass could stop a wooden two by four travelling at 120 miles per hour. Each pane of this reinforced glass was set at a slight up-facing angle. He made certain that there were no streets or homes or trees or even distant buildings that might see a direct reflection from any of his window panes — this made it more difficult for the feds to use a laser to bug his home.¹ He then added an 1/8th inch thick plate of Lexan behind each piece of glass. The window frames had been made of wood and most had six panes of glass. He added two-inch wide facings of steel to the interior surfaces of the frames. The window locking mechanisms were replaced with half inch thick steel rods that secured each window — top and bottom — to the wall's studs. These additions would stop burglars who could smash a window and strip a house in three minutes — long before the cops would arrive. These additions also stopped gas grenades tossed or shot against the windows. Tear gas grenades were used by police to burn a house to the ground — or at least in nearly 70% of the cases that's exactly what they did. Remember Waco. Lastly, some police agencies tossed grappling hooks through windows and then ripped out the entire window frame. Grappling hooks just bounce off Lexan backed windows.

The two-inch thick Spanish style exterior doors had been re-built and new hinges installed. These hinges were secured with five inch long screws that went through the door frame and into structural members. Each hinge had been fitted with a "dog" — a pin that would hold the door in place even if the hinges failed. The interior face of each door had been fitted with a full size 1/8th inch thick plate of solid steel which was then framed with one-by-three inch rectangular steel tubing. This steel assembly was then through-bolted to steel straps on the outside. When painted, the doors simply looked "Spanish." All exterior doors had been fitted with Fische high security locks which lock the door at the top, bottom and middle. The vertical wooden trim at the sides of each door frame was replaced with steel straps of the same shape and an inch thicker. This reduced the door's clearance but it also removed all chances of a SWAT team's 12 gauge door entry slugs removing the door from its hinges.

A five inch diameter spring-loaded steel post had been installed in the tile floor of the entry way. The post could be popped up into position — twelve inches high — with the toe of your shoe. The front door would then only open a polite distance of six inches before it hit the post — which is not far enough to permit uninvited entry to the home. The post remained flush with the tiled entry way when not in use. The Johnsons would pop it into position when they turned in for the night.

1. Why?

Opening the door to strangers was a very disarming tactic. Many homeowners just used their security viewers and yelled through the door. This was not only impolite but lends credence to any rumors that the occupants are security conscious. Thanks to California's drug wars — just rumors of being security conscious are enough to get you into a police database.

Bill had also installed a CO₂ fire extinguisher by each exterior door. The exhaust from each extinguisher was connected through hose to an industrial air bag mounted at the bottom edge of the door. The bags looked similar to those seen at the rear of "air-ride" semi-trailers.

To all the world these extinguishers looked quite normal. They each had a hose and spray nozzle.

Each fire extinguisher had been modified to use a quick-disconnect hose coupling. The CO₂ tank was normally connected to the door closer — not the fire extinguisher nozzle. Should the extinguisher be needed to knock down a fire then the standard extinguisher nozzle could be quickly snapped into place and the tank carried to the flames.

Bill had connected a standard bicycle brake cable to the door and then to a lever which pressed on the fire extinguisher handle. By simply pulling a lanyard hooked to the back of the door any family member could unleash the gas pressure stored in the fire extinguisher's tank and close the door — no matter how many three hundred pound thugs were pressing against it.

The door-closing air bag was a standard Firestone Rubber Company product. They came in dozens of sizes — the one Bill used was ten inches in diameter. The bag actually looked like a huge aluminum Big Mac. Bill mounted the bag at the bottom right corner of the door. The bag would accept up to 200 psi through a half-inch hose fitting. This system put 15,000 pounds of force between the steel door stop and the door — it *would* close the door. The door would sever any limb caught between it and the jamb. Each door closing system had only cost him \$250.

The only modification Bill had made to the bag was the addition of a vertical steel trough — so the bag would wrap half way around the five inch steel post and not slip off when pressure was applied. While the uninitiated might think that a firearm stored near the front door could be a good thing — it is not. Bill instead purchased a pneumatic nail gun — a high power framing nailer — and then attached a ten inch long, three inch diameter high pressure air tank to its nail tray. Air from the CO₂ tank on the wall was directed to the door bag and also to this nail gun's tank. This small tank was connected to the gun's hammer mechanism through a high volume regulator set to 120 psi — the suggested pressure limit. The nail gun was fully loaded with more than 100 adhesive-coated two-inch long round-head nails. The gun could shoot even the heaviest nails more than 100 yards. At close range this thing was dangerous. Of course, framing nailers were not considered a weapon and thus easily purchased at any large, distant, hardware store — for cash. Bill had created a small firing port in the front door — at "average Mexican sternum height" — that looked like a regular peep hole. The peep hole's grille was hinged outward so that the nail gun could be stuffed through the hole and the muzzle could traverse more than 120 degrees. The salient features of a nail gun are: It is nearly silent, even a single nail-shot will easily kill, and pointy nails go right through most bullet proof vests. With the more powerful framing nailers only the nail's head stops it from going all the way through a human body. Bill modified the gun so that its standard muzzle lock "safety feature" was disabled. A gentle trigger-press was all that was required to fire the gun's nails — in full auto.

The Hitachi “construction nailer” was light in weight and easily sank two inch nails up to the nail-head — even in hard lumber. The Stanley Bostitch framing nailers were nice and the Porter Cable unit was compact. Bill purchased a SENCO unit — the biggest framing nailer in the store — and it even came with a leather covered handle. It also had a muzzle lock that was very easy to remove. The most powerful might have been the Hitachi unit but Bill wanted to “buy American”. Bill thought that the money for this project was \$347.00 well spent.

America has certainly changed. Bill realized that what he had done to reinforce his home and protect his family from burglars — or home invasions by Mexican or Asian gangs — could be enough to have him arrested. He actually ran the risk of having created “a room or space designed to suppress law enforcement entry”. Yes, he could be sent to jail just because he had done such a good job protecting his family from thugs.

Certainly, government agents could still kill — or “slot” him — as he walked to his car in some shopping center parking lot. They might even try to kill him right in his own home using the “mail man with a registered letter” ploy.

Bill was much more cautious after the Clinton / Vince Foster treachery. Bill thought Foster was probably “slotted” right inside his own office. Foster was six foot four and 197 pounds. Someone probably walked up to Foster and put a stun gun to the back of his neck and zapped his nervous system with 60,000 volts. When he slumped to the floor a silenced .38 automatic would have been placed in his mouth and expertly fired into the base of his brain. Sub-sonic ammunition — which is the ammunition used by professionals in a silenced pistol — wouldn’t have had the energy to exit the back of Foster’s skull. The bottom of his brain would have been fatally lacerated but there wouldn’t have been much — if any — blood at all. A silenced .38 auto firing sub-sonic ammunition has essentially no recoil — that means no broken teeth or even a bruise on the roof of Foster’s mouth. Silencers don’t have front sights and in fact are usually quite smooth at the front — so there was nothing sharp on the end of the gun to even scratch Foster’s palate. The use of a silenced pistol perfectly matches Foster’s forensic evidence.

The interior walls of Bill’s home were covered in paper-thin nickle-plated fiber sheets and then covered in a thin layer of joint compound. The Spanish stucco look was maintained. Each room’s conductive “wallpaper” was grounded to a three inch diameter, twelve foot long copper pipe set ten feet into the ground. The same conductive sheeting was sewn into the drapes and grounded via a subtle ground strap. The house was bug-proof to all but the most professional attacks — even to through-wall surveillance using ultra wideband time domain digital radar.

Bill’s drapes really were a work of art. Not only did they have conductive fiber sheets sewn inside them but they were also fitted with heaters. Bill had purchased one Sunbeam electric blanket for each section of drape. He had removed the fuzzy exterior of each blanket and then sewn the blanket’s heater wire inside the drape. He had done this because — according to the 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals — heat scanners were being used by authorities that “are increasingly able to reveal the intimacies that we have heretofore trusted take place in private.” Yes, it was even possible to read fluctuations in the heat signature from great distances and thereby listen to conversations inside a room. The feds might try to use these infrared scanners to peer through his curtains but by setting his curtains to even their “low” setting the feds’ access to the interior of bill’s house would be blocked.

The drapes were also longer than normal. Each drape fell into a polished wooden trough on the floor next to the window. The bottom of each drape was loaded with lead shot. Should the window be smashed, all of the bits of glass and shards of Lexan would be caught by the drape. The drape

would be knocked from the trough by the impact of the flying debris but would then blossom out of the trough and absorb the impact — thus protecting the room’s occupants.

The home did not have a burglar alarm although it looked like it did. Burglar alarms are only effective if the noise scares away the intruder. Determined thieves know that the police come — on average — 11 minutes after the alarm sounds, long after they are gone.

What Bill had done was place what looked like burglar alarm sensors on each window. In reality these were piezo-electric disks — speakers — which emitted white noise. He bought them at his local electronics surplus store. He purchased a waterfall-sound machine from the Sharper Image catalog and connected it to an old amplifier. The output of the amplifier was sent into a surplus filament transformer and then into what looked like burglar alarm wire and thence to the white disks. Sixty volts of white noise (or waterfall sound) was thereby pumped into each window pane. These same flat mini-speakers were also glued to the back or bottom of any shiny “Objet d Art” in any room where serious conversations might occur. There would be no way that an IR laser or even the more advanced video DSP technologies could listen in on any conversation in the house.² Both of these voice recovery techniques only required that reflections from some marginally reflective surface be vibrated by the sounds of interest. In one case a beam of infra-red energy was bounced off window glass or any reflective object inside the room. In the other technique a high-speed reduced-field video camera with telescopic lens was focussed on *existing* reflections on a window or object within a room — or even on dirt or dust on a vibrating surface. The modulation of these reflections by sounds in the room were then digitally processed — the amount of motion in the reflection is measured — and the sounds can be derived.

The white noise Bill generated could only be heard if you placed your ear against the window pane or object — but this sound level was a thousand times louder than the sounds the feds would otherwise pick up. Their surveillance systems were drowned in the restful sounds of a waterfall

Bill also installed a series of crushed chicken-wire screens three feet down each sewer vent pipe on the roof. He then capped each vent with a little hard plastic “tent” to keep out leaves. These “tents” were carefully marked as to their orientation — if they were ever moved then he would know he had company.

He also dug up the front yard and installed a “trap” in the sewer line. The trap was simply a “tee” with the home’s drain line connected to the center of the “tee” and the line to the street connected to one leg. The other leg was capped. These sewer modifications were installed to stop anyone from planting listening devices inside these vulnerable and *absolutely ideal* listening posts. Just as we use a “snake” to clean out a line, anyone can send devices up the sewer line — and leave them there. Sewer pipes don’t just suddenly appear in the bathroom. They are built into walls and floors that often meander through much of the house. Modern digital signal processing can provide surprisingly good restorations of garbled and faint conversations.

We must also remember that the key communication system built into most ships between 1880 and 1940 were “speaking tubes” — glorified sewer pipes. These tubes are still used as back-up

2. Wouldn’t this create a tremendous amount of audible noise?

communications systems on modern ships-of-the-line today.

He left the home's three chimneys free of any barriers — but fired them up once a week with a *hot fire* of every piece of paper he wanted to throw away and not have strangers later read — plus all of his junk-mail and newspapers.

As an added “techie” feature, Bill had created an outside surveillance system using a solar powered, radio controlled video system. The TV camera was slightly larger than a peanut M&M. He had installed it at the south east corner of the street — fifteen feet up in a notch of a four foot diameter Eucalyptus tree. With solar cell and battery and transmitter it looked to all the world like an abandoned bird's nest. He had also installed another TV camera in his attic — really a \$50 “video phone” from a discount computer store — which he attached to a cheap spotting scope. This TV camera looked outside through a small roof vent. The scope was securely bolted down so that it would only look at the distant “bird's nest”. Signals from the cameras were sent to the PC in the rec room. The scope camera let Bill know when somebody messed with his tree-mounted camera.

He had written a little program in BASIC for his PC which controlled the cameras. The computer would compare the view from a camera with the prior view to determine if there had been a change since the last observation. If the scene had changed then the PC would save the image to its hard drive — with the time of recording noted. Bill could dial into the computer via the Internet and “check for messages” which might include images of people coming to his front door or trying to sneak around the back of his house. Sometimes the images were good enough to read the front license plate of their car if they parked around the corner or the rear license plate if they parked in front of the house. When he and his family were home the “bird's nest” camera gave them a very nice view of the neighborhood. This system had only cost him \$200 — he didn't count the cost of the computer and the scope because he already had them.

Lastly, the electrical power entering the house was passed through an uninterruptable power system. The feds have a habit of sending 2,000 volt spikes down a target's power line to blast every electronic device and even pop the light bulbs. By isolating the home's wiring he could survive even this.

The Johnsons only owned one car — a Hummer. It had been very difficult for the family to decide what kind of car they should buy. A Mercedes would say “rich,” most American cars were crudely made and Japanese cars were something they would never purchase — even if Toyota did make most reliable cars in the world.

A Hummer was a car that would never go out of style — it was never in style — and one year's model was indistinguishable from any other. The selection also offered a lower auto theft rate and easy upgrade to a high security vehicle.

He couldn't afford a new one so he purchased three old ones at government auction. While the military refuses to sell these at auction they are still available as seized property at US Customs and DEA auctions. From these junkers — and with six months' work in his garage at night — he was able to build one good one. He'd painted it a tasteful dove gray.

The first thing he did was rip out all of the old wiring and replace it with shielded wiring. Every sensor and every switch was shielded and then grounded to the frame. The battery was mounted within a completely shielded box. Even the alternator was mounted within a shielded enclosure. Only his AM/FM radio was subject to damage from errant electro-magnetic pulses. The feds could play all the games they wanted. This Hummer would not be stopped by any of their new radio frequency weapons that could cook a normal car's electronics in less than a millisecond.

Bill had contacted Armour of America in Beverly Hills, to purchase door and window armor kits for the family's Hummer. The company had said "Armour of America will armour any reasonable vehicle for the protection of the occupants or cargo." The problem was that this company would not sell to individuals.

He had found that building hard and soft armor wasn't really that difficult and that he really didn't need these people. Building your own armor was easy. Besides, he didn't need to protect himself from the kinds of people who wanted to whack President Clinton. Clinton had to protect himself in a Kevlar cocoon eight inches thick. All Bill needed was about two inches.

The first thing he did was make cardboard patterns of each piece of armor he needed. These patterns were fitted into place on the Hummer and verified as fitting correctly. These patterns were detailed prototypes of the armor he would build — they were full thickness and even had holes in them which lined up with the actual mounting points in the Hummer's doors and roof.

He found that multiple layers of graphite cloth layered with Kevlar cloth and bonded with epoxy (not polyester) resin made a good home-made armor alternative. He found that he could build one complete panel in ten hours — two nights work. The big problem was pressing the layers together hard enough to squeeze out surplus resin. Resin bonded — it did not protect.

He built up a few four-inch square test blocks and took them to the rifle range for testing. He built them into his own wooden target frames so that when he put up his target nobody would know what he was really doing. Missing the paper and hitting the frame is a common occurrence at most rifle ranges. The test blocks were mounted on the front of the frame so they would still be there after he shot them.

His problem was not building armor strong enough to stop a bullet. His problem was doing it at reasonable cost.

The key to minimizing cost was minimizing the amount of material used and that required rotating the layers of graphite cloth and Kevlar so that they would distribute the shock in more than two directions. Each layer was rotated slightly so that the orientation of the fibers of one layer was not the same as the orientation of the next layer — this eventually distributed the shock around 360 degrees. Bill was able to get Kevlar cloth. His alternative would have been fiberglass. If he had used fiberglass cloth then the finished panels would have been more than twice as thick. He bought the Kevlar commercially and even showed the salesman pictures of the boat he was building — a nice 24 footer. He even read up on bass fishing and had purchased a one year subscription to a popular fishing magazine. And he always paid for materials with cash.

He was able to quickly lay out a resin-soaked layer of graphite and a layer of Kevlar and then roll them with a disk roller to fully impregnate both layers and to remove air bubbles. Each layer had been cut to exact shape and laid down very carefully. He made certain that even the bolt holes were cut into the layers of cloth. There could be no mistakes — this stuff was a mess to cut once the resin hardened. He stacked all the layers for a complete panel all at one time.

The stack was then sandwiched between two Teflon sheets and then placed inside a plastic bag. He then used a vacuum pump to create a minus 10psi vacuum inside the bag. While this may not seem like much pressure it worked out to more than 9,000 pounds for the average size armor segment. The finished panels were a bit more than two inches thick and weighed about 15 pounds per square foot. He let the stack cure for a week before he unwrapped it.

Lexan AR (abrasion resistant) was available from lots of sources for the car's armored windows — Bill bought it supposedly to build "fish tanks." He needed three inches of Lexan to stop most bullets he might encounter. He used three layers of one inch thick Lexan — people don't build fish tanks from three inch thick Lexan!

One problem was protecting the Lexan from UV — ultra-violet light. UV could destroy Lexan's strength fairly quickly. A thin UV protectant plastic sheet did the trick here.

The Hummer's sides were safe from anything up to and including .30 caliber armor piercing rounds. The windows could take multiple hits from any non-armor piercing round up to .30 caliber.

He had also installed run-flat tires — they were available as commercial products from Michelin.

He then replaced the Hummer's bumpers with inch-thick steel — and weighing eight hundred pounds each. The new bumpers looked somewhat like the old ones but God help the vehicle (or wall) that he hit. Both new bumpers were fairly tall and even protected the headlights at the front and brake lights at the rear. He built the bumpers from layers of quarter inch steel plate. Nobody asked what he was going to do with thin plate. Buying solid slabs of inch thick armor would have caused a stir. To laminate and secure them he stacked them and then drilled holes all the way through. He then filled these holes with molten welding rod.

Bill glued inch high rubber letters along the edge of each bumper. The letters spelled out "Rubber Safety Products Company" over and over again. The bumpers were then painted with thick rubber spray paint often used to coat tool handles. The rubber was only about 1/16th inch thick. Because the bumpers had been ground smooth — and patched with Bondo — they looked like they had been made of solid rubber. The thin spray-on rubber coating was easy to remove and a new coating could be applied in less than half an hour.

The bumpers were mounted on sliding sleeves. Inside each sleeve was a heavy duty off-road vehicle shock absorber with an air bladder. He could extend the bumpers by sending air from the tire inflation system (standard on Hummers) into the shock absorber's bladders.

He'd actually had Hummer owners come over and ask him about his rear bumper and how they might get one! He told them that the company had gone out of business.

These bumpers were not there just to cushion the Hummer's occupants in a collision. They were there to crash right through anything that got in Bill's path. In some ways the rear bumper was more important than the front. In any chase Bill expected to slam on the brakes or even put the Hummer into reverse and destroy the car behind. By using the rear bumper to do this he saved his engine from possible harm.

Some police will attempt to ram the rear quarter of the vehicle they are pursuing. This usually tumbles the pursued car into a ditch. Quick braking action — not anticipated by the officer — will instead slam the police car into the Hummer sending the police car spinning out of control.

The last thing he did was buy twenty microwave oven magnetrons. These were mounted in a piece of PVC pipe under the rear bumper. They all faced to the rear. A simple 600 volt power supply and some high voltage capacitors created a surprise for any annoying tailgater. A single gigantic pulse from those magnetrons would blow the electronics — all of the electronics — out of any nearby vehicle. Radios, ignition and engine computer would be destroyed. Anyone to the rear would suddenly coast to a stop and have to be towed away. Most cars would be damaged so extensively that they would be a total loss.

The Johnson's Hummer was the safest car on the block — maybe in all of San Diego — and he just waved to his neighbors in their shiny, new, leased Volvos.

The Johnson's home was in the middle of the city but still isolated from traffic and most crime. To the west was San Diego Bay and Point Loma. Just three blocks to the east was world famous Balboa Park — home to the San Diego Zoo.

They were almost surrounded by canyons — the easiest access was over a 200 foot long pedestrian bridge. The bridge had been built by real estate speculators before World War One to provide easy passage from the nearest trolley line to their fledgling real estate development on low hills overlooking the city. Just to the east of the pedestrian bridge was the beauty and romantic architecture of the Balboa Park.

Balboa Park's crime rate was one of the city's best kept secrets. While many city politicians and bleeding-hearts tried to pass off the problems in the park as normal for a big city, the facts were quite different. Because San Diego is so close to the Mexican border and the border is essentially unguarded, thousands of illegal aliens crossed the border and used the park as a rest stop on their way north.

Some of these Mexicans used the park as a source of ready cash from automobile break-ins and auto theft. Hundreds of other Mexicans (many under the age of 15) offered their sexual services to American homosexuals and pedophiles. In addition, there were several organizations just south of the park which fed the homeless. These organizations prided themselves in how many they could feed in a day and they had acted as a nationwide lure for beggars, alcoholics, drug addicts, AIDS carriers and others. One of these organizations was fabulously wealthy — thanks to massive funding by a restaurant-chain heiress.

San Diego's city fathers quashed any reports of crime in the park. At times this effort had been Her-

clean. The world-renown Old Globe Theatre was burned to the ground by welfare vermin — as was San Diego's Aerospace Hall of Fame. The Hall of Fame was burned down in 1978 with the last bits of The Red Baron's Fokker Triplane inside.

There were few better examples of how liberal “feel good” policies toward the insane and the drug addicted cost a city millions each year. The cost of repairing vandalism in the park was tremendous — and even required the rebuilding of entire structures.

Behind the Old Globe Theater was the San Diego Zoo hospital. It was one of the least known examples of Spanish Renaissance architecture in San Diego. It was here that all but the largest of the zoo's animals were treated.

Just behind the hospital was the San Diego Zoo. For sixty years the boundary was nothing more than a standard six foot high fence of the kind used to contain children and keep their toys out of traffic. In 1988 it was upgraded to a high security fence of the type seen around major prisons, nearly thirty feet high in many places, and constructed of special anti-climb fencing material topped with stainless steel razor ribbon — much more dangerous than multiple coils of barbed wire. All of this to protect the zoo from midnight invasions from human vermin attracted by the welfare state's generosity.

Most hardworking Americans pay attention only to their jobs and families with little concern for the inner workings of their community. This allows various power groups to wield tremendous power and yet remain nearly anonymous. Few Americans look at the “big picture” and see the obvious relationships which portended evil.

Jewish interests controlled San Diego. Mayor Susan Golding ran the place, Bill Kollender was Sheriff, Alan Bersin was United States Attorney, Doris Meissner was Director of the Immigration and Naturalization Service and responsible for San Diego's Mexican illegal alien crime problem and lax border security. Congressman Bob Filner was a Democrat and a member of the Democratic Socialists and related by marriage to the Prime Minister of Israel.

These Jewish interests had the power to materially change the very direction and spirit of our public institutions and suppress — if not destroy — the moral foundations upon which our country was based. And they used it.

According to the San Diego Union newspaper, even the American Ireland Fund in San Diego had “a nice Jewish boy Sol Price” as honorary chairman. It should not be a surprise to learn that the annual San Diego St. Patrick's Day Parade and Festival suddenly honored American Indian Culture and had “Unity with Native Americans” as its theme!

Even Balboa Park was not immune.

Deep within the park's huge Museum of Man there was an ornate Spanish chapel with hand carved altar and pews. The chapel seated more than 100 worshipers. It had been built as part of the original museum edifice in 1915 and was held as an example of California's foundation in the Christian Church. The architect who designed most of the buildings in the park in 1915 had personally

donated Holy artifacts to the chapel. Now the chapel was all boarded up and forgotten. The artifacts stolen.

Christianity may have been banished from the park but not Judaism, as Rabbi Jonathan Stein of Temple Beth Israel gave the “benediction” at the groundbreaking for the newest and largest building project in the park in the last ten years. Joan and Irwin Jacobs and Weingarten Foundation representatives as well as Jeffrey Kirsch and Elsa Feher — directors of the new facility — looked on.

Clinton stayed at Larry Lawrence’s house when he came to town. Larry Lawrence, of course, was the man who put 10 million dollars into the Democratic Party on his way to Arlington National Cemetery and who — it was rumored everywhere in Washington and San Diego as well as reported by the nationally syndicated columnist Ariana Huffington and by a national gossip magazine — had even offered his wife to Clinton as a little bonus. Mr. Lawrence reaped his reward and was eventually placed in the holiest ground within Arlington — section C-7 — the area reserved for Congressional Medal of Honor winners. Mr. Lawrence was a pillar of the community in San Diego and donated the millions needed to build the Lawrence Jewish Community Center. His rich, auburn colored Arlington National Cemetery headstone said it all:

U.S. Merchant Marine
U.S. Ambassador To Switzerland
Diplomat — Entrepreneur
Philanthropist — Humanist
August 16, 1926 — January 9, 1996
His conscience and commitment
to ideals of equality, opportunity
and social justice were revealed
in his words and deeds

That his conscience, commitment to ideals of equality, opportunity and social justice were revealed in his deeds quickly became an embarrassment to the White House — which then took on the “New World Order’s” cloak of “eternal victim” and blamed the entire affair on Lawrence himself. It was “discovered” that Lawrence had absolutely no right to be buried with heroes — he had never been in the Merchant Marine and had never been wounded — and that the real justification for his burial in Arlington was based on the size of his wallet or possibly his wife’s chest. After the usual denials and pleas of innocence the White House had Lawrence quietly dug up and shipped out to San Diego. He was then re-buried in San Diego’s El Camino Memorial Park.

The San Diego Union simply gushed at the links among Jewish interests, the city of San Diego, and Clinton. Here’s what the paper said about the city’s links to the Clinton’s White House: *“Another conduit to the White House involves Rabbi Moshe Levin of Congregation Beth El and his wife, Deborah, whose stepmother is Ann Lewis, recently named White House director of communications.”* Congregation Beth El was only nine blocks due south of the Johnson’s home.

To the west of the Johnson’s home was San Diego Bay and the towering peninsula called Point Loma. Point Loma curves to the south and around the mouth of the San Diego Bay. Its rugged cliffs rise nearly 500 feet above the Pacific.

This peninsula contains one of the highest concentrations of US Navy installations in the world and

it can be compared to Gibraltar in its importance. The peninsula was first used as a platform for coastal gun defenses in 1917. The attack of the Japanese on Pearl Harbor in 1941 made Point Loma the next logical target and it was *heavily* fortified. The peninsula has been tunneled, reinforced and paved.

On the harbor side, Point Loma is home to numerous nuclear powered attack submarines and the largest naval research facility on the west coast. A hundred yards from the Navy piers one can see the huge storage tanks for bunker fuel³ burned in the steam turbines of the entire Pacific Fleet. You can also see the munitions storage buildings — they are the white ones with the fifty foot high lightning arresters and the around-the-clock high intensity lighting.

Along the top of the peninsula one can see the Fleet Combat Directions Systems Activity which designs and tests the classified software used in various ship-board computer systems. Farther on, is the radio research lab where 10-foot long models of every navy ship are constructed from copper sheet and then scanned for their radio signature. The old 1917 and 1941 coastal gun installations have been converted into secure research labs.

At the mid-point on the peninsula is the Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery with 100 acres of grass and 47,000 white tombstones.

Between the Johnson's home and the Bay was Lindbergh Field — San Diego's airport. The airport was just far enough away that no airplane noise interrupted back yard barbecues, and yet close enough to create an incredible nightly light show.

Thanks to the rugged geography and difficult street access, Bill and Sally had been able to raise two fine children without a home invasion, burglary, auto theft — or worse.

Bill and Sally considered their home in San Diego to be heaven on earth.

3. What's bunker fuel?

Chapter Three

Bill was in the kitchen making a fried-egg sandwich. He *wanted* a fried-egg sandwich and he pretended not to care *what* his doctor said. Besides, he'd stopped topping them off with peanut butter and avocado. At seven o'clock at night an egg sandwich was still better for him than a fast-food burger.

Sally was sitting in a high-backed leather chair near the fireplace reading a book. A heavy branch thumping against the window made her look up.

"What was that?"

She looked up just in time to see a black shape flit past the front window toward the back yard.

"Bill! You better come over here!"

Bill walked into the living room with the egg sandwich still in his hands.

"What's wrong?"

"I just heard a thump and saw somebody in the front yard."

Bill went to the computer and expanded the view of the remote camera from 1/8th-screen to whole-screen.

"Yep. Look at that! We've got a Mexican's low-rider parked around the corner with two guys in it. I sure wish I'd bought the color version of this camera! They must have gone down the alley and then climbed over our back wall — we didn't get a beep from the front gate."

Bill touched the numeric keys on the PC's keyboard — the image switched to a view of the front of the house. He took another bite out of his sandwich.

"Why are you eating an egg sandwich? If I was gonna eat that I'd at least put ketchup on it." Sally said, looking at him with disgust.

"Hey, ketchup was originally called *ke-tsiap* and was made in China from fermented dead fish. In 1750 the British tried to make it using fermented liver. It took H.J. Heinz in Pittsburgh to use tomatoes. You know how Swedes eat spaghetti? With ketchup. I ain't touching ketchup. Besides, sales of Mexican Salsa have overtaken ketchup in the US. You should be putting salsa on your eggs if you wanna be politically correct!" Bill dripped a bit of egg yellow on his shirt.

"Oooo! We got one guy at the front door right now. Your guy is walking up toward the front. He should be trotting past the front window again any second. Don't look around."

The doorbell chimed BING BONG.

“Okay, so they know what a door bell’s for — now let’s see what these guys want.”

Sally followed Bill to the front door. Bill gently motioned her back around the corner.

“If these guys have guns they might be trying for a home invasion — better stay clear of the door.”

Bill popped the door-stop out of the tile floor and into position. He then turned the handle on the Fische lock and pulled, the massive front door gently swung open in his hands.

“Hi guys! Can I help you?” Bill could smell the beer-breath and the sweat of the Mexican’s armpits. The Mexican’s eyes were dilated and his face was sweaty. The guy needed a fix of something — heroin, methamphetamine, crack?

“We’re lost man. You got a phone we can use?”

“I can’t do that. Maybe you can try the Anderson’s house — that’s the one just next door. Oh. The Andersons are kind of cheap. Here’s five bucks you can give ‘em for the use of the phone.”

He was putting all the leverage on his side of the bar. If anything happened, he could tell the police that he took *every available action* to avoid confrontation — even paying the guy to go away.

Bill turned his head to see if Sally was still clear of the doorway. The Mexicans took that moment of vulnerability to lunge through the door.

Both Mexicans slammed against door and tried to leap inside. The one with the beer-breath quickly forced his left arm and part of his shoulder into the house. He moved fast — he’d done this before. The Mexicans probably thought Bill’s front door weighed sixty pounds and would just snap off its hinges. This door weighed three hundred pounds and wasn’t going anywhere.

There was a cheap .380 pistol in the Mexican’s left hand.

“Fuck you man! Fuck your five bucks. I gonna get *all* your money now man!”

His partner threw himself at the door again. The massive door moved rearward — gently tapping the floor-mounted steel post. Bill saw the glint of the chrome pistol, jumped clear and yanked at the CO2 fire extinguisher’s lanyard but missed. He grabbed the Mexican’s pistol by the slide and pointed it toward the ceiling. Bill pulled down on the pistol’s slide — moving it rearward almost an inch. With the slide pulled back the pistol was safe.

Bill yanked again at the lanyard and this time an ear-splitting, squeaking “SHHHHH” sound filled the entry way and the door began closing — hard.

“Man! What you doing to me man! I just wanted to use the phone man!”

The Mexican continued to force himself into the house, pushing with all his might against what he thought was Bill’s efforts to keep him out. Inert gas filled the bag — 70 psi, 80 psi, 90 psi — now

more than 5,000 pounds of force was squeezing on the Mexican's arm — tighter and tighter and tighter.

The Mexican realized he was in trouble. Whatever was on the other side of that door was far stronger than he. He was losing this battle fast. He was caught, trapped, crushed and now he was crying out in pain — screaming. He thrashed about — kicking and wriggling and pounding — doing everything he could to get his arm free. But all his wiggling did was align his arm's glistening white tendons into a more compact space. The door closed even tighter. This door was a 300 pound mousetrap with a 15,000 pound spring — and it had sprung on him.

Bill took the pistol from the punk's now puffy-but-limp left hand. The door continued to close.

“Carrrrnalll! AYEEE!”

The Mexican's arm bones twisted and snapped like green twigs. The door continued to close. The Mexican's arm jerked upwards — crushed between the door and the jamb. The Mexican could take no more and he fainted — suspended only by his nearly-severed limb.

His partner threw his shoulder against the door again and again — and then kicked at it.

“Move away from the door!” Bill yelled.

The partner backed up and then slammed himself against the door as hard as he possibly could. Bill looked through the peep hole and realized that Mr. Mexi-partner was getting frustrated — and was now lifting what looked like a Remington 870 pump shotgun from under his coat. If the idiot actually fired that shotgun into door the blast would bounce off the door's interior steel plate and cut the trapped Mexican to pieces. Bill never thought he would have to save the life of some once-wriggling vermin.

Bill squatted to the floor and grabbed the nail gun.

“Big mistake guys!” Bill's words echoed off the floor and walls of the confined entry space.

Bill grabbed the CO2 lanyard again and pulled himself up off the floor and peered through the peep hole. The Mexican had the 870 out and in front of him.

CRACK, SHLUCK!

The Mexican racked a shotgun shell into the 870's chamber.

Bill slammed the muzzle of the nail gun through the peep-hole and pulled the trigger.

PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT, PFFT!

Two inch long steel nails filled the air in a 30 degree arc.

Nails sparkled like fireflies in the glow of the yellow porch light.

Bill emptied most of the nailgun's tray into the 870-owner's chest — at 400 nails a minute. Some of the nails bounced off the steel action of the 870. Some nails perforated the Mexican's arm and then nailed the arm to the shotgun's black plastic stock.

“AYEEEE!” The Mexican screamed — more out of surprise than pain.

“Wha choo dooeeng to me man!”

All the Mexican could do was look down at his arm and the blood that was oozing out from around the nail heads. He tried to move his fingers but nothing happened — the nerves and tendons had been traumatized if not actually severed. He pulled at the stock of the shotgun — a gooey slurping snapping sound filled the air. The Mexican screamed and then ripped the shotgun stock away from his arm. Inch-long spikes stuck out of his arm and glistened pink in the yellow glow of the porch light. He dropped the gun on the walkway and just stood immobilized staring down at his arm.

But he had other — more serious — problems.

This Mexican had purchased a bullet proof vest from a mail order company advertising in the back pages of Soldier of Fortune Magazine. Wearing it, he thought he was really just too cool. Bill's two inch nails easily slid through the 36 layers of the Mexican's KEVLAR vest and only stopped in the Mexican's lungs, thorax, pancreas and heart. His heart would continue to pump — until most of the Mexican's blood had leaked into his chest cavity — then this Mexican would die. There was really no way to save him. His bullet proof vest was now nailed — and then hot glued — to his chest. It would take at least an hour for an hospital emergency room team to cut it off him. He didn't have that much time.

“You guys really need to go to the hospital!” Bill yelled through the door. He couldn't help but chuckle at the utter stupidity of these Mexican thugs.

“Step back from the door and stand where I can see you.”

The perforated Mexi-partner just stood there in a daze — this was not supposed to happen. He staggered three steps back and stood where Bill could just barely see him while peeking over the mangled remains of the other Mexican — his arm now crushed firmly in the grip of door. Bill placed the nail gun on the entry table and then released his grip on the lanyard. The gas stopped flowing. The room was silent. He turned to Sally who was peering around the corner.

“Wow, this stuff sure worked good! We oughta have one of these at the ba...”

The Mexican with the crushed arm suddenly came-to and started thumping his free arm against the door. “AYEEEE! Lemmee go man!”

“Quiet!”

“Lemmee go man!”

“Quiet! Or I’ll let you hang there until you bleed to death!”

The crushed Mexican held his scream. The Mexican dart board was standing on the walkway — immobilized by shock — and listing ever-so-slightly to one side. Bill hoped the guy could last long enough to make it someplace down the street.

“Now, I’m gonna let you go — and you guys are gonna go far, far away. Please don’t come back. Do you understand?”

“Fuck you man!”

Bill grabbed the nail gun and stuck it through the peep hole.

“You guys want more of this? I can put about fifty nails into your eye sockets. You want that?”

“Oh no! Nooo! Senior!”

“You gonna go away now?”

“Oh kayee Senior, we go! Baht weee joos wanted to use de phone!”

Bill released the gas pressure and the Mexican jerked his unnaturally flaccid limb out of the vice-like grip of the door. Both Mexicans were now entering a dream-like mental state — the first indication of massive shock. Neither had much time left on planet earth.

Releasing the door’s pressure on the Mexican’s arm allowed pinched nerves to re-awaken and generate undulating waves of excruciating pain.

“AAAEeeeeeeee!”

In his generally debilitated physical condition there was little hope for the arm — even if he did get immediate medical attention. Then too, the crushed muscles were already sending an overload of poisonous protiens to his liver. Lastly, there was gangrene. All he had for a future was returning to Mexico and waiting to die.

The other Mexican was already all but dead on his feet.

The two thugs turned and then stumbled away into the night.

“Now that was interesting!” Bill looked at Sally just as their two children scampered into view.

“What happened daddy” Samantha asked.

“Somebody came to the door to use the phone and I told them to go next door.” Bill answered —

looking down at the chrome plated ROSCO .380 automatic in his hands. He then picked up the nail gun and checked the pressure. There was more than enough for another load of nails. He reloaded the nail tray and placed the nailer in its place of honor on the floor.

“Now Bobby, I want you and Samantha to go upstairs and get ready for our trip tonight. I know that we’re leaving a bit late but we’ll still have a barbecue and stuff. Now, go on!”

“Sally, please close the drapes and turn out the lights at the front of the house. And you children, go back upstairs!”

Bill and Sally walked to the PC and looked at the video image of the outside of the house.

“I really didn’t mean to crush that guy’s arm. Hell, we’ve never had to use that door-closer before. He’s gonna lose that arm. The only reason it ain’t bleedin too bad right now is that the door crushed all the veins and arteries — there’s no place for the blood to spurt out.”

Bill didn’t mention the Mexican pin cushion — that guy would be lucky to live another ten minutes. Bill wasn’t too concerned. The Aztecs spent three hundred years draping their victims over a barrel cactus and then cutting out their still-beating hearts. All Bill had done was bring the Aztec tradition up to date with an added feature — steel nails coated in hot glue.

Bill picked up the .380 and looked at it again, then glanced at the PC’s screen.

“Look at that. Those scum ain’t leavin. They’re just sittin in their car. What kind of crap is this! I’m gonna give these guys a reason to leave. If we’re gonna get out of here tonight we better make sure those guys are gone. Don't we need something from the store?”

Sally looked up at Bill. “Sure, three dozen eggs— for you — and some more cottage cheese.”

“All of you guys are safe here in the house. But just in case — how about staying upstairs until I come back...”

Bill walked to the kitchen and took all of the Burger King napkins stacked at the side of the tiled kitchen counter. Bill never actually went to Burger King to eat. He only used their napkins. He looked under the sink and found a bottle of liquid Spic and Span floor cleaner. He doused some of the floor cleaner onto the napkins and began smearing the ROSCO pistol with the liquid. He then opened a drawer and found two freezer sized plastic bags. He slid his now-sticky hands into them as if they were gloves.

“I’ll be right back. Now don’t open the door for anybody — and put the stop back up when I leave. Oh, and maybe it would be a good idea to wipe both sides of the door and the door frame with straight chlorine bleach.”

Bill pressed the floor post into its down and locked position, held the Burger King napkins in his right hand and continued to coat the .380 with the gold-colored floor cleaner while he opened the front door and headed toward the garage. It was not good to have a detached garage when Mexican

thugs were on the rampage — but the house had been built more than sixty years ago — in a very different age.

At the side of the garage Bill found his bag of blood meal fertilizer and a stack of plastic leaf clippings bags. He put the pistol down and carried the bag of blood meal and one of the plastic bags to the front of the house.

He first used the plastic bag as another glove for his left hand — the one now coated in liquid Spic and Span — and flipped the 870 shotgun inside. The only traces of his house on the gun were grass seeds — and almost everybody in San Diego had the same kind of grass. He then sprinkled a fine layer of blood meal all over the porch, all over the grass and then over the walkway. Finally, he turned on the sprinklers for a 20 minute cycle. He then carried the blood meal bag and bagged shotgun back to the garage. There, he slid the well-coated pistol and the remaining napkins into the bag — and tied the bag shut. He then rinsed his hands under the hose bib.

Bill then put the bag with the guns into another plastic bag — using the new bag as a glove. Any trace evidence of the evening's goings-on at his front porch would be quickly diluted in a veritable ocean of cow blood and floor cleaner. The Mexican's weapons would be slipped from their bag and dumped with a "clank" down some distant storm drain.

He rolled the garage doors to the side, placed the double plastic bags on the back seat and backed the Hummer out and down the driveway. He paused for a second — to make certain the Mexicans knew which house the Hummer had come from — and then headed around the corner — right past the Mexican low-rider — and south toward the business district.

Bill hadn't driven south for more than twenty seconds before a pair of headlights came on a quarter mile behind him. Then another set came on.

"Oh, damn, I'm sure getting sloppy! Two cars! I'm glad it's only Mexicans who wanna kill me!"

Bill hadn't seen the other car on the TV monitor — it had been parked farther up the street. These bastards had been planning on a full blown a home invasion!

He picked up speed. The sound of the Hummer's engine was more like that of a cement truck than a car. It had been a long time since he felt this way. The adrenaline rush was great. Whatever happened next — it was gonna be fun — and certainly not a fair fight for the Mexicans. It all made him grin.

The Mexicans were pacing him. Block, after block, after block the two cars trailed him — waiting for the street to clear of traffic or to build up their courage. Suddenly, the most distant Mexi-car pulled into the on-coming lanes and rocketed in front of him.

"A Honda Civic! What the do these guys think they're doin'? A Honda Civic? A lime green Honda Civic?"

All Bill could do was chuckle. The Honda Civic DX looks something like a pregnant horseshoe

crab and it was the vehicle of choice for many of California's Asian and Chicano street gangs. It would often be customized with extra wide, small diameter tires — this was perceived as sexy by certain small minds — even though the vehicle was then so low to the ground that just turning off a street and up a driveway could rip off the exhaust system.

The Civic pulled back into Bill's lane and skidded sideways to a stop. Oriental-ish looking Mexican heads popped out of the Civic's windows and started making gang signs. The driver turned on his under-car blue florescent lighting. Two blue-tinted florescent tubes pulsed to the bass of the car's sound system. It's amazing what you can buy at Pep Boys.

One of the passengers stuck a big black single-shot Thompson Contender handgun out the window and brought the sights into alignment with Bill's head. This pistol had been a fad in the 1970's and were designed to accept any of a dozen different barrels and cartridge types — a quick barrel change is all that's needed. This one had been stolen — probably from some 60 year old gun buff — with a .44 magnum barrel attached. Mr. Mexico had stolen three rounds to go with it.

There was a flash and a loud slap as a .44 caliber slug spattered against the Hummer's bumper. The Mexican had jerked the trigger and missed — big time.

Bill pushed the gas pedal to the floor. A Hummer is little more than a locomotive on rubber wheels and Bill's was equipped with a Mexi-plow of solid steel.

The Mexican fumbled with the pistol — he was trying to snap it open and remove the fired brass casing and slam in a fresh one but all he could do was look down at the pistol and then up at the oncoming Hummer.

The Hummer and the Civic collided at Fourth and Maple streets — in an older business district about a mile south of Bill's house and a mile north of downtown San Diego.

The Civic crumpled like a cheap Chinese toy and skidded sideways sixty feet. The four occupants were driven against the car's far wall and crushed. Pink hi-octane dribbled from its crumpled gas tank.

Bill calmly turned off the Hummer's lights and selected reverse on the transmission. He adjusted the rear view mirror to get his second target fully into view. He braced his head against the headrest and slammed the gas pedal to the floor — backing the Hummer straight into the oncoming Mexican low-rider at thirty miles an hour.

There was no time for the Mexicans to react. The Hummer slammed into a 1972 Chevy Impala loaded with three Mexicans — one with a crushed right arm and another who seemed to be very busy gurgling foamed blood all over the Chevy's back seat.

The Chevy had been built before the days of high priced gas. It had been built of sheet steel not flimsy plastic. This time there was a thunderous collision that echoed up and down the street. Lights came on in homes seven blocks away.

Bill pushed the transmission into low and drove forward — away from the steaming Mexican Impala-mess. He then backed around the Impala, put the Hummer in compound low, hit the tire pressure release — dropping the Hummer’s tire pressure to 15 psi — and then pushed the Impala into the dribbling remains of the Civic.

The “accident scene” now complete, he backed far up the street and turned on his headlamps. He even flicked on his high beams to survey the area. The skid marks were all from the Mexican’s vehicles. The shapes of the crumpled cars actually fit together — in a drunken sort of way.

Bill looked around quickly — no witnesses yet. He could now play Good Samaritan. He pulled his road emergency kit out from under the seat and removed four road flares.

He tossed the first flare out his window and onto the street — far to the rear of the “accident” — and then carefully dropped the flare’s end-cap into the emergency kit on the seat. The next flare he tossed closer and the next even closer — saving the end-caps. Then Bill drove forward — toward the wrecks — picked all of the flare end-caps out of the kit box and tossed them onto the steaming Mexi-metal. End-caps had fingerprints.

A puddle of gasoline was slowly expanding and now even pooling against the curb.

Bill could see headlights moving in the distance.

He hopped from the car and ripped the rubber coatings off the Hummer’s front and rear bumpers and tossed the thin odd-shaped black sheets on top of the wrecked cars. He then removed the plastic bags from the back seat and — holding onto the outer bag — tossed the inner bag and its contents onto the heap.

The last road hazard flare was popped to life and tossed — with its end-cap — right into wreckage.

WHOOOOSH!

The flames swirled just above the tops of the wrecked cars. As the wreckage heated, the flames would climb higher and higher. They might even set the tops of nearby palm trees aflame before the fire department arrived. The nearest fire station was more than a mile away — and operated by an all-female crew.

Bill killed all the Hummer’s lights, turned mid-block down an alley, drove to the next street and then turned on his lights and calmly drove to the store.

Chapter Four

Do you really have enough hamburger for the barbecue?" Bill hollered from the front door.

"Yes, yes, let's just get in the Hummer and get outa here!" Sally replied as she popped the floor post down and let Bill into the house.

"Okay, but I gotta go touch up the Hummer's bumper paint. I kinda scratched it".

"Okay, we'll be ready to go whenever you are".

Bill returned to the garage and stuffed newspaper around the backs of the Hummer's bumpers and then carefully checked the front bumper for tell-tale bullet dents. There was a slight star pattern of lead and slight flecks of brass bullet casing — a skid mark — stuck to the bumper's surface. Bill rubbed the area with a piece of 80 grit abrasive cloth and then with a rag soaked in swimming pool acid. The lead was hard to trace but the brass was the equivalent of a fingerprint. Finally, he sprayed both bumpers with three thick layers of rubber coating. The bumpers would be dry before the Hummer got to the freeway.

This was the first real family outing they'd had in two years. The whole family was eager to get to their mountain house and relax. Bill had promised to show Bobby how to make rockets and had bet that his rockets were so good that they could reach an altitude of 5,000 ft.

Bill's only form of relaxation was fixing up his mountain retreat. He'd spent almost all of his weekends over the last five years making it nice inside and out.

He had planned to sell his home in San Diego and retire to the house in the country as soon as the children were in college. Sometimes he'd had second thoughts.

Bill was only able to purchase the property because its previous owner had made the mistake of thinking that the mountains were safe. Maybe they were — once — but in today's America the Mexicans were turning open back-country into a war zone.

The FBI was up to its armpits in attempts to arrest each and every back country homeowner who might take matters into his own hands and protect his family from the Mexican hoards. The new FBI was into "prevention".

Bill had heard about recent Mexican raids just a few miles to the east at a place called Campo. It had been a not-so-well-kept-secret that US Marines from Camp Pendleton had been tasked by the Border Patrol to monitor Campo's nearby valleys for drug smugglers.

Even well-armed drug smugglers do not win gun battles with US Marines. In one instance the dead Mexicans were stacked like cord wood. The drug smugglers had promised reprisals. The small town of Campo had since been attacked again and again — probably in some effort to re-live Pancho Villa's victory against the Americans of eighty years before.

For more than 100 years Mexicans had made a sport of crossing the border and pillaging this little town. In one case six of them had come into the general store and tried to rob it at gun point.

There had been a real gun battle and four of the Mexicans had been killed. The two that had escaped were later rounded up and lynched.

There would be no "next time" for the Gaskill brothers — the store owners. The old wooden store had been torn down and a solid stone building with four foot thick walls built in its place.

Mexican raids into Campo were so frequent and violent that the U.S. Army sent in the 11th Cavalry and actually based the "horse soldiers" there until the cavalry was converted to gasoline vehicles in 1941. Campo is recorded in the Army history books as having (and needing) the last real cavalry in the entire United States. The 11th Cavalry had actually patrolled the Campo area along the border itself. Today's Border Patrol operated six miles behind the border — creating a mountainous no man's land defended only by local homeowners.

The previous owner of Bill's property had come home one night and found illegal aliens trying to strip the house of everything of value. He vigorously protested and they beat his head in. Bill bought the property from the estate — from relatives who'd never even seen the place.

The property had been a mining claim. There still were big veins of semi-precious tourmaline gemstones under these hills. Bill had bought the place over Sally's objections mainly because it

included a warren of tunnels dug deep into the mountain. Bill had also taken it because the prior owner had stockpiled more than a ton of commercial ANFO — all in nice 50 pound double-wall paper bags, plus a hundred of pounds of Tovex “C” water gel explosive, some Deta-sheet and several cardboard spools each holding a thousand feet of 100 grain per foot Primacord. The guy had needed large quantities of explosives to explore the thick clay seams for gems. Explosives are just a tool — and they move dirt a lot cheaper than some Mexican illegal hired for a daily wage — especially when the Mexican steals the gems as he shovels the dirt.

Bill had taken a page out of the previous owner’s handbook and funded much of the home’s construction with tourmaline from the mine. Once a year he would sell the raw stones at the big Tucson, Arizona gem show — for cash.

Rather than waste the “good stuff” the previous owner had stored, Bill made his own explosives — using a recipe he had spent years perfecting. The one he liked best was 94% ammonium nitrate, 5% powdered charcoal and 1% diesel fuel. Diesel fuel made the charcoal sticky and then everything stayed together quite nicely. This mixture created a very good Ammonium Nitrate / Fuel Oil explosive — commonly called ANFO.

Many people think that ANFO is not a sensitive explosive and that even a blasting cap won’t set it off. They are wrong. This stuff can be very dangerous. Entire shiploads of plain ammonium nitrate have even detonated on their own — once in Brest, France and once in Texas City, Texas.

ANFO is tricky in that a loose or improperly mixed load may not explode completely. It can be quite embarrassing to attempt to detonate a hundred pounds of the stuff and have only two pounds explode. To ensure a complete detonation one should contain the explosive — even a paper bag will work — and use a booster charge. Bill used a knot of Primacord as the booster charge — a simple wrap that looked just like a hangman’s noose. He would just tape this booster to the outside of the bag containing the explosive.

Now Bill had found one ANFO formulation that would explode completely and without a booster. It was a bit of work to make but it was far more powerful than commercial ANFO and even a bit better than Tovex — Du Pont’s replacement for dynamite.

One must take use extreme caution with explosives or their components.

To make this “hot” ANFO the first thing he did was take four pounds of fertilizer grade ammonium nitrate and add one pound of water. He then heated this mixture in a teflon coated electric pan to 195 degrees Fahrenheit (he used a candy thermometer) constantly stirring (with a large plastic spoon) until all of the ammonium nitrate was dissolved.

In a large plastic bucket he then mixed 1.4 pounds of #2 diesel and another 18.6 pounds of ammonium nitrate.

The next step required that he slowly pour the first mixture into the second and stir until absolutely and completely mixed.

The last step required that he dry the mixture. He always remembered that he had the equivalent of about twenty pounds of TNT sitting there. It had to be handled with utmost respect. The easiest way to dry the mixture was to put portions of it onto a paper towel and then inside a beef jerky / vegetable drier. The vegetable dryers seen on infomercials broadcast by fourth rate TV stations worked quite well.

The best way to dry the mixture, however, was to use a vacuum pump and let the water “boil off” on its own at the reduced pressure of a near vacuum. This method also made the mixture more porous and much more explosive. In a way one could consider having just made a “crack” explosive. It works for cocaine so why not put the technique to a positive use!

He purchased his vacuum pump at a surplus store and he used a pressure cooker bought at a garage sale as the tank. The vacuum pump hose was connected to the pressure cooker through the little stub where the relief valve weight would normally be attached. With the vacuum pump and pressure cooker he could dry about five pounds of sensitized ANFO at one time. He did the drying down in the mine shaft so that if the whole thing went boom it wouldn’t cause too much damage.

While he had never had a problem with this high performance mixture there was always that fear in the back of his mind that the whole thing would just detonate on its own some day.

When blowing things up it was always best to use commercial but untagged commercial explosives if at all possible. Yes, it is possible to “un — tag” tagged commercial explosives.

Taggants are microscopic lasagna-slice looking objects that are made of several layers of plastic. The top and bottom layers of the plastic fluoresce green under UV. The five inner layers are the serial number of the explosives maker and batch number. The standard coding of such things is “bad, boys, roger, our, young, girls, but, violet, gives, willingly — which is black, brown, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, gray, white — which is 0 through 9 inclusive. Five internal layers give the feds 99,999 ways to find you.

DuPont Tovex products, for example, had a ten character alpha-numeric ID which can and has been discerned from these taggants.

There was one flaming idiot who worked swing shift at a Bethlehem Steel plant in Maryland who purchased two tubes of Tovex and two DuPont blasting caps — giving the explosives store his correct name and driver’s license number from his West Virginia license — and who then promptly blew up his nephew. He was eventually caught “thanks to the taggants”. This is the only recorded arrest and conviction attributed to taggants — but one must always be careful.

To satisfy his own curiosity, Bill had tried three different methods of removing taggants. Of course removing taggants for any reason was a felony.

Commercial explosives are sold in liquid, powder and solid form. Commercial booster charges usually come in solid form and often in metal cans. They all may contain taggants.

Bill thought that he could sometimes dissolve the explosive — filtering the taggant from the soup and then reconstituting the explosive into a solid again. If he only needed a few pounds it was marginally worth the effort.

He could use magnetic separation — the taggants are magnetic so dusting his explosives past a set of powerful magnets at least five times would remove the taggants. Of course, he had to be careful. A single spark from static electricity might be the end of all life as he knew it.

He also tried using mechanical separation — the taggants were almost always either heavier or lighter than the explosive. By slowly pouring dry explosive in front of a blower the particles would separate — the heavier particles would land closer to the blower and the lighter particles farther from the blower. A simple electric leaf blower was the cheapest choice. Explosives are explosive and placing himself near an explosive in dust form and near a big sparking electric motor was a good way to discover if there really was something called reincarnation.

Bill also found that liquid — or liquefied — could be “de-taggant-ed” using a centrifuge or even magnets. Spinning a five gallon bucket-load of liquid explosive at 3600 rpm would stratify the various components. He also realized that just pouring a liquid down a long stairstep of magnets would also remove the taggants and with a lot less work. This machine looked like an old gold miner’s siew.

What made him feel secure in his efforts was that taggants were taggants. You could see them! He could just look closely at his processed explosives and see if he had filtered out all of the taggants. An ultra-violet light is the only special equipment he needed. When he filtered the explosives and still saw green taggant he just processed the stuff again. Bill did not want to see the inside of the federal prison at Marion, Illinois.

Once he had done all this filtering of his commercial explosives there was another step that he could take. He thought about adding taggants. Most quarry operations required explosives. The taggants will be blasted into every load of sand and gravel coming from that quarry. By dragging a magnet through somebody’s load of quarry material he would have enough taggant to send investigators off on trips to cheap motels near quarries everywhere. He could also have made evening visits to freeway construction sites and other places that go boom during daylight hours.

Bill knew that making your own explosive was dangerous but certainly offered far less chance of

eventual discovery.

Because the feds were so terribly interested in everyone using taggants there really was nothing wrong with him adding somebody else's taggants to his home made explosives.

Only about 4% of all "crimes" involving explosives are perpetrated using commercial products so adding somebody else's taggant to Bill's homemade brew would really send the feds into ever widening orbits someplace out beyond the planet Pluto. He realized that he had to use some level of intelligence. One should only put taggants into an explosive that would normally have them. A match-head filled pipe bomb loaded with Du Pont taggants might do little more than add a few extra years to your federal sentence.

It was also true that the feds only forced manufacturers to put taggants into explosives as a political gesture to placate the hand-wringers in Congress. It was quite possible to make good high explosives from all sorts of household items — even aspirin — and besides, 96% percent of America's "mad bombers" can't be wrong — they used home made explosives!

What all of this really indicated to Bill was that the feds were in "La La Land" and thought that White Americans were no smarter than Negroes.

He did not think that this idea was in any way racist. How many Negroes actually built something? They might steal something (a gun, a knife) but they wouldn't build it. Of course this also meant that trying to throw the feds off the trail by laying the crime on a Negro "mad bomber" would never work. The fed's own profiling methods would quickly eliminated Negroes from any build-it-yourself crime.

Bill always enjoyed looking at an old mining magazine advertisement that he'd found in the mine:

A dramatic new change is now taking place... The old familiar dynamite stick is being replaced by a new explosive TOVEX.

Du Pont

There is a world of things we're doing something about.

Bill had never seen such a mangling of the English language and figured these guys had just been sniffing too many nitroglycerin fumes.

Bill had actually read many of the old mining magazines and he had learned that more than 80% of all explosives used in the US every year were made from ammonium nitrate. Ammonium nitrate water gels like Tovex had almost completely replaced dynamite.

Down in the mine he'd even discovered four boxes of navy blasting caps plus blasting wire and two electrical initiators. Some of the stuff must have come from military explosives magazines at the Naval Weapons Station in Fallbrook, California. It's amazing what enlisted men will sell if they think they can get away with it. And the former owner of the property had been taking a significant risk by buying the stuff on the open market — the asshole who would sell government explosives to people on the street would betray anyone to anyone else in a heartbeat. It was best to stay clear of this scum.

Chapter Five

After Bill bought the country property he'd set about building a home that would be *safe*. The first step in its design and construction was a review of how bad guys might discover the home's secrets:

- Fake utility company visits (gas, electricity, telephone)
- Aerial photography
- Driving by
- Ground surveillance photos
- Hiking past
- Plans filed with the county planning department
- Recollections by the building inspector
- Informants

The first step was getting electrical power to the place — instead of depending upon the old diesel generator down in the mine. Bill rented a trenching machine and put in his own below-ground 12,000 volt power lines. He then had these lines connected to a special meter about a mile up the road — where the lines dropped from the electric company's pole and went underground. The electric company was happy to be rid of such a small-time user of power and glad that they only had to provide what they called "Primary Service."

Utilities only have the right to service their own lines. By halting them a mile from his house he also halted visitations from federal agents masquerading as utility workers.

To give the entire string of poles a reason to exist — few people needed to know that there was a house down the road — he'd built a square steel box four feet high and painted it dark green and planted it next to the last power pole. It looked like a small pump house for some rancher's well. The big difference was that it wasn't a pump house and there was no transformer inside.

The full 12,000 volts from the pole was directed into heavily insulated cable and into the green "pump house" and from there into heavy plastic pipe laid three feet below ground and along the dirt road. The power lines were tunneled into the old mine and then to the house. He'd been able to get a 12,000 volt Navy surplus power transformer and he'd had it checked out by an electric company in Chula Vista — a town wedged between Mexico and the city of San Diego.

The telephone company had also agreed to let him install his own underground lines — so long as the phone company delivered service right to the edge of the property. The telephone company was surprised when their linemen terminated their service line six miles down a dirt road and with nothing around — except that stupid green box. The phone lines were buried on the opposite side of the dirt road from the power lines — but just below the surface.

The Mission Fathers of 1775 depended upon thick adobe walls and defensive quadrangles for protection. Two hundred years of newer technology — offensive and defensive — demanded that the quadrangle concept be greatly enlarged.

Bill had planned the approaches to his house very carefully — and had created several obstacles. All of his defenses were *layered*. They acted as *filters*. Someone might get past obstacle number

one but not past obstacle number two or number three. Somebody's surveillance of the property might discover only obstacle number four and no others. The worst thing he could have done — for example — would be to depend upon a single obvious barrier such as a big wall.

The first thing he did was repair the 20 year old barbed-wire fence that ran around the entire property. Then he placed signage every fifty feet along the wire that stated that the property was a private “nature preserve” and that there was no admittance. These signs were in English and Spanish.

The front gate looked like it had a huge disk-type lock and heavy chain fixing it to a foot-thick steel post. In reality, the post was part of the gate itself and was released by lifting a foot-long pin that ran down inside the post's center and into the ground. The seam was hidden with a collar that was lifted by the pin. Anybody with bolt cutters would have a very hard time getting past the Johnson's gate. The gate was opened by using a standard garage door opener transmitter that had been tuned 40 MHz off-frequency. The receiver had been buried thirty feet inside the property line with only the coax antenna lead trenched outside the property and then exposed at the side of the road. The antenna had been hidden in a hollowed out bit of dry tree stump at the side of the road.

The transmitter antenna was mounted underneath the Hummer. All the garage door receiver had to do was put 12 volts onto a standard electric sprinkler valve. Bill would hit the transmitter button and then slowly drive to the gate. Thanks to the inherent delay in electric lawn sprinkler valves — any observer would think that Bill had done something right at the gate to make it open.

The gate could also be opened from the house. There was always the possibility that they would have invited guests — maybe for a splash in the pool. Bill had run a separate control line from the kitchen all the way to the sprinkler valve. He'd simply buried it with the telephone cable. He would open the gate at the appointed time and the guests would simply drive onto the property, park their cars and wait for Bill to come get them.

Someday he planned to install a TV camera on the hillside — it was \$400 with a good remote control zoom lens and pan/tilt head — a purchase he couldn't as yet afford. The transmitter operates at 2.6 gigahertz. The receiver converts the signal back to a standard frequency — usually TV channel three or channel four. These cameras are quite sensitive to infra-red. It's quite easy to illuminate a large area for night time surveillance with cheap (\$.14 each in lots of 1,000), tiny infra-red light emitting diodes and yet have the area seem pitch black to the unaided human eye

Electrical power for the gate's electronics came from round solar cells bolted onto yellow road-shoulder warning posts. The solar cells were on the south facing side of the posts and normal reflectors were mounted on the north facing sides. To all the world these posts looked quite normal. The receiver needed 20 milliamps at 12 volts. The solar cells provided more than enough power to run the receiver and to keep its batteries charged.

Water power for the gate came from an elevated “cattle crossing” fifty feet inside the property. The “cattle crossing” was actually linked to a lever and piston. Driving over the “cattle crossing” with a Hummer put more than 2,000 pounds of pressure into the system with each crossing. This energy was stored in a plastic water reservoir buried beneath the road.

The “cattle crossing” looked to all the world as if it had been made fifty years ago from 4 × 6 lumber. Even the weight of a man would make the beams flex. In reality, the beams had been hollowed out and fitted over sturdy steel pipe. An uninvited visitor would look for *any* alternative to driving over what seemed to be dangerous bits of rotten wood.

Bill placed irregular “boulders” of concrete in the center of the dirt road at places where it narrowed or made a quick turn.

He had cast several boulders out of colored (and reinforced) concrete — painted with good quality house paint. The upper portion of the concrete block certainly looked like a boulder. The lower portion was just a length of buried drill pipe.

The “boulders” were all at least three feet long but set with only the upper tip exposed — just high enough to rip into the oil pan, transmission or differential of any vehicle not clearing *at least 16 inches* at the centerline. He set them in groups of three so that even if the driver tried to swerve one of the boulders another one would hit the underside of his vehicle.

The neat thing about these little road hazards was that Negroes did not own 4wd vehicles and any yahoo who tried to come in here with a regular or stock vehicle would have it destroyed.

The poor white trash who had spent even \$10,000 lifting their Toyota or Ford Bronco so that it would look macho — and maybe even clear such obstacles — would have done it in part by using big wide tires — and those vehicles might now be too wide to get past the narrow spots in the road. And that’s if they knew what they were doing and how to drive these narrow roads and even got this far. This defensive measure only kept vehicles wider than a Hummer off his property — but this was simply another layer of his defense.

Bill had made certain that the narrow spots in the road had “rock” on one side and a ten foot drop or more on the other. He had even sloped the trail at the turns so that any vehicle making the turn would be angled over 20 degrees or more toward the outside. Anybody driving one of those “macho machines” with a high center-of-gravity might just whip around a curve in the trail then just tip over and tumble down the hill.

Bill remembered the terrifying days of the Carter Administration — when Castro sent us over 100,000 homosexuals, pedophiles and murderers in the 1980 “Marialito Humanitarian Boat Lift” — pushing gun sales in America up 400% in one month. And then Carter surrendered Somalia, Nicaragua, the Panama Canal, Rhodesia, El Salvador, Afghanistan and Iran to Soviet control. Gold went to almost \$1,000 an ounce, silver to \$50 and the prime interest rate to 20%.

That Carter’s influence on America remained long after his departure was a modern-day tragedy. Some of Carter’s “Marialitos” raped and murdered innocent Americans for years after their arrival in America. Many just died of drug overdoses or AIDS. Some finally met justice. One was only executed 14 years after his crime of murdering a school teacher.

Bill thought a lot about the situation in America’s government. We’d had a drug addict as president (Grant), philanderers (Kennedy) and Bolsheviks (F.D.R) but Clinton was the first that *was all three*.

Bill's family would be safe next time America had a meltdown — and Bill had installed some real surprises for anyone following them to this retreat, this home fortress, during the next real crisis.

At three places in the trail where the road dipped into wide gullies, Bill had installed some concrete boulders with water powered rubber bladders on one end that, when filled, would let the boulders act as “teeter-totters” and tilt their 15,000 pounds of reinforced concrete three feet out of the ground. The trick was to create a boulder that was wider along its top than along the bottom — kinda like a casket. This way there was no crack around the edges of the boulder to give it away — all along its bottom and sides it touched dirt road.

Bill could drive into these hot spots and out again without a problem. But he could also use the little ICOM radio he had purchased at an amateur radio store to send a command to valves attached to his sprinkler system. When those valves opened, water was sent into the rubber bladders and the long arms of concrete would tip upward. With the right leverage, enough water could be sent down a 1” diameter plastic sprinkler pipe at 60 psi to tilt 15,000 pounds of concrete more than three feet into the air in less than one minute. Any vehicle up to a Bradley Fighting Vehicle could be destroyed hitting one of Bill's little boulders.

To make these “boulders” look convincing even up close, Bill covered a real boulder with layer after layer of liquid Latex and cheesecloth, until he had built up a nice thick rubbery skin of reinforced Latex. On top of this he laid on three layers of fiberglass mat and resin. The fiberglass and resin shell had to be built in four separate pieces that bolted together so that he could remove it after casting each “boulder.” The fiberglass was easily separated from the Latex and the Latex peeled off the boulder in one huge sheet.

He then cast duplicates of the original boulder by laying the Latex skin in the fiberglass shell and slapping in a half-inch-thick layer of concrete. He did not trowel the concrete into the mold because the sideways motion would then let the concrete slide out of the fine details he had spent so much time molding into the Latex. It was an art form but all he did was put on rubber gloves and throw fists-full of mortar mix into the mold. As an added touch he made the mortar mix using sand from the planned installation site of the new boulder. This allowed a slightly better color match. This thin mixture would jam into the crevices and tiny pits and when the Latex mold was removed the concrete surface would look just like the original stone. This concrete shell was then reinforced with a bit more concrete and some chicken wire and then carried to its site. Only there did he fill it solid with concrete, re-bar and drill pipe and roll it over and drop it down into the hole. The water bucket and boulder were separated on a ten foot long drill pipe arm. The fulcrum was just at the rear of the boulder itself. It took less than five gallons of water to change the balance of the arm and raise the boulder. Once it was safely “teetering” in its hole Bill painted it to match the road.

The last part of Bill's plan was his selection of the size of the pipes and the counterweights. Bill wanted this whole system to last a hundred years. While that might seem to be a long time — it really wasn't. Bill did some research and found that artillery shells from the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 were still being dug up in France — and still very dangerous. He used drill pipe with thick walls. He also made certain that anything that might rust would drip its rust stains *downward* and that these stains could never become visible from the surface. Nothing was going to give away his little secrets.

Bill was also worried about off-road vehicles crashing through the chaparral at the north side of the property. He ran through a list of the vehicles that might be able to make it up the north-facing side of his northern hills. Then he estimated the weight of each and its maximum speed over this terrain. Then he computed the kinetic energy of each vehicle. This told him how strong to make his northern defenses.

Bill planted what looked like an abandoned vineyard and orchard, with grape vines, apple trees and an automatic watering system as well as dozens of thick stumps interspersed among the trees and vines. The “stumps” were made of concrete-covered drill pipe planted five feet into the earth. At each end of a line of vines Bill planted “posts” to support the wires. These “posts” were actually drill pipe covered in a thin wooden shell. The black tubes of the automatic watering system — or drip irrigation — had a 3/4” steel cable running down their insides which was terminated inside the drill pipe “posts” at each end of a line of vines.

A vehicle would have to weigh more than 20,000 pounds and be going over 30 miles an hour to pop any of the “stumps” out of the ground and even then it would be stopped by one of the steel cables.

Bill had taken these “natural” barrier-design ideas from the San Diego Zoo. What these obstacles did was channel any approach from the north through “kill zones” of Bill’s choosing. The “vineyard” would stop anything up to a light tank.

And there was more.

The hills around the house were scattered with what seemed to be dry chaparral. In reality much of this dry, burned, gray colored, chest-high growth was steel rods that were secured in three-foot-deep concrete-filled holes. To all the world this brush seemed to be just a maze of dead stumps and branches. In reality it was a maze of nearly impenetrable steel.

Each piece of steel “bush” had been heavily coated with canned spray-on zinc and then coated with thick epoxy paint. Over this base he had added “natural colors.” It had taken him some time and real practice to get the coloring right. He wound up using regular kitchen spray bottles filled with thinned exterior house paint — in several dusty gray colors. He also performed this “house paint camouflage” process with the concrete covered vineyard “stumps” as well as the boulders.

To put the odds completely in his favor he’d created killing zones on the eastern and the western hillsides. If someone really wanted to get him they would only have to trot down either hillside to reach the gravel parking area at the front of the house.

Because there was always some *slight chance* that an innocent hiker might get this far — possibly in search of water — Bill had created *harmless* booby-traps. They were so innocuous that someone passing through *during the day* might not even notice that a booby-trap had gone off! They might only think that it was starting to rain or that a high flying bird had crapped on them.

But Bill was not worried that much about visitors during daylight hours. It was the “moon-crickets” that bothered him. “Moon-crickets” would *die*.

These hillsides had been booby-trapped with *chemiluminescent mines*. Each hillside was covered in a web of piano-wire triggers. Stepping on or tripping over a trigger would pull the pin on a buried CO₂ cartridge and spray out the contents of six large Cyalume glowsticks. He got the CO₂ cartridge holders and valves from old emergency lifejackets. The contents of the glowsticks had been carefully poured into assemblies that consisted of two short parallel lengths of plastic water pipe. One pipe contained the chemiluminescent liquid and the other contained the activator which is normally inside a breakable glass vial inside the glowstick. Inside each pipe was a piston. The piston consisted of a two inch thick plug of wax. The piston ends of the pipes were connected with a “Tee” and then to the CO₂ assembly. The nozzle was just a lawn sprinkler spray head. The spray head was sealed with a quick daub of wax. When the CO₂ cartridge was fired it forced the wax pistons forward and the liquids to mix and then to spray out as a fine mist. Each mine covered 200 square feet of hillside.

Bill could have packed the chemiluminescent liquid into wax coated tubes and used a load of Bullseye pistol powder to blast the liquid onto the target. The big problem with this approach is that it would be noisy and a federal crime. Bill decided that it was best to stay quiet and legal — at least so long as there could be witnesses who might cause trouble later.

He had installed ten of these mines on each hill — and each had a fan of trip wires coming from it. Some of the trip wires were laid just above buried plastic milk jugs so that a footstep would always pop a wire. Any human who set off a mine would glow for six hours or more. This made such people quite easy to shoot. At night these bastards would run around and around trying to wipe the stuff off and only spread it over themselves even more. The stuff was so bright that looking at somebody coated with this stuff — or even your own arm — could destroy your night vision! With no night vision these people would be stumbling into bushes and even falling down the hillside. Bill tried it on himself and discovered that he could read a newspaper by the glow from his hands. He could have used super-bright sticks with a two hour life but thought that might be not enough time to track someone down and kill them if he had to.

To defend his home Bill had taken cues from every possible source. The fence around the back of the house was only five feet high but it was installed at a 45 degree angle and mid-way up the side of the hill. It was layered with three coils of razor ribbon. From the road, the driveway and the house this fence line was absolutely invisible. He had taken scrap Cyclone chain-link fencing and buried it flat along the back side of his fence. Anybody trying to crawl under his fence would have a long way to dig.

The last exterior defense system was secretly electric. At the south edge of the patio’s concrete slab Bill had installed what seemed to be simple six foot high vertical steel posts spaced five inches apart. Every other one was mounted in the concrete slab inside a piece of thick black ABS pipe filled with thick silicone rubber sealant. These insulated vertical posts were connected together and insulated to more than 12,000 volts. The remaining posts were grounded to the earth. Running along the top of the posts Bill had installed miniature decorative glow-lights wrapped around a triple strand of barbed wire. The fence offered an impression of some kind of a “Disneyland Pirates of the Caribbean ivy covered architectural treatment” instead of a cut-you-to-the-bone last line of security.

The essential design elements for construction of the home itself were secrecy and security. Bill knew that the longer the interior of the building was under construction — and exposed to view — the more people would be attracted to it and its inner secrets. Also, the more English speakers who saw it the better the chances that somebody would report it to the county's building code department. Then too, the feds' first stop might be a county planning department to get copies of the floor plan of the home.

Bill had applied for and received county permits to build a house — just not the house he finally built. Local governments were strapped for cash and thanks to tax payer rebellions they could only suck about one third as much property tax from California residents as did some other states. California made up for it in permits and fees. You could easily pay \$30,000 in just permits and fees to build a single family house in San Diego. You could pay as much as \$26,000 in fees just to add a bathroom.

Local building inspectors could look at the plans and permits and compare them to the building site and plainly see that this family was building a “green” — or environmentally benign — home. What they didn't know was that as soon as they all left then certain “closets” became bathrooms and interior walls were installed where none had been before. The rearrangement of hallways and doors was given very special attention. Anybody looking at the drawings Bill had submitted to the County — to plan a government raid or other uninvited activity — would be fatally disappointed with their accuracy.

The next thing Bill did was bulldoze the original home and dig a doughnut-shaped trench for the new home's footing. The footing was eight feet wide and a foot and a half thick. The foundation wall was four feet thick and attached to the footing well below the frost line.

He then tamped the area for the floor, added pea gravel and double plastic sheeting and then poured a foot-thick reinforced concrete slab centered over the old mine entrance.

He then brought in two truck loads of two-inch-thick panels of insulating foam. The foam came in four-by-eight foot sheets. Bill stacked and glued three panels together like a stack of pancakes with the center panel shifted down twelve inches along the narrow side and over twelve inches on the wide side. This converted the three panel set into a tongue and groove section. He then constructed a rigid form from these sets of panels for pouring the concrete outer-walls of the house. The inner and outer sets of tongue and groove panels were spaced three feet apart. The panels were held in together with eighth-inch-thick stainless steel wire. The wire was placed to keep the foam sections together and it was also in an “X” configuration to keep the foam from shifting up or down and out of alignment. He tied some of the steel wire to re-bar sticking out of the footing to make certain the walls would not shift out of position while being filled with concrete.

Thanks to the foam panels anyone looking at the building from the edge of the fenced property line would see what seemed to be a normal home under construction. Bill quickly built a roof for the home from these same layered sets of foam panels. The panels were extremely strong and light weight. He was able to rough out the exterior roof line quite easily in one weekend.

The metal foil covered foam walls and roof were extremely important because they quickly hid the

interior construction efforts and secrets from any but the most intrusive surveillance. Government agencies would have no cause to spend big bucks — or take risks — seeing what he was doing. There was nothing he had ever done to warrant such actions. Later they might do a house-to-house survey of the neighbors to glean the most minute bits of information. The neighbors would have seen nothing untoward and — thanks to the fact that he fortified the property from the extremities toward the center — neighbors would never have had a close-up view of the construction process.

In addition, building materials could be stored within the home's shell — not out where they could be seen by the inquisitive.

To all the world he now had a house.

He then used the exterior of this rigid foam structure as a framework and covered it with steel mesh and stucco. Once the steel mesh and stucco were up he had a hard exterior shell. This stucco shell he then covered with a foot-thick fascia of large river stones.

Bill had built a small kiln and fired it using wood scrap from the old house and brush that he cleared from the property. Each of the large river stones had been heated to 900 degrees in the kiln. While still warm to the touch each stone had then been coated and sealed with clear epoxy. Each of these basalt or granite stones was now about *nine times stronger* than an untreated stone. It was almost like heat treating steel.

The kiln needed air. He'd purchased a used gasoline-powered leaf blower at a swap meet and connected it to the kiln. The leaf blower would run for 30 minutes on one small tank of gas — more than enough time to turn brush and old farm house into ash and heat the kiln to well over 1200 degrees.

The kiln had one interesting feature. Bill had buried five barbecue sized propane tanks nearby and had run pipes to the kiln's interior. All gas connections had been coated with epoxy putty and the tanks had been wrapped in plastic sheeting and duct taped water-tight. The tanks would hold their pressure for 20 years or more.

Should it ever be necessary he could stuff all sorts of incriminating evidence inside the kiln and torch it off. Thanks to the air blast from the leaf blower — and the propane boost — nothing but slag would remain. Computers, disks, listings — even guns — would turn to non-evidence in the forced-air fired kiln.

Once installed on the side of the house, the kiln-fired stones were then covered with a final exterior layer of polymerized stucco — the stuff won't crack, lasts thirty years and never needs painting. Some areas of river stone were left exposed to give the house an "old Spanish" look. The place actually looked like it had been built about 1830.

One of the neighbors was a general contractor who had helped the prior owner reinforce some of the tourmaline mine's diggings. The guy knew too much and also was a big gossip. To stop rumors about mine shafts from continuing to circulate, Bill told the contractor that he was sealing the mine solid. To help convince the guy that this was true he even had him help pour concrete into one of

the shafts. What Bill really did was use the concrete to reinforce the shafts and to create a set of rooms larger than the actual house. He even turned one of the shafts into a 100 yard rifle range.

It took \$45,000 but Bill packed 1,800 cubic yards of concrete into the building. To make the job easier, he had rented a portable concrete plant used for commercial and some freeway construction projects. Rather than use reinforcing bar Bill had used chopped wire reinforcement. This was harder to use than re-bar but nobody got a chance to see tons of steel reinforcement laying around the building site for months on end. People just thought he'd got a good deal on some government surplus nails.

The concrete was quickly — but carefully — pumped between the foam panels — creating exterior walls three feet thick. The big trick was correct usage of the vibrator to get rid of air pockets — too much vibration and the concrete's reinforcement would fall to the bottom — too little and you had an air pocket.

The place was built. In fact, it had about as much concrete in it as Hitler's St. Marcouf Naval Battery on the East Coast of France's Cherbourg Peninsula. And that place had been built during World War Two to repel an allied landing. The St. Marcouf Battery had had three officers, seven NCO's and 287 enlisted men. Bill's house was built for a family of four. As much as we have been told about the D-day invasion few know that these concrete bunkers survived all of the allied shelling. None were ever perforated by a single shell. The St. Marcouf battery was so robust that it had to be bypassed and only surrendered four days after the landings.

Bill's only security risk was the concrete pumper and its two man crew. What he had done was investigate several companies and found one "Christian" company. He was far more interested in their lack of a criminal record than their religion. If the crew were ever to get into trouble they would quickly turn over everybody and everything they knew to get their sentence reduced. Some druggy type might tell the DEA that the house was a drug warehouse. The "Christian" crew might not believe his story about a "Green" and environmentally neutral home but they sure would have little cause to turn him over to the IRS, DEA, BATF, or FBI.

In a three-day flurry of activity all of the walls were filled and then those workers were gone forever.

Once the outside walls were in place he started work inside the house and made two sets of concrete forms right on the floor slab. Each form took the shape of a long beam. He then poured the second story floor segments and the roof segments — all more than a foot thick. The roof segments were made of solid reinforced concrete. The floor segments were made with cheap foam-filled paper buckets cast into them. This made each long arch segment like an honeycomb and much easier to lift into position. Because only four segments could be poured in a weekend he cheated and used lengths of 1" re-bar as reinforcement instead of chopped wire. He could hide these small amounts of re-bar inside the house and away from prying eyes.

He would first jack a second story floor segment off the ground floor slab and put it into place. Then he used the second story beam to help him slowly get the roof segment off the floor and tilted into place. After all the roof segments were in place he was able to drop the foam roof right onto the

solid concrete slab beams and then trim off the excess foam hanging over the roof's edge.

Bill's big problem was keeping the concrete cool while it was being poured. The concrete had to stay at under 55 degrees. To do this Bill made certain that he was ready to pour the concrete at the coldest part of the year. The other big problem he had was keeping the concrete moist while it cured. He took special care to keep water floating on the top of the forms.

After pouring second story and roof segments on the ground he let them cure until the next weekend — covered in wet rags. Only after a test block — made of the same concrete as the segment — passed a compression test did he then lift it into place. He was not about to take any chances.

He'd put the needed utility access holes in the second story floor segments before the concrete fully hardened. This saved immense amounts of time later.

The interior walls were very special and he waited until he could secure the exterior doors and windows before he even started on the interior. Each interior wall was built of cast concrete reinforced with steel bars. These solid walls were usually only four feet high. The top portion of each wall — to the ceiling — was filled only with rigid insulating foam. Some parts of other walls were built of concrete poured on the floor and then tilted up into place. These segments reached to the ceiling — and they had firing holes. These firing holes also had observation ports sometimes above and sometimes to the side. The exterior surfaces of all of these walls were made of double layers of 3/4" dry wall and looked quite normal. The firing holes were constructed of six inch diameter PVC pipe. These firing holes were covered with fiberglass joint tape and then slathered over with joint compound. Viewing ports were created from standard front door type viewers — but offset to the side using two mirrors to create a side-looking periscope. The viewing ports were built into modular assemblies of four inch PVC pipe so that they could be covered over with concrete. The openings were later covered with two way mirrors, fake air vents, and framed see-through photos.

The building inspector never saw any of this. All he saw was a home that had steel studs instead of two-by-fours and all the wiring encased in conduit. Bill told the guy that he was afraid of an electrical fire — being so far out in the country — and that the extra expense and work needed to put in conduit were just cheap insurance.

Some walls had water and drain pipes going through them. After the inspector left — and Bill moved them to their real locations — he wrapped the pipes with plastic sheeting. Water and drain pipes vibrate and it's a good idea to keep them away from something as abrasive as solid concrete.

After the final inspection Bill doubled-up on the studs — so that the walls were twice as thick. He then tack-welded floor-to-ceiling sections of wire mesh between the studs and then screwed on double layers of 4 X 8 foot drywall. The drywall was attached *horizontally* and he used spray cans of insulating foam to seal any openings in the walls. Then he poured concrete into each pocket created by the steel studs and the sheets of dry wall. The slurry poured between the walls was a mixture of Portland and Gypsum cement and it set hard in twenty minutes. The firing ports and observation periscopes were only installed in full-height concrete filled walls.

Even with almost two inches of drywall on each side to hold back the wet mix Bill was worried

that the wall might “blow out” and dump a real mess all over the floor. By using a quick setting mix he could pour a bit here and there and layer the concrete without risking popping the drywall screws and dumping the concrete. He stuck lots of short lengths of re-bar into the wet concrete as extra reinforcement. All empty spaces in the upper parts of these walls were then filled with sheets of foam left over from building the exterior. The floor-to-ceiling double layers of wire mesh was an inexpensive way to reinforce the lower concrete filled sections of the walls and to even stop grenades if the drywall and foam were ever torn away from the upper sections.

If anyone tried to assault the interior of this home they would be in very serious trouble. The scum might crouch down or hold themselves against the edges of doorways and think that they were safe — when in fact they may have actually walked into a death trap. Bullets go through dry wall as if it wasn't there. The residents knew where to stand or crouch and how low they must crouch to be safe. If you wanted to kill an intruder hiding behind a doorway or around a corner just aim and shoot about a foot above a light switch — the bastard was probably standing in the little kill zone on the other side of the wall.

These “kill zones” were later enhanced by the careful placement of furniture in the completed home. Humans have an instinctive urge to get close to walls and to hide behind things. By strategic placement of bookcases and various decorator pieces an intruder would have an overwhelming urge to move himself to a “safe haven” in the room. Unfortunately for him these were places where a shotgun blast would most easily perforate the wall — and the intruder.

Federal attackers are usually trained to look to the front and to the rear for danger. They often bring some kind of solid ballistic shield with them and keep it between themselves and the potential danger to the front. They are also taught to remember the last safe place they saw behind them and to return there when in trouble. After a while this training becomes automatic — reflexive — and in Bill's house such training would also be suicidal.

Bill thought that these interior security features could be installed on the first floor of almost any house so long as it had been built on a concrete slab. In fact, doing it to an older home offered less risk — it had already been inspected. The simple way to do it would be to use concrete blocks — buy a few every week and take them home in the trunk of the car and nobody would suspect a thing.

Doors were the next security problem. Each interior door was *purposely* of the hollow core variety. Bullets — or worse — were allowed to go right through. Above each door Bill installed a rolled-up net made of 1/16th-inch diameter steel cables.

The cable net was made from surplus aircraft cable and each “tie” was just a brass crimp. The net was painted flat black. At the top it was attached to a half-inch-thick slab of soft rubber sheeting which was then secured with bolts set deep into the concrete ceiling. Thanks to the rubber the netting would “adjust” to any tension put on it. No one cable would take all of the strain. The rubber would stretch and balance the load automatically. At the bottom of the doorway Bill had placed a spring loaded trapdoor that was the full width of the hallway.

When needed, the netting could be pulled down and latched in the trapdoor. If somebody tried to smash through the door they would just bounce off. If they tried shooting the door it would come

apart in almost harmless chunks. If they even tried a grenade or explosive charge all they would do is blast bits of thin wood veneer and cardboard door-core all over the place. To actually get into the room they would have to cut that net apart one little cable at a time. Lastly, if they didn't see the net and just tried to run down the hall the cable was thin enough that it might just slice off a body part or two. Night vision goggles could not resolve the netting until the wearer was less than two feet away.

To this fortress Bill added what looked to all the world like a tile roof. In reality this "tile roof" was made from drilling-rig pipe split lengthwise. The pipe was first laid in long side-by-side strips — with the inside surfaces facing up — and sloping down the roof. He then laid a layer of the split pipe facing down — with this new layer covering the gaps between the rows of pipe below. These pieces of pipe were then welded together and epoxy painted to offer a red tile color and while they were still tacky they were dusted with finely crushed clay roof tile to add natural looking texture.

All of this pipe had been laid down on top of thick rubber sheeting which had been laid directly on the foam insulation. The foam compressed only about an inch. The heat of the welding operation was quickly absorbed by the mass of the pipe and the rubber sheeting stayed cool.

He'd cut the drill pipe down its entire length using a burning bar — which was nothing more than a piece of one half inch pipe with a piece of large diameter steel cable pushed through it. He connected one end of the pipe to a hose connected to an oxygen tank. The other end was packed with a bit of regular steel wool.

When the steel wool was ignited with a kitchen match and the oxygen tank valve opened the steel cable in the middle of the pipe would burn — hotter than an oxy-acetylene torch. All Bill had to do was keep the steel cable slowly feeding out of the pipe and he could actually burn through hardened steel drill pipe as easily as if it was lead.

He had then made what looked like regular Spanish tiles out of concrete. They were six inches wide and eighteen inches long — with one end a bit wider than the other. They were made a full one inch thick.

These tiles had been made from ferro-cement — essentially just twenty layers of chicken wire cut to shape and then coated with an inch of high-strength concrete. His "how-to" book was in the public library under "ferro-cement." He'd made twenty little wooden presses which allowed him to lay in the chicken wire and then slather on the mortar. By pressing down on the handle he could mush the concrete and wire together and form it all at the same time. It looked like he had twenty waffle irons all laid out on a long table. He'd cut the patterns of chicken wire — twenty layers at a time — with a worm-drive Skill saw. The interiors of the wooden forms were coated with epoxy resin so the "tile" would pop out easily after it set.

These "roof tiles" were layered on the roof more densely than fish scales and each had a steel post sticking out of it so that it could be welded into place.

First, the "valleys" were layered with tiles — starting at the bottom edge of the roof. Then, the "peaks" were covered.

Hiding the joints and welded posts was easy. Real Spanish tile roofs were built in several layers and stuck together with huge globs of mortar. By placing the tiles as sloppily as if he was drunk on Tequila the roof took on a really “native” look.

The roof had eaves made of four-inch-thick cast concrete — supported by what looked like wooden beams. These beams were really only three feet long and bolted deep into the exterior walls. They too were made of cast concrete. The whole assembly was painted to look just like dark stained wood. Bill had made one segment of eave and exterior beam from sandblasted wood — so the wood grain would stand out. He then made a latex mold and covered that with two part fiberglass mold. He then was able to make the eave and beam assemblies quickly — and about the time he had finished lifting and bolting one to the wall the next was hard enough to pull from the mold.

Bill had added all of this level of protection to the roof because one of the “Secrets of Waco” was the fact that the helicopters supporting the attacks at Waco had machine gunned the compound’s buildings. There were many in the intelligence community who believed that the compound was burned to the ground to keep this helicopter assault a secret. British television cameras — aided by starlight image intensifiers — had picked up what looked like a “star field” when they imaged the compound’s buildings at night. This “star field” was simply light leaking out of the buildings through thousands of bullet holes in the building’s roofs. Only helicopters could have machine gunned Waco’s roofs and created these “thousand points of light.”

Bill’s three foot thick reinforced concrete walls would have to be enough.

To keep questions to a minimum during construction he had placed large “recycle” and “green” placards near the road and told everyone that this was a low-energy / environmentally benign “home of tomorrow.”

He also spread the word that he’d used a “rammed earth design from Sedona, Arizona.” To make the whole thing more convincing he even had an open house and had invited some Shamans from the local Indian reservation to “bless” the property. He took the precaution of taking them all to a local beer bar and getting them completely swacked before the ceremony was started.

When building a “rammed earth” home there is a requirement for a slight amount of concrete to hold the dirt together well enough to meet building codes. So long as nobody knew *how much* concrete he had mixed with the sand they could never determine how strong the walls of this place really were.

Fire was a major problem here in the mountains. Illegal aliens set large fires as diversions, to cover their tracks and to mask their crimes. Most residential fires in San Diego’s mountains were caused by illegals trying to hide a burglary or even a murder.

Bill created three fire zones around his house. Zone one covered the area within ten feet of the house itself. Here he planted only succulent ground covers and flowers. The zone was carpeted with pop-up sprinklers — one for every 20 square feet of ground. Zone two covered the perimeter of the house to 30 feet. Here he used grass as the ground cover — with one pop-up sprinkler for every 50 square feet of ground. Zone three covered the cleared area out to 200 feet from the house — with

one pop-up sprinkler for every 150 square feet of ground.

Bill had placed two septic tanks high on the side of the hill. One tank was filled with well water and gray water from the kitchen sink and showers. The tank was plumbed with a single six inch plastic line which terminated in a manifold by the house. A small pump in the basement pumped water up to the tank over the same line later used to drain the tank. The sprinklers could be activated through seven large electric valves. This system was used not only to water the shrubs but also as an emergency water source in case a brush fire approached the home.

The other tank was filled with a mixture of gasoline and used oil. Should it become necessary, Bill could flood the area around the house with enough gasoline and used oil to stop *any* ground assault. He had installed electric squibs at more than fifty sprinkler heads. By firing the squibs in a precise order he could send the blast toward any point on the compass. He could also save a few squibs and re-torch the area several times if needed. Of course, this would also kill every shrub or plant near the house.

This fuel tank was connected to the same manifold as the gray-water supply tank. The difference was that *two* six inch lines were used for the gasoline / oil tank while the water tank had but one six inch line. In addition, Bill had used air-driven valves for this system. The valves were driven by gas from two CO₂ fire extinguisher tanks inside the house. The tank's triggers were connected to a lanyard — and if the lanyard was pulled hard the valves would snap open. Releasing the lanyard would let the pressure drop and the valves would close.

While the sprinkler heads used for this cataclysm-generator were all made of plastic they held together quite well. The actual nozzle was made of brass and the ground acted as a heat sink so the sprinkler heads stayed below their melting point.

Drinking water was stored in a fiberglass tank in the attic. This minimized the risk of someone poisoning the family's water supply.

Bill had cleared all chaparral from around the house for a distance of three hundred yards. The chaparral was simply pushed through a wood chipper and spread back over the ground. This kept the weeds down and acted as mulch to help the plants survive the hot, dry summers.

When he first started building the place he'd lost tools, building materials and even a cement mixer to thieves. He thought of the situation as something right out of the old *Star Wars* movies — he would leave things out at night and the “sand people” would steal them before morning. Because he couldn't call out the Empire's Storm Troopers he had to think of other ways of exterminating this vermin.

At first he had thought that the best plan was to simply make his home less inviting to burglars than the neighbor's home five miles away. He'd even gone so far as to glue a huge poster with easy to follow “how to burglarize my neighbor” instructions on his own back door. And yes, the instructions were in Spanish.

But he soon realized that his house seemed to be right on some northern migration route — “ant

trail” was the best description — and these people were not interested in going miles out of their way to rob somebody else’s house.

So, these criminals would come again and again and again — and each time they were even more destructive. His next plan was to make his home impenetrable so that it would take these bastards — with common tools — at least four hours to break into his house.

Then he realized that his best approach should include parts of both plans. He would finish making his home a fortress but he would also offer the thieves someplace *other* than his house — someplace where he *wanted* them to break in — and in less than a minute — so they wouldn’t get impatient — and then they would leave his *house* alone.

What he did was build a garden shed. The shed contained some tools, a MIG welder, a large steel chest containing cookies, some old clothes, and about ten dollars in change.

The cookies in the chest were really quite special.

He had gone to the university library. He had asked nobody for anything. He had pretended to be interested in every stack he came to so that people would leave him alone. After an hour he had found what he was looking for:

“The Distribution of Spores of *Cl. Botulinum* in California,” by K.F. Meyer, *Journal of Infectious Diseases*, Vol. 31, page 541.

Before he even *touched* the book he discreetly took rubber “finger cots” from a plastic bag in his pocket and put them on the thumb and first and second fingers of each hand. He did this by “spearing” each finger cot with a finger. He did *not* grab one and slip it on. He wanted no trace of his DNA to find its way to the pages of these books. He also kept the book at eye level and at arm’s length — so that none of his hair, dandruff, or even clothing lint could drop onto the pages and into the creases of the book. The feds had a habit of “monitoring” these materials.

Bill used various methods to record the data he needed. The first was making an audio recording of the information into a miniature tape recorder he carried with him — a \$50 solution. The second was photographing the pages using a small full-frame 35mm camera. A camera was the easiest and fastest way to collect this data.

The camera had been selected for its small size and its ability to focus on objects 18 inches away. Bill did not use the flash. He did use Polaroid slide film to record the images. This film is not very forgiving and exposures had to be exact. The good thing about photographing something in a library is that the light level is set by the brightness of the library’s fluorescent fixtures and is therefore the same — day in and day out. The slide film was quickly developed at home in a small Polaroid developing machine — really just a set of rollers which squeezed the Polaroid developer over the entire length of film. The camera and the developing machine cost him \$250.00. The film was \$20.00 a roll for 36 exposures. This film is the medium of choice for medical doctors who want to record their handiwork and yet not have the local 20 minute photo shop involved in the process.

Bill had wanted to use a digital camera but he would have had to get six inches away and take four overlapping images of each printed page to later read the type. Then too, really good digital cameras were still about \$500. As soon as they got a bit cheaper he might use a digital camera — it

would be much easier if he could.

Making copies of a book's pages using the library's copier is a big mistake. First, the authorities will often make subtle marks on the copier's glass plate so that if they later find you then they can figure out where you got the information you filed away in your three-ring binders. They also have the ability to install a custom lens in the copier. This lens imparts an undetectably faint and completely random but traceable pattern on the copy. This faint pattern can be quickly detected by scanning the copy's image and then comparing the faint pattern — if one is detected — against all patterns in their pattern archive.

The feds have also made private copies of every image from certain copy machines. In the early days they did this by installing a small 8mm film recorder inside the copier and developing the roll once a month. They did this for many years — their first victims were Soviet Embassies! Some of their newer secret "copy-of-your-copy" systems are digital. With a high resolution digital record they can later — and automatically — scan the resultant digital images using a simple \$300 PC character recognition software package and then search the resultant text files using any word processor — looking for a host of key words like poison, bomb, death, kill — or certainly — plutonium, anthrax, etc. A copier with its own telephone line certainly should be avoided!

The feds can also capture an image of your face as you first lift the copier lid to place a book onto the copier's glass plate. Someone who lifts the lid and then changes his mind about making a copy peaks their interest. Even if they don't make a record of your face right then they can estimate the time you visited the library and then search the library's security cameras to find you — and then the library's exterior security cameras to find your car and its license plate and thereby know where you live. The tapes are kept for years.

They also maintain files on the kinds of paper certain library copiers use. They will even go so far as provide a library with special paper. Some of these special papers are very good at recording not just the image but your finger prints as well. Other papers have a known watermark. Mailing a copy of something you copied to someone else can thusly become a fatal faux pas.

Lastly, library reference book request slips are a veritable El Dorado of fingerprint and DNA data — no matter what name and address you put on the form.

We must remember that these fellows (there are few women) have very little to do. There are essentially no terrorists in the U.S. The feds are like full-time firemen in a town with no fires. To earn their pay, promotions and pensions they must remain busy doing something and watching you is how they stay on the government dole. And arrest is the key word to their success.

These federal agencies can easily detect dust particles from our clothing which we may have carried to the scene from the interior confines of our home.

They can identify us from the dried saliva taken from the surface of a book's pages. Licking your finger to help you turn a page can thus prove to be fatal.

In one instance, the DNA evidence from dried saliva taken from a cigarette butt tossed to the ground at an observation point two miles from the scene of a bombing was sufficient evidence to convict.

Before Bill started work on his project he had to accept the gravity of his situation. Under Title 18, Section 175 even the possession of a copy of a page from a book could be construed as a felony. The law is clear — "Conspiracy to Possess" might be construed as any effort to even research or have any knowledge of these matters. Even just the vocalization to a witness (FBI informant) of any interest in these matters may be sufficient to prove your part in a conspiracy to possess such information — even though as yet you don't have any! That's right, because you are making the effort to someday possess this information you can be prosecuted. You could be sent up the river for years.

In "The Distribution of Spores of *Cl. Botulinum* in California", Bill discovered that most of the United States was home to two forms of the most poisonous bacteria on earth. These bacteria created Botulinum toxin. One thousandth of a gram would kill any human.

He copied down the recipes for preparing various dosage levels or “research samples” of the toxin. He then bought some small zipper freezer bags and some cheap tennis shoes two sized too big (and of a style that he would *never* otherwise wear). He then filled the empty toe space of each shoe with lead shot. When he walked the foot impression in soft earth was close to normal. He then went on an expedition. He drove into San Diego’s Cuyamaca Rancho State Park and walked several miles down the trail toward Cuyamaca peak and then marched deep into the trees. He laid a trash bag on the ground to kneel on and then took a small spade and dug a hole six inches deep. He then removed a plastic bag from his pocket and flipped it inside out and then — using the bag as a glove — scraped up a handful of dirt into the bag and then flipped the bag right side out. He now had a dirt sample that had not been contaminated by any material from any other area he had visited. He numbered the bag and put that number on his U.S. Geological Survey map at the exact spot where he had collected the sample. He repeated these activities all over the park until he had thirty little bags. He then placed all of the small bags into a larger — and doubled — trash bag — so that no soil traces would spill in his car.

Before entering his car for the trip home he sat in the driver’s seat — with his feet still outside the car — and changed his shoes and socks. He then very carefully put the soiled shoes and socks in a trash bag. He then removed the lead shot bags from the shoes but left them in the bag. He later threw the trash bag away at a popular drive-through restaurant in San Diego. He could have washed the underside of his car as well but since he sometimes did walk around this park with his wife and children there was no reason to take the effort to this extreme — and besides, the parking area was covered in gravel.

He vacuumed his car and the bottoms of his trousers three times as soon as he got home and before he went inside the house. He used a standard wet/dry vacuum, but he had modified it by placing a large plastic garden clippings bag inside to catch the vacuumed debris, by placing double automotive air filters around the vacuum’s interior motor housing and by connecting two SEARS’ BIONAIRE replacement air filters on the vacuum’s exhaust port. Vacuums have a bad habit of spewing tiny particles of whatever they’ve sucked in right back out their exhaust. The last thing he did was gently hose down the area around his car with a garden hose attached to a lawn fertilizer sprayer filled with pool chlorine crystals. By gently spraying the area he did not blast particles into the air and risk disbursing them. He then covered the now chlorine-soaked area with plastic sheeting and let the chlorine sterilize the ground for 24 hours — to make certain any biology in the area was destroyed.

There are seven strains of bacteria known to create Botulinum poison (classified as Botulinum A through G). There are inoculations available to protect against three of them.

There is a tremendous diversity in the bacteria of California. A DNA comparison of the bacteria from around his home with trace bacteria remaining in the crude poison later found in, on or around his dead victims would not be a match. It would in fact be quite different from any bacteria’s DNA found around his home and therefore help to prove his innocence.

Certainly, the care he took with the bacteria samples he collected was more than justified. If he wasn’t careful he might actually plant spores of the remotely collected bacteria right in his own dirt and then he would really be in a fix.

The tradeoff was that by getting the bacteria from a distant location he risked being seen.

Tradeoffs.

Bill knew full-well what the government could do. He knew that he could never be lax in his security. Government agencies had nearly unlimited resources to develop the most arcane and subtle evidence against him.

At home, and before starting work in his shed he first laid plastic sheeting on the floor and five feet up the walls. Each seam was folded over twice and then duct taped. Standing in the shed it looked like you were inside a black balloon with silver seams. The work tables were covered with

plastic sheeting and this sheeting draped all the way to the floor. At the floor these drapes were duct taped to the sheeting on the floor. The sheeting was never taped to the walls or floor — instead it was clipped to strategically placed wall clips that held posters and tools. Just the trace of adhesive on a wall would be enough for the feds to get curious.

Before entering the shed he would step each leg into its own plastic trash bag and clip the bag to his trousers at the thigh. He would then clip a trash bag to his front — like an apron. He clipped this bag at each shoulder and at his waist — at the sides. There could be no traces remaining whatsoever.

When he finished a phase of the project he would carefully pull all of the plastic sheeting from the walls and tables and roll it all into a large plastic garden clippings bag. This bag would then be burned in the old kiln and the ashes vacuumed into a plastic bag and disposed of with his week-day lunch trash at a random fast-food restaurant in downtown San Diego.

His need for secrecy encouraged him to do as much work as he could in one session. He even took care of his bathroom needs without leaving the shed.

Each time he left the shed he would step out of his plastic leg and foot covers, clip them to the plastic covered interior wall and close the door. When he returned he could step back into his coverings. He would never leave the property with the shed's interior covered in plastic. In fact he would never leave the property without destroying everything incriminating in the kiln.

White Americans had been convicted of various crimes after the most minute bits of evidence had been collected from scrapings from the insides of their home's sewer lines, from dust on their shelves and dirt in their carpets. In the present case, the only traces the feds would find would be those left by illegal aliens.

This was all very serious business and taking this level of precaution reinforced in his psyche the gravity of his endeavor.

The processing began with putting the dirt from each Cuyamaca State Park dirt collection bag into a 9.5 ounce "Starbuck's frappuccino coffee drink" jar — this was California after all — and then marking the jar with the same number as its bag. He used fingernail polish to mark the jars. The number on the jar would later tell him where the most virulent strains of Botulinum lived. The Starbuck's jars were the perfect size and he would attract no interest by purchasing coffee drinks. He filled each jar half way with dirt. He then added enough water to bring the level to within an inch of the top.

Botulinum is a survivor. It has two forms of life — as a wiggling bacterium and as a spore — which is really nothing more than an incredibly resilient egg. The spore form is what Bill wanted. So few other bacteria have a spore phase that he could kill off almost everything — including Botulinum in the bacteria phase — and create a perfect environment for Botulinum eggs to then pop open — all alone.

The first thing he needed to do was kill off all of the bacteria living in the jars. He did this by placing the jars in a large pot and then filling the space around the jars with enough water to reach slightly more than half way up their sides. He also tossed the jar lids into the pot.

By leaving the jars to boil in the water bath for a full 60 minutes the heat would kill all of the unwanted bacteria but not the spores of the bacteria making Botulinum.

His Botulinum would soon need something to live on so he then crumbled raw hamburger (with a greasy 30% fat content) into a blender and slowly added enough distilled water to create a thick pink / white meat-mud.

After the hour of boiling was over he spooned enough of raw the pink / white meat-mud into each jar to fill it within a half inch of the top.

There was always a chance that the meat might not have enough food value for his soon to be hatching babies so he then added slightly less than a teaspoon of sugar to each jar.

He then stirred the contents of each jar using a length of steel wire and made certain that the dirt and meat-mud were thoroughly mixed. He used a different piece of wire for each jar so that there

would be no cross-contamination.

In nature the bacteria would have years to munch on dead things that were deep down in the earth. Bill wanted results in days not years and so he had to create an artificial but ideal home for his nursery. To do this he let the jars gently boil in the water bath for another ten minutes — until there was a nice thick layer of grease floating at the top of each jar.

The melted grease created an air tight seal and that was what he wanted. Botulinum was an anaerobic bacteria — it would die in an oxygen-rich atmosphere and the grease sealed out the air.

Then he placed the lids on snug.

He then let these jars cool. With the lids on tight there was no way that the vacuum created during the cooling process could suck in oxygen and ruin his work.

After the jars were but barely warm to the touch — about eight hours — he loosened the lids.

Noxious gases were forming inside the jars and tight lids would make the jars explode.

He then placed the jars in an area of the shed where they would not experience temperatures above 90 F or temperatures below 70 F.

In less than a week the nearly indestructible Botulinum spores would pop into full fledged bacteria and he would have jars of a brown-black soup that stank. The simple rule was: If it don't stink like rotten eggs then it ain't poison.

Bill had done some calculating and believed that — if distributed correctly — the contents of each jar would kill five thousand people.

The jars with really “blooming” Botulinum were selected and the locations of the seed spore ground sites were noted — in the unlikely event that he might need more. Now that he knew where to get the “good” spores he burned his USGS map.

At one time he had worried that he might not have a really pure strain of Botulinum. Then he realized that about the only other things that could live through 60 minutes of a hard boil and that also enjoyed living in rotting meat were bugs like — in alphabetical order — Anthrax, Botulinum, Gangrene and Tetanus. Maybe he had all of them in his jars of black soup!

There were other weapons he could use. The most terrible was the one used by Saddam Hussein against American forces in the Persian Gulf — Mycoplasma Fermentans (incognitus). This bug was a bit bigger than a virus and a bit smaller than a bacterium. The thing loved living between the layers of human muscle. And it was a time bomb. All it took was for someone who was infected to get a really bad cold or in some other way lower his immune system and bang! The Mycoplasma would sprout. And there was no way to predict how bad the disease would strike. In some people it would cause skin ulcers where the only hope was to remove all of the patient's skin. There had yet to be a successful outcome from this “treatment” and so the person would die in a week or two in extreme pain and on massive doses of morphine. Other people for some reason would simply become tired and have aching joints.

Nearly one million Iraqi's became sick and more than 400,000 died from this stuff as it was spread by Iraqi soldiers returning from the battlefield to the metropolitan areas of the country. Hundreds of thousands were sick from it in Kuwait and in the northern parts of Jordan. Even Iran now had hundreds of thousands of infected people.

Scary stuff.

Bill would stick to a quick, easy and controllable solution — Botulinum. Besides, Botulinum was even used as a beauty aid! Yep, some doctors injected ever-so-slight traces of Botulinum into the muscles on a woman's forehead — right between the eyes — to paralyze the muscles and stop them from ever creating frown lines. It also works wonders in reducing Migraine headaches.

Bill's work would make lots of Mexicans pain free and very beautiful; Dead.

First, he placed the black jars on the table and carefully twisted off the lids.

He then took the black liquid from each jar and filtered it through doubled Mr. Coffee paper filters. He then spread the liquid on a teflon coated shallow pan and let the filtered liquid slowly dry over several days — creating a syrup. Some of the sludge in the filter paper he put aside as a

“starter” for the next batch. He would only have to boil the jars in plain water for 60 minutes — he had to sterilize them — and then add the sludge, water, meat and sugar. He didn’t have to collect more dirt. He hid the jars of “starter mix” sludge at the bottom of his septic tank.

In his shed he mixed the black liquid with a little sugar and cinnamon and used this mixture as a decorative icing to spell out the word “POISON” on each cookie. These decorated cookies he then put in the chest in the shed. The cookies really looked nice. His children — Bobby and Samantha — had made the cookie dough, cut out the cookies and baked them. Hey, the whole family could say that they made gingerbread cookies once a month and that they were great! Of course, some of the cookies went out to the shed.

If ever asked about the poisoned food he could at first plead ignorance. Part of any conviction would have to include evidence of the poison and where he got it.

If really pressed he could reply that the poison was used to kill vermin and that it was kept securely locked up behind a locked chain link fence, in a locked shed and in a locked steel chest. And hey! Every single piece said POISON right on it!

Any exposure to this poison can be dangerous — so Bill always did his work under an old commercial cooking range hood that he had modified by draping overlapped four inch wide strips of six mil. clear plastic sheeting from the edge of the hood down to table height.

The fumes went directly to box that had two Sears HEPA room air cleaners inside it and then up and out of the shed — not up and into his lungs. He used HEPA filters on the exhaust because the government has “Calliope” laser systems mounted in satellites and in high flying aircraft to detect such things as: e. Coli, Streptococcus and Botulinum organisms as well as various chemicals of interest to them that might be vented into the air by “dissidents” of one political flavor or another. The work table itself was covered in 1/8th inch steel plate and was normally used as a work table for his MIG welder. To any investigator the filters would almost seem appropriate for filtering hazardous welding fumes from the air — and would match the “green-ness” of the home.

One nice thing about Botulinum toxin is that if you are showing symptoms it’s already too late. Since it usually takes three or four days for the symptoms to appear all of the guests to Bill’s free lunch would be a hundred miles away and mixed into the melting pot of America before his little bugs took their revenge.

Lastly, the symptoms would be quite similar to everything from stomach flu to too much Tequila. Nobody is gonna spend time and money figuring out why some Mexican illegal alien died in some gutter in south central Los Angeles. And hey, they really did die of food poisoning for God’s sake! The cookies were so yummy that somebody taking a bite would eat them all. This minimized the amount of evidence available for police to discover later. There was enough poison in just one bite to kill three people so anybody messing with the Johnson’s house would almost assuredly pass this way but once.

He put the cookies in the bags using rubber gloves. He only purchased enough bags to do one batch of cookies and then destroyed the remaining box and bags in the kiln. He never used the same brand of bags in his home as he used for the cookies.

He had no remorse about doing this. American men, women and children were being killed by illegal aliens all along the US / Mexican border. The previous owner of Bill’s property had been killed by illegal aliens. The real tragedies were the dead children. Some illegal aliens coming up from Mexico thought themselves to be above any law and murdering a child was nothing to them. While the cases were far more numerous than publicly reported, the most pathetic case of child murder occurred just six miles from Bill’s property. The child had been riding her bicycle near her home when a Mexican slammed a screwdriver through the child’s chest and out her back. The child fell from her bike and staggered into the house calling for her mother. The mother called 911 but the child was dead before the Sheriff and an ambulance arrived.

The 11 year old girl was murdered — actually drowning in her own blood while fully conscious, alert and terrified — because the Mexican wanted her bike. He later admitted to authorities that he

“was tired of walking”.

Violent crimes were a daily occurrence along The Wall but never publicized because of the “damage it would cause to cross-border relations” and to “our efforts at multi-culturalism”.

San Diego County crime statistics were public record and they showed that there were — on average — three murders along just this part of The Wall each and every month.

Bill had mounted a large diamond plate steel hasp on the storage chest in the shed and had then locked it with a cheap but sturdy padlock. He also put the tools he wanted the bad guys to use to break into the chest right on the wall.

After one idiot actually smashed his way through the storage chest’s hinges instead of just breaking the padlock Bill put two sets of “ideal” tools in plain view. He put one set on the wall above the chest and another set on the floor leaning up against the chest. These people were really stupid.

But hey, the damn box had been broken into 66 times over the last four years!

He estimated that about 500 illegal aliens had “bought the big taco in the sky” thanks to his cooking skills. California’s crime statistics showed that about half of all illegal alien males would eventually be arrested for perpetrating a serious crime. And Bill’s scum had already broken federal law crossing the border and then multiple state and local laws including trespass and at least “breaking and entering” into his shed and steel chest.

If they had broken in to the shed at night (which of course is exactly what they would have done) then the burglary was Second Degree Burglary and a big felony. If they had broken into the house itself then it would have been “burglary into an inhabited dwelling” and an absolute “Burglary in the First Degree” and worth 25 years in prison. Bill and his family need not to have been present for it to be a First Degree Felony. The law was simple “an inhabited dwelling” is defined as either “one currently being used for a dwelling in which the occupant is either present or one to which he intends to return”.

These vermin had thus pre-selected themselves to be part of the most dangerous element of criminal society.

Since most criminals get caught only after about their 30th crime — ever — Bill figured that he had saved California from way more than 15,000 felony assaults, murders, drive by shootings and more.

And too, Bill’s bad guys would never come back to break into his house.

“Our Home of Tomorrow” — was a scary thought. Whites in America had to build fortresses to keep “The New World Order’s” brown flotsam from washing away their jobs, families, gene pool and homes. He hoped he would never need the features he had built into this house.

Only time would tell.

Chapter Six

Miles to the east a 60-year-old Mexican laid a steel pipe against his pickup truck and then dropped in a home-made mini-rocket. There was a loud SHHH and the rocket sailed high into the sky to the north, to land against the side of a mountain half a mile inside America. This act would be repeated thirty times in fifteen minutes. The Mexican would then head east to the next legal border crossing point — a place called Calexico on the north side of the border and Mexicali on the south side of the border — and cross the border legally. Hours later the driver would pick up the campesinos at the side of the freeway and take them to Los Angeles.

The Mexican had learned how to make real Vietnam-era Napalm B. The real stuff was made of 25% gasoline, 25% benzene and 50% polystyrene. There is no magic to polystyrene — that's just packing peanuts or old Styrofoam cups. The Mexican couldn't get benzene so he made do by just adding more polystyrene.

What the Mexican did was fill a big bucket half-full of gasoline. He then just dumped in fists-full of broken foam cups and foam peanuts. The plastic would then dissolve. He poured this thickened stuff into a cardboard tube.

He had found that Este's model rockets were the safest — if not the cheapest — way to burn down America. The standard "E" size rocket engines provided enough energy to send a handy sized missile almost half a mile. What he did was put a load of Napalm jelly inside a cardboard tube (with an epoxy coated interior) as the payload — with an M80 inside. The first stage "E" rocket engine had — as standard — a propagation charge that sent a flame to the next stage on first stage burn-out. In this case the second stage was the jelly and the M80. To make certain that the M80 fuse would ignite he would pack a bit of road flare powder (mixed with a little wax) up against the fuse.

* * *

As Bill's Hummer followed the main interstate highway east out of San Diego, the air became warmer and drier. Soon they would be at the house and could get the pool pump going for the water slide and then start the coals in the barbecue.

"Bill, Look."

Far behind them Bill could see a parade of blinking red lights moving up the freeway. As the procession of vehicles came up behind him, Bill moved to the right and slowed. As the parade passed they counted 18 federal and state fire trucks including pumpers and tankers. The last vehicle in the line was a San Diego County Sheriff's cruiser — which pulled behind their Hummer and signaled them to stop.

"What do you think you're doin! Didn't you see them lights on them fire suppression vehicles? You're sappozta pull over and stop before emergency vehicles pass. You're also sappozta use your signal when you change lanes. You didn't signal. Gimme your license. You right-wing bastards who think you're something because you can put out \$65,000 for a toy like this here Hummer. You got too much money to spend. Here's your ticket. Have a nice day."

Bill took the ticket and his driver's license back from the Deputy.

"Quick and easy" muttered Bill. "That's another \$208 tax the state has squeezed from my pores."

"There's no point in getting mad — they have quotas to meet" Sally replied.

"Quotas? Oh my — the quotas they have to meet! I am so fed up with quotas. Every place we go today there are quotas.

This country is being destroyed by quotas. Now look at that cop. What was he? Mexican? Chi-

nese? Negro? Shit, I couldn't tell what he was.

You know, I remember a time when these fools were ramming it down our throats that men and women were identical — that it was only the toys they played with in childhood that warped them into acting like a man or a woman.

Well, that whacko idea lasted about ten years — and caused untold amounts of damage to little boys and girls all across this land.

Now we got this “blend-to-oblivion” master plan. This country's gonna be beige in twenty years and God help the poor people who try to fight it!

Every time some researcher proves that a human trait is genetic the liberals go bonkers. The one that really set them off was the “aggressive / violence gene”. As soon as researchers found that it existed Clinton had the government funding cut off and all of the research animals destroyed.

These idiots just don't understand. They've also found that happiness is genetic! That the front left part of the brain is responsible for how we look at life — whether the glass is half empty or half full. The government funds that research — no problem. What they don't seem to realize is that all but idiots would see the trend! Most traits are genetic!

What these people refuse to admit is that violence is a genetic trait — a trait that man has known how to remove from a gene pool for thousands of years. It's called domestication. That's how we got dogs as pets — we just kill off the violent ones — or the ones with traits we don't like. That's also how we got domesticated cattle, goats, chickens — every single one of our “domestic” animals. The dog was our first domesticated animal — we calmed him down 12,000 years ago. The cat is the most recent. In Finland, the Laplanders even did this very same thing to reindeer — every winter they just killed off the leader of each herd. After doing this for four hundred years they now have reindeer herds that are about as aggressive as white rabbits.

So what are we doing in America? We are taking various forms of humanity that have little or no ability to function in our society and pay them to breed. And when their spawn comes of age — at the government research proven age eight for half of the Negro females and ten for most of their males — we let 'em breed another generation and start the entire process over again. And when the males are about 18 we have to put them in prison to stop their robberies, rapes and murders. Since about 65% of all violent crime is thanks to Negro males between 15 and 25 we do seem to have a slight problem. To this we must add the embarrassing fact that Negro males are responsible for more than a third of all rapes of white women. White men are probably struck by lightning more often than they pork a Negress.

We even let the Negro males out of prison once in a while — for a few months — and then they go violent again and we have to stuff them back in for a few more years — kinda like checking the oven to see if the bread is done. It's kinda like asking “Are you still violent? Oops, better put you back in for a while!”

Are these people ever gonna be productive in this country? I doubt it. Look at that US Government handbook we sent to Negroes living in government subsidized housing: “Rezedents Rights and Risponsabilities” It was signed by “Sekatary Andrew Cuomo fella.” And what did it say? “Yuh as a rezedent ave di rights ahn di risponsabilites to elp mek yuh HUD assisted owzing ah behta owme fi yuh ahn yuh fambly.” Fambly. Fambly. Fambly. Our tax dollars paid for that crap.

Oh, you bet! These people are gonna be real rocket scientists. Just spend another couple of trillion on 'em. Ooops, not enough? Spend another trillion!

All sorts of combinations of genes have been created in societies all over the world. These mixtures exist because they have been successful — you need those traits to survive — there — not here.

So all over the world we have humans who have bred themselves into a mix of traits that function successfully — where they have lived for thousands of years. And we let these people swim over here — and fail — and then we pay them to breed more of their own kind — most of whom will also fail.

Hey, the Hmong are a prime example. We fly maybe 100,000 of them over here — we owed it to ‘em because of the Vietnam war — and they’ve tried really hard to integrate into American society. But they don’t. They can’t. After nearly thirty years they are still living in their own little villages — now reconstructed in Fresno, California — and they still don’t even speak English!

What’s worse is that we let these people interbreed with the rest of America — so that we create strange accidents of nature — freaks. And I’m not talking about physical defects that you can see. I’m talking about mental defects — or inappropriate mental behaviors.

Look. Do Cocker Spaniels make good attack dogs? I can’t imagine how. And it’s genetic. How do sheep dogs become sheep dogs — it ain’t training — it’s genetic. Do you ever see Doberman Pincers as police dogs? Never. They don’t have the stable personality. Under stress they just go absolutely nuts.

You take a Cocker Spaniel and breed it with a Doberman Pincer and you’ll have one psycho dog! I can see it now — a bouncing little ball of yapping golden four legged fluff scurries over to some three year old baby girl. It looks at her for a moment, its expression changes and then it takes her arm off!

Sure, it’s quite possible to train a dog to act a certain way. The problem is that under stress they revert to their genetic program. It’s absolutely the same with humans.

We once had a country of like-minded people. Their overall genetic make-up was very similar. Most of these people came from Germany, England, Denmark, Sweden — even Finland. Whatever their language or eye color or hair color they all thought and acted about the same.

If you want to say that these people were all of the same “race” I guess you could. But we’d have to define race as a mixture of traits — a blending — that creates a general culture or even a “personality” of a people.

This creation of a “race” took a thousand years or more. The undesirable traits were slowly removed from the gene pool. The “inappropriate” ones — for that environment — died off.

It just so happens that people of a northern European genetic background had the mix of capabilities needed to make America great.

There are certain races that haven’t figured out how to be a welcomed addition anywhere they moved. The Gypsies — the Romani — they came out of India 4,000 years ago and have been the scourge of every country they’ve hit.

Today we are faced with a complete destruction of our country’s focus or will.

If we just look at peoples around the world it should be obvious to any but the starkly communist that peoples really have adapted themselves to their own local environment over thousands of years. Those not genetically suitable to their given environment — die.

In places like Denmark, Sweden and Norway, maintaining racial purity was written into law.

From 1935 to 1976 if you were some beige mongrel with retarded kids they sterilized you — if anything just to cut down on the welfare payments to your ever-increasing family of degenerates. This stuff came out in the Swedish paper Dagens Nyheter in 1997.

But here in America we’ve got the gold credit card — no a plutonium credit card — to support every genetic failure at a standard of living he could never have on his own — and then let them breed like hell.

So what if these things can’t function in any society but one limited to plucking fruit from trees — we’re gonna let ‘em breed some more! And the gotcha is that we can never change them through education. Education is not passed on through genes. What we are experiencing is truly a Genetic Weapon of Mass Destruction. And it’s destroying America. And it’s being done on purpose.

I was talking to a guy who works in the movie industry. This guy was saying that in fifty years we

are all gonna be one mixed race. That President Clinton has set this path for the country and that we are on the way.

But almost in the same breath he talked about how competitive the Germans were and the quality of their products — how we gotta be careful of the Germans because they do things so well.

What?

It's obvious to me that there is master plan — to destroy the European races completely.

Are the Chinese being genetically destroyed? No.

Are the people of the Indian subcontinent being destroyed? No.

Are the Japanese breeding with every Negro they can find? No.

This all is going on only in "First World" White countries.

"The New World Order" knows exactly what they are doing. They are creating a population of violent, stupid, unimaginative slaves who will spend their time and effort fighting each other instead of their new masters.

They tried to make it all happen with Karl Marx and his whacko communist ideas of how to spread the wealth. That plan didn't work. Now these same people are trying a new tactic. Do it genetically!

They first tried one "weapon of mass destruction" — an idea. It failed. Now they are trying a much more subtle and dangerous — and permanent "weapon of mass destruction" — genetics. Unless we do something pretty quick they will succeed.

There is no way to let them go ahead and do this even for fifty years — even if their efforts failed.

If they had fifty years to screw up the genetics of the European race they will have destroyed something that could take two thousand years to repair. And what's worse, the only way to "cure" such a problem is — at a minimum — sterilization. Think about it.

These people know full well that the only threat they have is from European genes. If they can destroy the world's "success" genes then they can finally take control — and they actually will be superior to what's left on earth.

Europeans have been sucked into being pawns for these schemers twice in this century alone — World War One and Two.

Maybe a hundred million people died in those two wars. And who were killed? The good ones.

The brave ones. And just as we see with reindeer and every other animal — you can change the energies and direction of a species by killing off a segment of the population that exhibits traits you don't want or by letting them breed with some segment of the population that has traits you do want.

Do we ever hear about the Europeans who died in these two world wars? No. We only hear about the "Holocaust" and the "Six Million". Shit, they used that same "Six Million Jews died" propaganda in World War One — along with stories about how Germans were eating Belgian children! Hey, there was a "Holocaust"? Show me the ashes! In Leningrad there were a 100,000 people cremated in a brick factory kiln. Their ashes were dumped in a lake. The lake was filled to the top with ashes. A dwarf cooks down to about two pounds of ashes. Many people are reduced to eight pounds of ashes.

Ashes don't go up the chimney. You have a million dead and that's a thousand tons of ashes. Oh, and the bones don't turn to ash. They convert to a material kinda like ceramic. Somebody has to crush those bones.

So where are the ashes?

And then there's the evil Zyklon B. If you whacked six million you would have needed 60,000 cans of this stuff. Those cans were made of tinned steel. They would have lasted a thousand years. Where are the mountains of empties?

Lastly, once Poland went democratic after the wall went down one of the first things they did was chisle the words off about a hundred feet of marble tablets at Aushwitz. The Poles admitted that the "millions who died" was nothing more than communist propaganda."

It was all bullshit!

But the propaganda continues. Just rent any movie about World War Two that shows military cemeteries — even the movie Patton will work — and then notice how many Stars of David are in each cemetery scene. Watching such a movie it would seem that between a third and a fifth of the American soldiers who died in battle were Jewish. In fact, Jews made up less than one tenth of one percent of the casualties — two hundred or three hundred times less than is portrayed.

As long as they can remain “World History’s All Time Victims” and use our genetic instincts about guilt and morality and pity as a weapon against us then they can continue to destroy the only threat to their domination of the world — us.

Can you imagine what we’re gonna have as a country when short, brown, violent, stupid Mexican Indians breed with tall blond, blue eyed, intelligent Whites?

Sports Illustrated did a feature article about the most beautiful women in the world. After months of research they picked the women of Iceland as being the most beautiful. When asked on nationwide TV why Icelandic women were so beautiful they said it was due to good nutrition! Not three months later the Wall Street Journal reported that Iceland was the perfect place to do genetic research because its people have remained insulated from more than a thousand years of immigration and genetic destruction. I think they said Icelandic genes haven’t changed since the Vikings settled the place — in 874!

Now, what do you think is the truth — that we can take an ugly kid and feed it vitamins and make it beautiful — or that beautiful people come from beautiful people!

The tragedy is that as they dumb down our schools and breed out the intelligence of Europeans — the “New America” will actually start believing more and more of this crap.

You want to see what we’re becoming?

There was some White woman in the midwest who had her children taken from her by social workers. The reason? Her IQ was 76! Her lawyer had her re-tested and her IQ was “confirmed” at 80. She still lost her kids. She was too stupid to be responsible for small children.

Do you know what the average IQ of a Negro female is? 80.

We’ve gotta understand that there are thousands of researchers out there building a new genetic world for us. Right now we know that we can select for the sex of the child we want and even be certain that our child-to-be doesn’t have one of the really bad genetic disorders.

What these researchers are now doing is discovering which genes control intelligence, happy dispositions, violence and more.

The “New World Order” has always gone bananas over Eugenics. They probably should — since there was one guy who — when he had the chance — scraped all of the rapists, murderers, homosexuals, pedophiles, gypsies, communists and traitors off the streets and into camps. But Eugenics is really defined by outcome not process. If you want a better country then you better have good people and that means getting rid of the bad ones. You can either get rid of the bad ones — or never let them be born — or never let them immigrate in the first place. And anybody who thinks that not having a child because it has serious birth defects is different from not having a child because he will in all likelihood grow up to be a rapist, murderer, homosexual, pedophile, gypsy, communist — or as has been proved time and time again over the last four thousand years — a betrayer of every land and people he visits... is a fool.

There are lots of researchers who say that crime is going down in America because we are paying for Negro females to have abortions. Fewer Negroes means lower crime.

When it comes to intelligence — what’s better — spending maybe \$300,000 training some stupid kid to be doctor who will never be very good — or making sure you have a kid that will take that \$300,000 investment and really contribute to society?

With all of the “make America beige” crap in this country what do people in other lands want for children? They want White — and blond hair and blue eyes — and they are putting their money

where their mouth is and paying an average of \$5,000 for an egg. Yep, people from as far away as Japan are fighting to get white eggs. Even Guatemalans want white, blue eyed, blond haired children.

This egg fight is getting more serious by the day — science is taking care of that.

We are soon gonna have only two classes of people. We are gonna have “gene-enriched” people — who have been screened, filtered and even genetically tweaked a bit so that they are the best people possible, and then we are gonna have the “naturals” — who will be at a serious disadvantage in such a new world.

The people with money will have their kids tweaked into the 99th percentile for intelligence, talent and more. The rest of us won’t have a chance.

The mongrelization of the European Peoples is essential to insure that the children of “The New World Order” remain in power during this critical phase — where genetic enrichment can be had by anybody with money. In fifty years the European Peoples will be so stupid, violent and mongrelized that they will have little chance to save themselves. It’s all a matter of statistics — sheer numbers of good guys and bad guys.

America’s gonna wind up being some kinda beige clump of stupid slaves who can then be easily controlled and squeezed for ever higher taxes. Hell, we already pay higher taxes than the serfs did under the Russian Tzars!”

Bill had really whipped himself up and just grumbled to himself quietly for the next ten minutes. Long shadows were being thrown off the eastern sides of the peaks as he pulled their Hummer off the freeway — just past the 4,025 ft high Mountain Summit rest stop. To the west he could see all the way to the Pacific ocean. To the east he could just start to see the twinkle of porch lights coming on at remote country homes scattered all through San Diego’s back country.

“Bill, do you smell a brush fire? Look! Isn’t that Binson Peak burning?”

“Yep. Sure looks like Binson. Another mountainside burned to ash to help a handful of Mexicans reach the Promised Land. I’ll tell ya — I sure wouldn’t want to work for the California Division of Forestry. Those guys take their lives in their hands every time they try to put a fire out at night.

Dangerous stuff.”

Bill drove south and east for three miles and then took a dirt road due south — toward their waiting barbecue and pool. The Hummer made the dirt road seem like a city street. Its wide footprint and huge tires let the car float at the outer edges of the ruts.

It took about fifteen minutes to reach his property line. The green “pump house” at the side of the road told the whole family that they had arrived.

Bill slowed the Hummer to five miles an hour, put his hand under the seat, and pressed the button on the garage door opener velcro’d to the seat’s frame. Fifty feet south of the “pump house” the massive steel gate swung open.

He drove through the gate and then over the elevated “cattle crossing”. As the Hummer passed over the grate the gate swung closed and locked.

Bill picked up the car’s ICOM radio and punched in what seemed to be a regular telephone number, he then paused and punched in an access code.

Their Spanish style ranch house — hidden around the hill and a mile beyond the Hummer’s headlights — came alive. Patio lights and the home’s side lights came on in a blaze of cold blue-white light. The lighting system used quartz car headlamps for the first three minutes it was switched on and then transitioned sodium vapor lamps as these slow-to-start but cheaper-to-run bulbs came alive.

Even the dirt road — from the turn twenty feet ahead of them and all the way to the ranch house — lit up with what looked like subtle low voltage curb lighting hidden in the chaparral. It turned the property into a beautifully decorated stage set.

Of course, what this also did was light up all the areas where anyone might be hiding to ambush them. Bill did not want to become a statistic like the former owner of this place. This little flash of

paranoia he kept a secret from Sally.

When they reached the parking area at the front of the house — with nobody leaping out of the bushes — Bill punched in another code and window shutters popped loose and started opening and the front door's shield slowly crawled into the roof. This was the part of the “arrival ceremony” that the kids liked best. Bill liked it too.

* * *

To the south, the coyote, and Simon, and his 16 new friends had finally acclimated their eyes to the combination of starlight and the subtle reflections off the shadowy terrain at their feet. The sudden blue-white blaze of light to the north made them all jump and three of them lost their footing and fell. Those three collided with eight more and they all slid through the tangled brush and into a heap at the bottom of a narrow arroyo.

“La Migra’!”

“La Migra’!”

“No, No!” “If it was La Migra’ it would be light from the air not from a building!”

“These rich Norte Americanos — they try to blind us!”

“Be calm! We will soon teach them a lesson!”

“Yes!”

“Our Fathers showed the Whites how they should be treated!”

“Our Fathers would take them and cut out their still-beating hearts!”

“Those were the days of Glory!”

“VIVA LA RAZA!”

If Jose Vasconcelos — the creator of the term “La Raza” could only see these examples of his heroic brothers of the “Cosmic Race”.

The miserable, half-starved, stinking heap of campesinos pulled themselves apart and stood up. The light from the house was blinding at this angle and the men had to shield their eyes so that they could even look for a way up the hill.

Blinking lights of American fire trucks could be seen crawling all over the distant mountainside. It took a few moments for the campesinos to understand what they were looking at. Their first impression was that the red dots in front of their eyes were a result of the blinding halogen lights shining in their faces.

Ready or not, this had to be the moment for their assault — before the Norte Americanos discovered their presence and called the Policia.

The coyote quickly arranged the men into four groups. The first group would try to take any car that might be parked at the house. The second group would check the outbuildings for weapons, food and clothes. The third group would block the American's escape route and kill them. The last group — with the coyote at the lead — would take the house itself.

The groups spread out and slowly climb through the brush.

About half way up the hill the brush turned to low cut grasses and “pickleweed” — also called “ice plant”. While the American's use of these ground covers kept possible brush fires a hundred feet from their fence line they also made climbing the slippery slope extremely difficult.

* * *

The pool pump was running full blast, the gas jets on the barbecue were heating the steel grill for hamburgers and Samantha's favorite — roasted corn-on-the-cob. Bill and Sally were inside the house.

Bill was looking through his CD collection for something good to listen to and Bobby was bugging him to put the DVD version of the movie “Top Gun” on the player. Sally was trying to figure out if the carton of milk in the refrigerator smelled okay or if somebody would have to go to Campo and get more.

Bill plugged “Top Gun's” sound track into the home's speaker system. He then skipped the movie forward to the carrier launch scenes. The roar of F-14 jets would soon blast out of the patio's

speakers. Bill knew that Sally hated this movie and that playing this part of “Top Gun” out the patio speakers would rattle the kitchen windows and make her come in and yell at her “two men” and tell them to kill their “guy” movie.

Three groups of Mexicans started scaling the low chain link fence at the south side of the house. The fourth group moved around the hill to the north — to block any possible Gringo-escape up the road.

There would be no witnesses.

To watch the scene unfold it was as if these were not humans — but domesticated dogs turned feral. A switch had been thrown. They had returned to their genetic roots. Savage, wild, barbarous — Aztec.

One of the campesinos became hung up on the coils of flat stainless steel razor-ribbon woven into the low fence half-way up the hill. Rather than try to extricate him, the other members of the group simply used his body as a bridge — stomping on his back and pushing his flesh deeper and deeper into the scalpel-sharp steel coils. A knee pushed his face into the coils of razor ribbon.

Three inches of surgical steel sliced into his neck and severed his carotid artery. Blood spurted over the ground and onto the trousers of his brothers of the Cosmic Race. It wasn’t an especially painful wound but it took him only two minutes to bleed to death.

The coyote made it over this “human bridge” first. By the time he was half way to the top of the hill he was already exhausted. When he reached the top he only had enough strength remaining to hang onto the vertical poles at the edge of the patio and look back at his “flock” struggling far below him.

One by one the Mexicans climbed the hill and clung to the bottoms of the poles at the edge of the patio. Only their bloody, brown hands were above the patio pavement, their bodies were hidden in shadow.

The coyote clambered along the line of panting campesinos and whispered: “Amigos, this is the richest house in the valley. It is here that you will gather the wealth of a lifetime. Remember these next few moments forever. Remember too that it was I who brought you here!”

He scanned the patio. He saw no one. He raised his arm and gently tossed pebbles at the line of men — signaling the moment to climb the fence. Campesinos began crawling up the last four feet of hillside and then stood erect on the very edge of the concrete patio slab. They peered between the steel poles and toward the patio and pool. Kicking their legs and grunting they clawed at the tops of the poles — cutting themselves on the barbed wire as they climbed over the top. The coyote adjusted his Levi’s jacket on the tops of the poles near him and then climbed over. He’d done these things many times before.

The coyote’s point of entry to the yard was in the shadows on the south side of the house — behind the stone barbecue. It was easy for him to use the iron fittings at the back of the barbecue as steps and quietly descend to the patio floor. He looked around the barbecue to the right and saw nothing. He looked around to the left and saw nothing. His goal was the kitchen door — it was open and he could see a woman with her head down working on something. He knew that if he didn’t kill her soon she would look up and see his men climbing over the fence and she would scream. It was best for all concerned to kill her now.

Samantha — the Johnson’s 10 year old girl — was out by the pool playing with her Barbie Doll — looking at some cave bats flitting in and out of the shadows as they caught insects near one of the back yard’s lights. The blinding glare of the patio lights had made her invisible to the thin brown line of Mexicans assaulting the fence.

The coyote peered around the edge of the barbecue — his path to the kitchen was clear. His attention was focused on the woman in the kitchen window — as he ran around the left side of the barbecue he slammed right into Samantha and knocked her to the ground.

The little girl lay there stunned for less than three seconds — and then turned her head and looked up at the Mexican. The sight before her was pure evil. A stinking, sweating hulk stood over her. “Come here little girl! Come here now little White bitch!”

Terror siezed her. Samantha stopped breathing. It was if she was in a terribly scary dream and she was trying to run and she was paralyzed and all she could do was look at this monster as it came closer and closer.

Brown hands — stinking of urine, sweat, sage brush, and beer — grabbed at her clothes. All the little girl could do was kick backwards and then finally, let out a whimpering, gasping, paralyzed, cry.

“Mamma!”

She heard her dress ripping.

“Don’t fight me little bitch! I don’t want to hurt you. I can sell you! You’re worth real money!”

The Mexican grabbed her by the leg and dragged her toward him as if she was a chicken for slaughter. Her hands and arms dragged along the ground and left long blood trails in the rough pavement. He lifted her feet first and held her in the air.

As she came off the ground her dress fell down over her face. All she could do now was grab onto the Mexicans legs and hold on for dear life. She wrapped her arms around his legs as tight as she could. As long as she held onto his legs the Mexican was immobilized. Maybe her father would save her before she was carried away. She wet her pants.

She’d been given lessons in how to protect herself from bad people. She knew that she had to fight and fight and fight. In today’s America even blond haired ten year old little girls lived in fear.

The Mexican stuck his head between her legs. “Oh, little bitch, pink panties, and wet eh. Maybe you have something for me in there!”

Samantha unwrapped her arms, made a fist with both her hands and punched upwards — right into the Mexican’s balls.

“AYEEEE! AAAYEEEE!

BITCH!”

He dropped her head first onto the pavement. Samantha crumpled onto the concrete with a loud crack and tried to scurry away.

The Mexican flailed his arms and clawed at her — grabbing her by the collar of her dress and then pulling her toward him. He tried to cover her mouth and nose but his hands were so sweaty that they slipped off her face. He dug in. His fingernails clawed deeply into her lips — and then into her cheeks — then slipped off of her face. Dark red lines swelled up on her face and blood began streaming down her chin and cheeks.

The Mexican clamped his hands around her throat and started to crush her airway. All she could do was kick the Mexican in the crotch. He loosened his grip.

She realized that this was it — the end. Either she called for help now or she would be carried off and sold. She stopped fighting, took a deep breath and really screamed!

“MAMMA! MEXICANS!”

“Bitch!” The coyote clamped down on her throat but she kicked him on the shins and tried to poke out his eyes. He was losing this battle. She screamed again.

“MEXICANS!”

He flicked open his knife.

Chapter Seven

Samantha's scream made the hair on Bill's neck stand on end. He lunged at the 911 panic button, killed all exterior lights, and then hit the gate release — the cops had to be able to get onto the property.

The last image in Sally's brain as the lights went out was that of her daughter being strangled by some beer-bellied Mexican and yet fighting with all the strength in her little body.

"Samantha!"

Sally looked out the kitchen window in terror and then ran down the hall toward her husband.

"Bill!"

He was already on the way toward her — heading for the kitchen door.

"The kids!"

Upstairs, Bobby had been playing with his GI Joe set when he saw brown faces peering down on him through his bedroom windows. Their eyes met. The men outside his window smiled at him but it was the smile of a snake for his dinner.

"Daddy!"

Bobby came running down the stairs crying — and trying to tell his father that brown people were on the roof looking into his room.

"Where's Samantha!"

"Go get her!"

Samantha slammed the kitchen door open with a crash. Her eyes were wild with terror. She grabbed her mother. All she could do was look over her shoulder and then dig her head into her mother's embrace. She tried to tell her mother about the Mexicans, but was crying too hard to speak.

"The kitchen door!" Bill yelled.

Sally slammed it shut.

Bill killed the interior house lights — leaving only some tiny point-source exterior lighting along the roof line. All the lights useful to the Mexicans were now off. He figured that the Mexicans would be night blind for one or two minutes and — for now — he would have some slight advantage.

As the vermin tried to look inside the house they would be blinded by the high intensity pinpoints of light along the roof. In a few minutes he would blast them with two seconds of high intensity light and then put them back into total blackness. He had to keep them disoriented until he could pick them off one by one.

More dark, terrifying, shapes could be seen trying to clamber over the vertical poles at the southern edge of the patio. One of the shapes made it over the top, crawled to the swimming pool and started drinking pool water — then seemed to wash blood from his arms. Other shapes could be seen going around the house toward the Hummer.

Someone started pressing against the kitchen door.

Before Bill could think clearly there was a crash of broken glass as an upstairs window was smashed and then there were sounds of furniture being knocked over in the dark.

The Johnsons stood there in the hallway between the kitchen and the rec. room — Bill, Sally, Samantha and Bobby — they were surrounded. The children started to whimper.

Bill looked at Samantha. His little ten year old daughter had been within fifteen seconds of a rape — or worse. There was blood running down the inside of her right leg. Rivulets of blood were now running down her lower lip and cheeks. Her lower lip was quivering.

Bill looked at Sally — then picked Samantha up and held her tightly in his arms. The little girl smelled of weeds, male piss and beer. The mother stepped forward and lifted the remnants of her little girl's dress. The blood was only coming from a deep scratch on her inner thigh — not from anyplace private.

The parents looked at each other.

Bill handed Samantha to Sally.

“It’s gonna be okay, Sam. You just watch. Daddy is gonna fix this right now.” Bill was almost delirious with rage.

He went over to a large framed oil painting of a mountain scene — pulled the frame out of the wall and pushed it to the side — exposing a rack of long guns and pistols.

Bill took a Benelli 12 gauge shotgun from the rack. He started stuffing it with large ribbed, plastic, shotgun shells. Some people used shells filled with lead shot. Some used plated steel. Bill used shells loaded with tungsten balls.

The Benelli had been outlawed by America’s new caring government because it was not deemed to be a gun any American should have. It was black and had a rubber pistol grip. It also came standard with an eight round magazine. Bill had extended that magazine by two rounds and had added a small “Surefire” flashlight. It was perfect for rural home defense. Bill did not want any of his family to become a statistic.

Some people loaded their shotguns with shells containing 00 buckshot. This worked quite well in the old west where a stagecoach guard would send a load of “blue whistlers” into a bandit’s horse (the bigger target) but in a firefight against people loads of number four buckshot had more pellets and were far more effective at close range. In a firefight with armored opponents then a mix was good. Some people used slugs, 00 and number four. Some would gently circumcise the plastic cases of their shells just below the lowest wad. When fired, these shells would separate at the weak ring sending the entire forward portion of the shell out the barrel to explode into tiny balls only after they hit the target.

With an effective rate of fire of 1600 balls a minute — with each of a number four round’s little tungsten balls weighing as much as an M-16’s .223 bullet — a shotgun loaded with number four buckshot really can’t be beat for nearby soft targets.

Some gadget freaks added laser sights to their guns. The problem was that when you needed a night sight you needed to see your target — not just a 1/4 inch red spot. After all, a 1/4 inch spot on the forehead of one person looks quite a bit like a 1/4 inch spot on the forehead of anybody else and sending an ounce of tungsten balls into a person’s head at over 1,000 feet per second — blowing their skull into little pieces — should be done only when you know who you are shooting. It was true that Government agencies used laser sights — but their operating procedures were of military origin — in that world anyone to your front was fair game. Lastly, lasers are perceived as targeting devices for guns. This means that if you even have a laser pointing device used for classroom presentations and you aim it at people outside your home at night you can be charged with aggravated assault.

“Sally. Get the children into the hall closet and then guard the kitchen door!”

Sally hugged the two children to her and then swept them into the hall closet — telling them to lock the door from the inside. The closet had been built as a strong room. Its walls seemed to be just drywall and paint. In reality they were a double layer of railroad rails nested one inside the other and mounted vertically. No bullet fired within the house could penetrate such armor. These closet walls were even grenade proof. The children were safe.

Bill then handed Sally an old Mk IV Colt .45 auto and three eight round magazines. The magazines had lead weights on their ends to help them drop out of the gun faster when released.

“Sally, you guard the kitchen. Let ‘em get close so you can make certain you stop ‘em!” Bill did not use the word kill. He was afraid that the thought of killing might slow her down — and thus get her killed.

Some people had collections of guns. Some fought over the benefits of .40 verses 9mm verses .45. It was all bullshit — foisted on the unknowing by magazine writers selling magazine advertising. The answer was simple — get the biggest you can control on every shot and — more importantly — don’t miss!

Bill stopped to think. An adrenaline rush was coming over him. He had to stay calm. These little

brown-skinned animals were all going to die. He thought of tying them all together by the neck — like a bunch of flowers — and then dragging the clump behind the Hummer at 60 miles an hour. Irrational. No, he would have to kill them one at a time. There would be no quarter given — and there would be no prisoners.

Looking out the window he counted seven shapes trying to climb over the fence. He saw three more creeping around the house toward the Hummer and two more near the shed. He thought it sounded like there had to be three or more upstairs.

Bill stared outside in disbelief. “Why haven’t they tried to rush the house already? Maybe its true that these scum are extremely passive — until some emotional switch is thrown. We’ve been lucky for all of about two minutes. I bet we only have twenty seconds more before all hell breaks loose!”

He had no choice. It was now or never — and never meant overwhelming odds against him and unthinkable assaults on his wife — his little girl — and maybe even his little boy.

Bill walked to the kitchen wall-mount telephone. He looked at Sally, wrapped his fingers around the phone and pulled at it as if he was going to rip it right out of the plaster. The telephone popped out — exposing two indicators and three switches.

“Not that! Do you really think we have to do that? Sally was watching Bill with horror on her face.

“There’s two of us and maybe twenty of them. We don't have a choice! Get down onto the floor — just in case something really bad happens!” Bill hit the master switch and both lights came up green. He then depressed the two switches.

What he had done was open the valves on six high pressure air tanks. The tanks released 2,500 psi air into ten old power line circuit breakers. The breakers would send power stored in fifty old (and condemned) PCB-laden storage capacitors directly into the vertical fence poles outside.

A low hissing whine could be heard coming from somewhere underneath the house. The whine increased in frequency and volume and in less than three seconds it became a hissing scream ending in an earth shaking spasm as the breakers slammed closed.

The capacitors hadn’t been designed to discharge into a dead short and the circuit breakers hadn’t been designed to carry anything over six megawatts. Capacitors the size of beer kegs exploded sending streams and even globs of jellied PCB down the mine tunnel. Two of the circuit breakers exploded — embedding chunks of copper, steel and ceramic into basement walls, floor and ceiling.

But outside, the effect was awe inspiring. The entire yard seemed to become the blue-white center of a carbon arc sixty feet across. Pieces of the melted barbed wire clattered onto the tile roof. A few small pieces of burned flesh splatted against the kitchen window.

Where there was once a wobbly mass of brown sub-humanity clinging to the top of the fence there was now nothing but smoking lumps of semi-cooked meat suspended in a smoky pink glow of hot steel.

“Jesus. They musta got about a thousand amps!”

Actually, the instantaneous impulse was 1,360 amps at 12,000 volts — 16.3 megawatts.

A loud crash upstairs made Bill jump.

“Don’t let anybody in! Sally! Shoot ‘em. Shoot ‘em! Shoot ‘em!” Bill’s voice trailed away as he ran down the hallway with his Benelli shotgun in his hands. The impenetrable shadows of the stairwell loomed toward him.

“How many are there. I betcha these bastards carry really sharp knives.” Bill whispered to himself. A cold chill went up his spine.

He dropped flat against the first flight of stairs. He was so close to the stair treads that he could smell the fibers of the carpet. He waited for a shape to come around the corner. He waited. He waited. There was nothing.

Slowly, he crawled up the stairs.

He reached the landing between the floors and edged up onto one knee and against the wall but well away from the corner. Then he slid his head forward ever so slightly and peeked around the corner — just one eye — and then only for a split second.

Nothing.

He stood up and leaned his left shoulder against the wall.

The Benelli was muzzle-down — all he had to do was shift it three inches and pull the muzzle up onto a target. By having the muzzle down his view wasn't blocked by the barrel.

His heart was pounding up into his throat. He thought he could hear the blood pulsing in his neck. He shifted his face very slowly so that his right eye could now gaze up the stairs and maybe 10 feet down the hallway.

He held his head motionless — it became just another shadow of the dark.

There was nothing. He slid sideways and crept up the stairs — half way.

Then he thought he saw something — a shadow, a shape. It could have just been his eyes adjusting to the dark — or even a ghost image created by blood pulsing to his brain.

But then he really did see a shape above him — it was moving slowly — toward the north wall — and it was silhouetted in the faint glow of starlight coming through the upstairs windows.

“This is terrible,” he thought. “I can smell this guy from fifteen feet away!”

Without a warning call or even a whisper he whipped the Benelli to his shoulder, pulled the muzzle onto the shape's crotch and quickly let off two rounds. He'd squeezed the flashlight switch and the trigger at the same time. The strobe-like images were of puffs of dust mixed with blood and fabric. Just as he pulled off each round he counted: “TEN” and then “NINE”.

“Always double-tap!” He thought to himself as the stock dug into his shoulder.

The first shot blew the Mexican's bladder through his spine. The shotgun's recoil sent the muzzle upwards slightly and the second blast whizzed through the Mexican's left lung and out his right shoulder blade.

Bill leaped from his position against the wall and flattened himself against the stair treads — if the Mexicans had guns they might shoot toward the muzzle flashes and Bill wouldn't be there.

The now-dead Mexican stumbled forward, flopped down the stairs, slid over Bill's back and landed flat on the stairway landing. The sticky smell of blood, shit and cordite was everywhere.

This was not the movies — there really hadn't been much action — just a Mexican falling down a flight of stairs.

“I hope that thing didn't have AIDS!” Bill mumbled to himself as he looked down at the crumpled form on the landing. He turned, grunted, and crawled upwards on his hands and knees — toward the second floor — one stair tread at a time.

Bill peered over the top of the stairs, paused, and then carefully got to a crouch — now he could see the entire hall — all the way to the first bedroom. He slid to the right and then very slowly pushed himself up against the wall. There was a loud hiss as his shirt scraped against the rough plaster. He stopped in mid-stretch — just leaning against the wall. His hands were shaking. He had an overpowering urge to run.

Suddenly from his right a stinking brown body lunged at him. Bill dropped to his knees, snapped the gun to the right and fired “EIGHT!” The explosion went right between the Mexican's feet and the shotgun pellets blasted long strips out of the carpet, bounced off the concrete floor and took photographs off the south wall. The Mexican skittered like a cockroach and took refuge in the shadows.

There was a whisper:

“Hey, Gringo, you gonna die. Hijueputa! You gonna die real slow! Fuck!”

The Mexican whispered his sweet murmurings as he quietly moved around and behind pieces of furniture — staying out of Bill's sights but moving closer and closer.

Suddenly, Bill saw a faint glint of starlight reflecting off a knife or screwdriver just before the

piece of steel whizzed past his head. Bill grabbed at a filthy shirt and the Mexican lost his balance and went tumbling and crashing down the stairs — head first — and right on top of the dead Mexi-mess laying on the landing.

Bill spun around, fell backwards and landed flat on his back with the edge of a stair tread cutting into his shoulder blades. All he could do was hold the shotgun more like a stick than a weapon and fire three wild, rapid shots “SEVEN / SIX / FIVE” as the Mexican tried to get to his feet and scramble down the stairs.

A line of death sliced across the Mexican’s path.

The fifty-four .24 caliber balls from the first two shots slammed into the stairway treads and wall. Pieces of wall, carpet and carpet pad flew into the air and chunks of concrete landing disintegrated. At this range Bill’s shots spread less than six inches.

Bill’s last shot hit the Mexican right in the ass. A whizzing cloud of 27 tungsten balls tore at the Mexican’s coccyx, rectum, bladder and sexual organs. Bits of these tissues — and the concomitant fecal and seminal material — splattered all over the walls and stairs. Chunks of this cordite flavored stew splattered back onto Bill’s face. The sudden fecal stench was overpowering. Bill vomited.

The Mexican was not yet dead.

Leaking digested intestinal syrup the Mexican went into shock — but his strong, sinuous muscles kept him going. He gathered his intestines into his two hands, then got up and ran — tripping over his dead brown brother again — and then tumbling down the stairs toward the kitchen. He had been handed a fatal wound and would die in a minute or two — or three — but that might not be soon enough.

Bill fired another round and missed.

“Shoot, Sally! Shoot!” He screamed.

Sally had been trained well. She was in the kitchen and flat on the floor. The .45 was in her right hand and supported by her left hand. The muzzle of the .45 was just peeking around the corner of the cupboards. If she fired from this position the gun’s recoil would raise her point of aim with every shot and if she started at the guy’s crotch every round would be another hit.

Sally heard the Mexican’s liquid splattering footsteps closing in on her. He came closer and closer — so close she could hear his heavy wheezing. She snapped open one of the kitchen cabinet doors just as he came around the corner. The door hit the Mexican square in the face and he dropped — making a wet, splatting sound on the tile floor.

Bill had taught her to make certain she stopped an assailant — and that the closer the bad guy was to her the more rounds she should put into him. Sally fired her entire eight round magazine into the Mexican’s legs, crotch, belly, chest, throat, mouth and nostrils.

Her last shot missed the Mexican’s head and hit the strong room’s steel rails. Bobby and Samantha screamed.

“That’s okay kids! This ‘ll all be over soon! Stay quiet! Don’t make a sound!”

Sally didn’t know what else to say.

She could tell them that she had never been so scared in her entire life. These Mexicans wanted to kill everyone in the house and if even one of these guys found a way into the closet then her little babies would be held hostage — until the parents gave up — and then they all would be killed.

Sally’s ears were ringing from the eight violent explosions that sent hollow point .45 slugs at over 900 feet per second into the twitching, blood-soaked lump now laying on her kitchen floor.

There was silence. Then the silence was interrupted by the bell-like clinking of the last empty .45 case bouncing around on the tile floor.

The room was filled with cordite smoke.

The .45’s effect on loose intestines was truly disgusting. It was as if she’d shot a gallon sized bowl of warm chili from 18 inches away. The entire room was splattered with globs of shit. Sally was covered with big blotches of the stuff but only discovered it when she licked her lips. She

wretched and then vomited all over the kitchen tile floor.

Bill stood up and crept onto the second floor. He glanced out the stairway window and then froze in morbid fascination. He could make out the contorted shapes of illegal aliens hung up on the fence line — bits of their limbs glowing like burned bits of steak on a charcoal barbecue — some of the bodies were actually on fire.

What really got him was the smell. It didn't smell like death. The cooked meat outside smelled like a barbecue! It actually smelled good! Pork ribs! A shiver came over him.

Everything was now quiet and time stood still.

Sally sat there on the cool tile floor of the kitchen wondering what to do next. All she could hear were the nearby random rustlings of a dead Mexican's twitching leg muscles.

Then the creaking at the kitchen door started again. This time the knob turned. This time the door opened just a crack and then a bit more. Then starlight flooded the room and a faint shadow extended across the kitchen floor.

Sally aimed and tried to fire her .45. Nothing happened!

The magazine was empty and the slide had locked back to the rear — waiting for another eight rounds of brass and lead.

Sally screamed. The Mexican lunged through the door and into the room — blindly bouncing off the kitchen counter at the center of the room and then falling to the floor.

Sally screamed and screamed and screamed and tried to scamper away — slipping and sliding in stone-cold liquid Mexican feces and her own vomit.

“Your fucking BITCH. I gonna cut you lady! I gonna cut you real bad!”

The coyote had finally arrived. He'd hoped that his brothers would have killed off all of these Gringos by now. They certainly hadn't done a very good job so far. Now it was time to show them how to do it.

This Mexican thought himself to be one mean son-of-a-bitch and there was no way he was gonna take any shit at all from some woman!

Sally had lost her two spare pistol magazines. Her hands were shaking so badly that she could barely hold onto her .45. She tried to push herself farther away from the door but there was so much liquid on the tile floor that she couldn't get any traction.

All she could do was push her hands into the cooling pools of stinking muck and use her fingernails to claw at the tile grout and drag herself forward. Then suddenly, she felt a cold, firm, heavy .45 magazine at her fingertips.

Her hands were so slippery that she almost dropped the magazine as she brought it to her lap. She released the empty magazine from the pistol and slapped in the new one. The pistol's slide release was far too stiff for her to free with her thumb so she lowered the gun and pushed the slide back with her left hand and pushed the release lever down with her right thumb. The slide rammed forward and stopped halfway!

“Shit!”

Sally hit the back of the pistol with the palm of her hand and heard the reassuring “shluck” sound as a .45 round was finally peeled from the magazine and slammed into the chamber. She actually could feel the slide move forward and peel a round from the magazine. Her terror turned to rage. A rough hand grabbed at her leg.

“Hey, bitch! I found you!”

The Mexican's calluses felt like fish scales rubbing the wrong way.

Sally snapped the gun's muzzle in the direction of the foreign wrist and fired three shots. This time she was gonna keep a few rounds in the magazine. The first two rounds hit the tile floor and then her KitchenAid dishwasher. The third round blew the Mexican's wrist bones apart and little pieces of wrist splattered against her face.

The Mexican screamed “AYEEEE!” and scampered and slithered in vomit, shit and spurting blood to get away from her.

“I gonna cut you bitch — I gonna cut you real bad!”

“That’s okay honey. You come on over here and try. My husband used to tell me about Russia — and their Chechens and Georgians. And how they were the Mexicans and Negroes of Russia — the violent scum that had actually bled that place into virtual extinction. I didn’t really believe the stories of Chechen torture and murder — even of little children in hospitals — things they did just for fun. Now I know those stories were all true. And you guys are the same!

Mexicans! Now I’ve seen it for myself. You are the destroyers of my America.

Okay, Mr. Mexican. You come on over here! You wanna rape me? You wanna get at my little kids? Come on over! I’m gonna put this .45 right down your taco-stained throat and blow your lungs out your ass.”

She never thought words like these could come from her mouth. But she had seen too much — and right in front of her. No longer was this some remote event happening to someone else. It was her life and her children and her house and her country that was being defiled.

Now Sally was busy. She was trying to figure out how to wipe Mexi-feces from her eyes. Her clothes were coated. Her face, arms and hands were coated. She suddenly remembered that she had some Christmas theme’d kitchen towels in the drawer and proceeded to crawl over and get them. She thought that she was crying — but she wasn’t sure.

As she wiped her face she thought the towels smelled of Christmas pines and German cookies. Now they were part of the New America, “The New World Order’s” America — covered in Mexican shit.

To make certain she would know if her little wristless Mexican tried to sneak up on her she quietly stacked cans of food into pyramids — one pyramid on each side of the kitchen’s cooking island.

All she could do now was crawl against the far wall and wait.

Upstairs, the last Mexican had climbed up on top of a bookcase and laid there — six feet off the floor. He had a nice big hammer in his hands and all he wanted to do is pound it right through the top of Bill’s head as he walked past.

Bill had lost count of rounds fired. All he knew for certain was that he had just four left on the elastic band around the gunstock. One of those rounds was filled with powdered magnesium. If he fired that thing in the house he had no idea what would happen. Out in the open these rounds sent a two foot wide flame 25 yards. Rather pointless but there was nothing he could do about it now. He felt the brass base of each round. Some had brass that was higher than others. Were the magnesium rounds the “high base” or the “low base”? He couldn’t remember!

He loaded all four spare rounds into the gun.

The problem with wearing four or five layers of clothing is that it collects dust and dirt in every nook, cranny, seam, pocket and cuff. As Bill slowly stuck his head out from behind his favorite Lazyboy recliner in the upstairs den he looked down the hall and noticed a fine trickle — a cascade of dirt — pouring off the top of the bookcase and reflecting a faint glimmer of starlight.

Bill slowly edged down the hallway — keeping his back against the wall. He then brought the Benelli up — very slowly — and carefully — and then used the shotgun’s black muzzle to follow the tiny sparkling waterfall of dust upwards — toward the ceiling.

He was about ten feet from the doorway. He aimed just a bit higher than the dust trail — at a point just above the door jam — and fired right through the wall.

BOOM!

Chunks of wooden door frame and white chalky drywall rocketed down the hallway. Bits of wooden door frame and drywall blasted back into Bill’s face. One of the shotgun pellets bounced off the concrete ceiling and came right back into Bill’s forehead — and stuck. Bill dropped the shotgun and slapped his forehead in pain. All he could feel was something like a huge hard pimple that felt like it had just started burning a quarter inch diameter hole in his head.

Bill cupped his hands over his face and tried to squeeze the steaming pimple. God the thing hurt. He clawed the quarter-inch diameter tungsten ball out of his head with his fingernails.

He dropped to his knees, picked up his Benelli and crawled toward the doorway to the next room.

There had been no reaction to his shooting. Nothing. Silence. Maybe nobody was there. Then Bill saw an arm hanging down off the bookcase. He pointed the shotgun muzzle at a dangling hand and then followed the arm toward the top of the bookcase — there was nothing but blood-smeared carnage.

Bill's shotgun blast had planted pieces of 1" thick drywall deep into the Mexican's brain. The shotgun pellets and pieces of drywall had taken off the top of the Mexican's head — and sliced down into the motor centers of his brain and spinal column. This guy could just as well have been a stuffed and enameled fish — mounted as decoration above the bookcase.

Simon Aliverra was not going to Los Angeles.

Bill slowly moved from room to room until he was certain that the second floor was clear of more Mexicans. He then turned and walked down the hall to the stairs.

His legs were shaking so hard he could barely stand up.

"Sally, it's me!"

"Watch out Bill!" Sally screamed. "I got a Mexican cornered in the kitchen!"

Bill caught the stair's handrail to stop himself and then slowly peered down the hallway. There was nothing. He then blinked the shotgun's flashlight switch and moved, then blinked and moved. He carefully scanned the rec. room and hallway to the kitchen. Nothing. He came down the rest of the stairs, crossed the rec. room and approached the kitchen. He crept to the kitchen entryway. Ever-so-slight movement by the kitchen sink caught his eye. He pressed the flashlight switch and saw what looked like some kind of Mexican disco fever aficionado in a cheap flowered "silk-ette" shirt, yellow polyester pants and two inch heeled cowboy boots. And the guy had a green belt.

Bill aimed his 12 gauge at the Mexican's chest.

"You move and I'm going to blow your ribs through your spine!" Bill announced — in his old military command voice. The Mexican did nothing but look back at him. The Mexican's possum-like eyes glowed brightly in the shotgun's flashlight beam.

Bill tried the only Spanish that mattered: "Manos Arriba! — Hands up!"

The Mexican did nothing but stare into the bright beam of Bill's flashlight.

"Bill, I fired three rounds and I think I got him once. " Sally said — as she squatted on the floor with her back against the far wall.

The Mexican was on the floor in the corner — leaning up against a kitchen counter — holding his right wrist with his left hand and trying to stop the flow of blood.

The Mexican hissed: "Fuck you Gringo piece of shit White piece of fuck!" He then spit a glob of something in Bill's direction.

"Get up" Bill said — with an almost psychopathic pleasantness in his voice.

"Fuck you! My men will get you. They have you surrounded!"

Bill casually painted the shotgun's light over the Mexican's body — looking for the perfect place to shoot him — then aimed the 12 gauge at the Mexican's good left arm and pulled the trigger.

The Mexican flopped around in his own blood and screamed a bit but actually took the amputation with some decorum.

"If you think that I'm gonna kill you then you are wrong" Bill whispered to the Mexican. "I'm

gonna cut you down into a little stump so that you can go back to Tijuana and sell Chiclets from a skateboard”

“Fuck you...”

Bill left the flashlight on and slowly moved closer to the Mexican — and then lowered the 12 gauge until only the Mexican’s right boot was illuminated. Bill pulled the trigger.

The blast removed everything below the Mexican’s right calf.

“How many men did you bring with you?”

All Bill heard was excessive panting...

“How many men did you bring with you?”

More panting. Bill moved the 12 gauge so that the light shined on the Mexican’s private parts.

“Basta! Basta! Basta! Enough! — I had 17 in the truck!”

“Thank you”

Bill moved the gun up to let the flashlight shine in the Mexican’s eyes for several seconds and then he turned it off. This would keep the Mexican night blind and disoriented.

“Let’s see, 18 total. We got that one over there on his back with his guts blown out — damn what a mess, this one breathing hard in the kitchen, one on the stairs with no asshole and no shoulder, one upstairs with no head — and fourteen more — Jesus!

Sally started to be shocked at the simple, cold, descriptions of the carnage around her — then she stopped and thought only of revenge: “Good!”

Shit. I forgot the toasties.” Bill looked out the window and counted.

“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Let’s see, that leaves fourteen minus eight — six remaining.”

The eighth one was flat on the pool decking. In cold, clear starlight the eighth one looked familiar. There was something about the shape that made Bill shudder.

Bill grabbed the subhuman stump of Mexican disco fever by the shirt and dragged it out the back door.

“AAAAAAGH!” The stump struggled and twisted but no longer had the strength — or limbs — to fight.

The remaining illegals froze in the shadows and watched their leader being dragged across the pavement by the White man. Mexicans clustered together in the shadows — like wild dogs — waiting for the lead dog to point them at new prey.

“Hey Amigo! You wanna fight us? You wanna try something with all of us?”

Laughter came from the shadows and Bill sensed that this pack of vermin were now inching toward him. Now they were less than 30 feet away and moving closer and closer.

One of the Mexicans had stolen a screwdriver from the shed. The Mexican held it loosely in his hands — bouncing it in his palm, weighing it, and weighing his chances of placing it firmly into Bill’s face.

The Mexican slowly edged sideways and then stepped to the rear of the pack — into the deepest shadows. He then brought the tool above and behind his head and then with a massive downward movement he threw it at Bill’s left eye.

The screwdriver hit Bill full in the forehead. The screwdriver’s tip scraped up the front of Bill’s skull — gouging the flesh right up to his hairline and then it sailed into the air and bounced across the patio.

Bill snapped the Benelli toward the cluster of brown shapes and fired. The world became the inside of a flash bulb. Rather than a “Boom” the round made a “Whoosh”. At this close range three of the Mexicans were set on fire. The rest scattered — blinded by the magnesium flame. Screams of the burning Mexicans were muffled by screams from other Mexicans running blindly and headlong into walls, patio equipment, the pool filter and more.

Bill too was blinded by the flash and could only make out a dim flicker from the kitchen door. He stumbled over the slithering Mexican disco-stump and staggered inside the kitchen.

“Turn on the lights!” Bill screamed.

Sally flipped on the lights in the kitchen and had to turn away from the blood and brown horror she saw before her.

Bill stumbled over to the gaping hole in the wall where the telephone had been and pulled what looked like the eject handle from an F-18 ejection seat.

“Sally, close the kitchen door and run down the hall!” Bill’s face was a massive spider web of blood. He wiped his face with his hands and tried to clear his eyes — the whole front of his shirt was dripping with blood. All Sally could do was stand and stare.

A gurgling sound followed by hissing could be heard outside. It sounded very much like he had turned on the lawn sprinklers. And in fact that was exactly what he had done. But instead of normal well water being spread over the landscape the liquid was being drained from the second fiberglass septic tank hidden one hundred seventy feet up the hillside and containing a mixture of used motor oil and gasoline. Nothing was gonna stop a 120 psi ram of death from kicking his lawn sprinklers into action.

The ever-louder “hssssssss” of the sprinklers seemed odd in the present context. For a radius of more than fifty yards around the house the land was being coated in fuming death from more than 700 little green plastic 2.5 inch pop-up lawn sprinklers — at 2,200 gallons a minute.

After what felt like an eternity but was really less than 45 seconds, Bill sent 12 volts down to squibs mounted at some of the sprinkler heads. The squibs flashed to life and vaporized. The yard exploded into a fireball a thousand feet high. The sudden thermal impulse — a shockwave of infrared — made the paper calendar on the kitchen wall start to curl. Bill and Sally dropped to the floor as the crackling and screams from outside went on and on and on.

The fireball churned above the house in a myriad of mixed colors of red, yellow and black. The overly-rich fuel to air mixture literally screamed for air and sucked oxygen from every source. Air was sucked from under the doors and even right up the chimney. The sudden drop in air pressure made Bill’s ears pop. It was as if they all had been rocketed to the 14,000 foot level of Mt. McKinley.

The drop in air pressure was but a sign of worse things to come. The drop in air pressure meant a

fire storm was swirling — a tornado of fire was burning just above their heads. Small objects from even a quarter mile away were being sucked toward the flames. It sounded like a hail storm as leaves, twigs, bushes and even rodents were sucked against the house and into the flames.

All Bill could think of was how much this must be like living through a nuclear explosion. In the present case a nuclear explosion gone wrong.

For some reason he thought of the July 6th, 1962 “SEDAN” underground nuclear explosion in Nevada — when 12 million tons of sand and rock were accidentally blasted out of the earth at such velocity that they caught fire from air friction. Fiery yellow / red blobs of what can only be described as hyper-velocity lava pelted the desert — covering more than a hundred square miles. Maybe Bill’s mushroom cloud was worse than SEDAN — because all of this stuff was flying towards him instead of away from him. And every leaf, twig, bush and mouse sucked towards the center of the swirling flames was fuel and helped the flames get higher and hotter.

All Bill and Sally could do was lay on the floor, grit their teeth — and wait.

Chapter Eight

We've got a major incident!"

The crews took more than an hour to put out the brush fire. Until a few years ago they wouldn't even touch a brush fire at night — it was just too dangerous. Then various Hispanic Rights groups started protesting because several “undocumented immigrants” had been crisp'd in a nighttime canyon fire (which they had started themselves as a diversion). Now the state and federal fire crews were mandated to immediately extinguish all fires near the Mexican border. Since this change in operational procedures six American firemen had burned to death fighting these night fires.

This land was semi-arid and unable to support any but the hardiest vegetation. Here, there was essentially no topsoil and the ground was nothing but compacted sand, gravel and rocks. The vegetation covering the hills consisted of various chaparral growing over 15 feet high in some places.

In an earlier time the plants would have remained small and green and open to the sky. Forty years of government fire-control policy demanded that any fire would be extinguished. This allowed the undergrowth to become thicker and thicker until today a fire burned so hot that no plant could survive — in fact a fire today burned everything not just to the ground but even set the roots ablaze and fires could pop up again days later and hundreds of feet away.

Crew 51 had been first on the scene. They had immediately realized that the brush fire was arson. There seemed to be more than 20 separate small fires that had quickly joined into one blaze that was slowly creeping up through the mountain's chaparral.

Right after their arrival several of the crew had noticed bright flashes coming from a house down the valley. Chances were that Mexicans had broken into somebody's house and were trashing it. The crew chief had called the Sheriff's department and asked them to check it out.

The Sheriff's Department had received the automated 911 call from the Johnson's house some forty minutes earlier. But Bill Johnson was known to be an “extremist, a racist, and a homophobe”. The computer system showed the 911 call, the address of the call, the names of the residents at the address, the names of the owners of the property, the criminal and partial health records of all parties, the vehicles owned or operated by the parties and any and all taxes owed to city, county, state or federal agencies.

The Sheriff's Department had been told to put the Johnson family on a response priority someplace below lost and stray pets.

The near-nuclear flash and mushroom cloud that appeared over the Johnson property changed all of that. Frantic reports from the state forestry and federal fire crews told of an absolutely massive detonation.

The flash lit up the night sky and was seen by airline pilots more than fifty miles away.

The fireball slowly rose from the Johnson's house and cast shadows that moved across the hills. A

hundred firefighters froze in their tracks and watched the ball of flame rise into the clouds.

“The New World Order” has always described the Hiroshima bomb as monstrous. In fact that bomb had a mushroom cloud with a stem only 500 feet across. The mushroom cloud from Bill Johnson’s gasoline-fueled “Mexican barbecue” was larger.

The federal fire crew chief called the Sheriff again, “We got a major incident here! If you haven’t sent deputies on our prior call you better do it now!”

The Sheriff’s department figured that Bill Johnson plus “mountain retreat” and a big boom could only mean a coming out party for White Separatists, Nazi’s, or what was worse, “Constitutional Extremists”.

At the Sheriff’s operations center built deep in an underground bunker two miles southeast of Marine Corps Air Station Miramar, the shift supervisor picked up the phone on his desk and accessed the National Communications System. All he had to do was dial one simple phone number 1 — 710 — NCS-GETS. This single call activated all federal agencies which might be involved in the suppression of major national threats. The supervisor had only been briefed on the criteria required for dialing the Government Emergency Telecommunications Service — not on what happened after he made such a call. Forces far beyond his understanding were now being activated. He had just made a 20 million dollar phone call.

Alerts were sent to all levels of government — from the White House down to the southern California federal level. No communications of any kind trickled out to local government or police organizations. The Sheriff’s Department supervisor was given a casual verbal acknowledgment that his message had been received and an admonishment that he should not be wasting the federal government’s time with such trivia — and that he shouldn’t worry — his error in calling them would not be reported to his supervisor — they’d all just keep it between themselves.

This was a ruse. The government simply did not want some low level authority raising any local alarms. If the reported event was real then the feds would take care of it — quietly. If the event was a false alarm then they did not want the public to even be aware that there had been an alert.

While there are “pre-positioned” presidential proclamations that lift Posse Comitatus in its entirety it was always best to maintain a minimum profile and thus the Combating Terrorism Sub-Group of the National Security Council would handle the matter. Under a request from the FBI and the Justice Department, DoD “Special Mission Units” would now be tasked with solving the problem.

As said by their own leaders time and time again: “Military forces do not make arrests, seize evidence, or interrogate people.” That leaves them with only one obvious function: To Kill.

In the continuously-rehearsed basic operations plan, FBI creates a Cordon Sanitaire — to block all access by civilians. A “Special Mission Unit” then passes through the Cordon Sanitaire, enters the site, gets “control” of the situation, renders the area “safe” and then exits. Once the SMU exits the area then the event is returned to FBI control.

As with all government plans, rehearsal is not the same as doing it for real. SMU activation was delayed through a communications / signals encryption / decryption mix-up. The FBI would have to use the resources at hand — and from any quarter.

The FBI's Los Angeles Hostage Rescue Team (HRT) was on 24 hour alert and this was just the kind of criminal act they had trained for. They answered the call with their maximum response — the full “Use of Weapons of Mass Destruction” Plan BLACK RANGER.

The Bureau of Alcohol Tobacco and Firearms was always being chided for having to set people up to get a conviction — literally creating their own criminals to have someone to arrest. Here was a chance for them to get into the middle of something big enough to justify an expansion of their federal funding. Without consulting anybody they released their own emergency tactical teams.

The flatbed trucks carrying the government's armored vehicles finally left their storage areas at the U.S. Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton, California at 0115 hrs. The entire deployment operation was observed with morbid curiosity by more than three hundred Mexican illegal aliens scattered in the hills around the huge Marine Base's storage lot. The illegals enjoyed this bit of excitement as they were taking a rest break on their way north to Los Angeles. Illegals had made this Marine Base their safe haven. The Border Patrol was not allowed onto the base and so the illegals used the base as their main route north to avoid immigration checkpoints. Camp Pendleton is 60 miles inside the United States, 60 miles north of the U.S./Mexican border. The Mexican stampede is everywhere.

The armored convoy stretched down the freeway for more than a mile.

For all of the federal funding of local police organizations the one missing element was intellect. Police organizations stumbled along with cops measuring high on aggression but with IQs in the low-to-average range. Simply put, the average cop was not too bright. What most citizens don't understand is that police departments like it this way! There have even been lawsuits (e.g. New London, CT) where smart men have been rejected by police departments because they were too smart and thus “inappropriate” for the position of policeman. Smart cops usually wise-up, quit, and get real jobs — so police departments don't want them.

This is a serious problem in the law enforcement community yet it is completely masked by the intellect of the criminals they arrest. Because more than 65% of all violent crime is perpetrated by Negro males between the age of 15 and 25 and (despite five trillion dollars of welfare to change the situation) the average Negro has an IQ of only 80 — even the police can easily outwit them.

White Americans are discovering what “The New World Order” has done to them and to their America. And thinking White Americans do not have criminal records. And thinking White Americans do not have loud mouths. To make it worse for the cops, the thinking White Americans who have already discovered how close they are to enslavement are usually far smarter than average. White America now has its own shock troops — and most with IQ's over 140.

It was true that a few “militia-type” Whites have been arrested for explosives and gun violations. These were mostly construction worker “Joe six-pack” types who knew that there was something wrong in America but spent most of their free time telling their friends about what they would do

“if”, or playing soldier in the bushes, instead of quietly solving the problem.

The reality that these “six-pack-people” had not yet learned was that guns were not the only answer. Guns might even put you at risk. Guns might even get you arrested. Guns might be all the evidence the feds needed to put you away. Guns usually mean shooting practice — going to a shooting range — and being seen.

Evidence.

One must be very careful.

The most dangerous enemies of “The New World Order” are Whites who had learned that you could kill lots of bad people using various components found around the house. And that something printed in a chemistry or microbiology book could be accepted as true. There was no need for further experimentation.

Their rules were:

- Don’t talk.
- Don’t ask anyone for help.
- Don’t practice.
- Don’t leave a trace
- Just do it for real.
- And do something completely different next time.

* * *

With Clinton’s election “The New World Order” took secret military control of America. This was accomplished with Clinton’s implementation of Presidential Decision Directive 25 (PDD 25). This partially still-secret directive accepted the United Nations Charter sections 42 and 43 and the UN creation of a World Army.

The massive expansion of the FBI’s Hostage Rescue Teams — or HRTs — was also one of the first acts of Clinton’s first term as President. This was done in conjunction with Clinton’s signing of PDD 25 — which essentially voided the Posse Comitatus Statutes in many situations and made the US Army Special Forces Operational Detachment — Delta (SFOD-D) — which is also called the Combat Applications Group — entirely exempt from Posse Comitatus.

About this same time the secret publication “The Resister” came into being — published by current and retired members of various American special forces. This monthly publication was more dangerous to “The New World Order” / Clinton administration than underground publications of the Stalin era were to the Soviet Regime. The publication came into being because there were men in the military who saw the destruction of the U.S. Constitution and the American way of life as imminent.

The Clinton administration took the original HRT — a small cadre of hand-picked FBI agents with college degrees and prior careers as field agents — and expanded it ten and then twenty fold. The

first change under the new Director (Freeh) was the removal of all real FBI agents from the HRT and their replacement with men recently discharged from SEALs, Delta Force, or Marine Recon.

These new men were selected for their willingness to follow orders and their lack of interest in or knowledge of the Constitution of The United States. One oriental psychopath would be brought into the HRT and sent on an assignment only to be relieved of his duties because he demanded to be assigned as a shooter. He demanded the right to kill civilians. He finally got his chance — at Ruby Ridge.

All Freeh had done was copy the successes of Heinrich Himmler — who had been Hitler’s internal security chief and who had required that all SS men be 5’ 11”, from the countryside (ignorant) and be perfect physical specimens.

Clinton expanded the HRTs to more than 1,800 men divided into groups of 300 — to operate in six regions of the country. These six zones were called “War Zones” by the HRTs.

These men are funded. Money comes from all sorts of places. Funding even comes from secret slush funds of the IRS. More than \$4 billion had supposedly been spent by the IRS on a “failed” computer system. The money has actually been spent on funding PDD 25 and other big ticket spook projects. In addition, more than 20% of all IRS “employees” actually do not exist (or at least they do not work for the IRS) and these funds are also applied to secret operations.

The HRTs are even equipped with their own airport at Quantico, Virginia — large enough to handle C-141 Starlifter aircraft. The FBI’s HRT base at Quantico is funded and controlled as a joint operation with the Delta Force facility at Ft. Bragg. Often the HRT’s men will be seen training at the Range 19 Complex (ranges A through D) at Ft. Bragg. Delta Force personnel are often seen at Quantico.

This new base at Quantico provides the HRT with access to U.S. Army secret and covert operations aircraft from “Taskforce 160” — Delta Force’s “Final Solution”.

While Clinton’s lackeys had already created the various proclamations needed to lift Posse Comitatus, unless there was some over-riding reason, these situations — and the federal response — was to be kept secret.

But because the Posse Comitatus laws do not include the United States Navy it is from the active duty SEALs (SEAL Team Six) and Marine Recon that the HRT often seeks assistance in these situations.

The new HRT is an extremely violent organization. Life to them means nothing. But we must put their actions into perspective.

During World War Two certain German forces were hounded by Soviet communist guerrillas night and day. Many of these German forces were never given rest and instead they spent two, three and even four years at the front. Only after years of tortuous conditions would they begin to react in what has been described as bestial ways. And even then there is no report or record or physical evi-

dence of these exhausted German troops acting as bestially as U.S. Marines did after only a few months of combat in the Pacific Theater of World War Two.

In the Pacific Theater, American Marines actually made eating utensils and knife handles from the skulls and bones of Japanese — even if the Marines had to boil the meat off the bones to do it. Certainly, these Marines had been driven temporarily insane by the fiendish actions of the Japanese.

The new FBI's HRTs were selected from the outset of the first Clinton administration to act more violently than Hitler's SS did after years of fiendish combat.

The Clinton / "New World Order" Administration knows how to handle a White America — with total terror and instant death.

One thousand eight hundred psychopathic thugs were to be used to murder and enslave White America.

When the NRA sent letters to their members referring to federal agents as "jackbooted thugs" they probably didn't know how accurate their statements really were.

* * *

As the caravan of BATF and FBI vehicles paraded down the freeway, scanner clubs from Los Angeles to El Centro picked up their radio chatter.

These scanner club members make a hobby of listening in on everything. They listen in on every kind of electronic communication and then note its contents, the frequency used and the quality of the reception. Most of these club members have radios that are connected directly to PC's and they let the PC's control their radios to scan all available frequencies and note the active ones. The PC's even record the voice communications on the PC's hard drive — for later retrieval and easy-listening. The scanner hobbyist doesn't have to be present for his system to sift, sort and record. Thanks to speech-to-text systems some of these club members convert what they hear to text and then scan it for special words of interest using simple add-ons to many word processor packages.

Most of these hobbyists compile massive lists of active cell phone numbers and the characteristics of the phones themselves — sometimes even the brand of the phone can be determined with a bit of careful analysis.

These hobbyists should not be confused with "The New World Order's" operatives who scanned and recorded cell phone conversations between Republican Congressmen — and who nearly cost Newt Gingrich his place as Speaker of the House of Representatives. The chances of such an occurrence being a "lucky" happenstance are about the same as that of Hillary Clinton's conversion of \$1,000 to \$100,000 from cattle futures speculation being simple good fortune.

The hobbyists have computer database programs that correlate the data and predict when the next transmission on a given frequency might be, and from whom. And they can even estimate the location of each transmitter.

Now, the members of these clubs know better than to communicate among themselves by radio or even telephone. Many use the Internet and encrypt their communications. The feds have tried to penetrate these groups but most of the groups are so loosely organized that it's difficult for the feds to even find them let alone gather enough evidence to prosecute.

In the old days, books such as *The Turner Diaries* provided useful basic information. Technology has advanced in leaps and bounds since that book was written. Using such information today would be like depending upon a manual from World War One to actually win a Nuclear War — suicide.

Staying alive requires stealth, computers, encrypted communications, total secrecy, knowledge of FBI crime lab technology and lastly, operating with one eye focused on evidentiary procedures.

The fed's motto "A hundred and sixty grains of prevention is worth a hundred pounds of cure" — meaning a .308 sniper bullet in the target's head is better than having to blow up his house — makes these scanner groups very wary of any possible surveillance.

The Internet is the best hope at a secure communications medium in today's fishbowl. Tim Berners-Lee created the World Wide Web in 1989 when he was at CERN in Switzerland and has said: "You and I have a right to discuss something — whether or not that something wants to be discussed. You don't have to ask someone's permission ..."

This is all not to say that the feds aren't successfully monitoring the Internet. They are. There are several commercial Internet monitoring services available (e.g. EWATCH .COM). Most will monitor more than 40,000 chat rooms at the same time — in real time — plus most Web Sites — to see if their commercial customers are mentioned. The feds have no need to make a profit and therefore can monitor every Internet communication — not just the chat rooms and Web sites. They do. Be warned.

Many years ago the US Treasury Department implemented a scheme called FinCen. This project monitors every credit card transaction transmitted over the bank data networks. The trapped data is stored on optical disks and archived for ten years.

Monitoring the Internet is child's play compared to monitoring the tiny packets of information contained in a credit card transaction — and the feds have been doing that since 1983.

The FBI's Internet monitoring activities are based in huge facilities in Baltimore and Los Angeles. Every FBI office has at least two Internet agents.

Internet website "<http://www.FALLOM.com>" seemed to be a standard commercial site. It was not. The site was actually a relay link for several patriot organizations. Messages could be stored and forwarded to members. Most of the communication was done using the PGP encryption package. What most of the users did not know was that PGP had been injected into the body of these patriot groups by the National Security Agency — NSA. The NSA could and did read every PGP encrypted message.

The smarter groups — the ones who were all action and no talk — used what is called the Soviet

One Time Pad system. This system was actually invented by an American — Gilbert Vernam, at the offices of American Telephone and Telegraph — in 1918. The system simply requires the use of a code that will be used only once — a code that will never be repeated for any other message.

This was the system used by most Soviet spies during the Cold War and also by the Washington-Moscow hotline. In the old days that system was based on paper tape driven teletype machines. The system was well known to the Germans in WWII but they considered the logistics of shipping identical rolls of paper tape to their commands just too difficult — to their eventual regret.

One tape contained the clear text message and the other tape was nothing but random noise. The contents of the two tapes were simply added together and the resultant pattern transmitted. At the other end of the system there were again two teletypes. One would read the message from the wire and subtract the data from a noise tape identical to the one at the originating station. This decrypted character would then be printed on the second teletype machine while at the same time punching a paper tape copy of the message.

The big problem was keeping the noise tapes in sync. If they were off by even one sprocket hole then the message was forever unreadable.

Today's patriots often use CD-ROMS that contain 550 million bytes of radio astronomy noise. Each message sent has a pointer to a starting point in the 550 million bytes of CD-ROM data. The data at that part of the CD ROM is used only for that one message. Some groups used music CD-ROMS as their encryption tool. Two people with the same "Elvis" recording can use the digital data representing the sounds as the mask instead of using noise recordings.

Some groups used writeable DVDs with even twenty times more storage capacity, but older CD-ROM technology was cheaper.

Members of similar trustworthiness all use copies of the same CD-ROM and can read each other's messages. Since these people never meet they can only surmise dark thoughts when a kindred spirit drops out of their CD-ROM level of communications.

The highest security CD-ROMs come only in pairs and there are no other copies. Some people encrypt their messages with patterns from a private set of CD ROMs and then push their messages out with the lower level of encryption on top. This allows people to send parts of a message to a large group and then direct other parts — now made very private — to other people.

No matter how many times any of these messages are repeated or relayed using different CD-ROM pairs they can never be decoded.

It drives the feds nuts.

Still, data sent between two parties using CD-ROM pairs can be broken — through violent interrogation of the user.

Most patriots kept their CD-ROMs in special cases that dropped the CD-ROM into acid if opened

improperly. The acid was simply battery acid purchased at an auto parts store and then frozen. The ice cubes were water. The liquid that did not freeze was acid. The container was made from glass. Dry ice (purchased to get ice cream home from a local Baskin Robbins) was the best way to freeze the acid. Glass freezer trays were used. It was all very dangerous stuff.

Operating alone was always best.

To keep the feds from using traffic analysis on these groups they sent messages of carefully calculated lengths at pseudo random intervals. No message was ever far longer or far shorter than any other message and they appeared on the Internet not like clockwork. Most of these people maintained a computer log of all normal accesses they made to the Web and simply slipped these messages in during statistically appropriate windows and at statistically appropriate rates. This could be likened to taking just enough tax deductions in each category of your tax return to not to flag something in the IRS's computer and warrant an audit. In this case the important messages did not stand out. At the same time the site did not stand out because none of its messages stand out — and yet they weren't perfectly average in length or perfectly random either.

Home PC's — absolutely marvelous machines!

* * *

Jim Bates maintained three separate computer systems.

The first was a plain vanilla unit that could be monitored by anyone — even from 200 feet away. This system had a standard old fashioned CRT monitor display. Jim Bates was playing computer Solitaire and listening to a music CD that had come with a book called “Hitler's Airwaves”.

“Let's go bombing, let's go bombing. Let's bomb women and children too!”

The song described how Churchill had been the first to order his bombers to bomb civilian population centers during World War Two. Jim was into truth. One of the most valuable tape recordings he had was of President Harry Truman announcing his nuclear bombing of Hiroshima. Truman call it the bombing of a military base and never told America that what he had really done was “nuke” 100,000 civilians, of whom 60,000 died instantly.

The fact that America had really lost World War Two was also difficult for Americans to accept. Especially the veterans. But it was true. We went after Germany even though the Soviet Union had invaded and captured — at the same time — more of Poland than had Hitler. And the Soviet Union then invaded and captured half of the democratic and free country of Finland. When the war was finally over the Soviet Union held more territory in Europe than Germany had ever held. This included all of the Baltic States and Rumania, and Poland (all of it by now), and Hungary, and Yugoslavia and all of Czecho-Sloviakia (over which Neville Chamberlain said Peace In Our Time” when German had tried to recover the German parts) and even Bulgaria. And of course, half of Germany too.

Jim's question to anyone who would listen was: “Did we win against Japan? We fought that war

over Japan's actions in China. We fought that war to save China from the evils of Japan's invasion of 15% of their land. After the war 100% of China was Communist, almost completely enslaved and almost an integral part of the Soviet Union. Half of Korea was lost as well. Very quickly after our "victory" over Japan, Tibet and Vietnam and Cambodia also fell to the Communists. So what did we really win?"

Suddenly Jim saw a single dot flicker at the top right corner of the screen — a very subtle message from his communications monitor program — an encrypted message packet had just been received. He knew that the feds had planted a "Trojan Horse" on his machine. The feds were watching everything going on in this machine but they didn't know what it all meant.

He swiveled his chair around to his second — and secure — computer system and entered some keystrokes. Now, a clear-text version of the message was displayed on his 15-inch hi-resolution and surveillance proof LCD display.

"FLASH//FLASH//FLASH//"

"BATF and HRT convoy en-route to Campo, California."

"Reports indicate patriot group to be attacked in a preemptive strike"

"Georgia EARS report activation of Delta Team in support of Campo attack"

Jim's second computer was shielded with Mu metal and all cables were ensconced in thick layers of copper-braid shielding. The computer system's power came from a motor-home's DC to AC converter system — which took its power from standard 12 volt car batteries. These batteries were housed in a grounded steel box and were kept charged using an electrically noisy \$49.95 Montgomery Ward auto-battery charger. The purpose of these safeguards was to isolate what Jim was really doing from what various authorities thought he was doing. This secure computer system used an LCD display — not a CRT. LCD displays are nearly impossible to monitor remotely. To increase his security he had mounted the display inside a copper mesh cage. Even the face of the screen was covered with copper screening. This cage was grounded to a copper stake pounded through his home's concrete slab and deep into the earth. All of this protection was there to keep secret any information or programs he had stored on his computer. This protection would not save him from federal monitoring of his Internet accesses.

The "modern" way to access the Internet was through a "cable" modem. This device attached to the same thick cable normally used to receive home television programming. Jim had discovered that all the cable modems in his neighborhood were actually attached to the same cable. This meant that he could easily pretend to be any neighbor's computer. The cable system would never figure it out. With more than two hundred computers on this one "loop" his communications could be lost in the myriad of bits and bytes. His best trick was to plant his own "Trojan Horse" on several of his neighbor's computers and then have them unknowingly accept and then re-transmit his messages as if they were their own.

San Diego County's Emergency Management System computer was an old Digital Equipment

Corporation mini-mainframe. It was a dinosaur. The great thing about it was that even a 14 year old could get past its security and delve into the operational plans of the various city and county emergency support agencies.

Jim quickly broke into the system just as he had done ten or twenty times before. He then scanned the internal systems supervisor access log for any curious requests. He found only one. It seemed that the East County Sheriff's Substation in the city of El Cajon had entered a system-wide request at 9:33 PM. The data entry actually gave the location of the activity in Thomas Brothers Map Company page number and map coordinates. What fools.

Jim then scooted over to his third computer. This system — again — was fully isolated from the power grid and was completely shielded. The system's display was also an LCD device mounted inside a copper cage.

Jim accessed his personal version of the Thomas Brother's map book. It had taken him a week to scan in all of the pages and get them right but he now had the whole thing available for instant access. He then pulled up the specified page onto his display. He had gone to great lengths to add all sorts of interesting data — including crime statistics that were marked as red, blue or green dots with the actual hard numbers displayed at the bottom of the screen. He even listed the radio frequencies used by the Sheriff's cruisers and the fire and rescue teams. His scanners were interfaced to this computer and he could tune to any frequency and listen in with a simple mouse click.

The map's grid squares at the bottom (south) edge of the screen seemed to have lots of illegal alien activity along the remote mountain trails this year — including border crossers captured (76,656 at El Cajon Station plus 78,762 at Campo Station for a total of 155,418 in this eastern part of the county alone), burglaries (1876), murders by and of illegal aliens (215), murders of Americans by illegal aliens (61).

Jim had names for his computers. This computer was named "Anatole" because of its secret link to nearly all the communications systems in San Diego — both public and private.

Few "B" movies are an equal to "Sorry, Wrong Number" — a turgid thriller from Warner Brothers Studios and directed by Anatole Litvak. Litvak knew — even in 1948 — how repressive regimes used the telephone as a weapon. He had begun his career at Leningrad Nordkino Studios in Stalin's Russia. In this movie the narrator says:

"In the tangled networks of a great city the telephone is the unseen link between a million lives. It is the servant of our common needs. The confidant of our in-most secrets. Life and happiness wait upon its ring ... and death."

Jim Bates was not a newcomer to telephone technology. He'd spend many years working with the best the world had to offer and he had created an "El Dorado" of telecom secrets — as well as having a black book of "buddies" working throughout the industry who he could call for information when necessary. San Diego had become the telephone research center of the entire world with LG InfoCom, Nokia, Qualcomm, Sony and Uniden, all based there — hell, more than 19,075 San Diegans worked full time in telecommunications systems research, design and manufacturing. Events

came full circle when one of these 19,075 workers was arrested by Russia's new version of the KGB while working in Russia installing American cell phone equipment.

Jim rolled back to computer number two and pulled up the list of cellular telephone subscribers that his computer had monitored, carefully analyzed and then recorded.

All of the analog cell systems used 869 — 894 MHz for transmission and 824-849 MHz for reception. The IS-54 systems used TDMA with 832 channels — three users per channel and 30 khz spacing. The IS-95 systems used CDMA with 20 channels, 798 users per channel and 1,250 khz spacing between channels.

Even the “digital” or “PCS” systems were easy to crack. Various Internet sites had published technical data on the details of these “digital” systems in 1996. About a million PCS phones are sold in the US every year because they are deemed to be safe from eavesdropping. Few of these users were aware that it was the actions of the National Security Agency itself that made the security of these PCS phones so easy to crack. The NSA didn't want a system so secure that “criminals” and “drug dealers” could conspire without NSA hearing their every word. Now, of course, not only could NSA and even the FBI tap every conversation but thousands of criminals caused millions of dollars in damages every day by tapping these PCS phones and stealing ID numbers and cloning phones to be used for international phone calls. Lastly, these PCS phones use thousands of fixed transceivers that are installed throughout the country. Thus, when a PCS phone is used the caller's physical location is known to within a hundred yards.

How can this be?

Each phone wakes up periodically and asks the radio world if there are any cell sites nearby. Cell sites talk to the cell phone and say “I'm here, I hear you.” The cell site measures the time it takes for a message to get from the cell site to the phone and back. Yes, phones have secret message traffic — secret conversations — with cell sites. One cell site can track a phone to as close as a city block and out to about ten miles. Two cell sites can locate a phone to either of two exact locations (it's called right / left ambiguity). Three cell sites locate a phone to a few yards within a ten mile radius.

The safest way to communicate was to buy low dollar value calling cards. They were purchased singly and randomly from various vending machines in high traffic areas — and with cash. Private calls were only made from one pay phone to another. People randomly and casually created their own private city maps with lists of pay phones and their numbers. People also did not use Thomas Brothers Map Company map coordinates to reference the locations of these pay phones. Besides, the FBI already had these lists so why shouldn't everybody! These pay phones were only used once. A conversation could end with a reference number to the phone to be used for the next conversation.

Since this was still the United States of America there were a few entrepreneurs who made big bucks designing and building very sophisticated scanner add-on equipment to do the analysis and even the decrypting of cell phone voice and data transmissions. Thanks to a loophole in the Communications Act of 1934 it was legal to make and sell these special decrypting devices, it was only illegal to actually use them. Jim made a fortune selling inexpensive kits as well as complete “cryp-

toscanners”. He was very careful in what he sold. He never sold equipment that could only be used for an illegal purpose when used as designed. As long as there were other — more valid — uses for this equipment then he remained legal.

Jim’s cell telephone number list was very special — it contained more than just the telephone numbers. His list also included the ID codes of the cell phones used from people’s cars as they drove up or down the freeway near his friend’s house — ten miles and sixteen cellular telephone cells away. He even had them all sorted by activity time window and by day of the week and hour of the day.

He looked at the clock and then picked one that had a history of being active at this time of night. He then loaded that cellular telephone account number into his own special — and suitcase-sized cellular telephone. He then selected IS-54 as the mode of operation. Jim’s suitcase sized cell phone took care of the rest.

Jim’s cell phone was definitely special. It not only accepted any internal cell phone account ID but it also could mimic the signature of the phone. All cell phones had slight differences in their actual bandwidth and signal envelope, dialing delays, carrier on and carrier off envelopes and more. More importantly, the phone could mimic the time delay for “where are you?” messages from cell sites. To make it even better, the phone could actually extend or shorten these delays in real time so that it looked like the phone was constantly changing its location as it was moving down the freeway when in fact it was just in his car parked at the side of the road. Jim had spent two years building his electronic marvel.

Some people spent a thousand hours building an ornate sailing ship model as a hobby. Jim did electronics.

Jim was taking a great risk. If the real owner of the cellular account became active anywhere in San Diego while he was using the same account number there would be some real chance that his message could be identified as counterfeit. The only downside of this exposure would be the remote chance that the feds would have recorded the data too and be able to track the transmission from the fake phone all the way up the line to the Internet site he had called. They would then discover how someone was able to avoid their traps — and the feds would design and build new ones and tighten their noose around America’s throat just a little bit tighter.

Jim brought out his laptop computer and placed it inside a copper screen cage on the table. He created an alert message. He then created a special file which contained the user ID and the Internet password he was going to use. This special file also had a set of times — in thousandths of a second — that he would use as the time delays between each packet he would send to the Internet provider when he signed on. Some intelligence agencies had started creating signatures of Internet users by measuring the time between packets as they signed on.

He would screw up their little game real good.

Jim got into his car and drove ten miles and two freeways away and into the cell area he had monitored. This was California. The cell phone antenna which would receive his transmission had been

built into a sixty foot tall fiberglass palm tree — with Disney-like plastic palm fronds. The neighborhood had gone nuts when they learned that some grey steel antenna tower was soon to appear in their midst. The alternative to a million dollar environmentalist lawsuit was pure Hollywood.

He then pulled out his laptop and — using the forged cellular account and with his suitcase sized cell phone — he accessed the local cellular telephone system and logged in through a telephone number that he recognized as belonging to CTSNET — one of San Diego's larger Internet providers. Then — using one of the few ID's and passwords he had been able to intercept — he logged onto the Internet using the real user's time delays.

He was so proud of himself.

He then sent the encrypted alert message. His Internet message would first go to the Internet server in the Physics Department at Moscow University in Russia. From there it would be forwarded in eleven minutes to a site in Helsinki, Finland. From there it would go to a known patriot-front Internet web site in Atlanta, Georgia. That site was monitored by most "New World Order" and government "terrorist" monitoring agencies. What these "human rights" monitoring groups didn't know was that one of the frequent site users was nothing more than an old PC motherboard with modem, memory and disk drive all hot glued together and then plastered into the wall behind the telephone junction boxes in the building's basement. That clunker PC would access the site, decrypt the message and then re-broadcast the text (using PGP) to more than a hundred sites nationwide.

To add a little spice, this PC would do all of this using an Atlanta-based FBI agent's Internet website account number and password. Let the feds sort that one out!

Any one of Jim's PC's had as much computational power as any government system trying to monitor him. And the government people had been hired against some racial quota and without regard to their capabilities. So just like the Unabomber, he could easily outsmart them and could probably go on forever unless he actually turned himself in — or told his wife — who would statistically divorce him in less than ten years and then she would turn him in.

Jim's access to the World Wide Web lasted less than two minutes and he was back home in fifteen minutes and ready to see his alert message appear — even at a site known worldwide to be a homosexual dating service! And all of the messages would seem to have been put on the World Wide Web by the Special Agent In Charge for the FBI's Atlanta office. See, J. Edgar Hoover wasn't the only FBI agent in a dress! Although this story actually was not true and was a KGB fiction.

"Have a Nice Day!" Jim thought.

Chapter Eight and a half

Bill Johnson was shivering, his knees were shaking and he wanted to throw up.

He had been waiting there in the dark, in the darkest part of the hallway, for just one more person to walk inside his house so that he could kill them. It had been more than an hour since everything got quiet. He was in a daze.

It was as if it all had been a nightmare. But then he slowly looked around and came out of his stupor with a snap. The smells of his living hell hit him hard. He looked around and saw Sally asleep against the wall. Bill crawled over and woke her.

“The kids!”

They both crawled to the strong room door and pounded. Bobby yelled some muffled complaints.

Bill opened the door and Bobby took one look at his father — covered in blood, bits of Mexi-meat and shit — and Bobby screamed.

“It’s okay Bobby, its okay — Go pack your stuff, we’re leaving” Bill said.

“Where’s Samantha?” Sally asked.

“Where’s Samantha?” She asked again.

“Where’s Samantha?”

Bobby answered “She went back outside to get her doll”

Bill and Sally both looked at each other and ran toward the patio door.

The eighth human lump by the fence.

The eighth one, the familiar one, the one that had made Bill shudder, was Samantha. Her body was black and little whiffs of smoke still came from her body. But there was something else wrong besides the horror before him. And it took him some time to realize that it was really true. She was headless. One of the Mexicans had slit her throat — and had done it so hard that he had cut her entire head off.

Bill froze. A lifetime’s tragedy and horror was before him. There in the swimming pool floating as if it was a nice summer day was his daughter’s head. Her blond ponytails floating out from her face — a face frozen in a scream of agony, terror and death.

Sally fainted.

Bill carried Sally back into the house and put her on the couch in the living room.

He checked the telephone and there was still a dial tone — the 911 panic alarm must have sent the call to the Sheriff. But no Sheriff had come to their aid — there was no help — no nothing. Those bastards! They knew his family had been attacked and they were just waiting for the Mexicans to finish the job.

In deep thought, he put the telephone down and started walking toward the kitchen to get a coke. As he turned the corner all of the smells of the night's horror hit him in the face like a hammer. He wretched and fell back against the wall.

Then he remembered the “Mexi-scum” on the stair landing and the “Mexi-fish” on top of the bookcase in the south facing bedroom. He walked over to the low cupboard in the rec. room and found the roll of plastic sheeting he'd used to cover furniture when he repainted the ceiling. And he found a roll of duct tape.

These dead bodies were perfect disease carriers. Mexico had invaded his home. Everything from PCP — a virulent form of tuberculosis — to open skin lesions of Karposi's Sarcoma to full blown AIDS and even Leprosy was festering right there inside his house. If he touched them or even breathed the air near them he might face the consequences. If he left them inside the house they were time bombs — and would eventually — and literally — explode and blast more poisons all over his home.

He trotted up the stairs to the landing, used the sheet of plastic as a glove and grabbed the Mexican by the shirt. This guy was heavy. Bill rolled him in the plastic and taped the ends of the roll, then dragged him back up the stairs and tossed the carcass out the shattered window.

Bill then spread plastic sheeting on the floor by the bookcase and tugged at the Mexican lying above. The body plopped off the bookcase and onto the plastic with a heavy thud. Bill wrapped the Mexican in the sheeting, taped it tightly, and then dragged him across the carpet, lifted him off the floor and pushed this lump out the window.

The problem to solve now was sterilization.

Bill walked down the stairs, picked up a flashlight and walked through the patio door. Outside, the smell of death was everywhere. It smelled like some kind of barbecue — where the meal had been burned pork chops, blood sausage and human intestine. He walked westward around the house to the large pool and garden supplies cabinet by the fence.

He suddenly had a very bad flash of “Oh shit ... Did I really?”

He trotted to the northern edge of the fence and put the flashlight beam on his Hummer parked in the gravel parking area. Yes, it was toast. The thing was a charred hulk of quickly rusting steel. The Lexan windows had melted and dribbled down the Hummer's doors. The tires were not just flat — they were still burning.

The Johnson family wasn't going anywhere tonight. No telling what level of terror might be lurking out there in the bushes. The Johnsons certainly weren't going to walk five miles to the main road and try and flag down a car. Shit, the way they all looked some rancher driving down the road in his pickup might panic and shoot them.

Morning would indeed come.

He walked back to the pool cabinet and put on a pair of leather work gloves and the old bug-spray respirator. He then poured two gallons of liquid pool chlorine into Sally's green plastic garden sprayer tank and carried the tank back into the house.

"This is really bad stuff. I hope I can seal off the vapors or it's gonna drive us right out of the house."

He sprayed the upstairs bookcase, walls and carpet where the Mexi-fish had exploded. He then taped plastic sheeting over the bookcase and walls and over the carpeted floor. The chlorine smell was getting past the respirator a little bit and his eyes started to water.

"This chlorine should kill anything these scum could have brought into the house." He said to himself — hoping that it was actually true.

Bill then attacked the stairway landing and hosed it down with chlorine and covered the entire area with plastic sheeting. The tape didn't seal the plastic to the carpet very well but he used enough plastic to cover the landing, the walls and much of the stairway.

Bill sprayed the entire kitchen — from the ceiling down to the floor — and then just sealed the room off at the hallway with plastic sheeting and long strips of duct tape. The kitchen mess was just more than he could deal with — there was no place to tape the plastic. Everything seemed to be covered in bloody, shitty, body-mess.

Bill removed the respirator and was almost afraid to take a normal breath. But the plastic sheeting seemed to do the job — if he didn't walk near the plastic he couldn't even smell the chlorine.

He then went back up stairs and carefully removed all photos of Samantha from all the rooms and put them into her bedroom. He then slipped the blue blanket from her bed went to the hall and taped her bedroom door shut.

Bill then went outside and wrapped his daughter's body in the soft blue blanket from her bed. He then stood there by the pool and tried to figure out how he was going to get her head out of the pool. He just stood there and gazed at her face. He realized that there was no way he could do this and see her face. He went back inside and got two large bath towels and then returned to the pool and tossed each towel out onto the pool so that they covered her head.

He took the green netted pool skimmer and skimmed his daughter's head off the surface of the pool. Just holding the weight of her head in the pool skimmer was enough to make him feel faint and he staggered away from the pool — dragging the skimmer with him. After a few seconds of nausea he recovered enough to hold her head in his hands and wrap it with the towels and then put it inside

the blue blanket. He then carried the beautiful, pastel blue package to the east side of the house.

Bill Johnson walked back inside and closed the door. Bobby was asleep on the floor. He put Bobby on the couch next to his mother. He picked up a hard wooden chair, carried it to the window and sat down.

All he could do was look out into the darkness with the shotgun in his hands and wait for another wave of Mexicans to attack.

He sat there in the silence of the hallway — waiting for the slightest creak or bump or scrape from outside. That singular event was all the warning he would need to move into position and fight off the next wave of Mexican butchers.

Slowly, he drifted.

Slowly his body slumped in the hard wooden chair and he began to think of his past and then he started to drift even more — to drift off into a sea of memories of other terrors in other times and other places.

He remembered driving into Berlin — through the fifteen lanes of Stazi border police. The city — for all of its focus as the showpiece of West Germany — was actually a drab expanse of low buildings. Certainly, these buildings were far more brightly lit than their eastern competition and had none of the east's forty plus year old bullet holes in their walls but they were still drab, grey, and cold.

He remembered driving through Check Point Charley and into East Germany. Just three blocks to the north of this famous checkpoint was the East German version of Paris' Ritz Hotel — East Germany's Berlin Grand Hotel. It sits at the corner of the block, its front pedestrian-door is right at the south east corner of the building. If you enter there you face the hotel's grand staircase.

He pulled into the intersection and turned west and into the hotel's turn-out fifty feet down the street. Bill got out of the car, handed the keys of his car to the attendant and walked through the hotel's main livery doors of polished brass and then moved to the left — to the check-in counter to the left of the Concierge's desk. The registration clerk was fluent in five languages and behind her he could see the hotel's expansive communications facilities for handling the faxes, telexes, telegrams and telephone messages of the visiting-diplomat guests of the German Democratic Republic. His room was ready for him and so he collected his key and turned and walked up the hotel's grand staircase to the mezzanine. The bar was always open. He had a Pilsener and then took the elevator to his room on the fourth floor.

His room was to the east of the elevator doors — and faced Alexander Platz — the plaza which was renowned as being the center — the heart — of all of East Germany. Movies had been made about it.

His room had hand polished brass fittings on its walnut door — and even a private electric door bell. There were miniature roses growing in little pots at each window. The room was spacious and

sumptuous — with a goose down comforter and firm head roll — some guests preferred a head roll to a pillow. Each room was fully equipped — even to a hotel provided umbrella.

The Grand Hotel had a special place in Berlin's history and real estate. The grey walls to the west of the hotel were those of the Soviet Trade Mission and not fifty yards further west was the Soviet Embassy itself.

The hotel was adjacent to the center of Soviet power in East Germany, right off of the Unter Den Linden. The dazzling white splendor of Berlin's Grand Hotel said power.

In the morning he collected his car — a Soviet Volga — and then stocked up on various foodstuffs which would later be given as presents. He then headed east on the Unter den Linden and then south south-east — past the huge Soviet War Memorial built from the granite and marble of Hitler's Reichstag. His first goal was the road marker saying "Frankfurt On Oder".

He drove under an overpass of Hitler's still-used Autobahn and turned left onto the up-sloping onramp and to the east. The concrete paving had the familiar thump, thump, thump of very early concrete highway technology. After less than an hour the grey city of Frankfurt On Oder came into view on his left.

Crossing the Oder River, Bill was aware a sudden change in the quality of the buildings and the people. This was now Poland. One needed a Visa to enter Poland. He didn't have one. As he approached the immigration control point the Polish border guard eyed Bill's black Volga very carefully. Bill stopped and proffered his passport. The immigration officer eyed him again and then the Volga.

"Transit?" The immigration officer grunted.

Bill just nodded and casually held his hand out the car window — as if he expected the guard to automatically return his passport. The guard flipped through the passport, found an empty spot and — resting the opened passport against his forearm — pressed his rectangular stamp against a page. Bill accepted his passport, nodded a polite thank you, and moved through the line and onto Polish territory.

Concrete pavement continued for more than two hundred miles — to as far as the Polish city of Poznan. At Poznan the real Poland began. The roads were now just two lanes and packed with trucks from the west — the truck license plates were mostly Dutch with a few FRG trucks — probably from Bremen.

Periodically, drivers coming the other way would flash their headlamps. This meant that there was a speed trap or military checkpoint coming up — time to slow down or dump your contraband.

Mile after mile the farms, the buildings and the people became ever-more of a dirty grey. After seven more hours he reached the treeless capital of Poland — Warshau — Warsaw — a pit of rotting concrete and crumbling streets. It was now ten o'clock at night. He'd been driving for twelve hours straight.

Gas was in short supply in the eastern block. Only the major cities even had gas stations. Most places you bought your gas from the back of a grey-green army tank truck parked behind a bakery — and at twice the official price. Bill pulled into a dimly lit station — it could as easily have doubled as a used car dealership or better yet a scrap yard — and filled his tank and then the six aluminum gas cans he had piled in the trunk. He wasted no time. These were desperate times in the Eastern Block and meeting six thugs in some dark gas station in Warsaw would have the same result as meeting six thugs in New York's Central Park.

He pulled back onto the main road and headed toward the center of the city and then into a tourist hotel's parking lot. There, he politely handed the attendant an appropriate sized fist full of zlotys, went back to his car, threw a blanket over his head, and fell asleep.

He remembered awakening at four in the morning. His bones ached. It was cold. It was so cold that his breath had frozen in thin sheets on the inside of the Volga's windshield. Through the windshield's thin layer of ice he could see the parking lot attendant gathering wood and then returning to the warmth of his little shack.

Bill opened his thermos and drank some of the still-hot coffee. He broke a Lindt chocolate bar in half and stuffed part of it into his mouth. It was now four-thirty in the morning. His real journey could begin.

Leaving Warsaw he moved east — down residential streets. At this time of the morning these streets were vacant. It was hard for him to believe that this really was the main road from Warsaw to Russia. It seemed as if the Poles had almost rebuilt Warsaw to make it as difficult as possible to drive to the east — as if they were telling you: “You really don't want to do this!”

In the early morning darkness the road east was a black pit — swallowed up by over-arching trees. Finally, two hours and seventy miles later a sign said Terespol — the name of a Polish river town — the border was now close, very, very close.

He passed by the heavily traveled northern road to Terespol and drove directly to the east — to the edge of the Bug River and Poland's border with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

The Soviet border crossing consisted of a single story sky blue and glass building to the left and what seemed to be several antique New Jersey Turnpike toll booths on the right. Each of the toll booths was a passport control office.

Each passport booth was narrow and painted yellow. To the front — where one stood to present one's passport — the booth had been constructed to include a three foot diameter sewer pipe. It was through this pipe that you bent slightly and submitted your passport. Your arm had to reach deeply into the pipe to slide your documents beneath the thick glass window.

The KGB border guard looked at the passport with great suspicion — few Americans would risk entering the Soviet Union by car and especially at this little used border checkpoint which was so far from any amenities.

There was a loud clank and a humming noise and then his passport was returned to him. There were no stamps or other marks showing his entry into the USSR — just a thin piece of green paper slid between the pages.

He then walked over to his car and watched as KGB border guards peered into every corner and shadow of the car's interior. The hood was opened and the engine's serial number was checked against the vehicle registration documents. The KGB guard had to scrape crusted Soviet grease off the engine block and peer at the serial number hidden on the underside of an overhang on the block. The car was parked over a six foot deep pit and KGB border guards in mechanic's overalls stood in the pit and looked up into the car's dark greasy recesses — looking for contraband of any kind. The only anomaly was the car's unusually thick radiator — somewhat crudely bolted into place — it was a replacement for the original and it was obvious that it had come from a Soviet tractor.

Since Bill certainly did not own this car he was required to present his certified authorization from the Volga's owner allowing him to drive it. Without this legal document both he and the Volga would be seized.

With the inspection complete he was given a tiny — maybe an inch on a side — piece of torn paper with three Cyrillic characters on it and told to move forward. Before him now was a massive steel gate that — more than anything anyone can possibly imagine who hasn't been there — separated one world from another.

Manning the gate was a somewhat crude KGB private who seemed to have mastered only one thing in life — how to spit microscopic globules of nasal mucous. Bill had been watching the cretin for twenty minutes — first there was a good suck through KGB nostrils and then a quick gaze at some nearby target on the ground and then — plink! Then a new target would be discovered — and another and another until two minutes and twenty globules later it was time to collapse his KGB nostrils once again.

The cretin's job was to move the massive gate — that was about fifty feet across and ten feet high. It had a steel pipe running across its top and bottom — and also at an angle from top left to bottom right. These pipes were painted in alternating red and white stripes. The gate would be slowly opened and then closed for each and every car or truck entering Soviet territory.

As the gate closed behind him Bill's senses came to maximum alert. Before him now was a wide expanse of concrete — maybe the equivalent of a ten lane freeway — five lanes wide in each direction but with no lane markers. It also had no cars. This road was so unused that it was even covered in spots by as much as two inches of light grey sand. This was the Soviet's grand boulevard — from the Soviet border to the center of the border city. The only problem was that Soviet planning had simply forgotten to build any cars to use it.

Far to the east he could see cheap, grey, eight story apartment blocks. At the side of the road men and women in cheap clothing were trudging with their backs bent into the cold wind. There were dirty mustard-yellow, bulbous busses spewing clouds of black smoke carrying workers to their jobs. It was now seven in the morning.

Painted on a small sign — which could have easily been missed — were the series of Cyrillic letters for “Minsk” . He swerved to the left through a cut-out in the city’s grand median strip of sand, dirt and weeds, and bumped his Volga onto the Brest-Litovsk-to-Minsk highway.

Bill tried his radio and found several AM and FM stations. Russian FM stations have but five kHz separation instead of America’s ten kHz separation and thus can pack twice as many stations onto their radio dial. He picked an FM station from Brest-Litovsk — it was playing some kind of frenetic music that sounded like balalaikas on amphetamines.

For more than a hundred miles this highway is a model of modern construction. In fact it most resembles segments of some Kansas freeway construction from the late 1950’s.

To the east are the Pripet marshes. Three hundred miles wide and a hundred miles deep. These miles upon miles of swamp, shallow lakes and wet forests made up most of Stalin’s deep defense against Hitler.

The road from Brest-Litovsk to Moscow is about 600 miles — with no gas stations, no restaurants, no garages, no towing services, no hotels, no street lamps, no center lane markers or curb markers, or even road drains. To each side of the road there is just the empty nothingness of the Soviet steppe.

One does not stop on this road for even one minute longer than absolutely necessary. It would be the height of folly to pull over and rest even for twenty minutes. In the best of times it was a hive of various Soviet police. The rest of the time it was walled with men of the Caucasus — waiting for their chance to block the road and then rob and pillage. The run from Brest-Litovsk to Moscow was a run for your life.

The road signs for Minsk became ever larger. The arrows all pointed to the left. He continued onwards — to the north.

For the first few hours there had been few police checkpoints but near Minsk — where the road changed from concrete to thick black tar the GAI — or automotive security — became a regular feature. Every 20 miles another GAI roadblock would hold him up and check his papers.

Out of sight of the GAI he would stop as needed and re-fill his car’s internal gas tank from the cans in the trunk. He never wanted to run out of gas. This was also the only break he had to take a piss.

Single trees turned to hedgerows and then scattered trees slowly became forest. Another two hundred miles and the city of Smolensk passed around him.

The sun fell to the west and filled his rear view mirrors. Slowly, darkness filled the sky like infinitely fine layers of black gauze. The clear night sky held no heat and the deeply penetrating cold of Soviet Russia leaked into the car.

He was now between cities and the radio was nothing but static. All he could hear was the steady rumble of the engine and the gravel-sputtered hiss of his tires running over loose asphalt.

It was impolite to use your headlamps on these roads at night. Most trucks and all of the half dozen cars he passed drove with their lights out. There was no way to know for sure if this was done to save a car's hard-to-replace headlamps or to confuse those who might be lying in wait someplace down the road — to give a driver a few extra seconds before he was ambushed.

The road suddenly improved in quality. There was a huge cast concrete sign at the side of the road that announced entry into the Moscow Region — what we would call the political district or county — of Moscow. Bill pulled off the road and behind the concrete sign.

To the north he could see a faint glow on the horizon — the not-so-distant lights of Moscow. Moscow has no night life, no neon signs, few street lamps and in the city all cars drive only with their parking lamps on. Any major American city can be seen from fifty miles away — blazing into the night sky. Moscow was only a dim glow on the horizon even from ten miles away.

It was time to look Russian. Bill pulled on a cheap polyester jacket and then added a cap — with a two day growth of beard he looked quite convincing. He made one final check of the trunk for any personal belongings — there were none. He started the car and returned to the highway and then drove on to the north.

After about twenty minutes a huge wrought iron sign loomed out of the trees — it said “MOSCOW” and had an arrow pointing left. He turned left and drove through an underpass — under Moscow's outer ring road and then — suddenly — the city streets of Moscow were before him.

The outer edges of the city are a maze of cheap high rise concrete apartment blocks. The lack of street lamps turns these streets into black canyons of crime.

His first stop would be at a gas station to top up the Volga's tank. The gas station consisted of a mud and gravel yard with axle-deep potholes next to each pump. He parked the Volga near one of the pumps but far enough away to clear the hole and then walked to the station's office — a primitive shack — and told the attendant that he wanted 40 liters of gasoline.

“Sorok litros puhszhahl'sta.”

The attendant took Bills's rubles and returned change.

While 40 liters might not seem to be much — about ten gallons — it was the maximum purchase allowed.

One did not just hand cash through the window and say give me a hundred rubles worth. In Russia, purchases were in numbers of liters not in numbers of rubles. After topping up the tank he returned to the main road and headed for the center of the city.

At each of Moscow's major intersections there are steel booths built on stilts and surrounded in glass. Inside each there is a Militia man. His job is to control the sequencing of the traffic lights and to telephone to higher authorities any observations of suspicious characters. The name for one of these booths is “Stahkahn.”

At intersections within three miles of the Kremlin and especially near the western embassies Russian Intelligence agencies have set up observation posts — “visirs” — in second or third floor rooms facing the street. In these observation posts men sit at television monitors or at telescopes connected not to eye pieces but to large ground-glass viewers. Hour after hour the interior of any car stopping at these traffic lights is inspected closely. Communications between posts is by land line not radio.

Since Bill now looked Russian, drove like a Russian and was driving a Russian car he didn't call attention to himself. If he did have a tail and attempted — successfully or not — to lose his tail or tails it would set off alarms all across the city. His only problem might be avoiding the Militsia — traffic police who would wave their little white battons at you and expect you to stop and pay them dearly for some imagined infraction.

He made for the inner ring road and then turned toward the Kremlin. Red Square was fully illuminated and Lenin's Tomb was artfully lit — setting it dramatically apart from the Kremlin's wall. There still is no better comparison between America and Soviet Russia. Russia has as its icon — Lenin's Tomb. America has its icon — Las Vegas.

Bill pulled to the right and followed the river road along the Moscow River and parked on the gently sloping cobble stoned parking area just south of St. Basil's Cathedral — at the southern edge of Red Square. Just across the river and a bit to the west he could see the prim exterior of the British Embassy tastefully decorated in the amber wash of security flood lamps.

A man was drinking vodka under some trees. He was literally hidden in the shadows of the Kremlin wall. The figure put down his vodka bottle and sauntered across the cobble stone pavement and to Bill's car window.

“Amerikanski?”

“Da”

“Vherre arre hyou frrom?”

“I'm from Fargo, North Dakota!”

“Ah! A place like Novosibirsk!”

The recognition signals had been proffered and accepted. The man from the shadows slowly walked around to the passenger side of the car, opened the door and got in.

“Here are the keys to your replacement vehicle. The papers are in perfect order and are inside it — taped under the driver's seat. It's full of gas and there are five gas cans in the trunk. There's a thermos of coffee, some food from Stockman's foreign currency store and even a stay-awake pill all on the passenger seat under a woolen sweater.”

Bill was exhausted but put on a pleasant face: “Thanks for the food. I'm really starved.”

Bill exited the car and re-entered on the passenger side. The stranger had already slid over and was starting the engine. The two men were about the same size and were wearing identical shoes, shirt, jacket and hat.

There was no idle talk whatsoever. In fact neither had used their natural voice during the recognition process. Bill had not looked at the man's face. If either were ever caught it would be quite difficult for either of them to identify the other.

They drove around the city — making certain that they had no tail but not trying to lose one. Bill exited the vehicle at Russia's memorial arch to their victory over Napoleon. Down the street and parked behind an apartment block was what seemed to be a vehicle identical to his own — even the narrow license plate numbers were the same.

Bill's trip south was uneventful. He did not eat the food nor did he drink the coffee nor did he take the stay-awake pill. He wanted to stay alive.

Thirty-two hours non-stop driving had now brought him back to the outskirts of Berlin. He determined his bearings by the sight of the East German's Berlin TV tower — with its tower-top restaurant. Just a mile to the west of the tower was the Berlin Grand Hotel — and sleep.

Finally, he drove west on the Unter den Linden, made a U-turn just before the Brandenburg Gate and then parked the car directly in front of the Komischer Opera and right next to the Soviet Embassy. He locked the car, casually dropped the keys into a bush thirty yards down the street and walked the two blocks to the hotel.

Since he had never checked out it was a simple matter to ask for his key and head for his room. To present a cosmopolitan face to the staff he stopped on the mezzanine floor and had a beer at the bar. He wanted to seem simply the well-satisfied customer of some "lady of the night". He smiled happily to the attendant, drank his beer and headed — finally — to his room.

After a good night's sleep and a rather expensive buffet breakfast at the hotel's most informal of three restaurants he checked out and walked across Checkpoint Charley to freedom.

As he crossed the border and into West Berlin, he felt as if a monstrous weight had been lifted from him. He had completed his mission — and had taken no chances of betrayal and winding up poisoned and dead someplace along the Moscow to Brest-Litovsk highway.

And his engine hadn't quit.

Of course, the engine of his Volga had been quite special. While most Volgas had six cylinders his had only four. The center-most two cylinders had been removed and a Davy Crockett missile warhead had been carefully fitted into the dead space.

The engine had been equipped with specially built crankshaft and camshaft — with the four remaining lobes moved from every 60 degrees to every 90 — so that they allowed the engine to run smoothly on just the outside four remaining cylinders. The interior of the engine's distributor cap

had been carefully machined and rewired to align the interior contacts of the cap with the rotor — and with the active spark plugs. The double thick radiator had been needed to keep the Davy Crockett's explosives jacket cool.

The thick walls of the Volga engine had protected an even greater secret. Bill had done what no one had ever done before or might ever do again. He had delivered an American tactical nuclear munition into the very heart of the Evil Empire.

Later he would discover that Clinton's drug gangs had stolen this engine technology and used it to smuggle thousands of fifty-pound loads of cocaine across the Mexican border and then deep into America. They simply created a putty of acetone and cocaine and packed fifty pounds of the liquified drug into the void created by the missing cylinders.

Each trip, each fifty pounds of cocaine was a million dollars. Sucking the drug from the center of the engine was easy — just dilute with more acetone pressure-injected into the void and cocaine syrup would spurt out of the two dead sparkplug holes.

Thus, Clinton sold another of America's secrets — for a billion dollars in cocaine.

Chapter Nine

Dawn came up as a gray dusty glow to the east.

Bill snapped out of his daze to the muffled sounds of what could only be a heavily laden Hummer driving down their dirt road. A bleary glance at the clock told him that it was 6:10. The edge of the sun was just above the eastern hills. Beams of sunlight were reflecting off droplets of dew on a huge spider web in the corner of the window.

“Hummers!”

Help was finally on the way. His focus switched from the spider web to the faintest hint of a dust cloud to the north — maybe a mile off. Then there was movement — a Hummer was slowly lumbering down the road toward the house. It was painted flat black. It had what seemed like a dozen antennae sticking out of its top.

The Hummer followed the road to a point where it dipped into the third and last gully that had one of Bill’s water pressure driven vehicle destroyers. Then the Hummer stopped. Bill could plainly see where it was because one of its antennas stuck up over the rise of the hill and was bending back and forth in the morning breeze.

All Bill could do was look in morbid fascination. What were those idiots doing?

He cupped his eyes and slowly looked up and down the nearby hillsides to see if he had any other visitors, tourists? Who were these guys?

The earth was denuded of foliage. Where were the leaves? The ground seemed stripped — even of its mulch. It finally registered in his brain that the fuel-air detonation he’d brought upon his own property had really worked. There was nothing left but black twigs and gray ash for an eighth of a mile around.

Bill thought his eyes were playing tricks on him because several of the blackened bushes along the distant ridge line to the north-east were getting thicker and darker and then thinner and lighter and then thicker and darker again.

Suddenly it dawned on him that little clusters of people dressed in black were crawling around behind various burned clumps of chaparral. Somehow, these idiots didn’t realize that they were being silhouetted by the early morning sun.

Thank God the fire storm had sucked the leaves from the bushes and burned much of the chaparral. If the chaparral had remained then these guys would be hidden by the foliage — and invisible.

Then he realized what he was really seeing. Those bastards had tried to crawl toward the house but his entangled “solid-steel-dead-bush” barrier had stopped them and they were having to back up!

How close would they have come if there had been no barrier? Inside?

Bill moved closer to the window and looked intently at the ridge line. He still couldn't figure out what these yahoo's were doing. He shielded his eyes from the direct sunlight and gazed intently at the black dots far in the distance.

A gloved hand gripped a pistol grip. A muscular finger pressed trigger. A powerful firing pin slammed into a primer. A bullet heavier than a golf ball moved down a polished and grooved steel barrel. The barrel recoiled 13 millimeters as the bullet passed the exhaust ports of the muzzle brake and then left the gun. The barrel recoiled another 40 millimeters before releasing the gun's bolt and slapping it far to the rear. A now empty brass cartridge case almost the size of an empty toilet paper roll snapped sixteen feet to the right of the shooter.

BOOM!

Bill's window shattered into sparkling grain-sized particles and white firebricks exploded out of the fireplace hearth twenty feet behind him. Chunks of ceramic gas log and firebrick bounced around the room.

"Damn!"

He dropped to the floor and low-crawled toward the hallway.

BLAM... BLAM... BLAM...

The fireplace continued to explode but now he could hear the gun's report echoing off the hillsides. It seemed to have taken more than two seconds from the time a bullet hit the house to the time he heard the gun. Range? Five to seven hundred yards or more.

It didn't make any sense!

But Bill wasn't going to walk outside and ask the "Hummer-people" any questions. Instead, he snaked back to the window and using a hooked steel handle he tugged on the Spanish style window shutters until they each closed. There were ten windows on the ground floor, plus the front door and patio doors. Only six windows plus the front door faced American territory. The rest of the openings faced Mexico. For all of his disgust with Clinton and "The New World Order" he hadn't really believed that his enemy really was within America itself!

He'd been a fool. This wasn't a rescue team — this was a death squad!

It took him more than half an hour to grope blindly and close all of the ground floor windows.

To keep the Mexicans from breaking into the house when the family was gone, Bill had made the shutters from scrap steel plate. Each shutter was made of eight layers of quarter inch thick steel — two inches total — and then covered in pieces of pressure treated plywood trim — front and back — to create fake louvers and edging. Each shutter weighed more than nine hundred pounds. Bill remembered this easily because he first wanted to make the shutters from new steel and had been told it would cost more than \$1,000 a window. He'd used quarter inch steel because it was cheap,

available, and nobody asked what you were building.

The home's front door was Bill's pride. To protect it from attack by Mexicans, Bill had created a roll up door from scrap railroad rail. Each rail segment weighed four hundred pounds and there were forty nested segments. The segments rolled up and down in a track cut into the wall at each side of the front door. Bill could have made the armored door open quickly or close quickly. He had chosen a slow open and a quick close. He thanked God for his choice.

It took only eight seconds to close the armored door. To make the system foolproof he'd used two Warn model 9000 winches. He had doubled the cable run so that either winch could carry the entire load. And the system ran on 12 volts.

Bill had done the same at the rear of the house. There, the segments were double wide and weighed more than eight hundred pounds each — with forty segments — and there was a set for the picture window and one for the sliding glass doors and one the kitchen door. The rear segments used bits and pieces of a forklift chain hoist to move them up and down. He carefully pulled the safety pins on all the rail sets and let them begin their free-fall closed. Free fall in this case was painfully slow. Bill had more than enough time to re-insert the locking pins in the sliding door's track's holes before the door hit the floor. The rails clanked to a stop two feet off the patio deck. Leaving this singular escape route was dangerous — someone could smash the glass and wiggle in but some escape route was always prudent. It would now take a full ten minutes to re-open any of the others.

While an added expense, Bill had run his own experiments and found that cold soaked steel had about three times the strength of normal steel. He'd spent a month figuring out how the process worked— and why — and then spent \$3,000 on liquid nitrogen and some thermocouples. He'd soaked every one of his window shutters and all of the railroad rail segments and when he knew he had the process down pat he'd even cold soaked all of his rifles and pistols.

All of this protection had been built into the house so that it could withstand an attack by Mexicans or Negroes or white trash armed only with chain saws and sledge hammers. Bill had no idea how the place could take a concerted attack by federal troops.

He was going to find out.

The house was almost surrounded. To the north the FBI's Hostage "Rescue" Team had positioned three detachments of snipers. Each team's main armament was a Barrett model 82A1 semi-automatic .50 caliber sniper rifle.

The Barrett .50 could put a 750 grain slug into the same eight inch circle time after time after time — from a thousand yards away.

The FBI teams had three standard armor piercing, high explosive, incendiary (APEI) cartridges — with the preferred types being the armor piercing, hard core, incendiary (APHCI) and armor piercing (AP) M8 rounds. Both of these were constructed of an armor piercing tungsten penetrator covered with lead and then covered with a copper jacket. The FBI also had an explosive round.

The explosive round could actually be filled with almost anything. It did not have to explode, it could just carry a payload. That payload could be some heat tolerant nerve agent, or even a biological toxin. It seemed that the most popular of these special rounds carried the biological toxin Saxitoxin. To speed absorption of the toxin into the human body it was mixed with water and Dimethyl Sulfoxide.

FBI snipers used these rounds when ordered to apply what they called “Alternate Technologies for Obtaining Functional Kills”.

* * *

The FBI’s favorite poison — Saxitoxin — came from what are called “red tides” which are a flowering of certain plankton in the open ocean. Many plankton, or dinoflagellates, even produce light. This light can be quite bright — as bright as a firefly.

These plankton have even been praised as having actually saved the life of a U.S. Congressman. This Congressman was a pilot during the Vietnam War and was returning to his ship when all of his instruments lost power. After some seconds of night blindness he was able to see the glow being generated by the plankton that had been stirred up by his home ship’s propellers and he followed that path of dim light for miles and directly to the stern of his aircraft carrier.

The California coast is especially rich with these plankton from mid to late summer. At this time of year nutrients from the depths are pushed to the surface by certain ocean currents. These nutrients allow the plankton to reproduce at extreme rates. At these times of year it is not uncommon for 100,000,000 of these plankton to be found in a single gallon of seawater.

And these plankton are deadly poison. One of the most poisonous is *Protogonyaulax catenella*.

It is important to understand how potent this poison really is. Saxitoxin is 100,000 times more potent than pure cocaine.

In the early days the FBI would contract out the harvesting of clams and mussels and other shellfish which had fed on these poisonous plankton. The FBI would then take the part of the clam called the siphon and process only that. In the case of the mussel they would process only the digestive tract. The FBI liked the mussel *Myrtilus californianus* the best.

This was serious business. The FBI even scattered a rare species of Japanese mussels all over the northern shore of San Francisco Bay — to create a local poison farm. The mussels are now entrenched at an average population density of 15,000 mussels per square yard (these are tiny mussels). As usual with government agencies, the FBI agents then changed their minds and abandoned the project. San Francisco is now living next to a veritable Holocaust-in-the-making and doesn’t even know it.

The FBI finally decided that all of this shellfish processing was a lot of work and that people could ask questions as to what these strange people were doing with all of these grey creatures of the mud. Their San Diego processing plant had already been busted by the California EPA because large

(and illegal) quantities of biological material were traced up the sewer system and right to their door.

So the FBI started harvesting the plankton directly. While this required a 200 ft long ship it was easy to hide because all along the California coast a company called Kelco harvested kelp. The FBI's harvester looked quite a bit like one of the Kelco ships. The main difference was that the FBI's ship only came out at night and only during what California's TV weathermen called a "Red Tide". The toxins could be wrung from the plankton and the residual bio-mass was just dumped back into the sea.

Anybody could do the same thing. They could even use a 16 ft ski boat — just plumb the thing so that some sea water was passed into a canvas duffel bag being carried as a "passenger" behind the driver. After less than an hour of tottling over the ocean during a red tide that bag could contain enough *Protogonyaulax catenella* to kill more than a million people.

All one needed to do was squeeze the bio-mass to remove some of the salt water and then wash it with fresh water. Squeeze again. Then place batches of the bio-mass in a blender and cover with rubbing alcohol. Then add a two shot glasses full of Muratic acid purchased from the local pool supply store.

Blend for ten minutes.

Put on Rubbermaid dish washing rubber gloves found at the grocery store. Pour the bio-mass through double Mr. Coffee, coffee filters.

The clear-ish liquid that comes out of the filters is deadly. Pour it onto a teflon cookie sheet and let it dry. The dried scab will kill anything living in our solar system. One small breath of it (about a dust particle's worth) and you will be dead too.

People in the southeastern areas of the country should not feel abandoned. There are various extremely evil little bugs that they can use as well. One of the most lethal little darlings is *Pfiesteria piscidia* — also a dynoflagellate.

Pfiesteria piscidia can kill you if you eat it, or even get it on your body — and it might even kill if you just breathe the air near the water where it lives. This is one hell-fire bug. The book "And The Waters Turned To Blood" by Rodney Barker gives a good overview on the little fellow. The bug exudes toxins that can eat holes through your flesh and then paralyze your muscles. Many biologists say the bug actually does feed on blood.

It can be removed from its watery environment and the toxin quickly separated. The process is easy and identical to that used to produce Saxitoxin. It would be an ideal ingredient in an exciting home project for anyone with access to a crop duster airplane and the schedule for the next New York City Gay Pride Parade.

Pfiesteria piscidia can be found from the Chesapeake Bay to the Neuse River in North Carolina. Look for big clumps of brown smelly algae floating at the surface.

But what was the FBI going to do with tens of thousands of pounds of Saxitoxin when less than 100 micrograms would kill anybody. Nobody knew.

This was the “new” FBI.

Thanks to the Ruby Ridge and Waco incidents the FBI was no longer interested in long duration stand-offs and world-wide media coverage. The best thing for the FBI was to quash any coverage of “extremist” situations as fast as possible. Justus, Montana was an aberration and a situation already in the public eye before the FBI arrived.

The events in Atlanta in 1998 had been ended within four hours of their start. And the world only knew that some “businessmen” had accidentally blown themselves up.

The reality had been somewhat different.

The reality was that six small business owners had sent a letter to the IRS refusing to pay the retroactive tax increase implemented by the then second term President Clinton. To the IRS the letter sounded threatening. This was especially true since one of the men was the pastor of a church and another was the owner of a water well drilling firm that sometimes used explosives.

The HRT had surrounded one of their meetings and fired ten Saxitoxin-filled rounds into the building — from a distance of 1,500 yards. The targets inhaled the dust and dropped dead.

The FBI then closed in on the building and filled it with an oxygen / propane mixture and let nature take its course. The blast was felt six miles away. The news media reported that a gas leak in a wall heater had caused a tragic accident and that 17 people had been killed. To make sure there were no survivors the local gas company had been told not to allow emergency crews into the area until it had been completely checked out. And by “checked out” they meant “wait until everybody was known to be dead”.

A few people were starting to learn a terrible truth. Any time the government said one thing it meant quite the opposite.

- Tax reduction and tax relief meant tax increase.
- Privacy Act meant privacy invasion.
- Rescue meant — murder.

Total enslavement was only a matter of time.

* * *

The FBI’s Hostage Rescue Teams had placed their Barrett .50s so that all of the windows on the north, east and west sides of the house were covered. The teams had orders to kill anyone they saw.

Ruby Ridge and Waco had proved to all concerned that even killing women and children was easily white-washed — and that’s if they even got caught.

If they could finish whole this thing quickly enough then nobody would ever know they had even been here.

The FBI agent snuggled up to his Unertl 10x scope and gripped the Barrett .50 like it was an eager girlfriend. He really liked the old Leopold & Stevens M3a Ultra 10x scope but the new scope had a better range reticule. He could see the shutters being closed on all of the first floor windows. He thought about how this yahoo must have read some cheap Louis Lamour cowboy story. There was gonna be a big surprise for this guy when a .50 caliber explosive bullet took that piece of shit wooden shutter right off the window.

The sniper team went over every square inch of the house looking for any signs of gas lines, power lines, telephone lines — anything. All they found was a curled up cell phone antenna and some dangling wires between the house and a funky shed about fifty feet away.

They also counted about eight bodies laying out on the gravel on the north side of the house. This was what the FBI wanted to see. The “Constitutional Extremists” must have executed them. The deceased looked like Mexicans. That made the murders a hate crime. These people were racists!

A command post had been set up one mile from the Johnson’s home — right where the San Diego Gas & Electric Company had terminated its service into what looked like a green water pump box.

The first thing the FBI did on arrival was cut the telephone lines. After all, the last thing they wanted was this bunch of “Constitutional Extremists” calling the news media.

Their command post site was ideal in that it was far away from the target and yet close enough to easily monitor the operation. It was also miles away from any paved road and that would limit news reporters and “Lookie Lou’s”. The FAA had been alerted and a “Notice To Airmen” had been published and broadcast — there were to be no flights over the area at an altitude of less than 10,000 feet.

The FBI had moved in eight special M1042 Hummers. Each had been equipped with what could best be described as a square black camper shell. Inside these field offices the FBI team could monitor the situation 24 hours a day. The FBI would bring reinforcements to the site as they arrived from their dispersed offices around the region or “war zone”. The total FBI presence for a BLACK RANGER response was 115 men.

The FBI had run a land line down the dirt road and then branched it off to each of the sniper locations. There was to be no radio chatter that might be picked up by anybody — ever.

The BATF had taken hind tit. Their team had been forced to walk three miles through extremely rugged terrain to a point on the hillside overlooking the Johnson’s house. Their teams’ trek had been made easier by their use of what seemed to be heavily traveled wild animal trails leading south and even across the international border and into the Republic of Mexico.

But the BATF had it made. Thanks to Senator Schumer (“New World Order”) of New York, the BATF had even been able to purchase surplus Marine Corps close support aircraft.

They had tried to hide their purchases by using fake company names and addresses. The truth had come out thanks to dumpster divers who had been watching various BATF research offices in the Washington, DC, area. The BATF's trash had been finely combed for anything of value and letters approving the aircraft transfer had been discovered.

The BATF team planned to sit there on the hillside and shoot anybody or anything they saw. They would also radio their observations to Brown Field — where the BATF had set up their operation's headquarters — 50 yards from where their assault aircraft had been staged. Just one word to the BATF's pilots and their OV-10 Bronco aircraft would launch, fly to the farmhouse and rocket the place to cinders.

* * *

Bill Johnson had finally calmed down. There had been times during the Mexican's night-assault that he thought he was going to have a heart attack. These little clusters of morning-men in black suits had caused him far less stress.

After all, those black-suited bastards were still way out there — and not — in here.

He still had time to come up with a strategy to save his family. He also knew that his diligence in building the house the way he had was the only thing that had saved their lives so far.

The more he thought about it the more he knew the truth. He and his family had become the targets of cold, ruthless, United States Government assassins. He had to fight. But how?

The first thing he did was escort Bobby and Sally back to the strong room closet and have them sit down in the hall. This was the safest place in the house — the equivalent of more than ten feet of construction grade concrete plus an equivalent of another couple of feet of granite plus the equivalent of three feet of mild steel was now between them and the government's murderers.

Then Bill started thinking.

What was the worst thing these bastards could do?

It sure didn't look too good. His family's first encounter with these thugs had been a polite "knock" — and from the looks of the bullet holes in the walls it was with some miniature anti-tank gun! If he resisted them then these scum would just ratchet up the level of lethality as much as they needed.

He was going to die.

They could easily send an F-117 in here and just bomb him.

Times have sure changed. His house was about a hundred feet wide and about sixty feet long — just the size of the standard bombing accuracy target. The B-17 of World War Two needed about

9,000 bombs to ensure a hit within such a target area. A Vietnam era B-52 needed about 300 bombs. Today, an F-117 has a hit rate between 41% and 60% — so the number of bombs required was two.

One reason for the dramatic difference in bomb volume required to hit a target was the fact that the World War Two B-17's and Vietnam-era B-52's had no stand-off capability. The pilots had to drop their loads right on top of hostile targets — targets that shot back. When a pilot saw a bomber ahead of him drop his load he would drop his as well — right then — and then turn and run like hell. Thus, only one bomber might be close to the target and the bombers following him would miss completely.

Today, a pilot could drop his load from ten miles away and have every confidence that not only will he escape safely but that his bombs will find their own targets.

Bill quickly calculated the numbers in his head — from the news reports he remembered about Iraq — he estimated that the United States Air Force using a laser guided GBU-27 2,000 pound bomb would only have a fifty — fifty chance of actually getting him on the first attempt. Even if they used a conventional thick-walled penetrator bomb it would probably just bounce off the steel drill pipe roof and then go boom.

That wasn't good enough odds. And besides, they would just come back.

As soon as he even tried to take out the sniper teams then the feds would escalate their efforts to the next level. Arranged in an order of ever higher levels of paranoia they could:

- Bring in Apache helicopters from the Marine Corps' Camp Pendleton
- Bring in "Puff The Magic Dragon" from Nellis Air Force Base
- Bring in F-117's from Nellis Air Force Base.
- Bring in a B-2 from Alamogordo.
- Bring in B-52s or B1s

"Puff" was really the most threatening. Bill had seen it at work in Panama. "Puff" was a cargo plane that had first been modified as a weapons platform in the 1960's. The craft had been upgraded constantly ever since. Now these planes carried 20 mm Gatling guns and even artillery! The official name for this thing was "AC-130H Specter Gunship". The plane had: two 20 mm Gatling guns, one 40 mm cannon (manually fed) and a 105 mm howitzer!

If Bill was really unlucky then the feds would send in an AC-130U — on that airplane the two 20 mm Gatling guns had been replaced with a 25 mm chain cannon.

All of these "Puffs" had F-15 fire control systems. While under computer control these planes could circle a target and weapons operators could simply hose the ground. The plane was designed specifically for situations like this one where the target couldn't shoot back.

Then he thought about it a bit more. They probably wouldn't use one of those things because the tracers coming out of the plane and into his house would be as bright as a Fourth of July fireworks show. The gunfire would be seen for fifteen miles around.

He felt good about the fact that they would not dare bring in ground vehicles. They would not truck an old Abrams tank from some California National Guard outfit or one of the new rail-gun vehicles from General Dynamics Land Systems in Detroit. Not all the way here — not through freeway traffic — because that would do nothing but make the media curious. And besides, it would take them time they didn't have.

The longer this situation lasted the better the chances that word would get out and they would be exposed as the murderers they were. Look how they completely screwed up a brain-dead-simple operation like killing Hillary's boyfriend Vince Foster.

The KGB had the motto: "Killing someone is easy — making it look natural takes an artist". The FBI was long on action and short on "artists". Thank God — or he and his family would already be dead.

The government's actions at Waco and Ruby Ridge were but two in a long string of clumsy atrocities. As far back as April 15, 1985, the government used overwhelming force against Christian threats to "New World Order" domination of America.

On April 15, 1985, Cobra gunships of the Missouri National Guard were sent out to kill one lone Christian hiding in the Missouri woods. Their effort was closely monitored by FBI surveillance aircraft which even supplied ground forces with infra-red imagery of the scene. The guilt or innocence of their target is not material. The level of overwhelming force used against a lone Christian must be a warning to be heeded. When it comes to Christians who are ready to fight, "The New World Order" shows absolutely no mercy. And yes, they got him.

But there were quite a few factors in Bill Johnson's favor.

All of these federal agencies depended upon infra-red signatures of vehicles and buildings to learn more about their targets. The IR signature of a house could tell them everything from where people might be hiding within — to how many hours the house had been empty. This was also true for vehicles — the feds could tell which parked vehicles were real and which were decoys or even how long ago a vehicle had been driven.

Nobody knew how his house had been built — it didn't show from outside. The top of the house had a Spanish "tile" roof — which created an almost conventional IR signature.

The house also had what seemed to be river-stone walls coated with stucco — which also created a conventional IR signature. The thick foam insulation between the stucco and the yard-thick concrete (more highly reinforced than any underground missile silo in the United States) — was invisible to all of their sensor systems.

The roads to his house were well prepared. Bill could kill any normal vehicle coming down the road — once he knew they were headed his way.

The hillsides were a mess of steel entanglements — for tracked vehicles as well as for people.

The “kill zones” to the north-east and north-west were the only way humans could approach the house and few would live through such an assault — running down hill over open ground — with Sally shooting from one window and he shooting from another.

Surviving an airborne attack was less sanguine but none of the cheap stuff they might think of using was equipped with modern Global Positioning Satellite navigation (GPS) or inertial navigation. All of their cheap weapons used a TV camera or depended on a laser return for guidance. Laser guidance meant having a spotter and that meant a soon-to-be dead spotter if he was on the ground. There was little hope of them using an airborne spotter thanks to the mountains.

They would not use the expensive GPS or inertial weapons because the military would bill the FBI for the weapons used. The FBI had a limited budget and a million dollar tab for some front-line weapon could not be justified. The FBI would not want to pay that much — even for the extermination of White Christian Americans. They would only agree to using old cheap stuff. The FBI might even get the military to use the attack as a “training mission” and get this older stuff for free.

Bill thought that he just might beat them.

He knew he could beat the snipers for a day or two — or three. After that they would escalate to what? Probably not to Apache helicopters — because they would have to “whup, whup, whup” right over half of San Diego. And probably not “Puff” — it would attract too much attention.

The worst they would probably do quickly was escalate to an F-18.

The F-18 would drop a \$100,000 GBU-27 2,000 pound TV bomb and go away. Then the bomb damage assessment people back at Nellis would look at the video tape recorded by the weapon’s fire control system and see what?

They would see a flash and a shockwave. And then they would see a “smudge”!

They would see a big black place and flames from the burning foam insulation. It might burn for hours, or even days. The smoke was poisonous and it might even drift over the sniper teams.

But they would look at that video tape and think that the bomb had gone right inside and destroyed everything!

Of course, this was all predicated on them not actually driving that bomb right through a window.

In any event, that F-18 would come back and do it all again. And then it would all be finished — a quarter million dollars worth of bombs to kill three Christians. Welcome to the new America.

But even a worst-case scenario would still give them several days to prepare an escape. They would have to move south into Mexico. There was a small landing field in the pine trees south of La Rumorosa — forty miles away. If they could get that far there might be a way to get a plane and escape back inside the US. That shouldn’t be difficult. Shit, Mexicans did it by the thousands every day!

So, the plan must be to get rid of any feds that might be close enough to see reality and report . And they must all go quickly. And they must not be replaced.

This left Bill to think what for most Americans would be unthinkable: How to prepare to repel and survive an ever escalating string of attacks by his own government.

Bill Johnson quickly outlined the tasks that lay ahead:

- Create a public audience — witnesses for the defense — advertise their plight
- Determine the location of all immediate threats
- Get intelligence on what they are planning
- Eliminate all immediate threats
- Create a minefield — somehow delay their return or reinforcement
- Prepare a “Bodyguard of Lies” — pass on false intelligence
- Prepare a defense against everything up to and including an aircraft
- Play dead / run

He picked up the telephone and listened for a dial tone. Nothing.

He picked up his cell phone and dialed the weather. The weather recording answered and told him that the inland high was to be 110 today and that there was a possibility of rain in two days. Then the phone went dead.

“Those sleazy bastards set the telephone company on us!

Any time our cell phone ID comes up they kill the call at the central office! The bastards!”

Bill’s phone was under the control of the local mini-Bell — SBC Pacific Bell. Thank’s to their “Investigative Service” the feds needed only to call Pac Bell and tell ‘em what they wanted. The feds could stop his outgoing calls, turn off his custom calling features or even change his phone number.

Bill thought for a while.

“Our call is being picked up by the local cell phone antenna system on that hill next to highway 94 — maybe seven miles away to the north. There’s a Mexican cellular network covering at least the eastern edge of Tacate. Maybe I can get a cell phone to start roaming — in the Mexican’s system!

Sally, help me with this table!”

“What are you gonna do?”

“I’m gonna make an antenna!”

They took the folded ping pong table from its place of honor against the far wall and carried it to the edge of the sliding glass doors and placed it — legless — on the carpet. Bill then squatted, peered under the 3/4 closed railroad rail window barrier and aligned the center line of the table with

a notch in the hills to the southeast.

Bill found scissors, a spool of insulated wire and duct tape and came back to the table. He cut the wire into six inch lengths and laid these lengths of wire along the length of the table's center line white stripe like railroad ties. When he was done he stretched a length of duct tape down the entire length of table — sticking the wires in place.

“Someplace I've got a cheap Radio Shack copy of a Nokia cell phone. The phone belongs to Fred — remember him? I promised to modify it so that it could be used with Fred's laptop computer. I've got that thing around here someplace”

He found it.

“We might just be able to use our own cell phone on the Mexican cell system to call people but I betcha they got our number blocked even at the Mexican's central office.”

He laid the Nokia copy on the table with its antenna over one of the duct taped “railroad ties.”

“This should convert the cell phone's 360 degree beam spread to a five degree beam pointed toward the Mexican antenna — none of the phone's energy is gonna be coming out the back of this “ping pong” antenna and I don't think the Pac Bell system will even know we're alive. They should be seeing our signal strength as being way too weak to be from a phone inside one of their cells. The Mexican system on the other hand should be seeing us as a phone parked right next to one of their antennas. The Mexicans don't do time delay ranging on their customers so we should be safe.”

Bill then trotted to the cupboard and retrieved a Plantronics cell phone headset and plugged it into the cell phone.

He tried it. He got the weather, and more weather, and even more weather — in Spanish.

He closed the cell phone.

“Hot damn! We might just make contact with the outside world!”

He then went over to his PC and connected this cell phone to the PC's modem and then looked up the number for his Internet Service provider — in Mexico. He told his computer to dial it. It worked.

As soon as the connection was made, he saw he had E-mail.

There were maybe fifty messages from scanner people all over the country asking him if he was still alive. He had a vague curiosity about how on earth they knew he was the one being attacked by the feds — but damn! At least somebody was on his side!

“I don't know how long this line of communication is gonna stay open. We'd better keep sending messages to everybody we can think of before it's cut.”

He told his computer to broadcast messages that the FBI had put sniper teams around his house and that he and his family might be killed at any moment — and if somebody was going to help — they'd better do it NOW.

He was scared — but he had work to do — and it made him feel good to know that he was not alone.

Before he'd built the house Bill had spent a month collecting all the information he could get on his new neighborhood. He wanted to be certain that he positioned his new home at an optimum location. This had included the best view, the best sun angle, the best orientation of the home itself. It had also included optimum positions for the vinyards — and especially each obstacle.

First, he had pulled up a copy of the United States Geological Survey (USGS) map for the area off the Internet. Bill then obtained as much data as he could from “<http://www.nima.mil>” — the CIA's terrain database Internet site. The government didn't let you have digital terrain data at better than a 100 foot resolution — the “<http://www.nima.mil>” data was only a government paranoid .6 mile resolution. You could hide a football stadium at that resolution. This CIA data was good for one thing — looking at a general overview of the area — out to a radius of ten miles from the house. If he had wanted high resolution data he could have bought it from the Russians — who were now teamed with KODAK and sold 6 foot resolution photos for \$6.00 each.

He had then purchased a standard paper USGS terrain map of the area and carefully — and by hand — traced every terrain contour line within two miles of the house. These tracings were then loaded into his computer. He then let his computer run for more than a day — processing data he had traced from the map. The computer took in all of the terrain lines and followed natural slopes and then added the fine ripples in the terrain where they should occur in nature.

He now had created a digital terrain map of his neighborhood with a pseudo resolution of three feet. He then paid “NIMA” \$10 for a satellite photo of the area and overlaid this image on the terrain profile. He knew the “NIMA” photo was an old one because it included the previous owner's house. But with this effort he had created a near perfect 3D image of everything within several of miles of his house.

Placing the house and the road — and even every single plant he ever planted — on that digital game board had been fun — even exciting. But that had been years ago — in a different time, a different age.

Now, he loaded this masterpiece that had taken him so many hours to build onto his large computer screen and looked at it, carefully, thoughtfully.

“This is kinda like looking at tropical fish swimming in a tank — restful.” Sally came over and looked at the image for a few seconds.

“You gonna try and spot the hiding places of those snipers?”

“That's what I have in mind. I hope it's worth the effort!”

It did not take him long to write a program in Quick Basic that would mark all areas on the terrain map — out to 2,000 yards from the house in all directions that would be hidden below the line of sight from the second floor of the house.

All he did was write a program that took every point on his grid (every three feet) and compared the altitude of that point with each and every other point on a line directly to the center of the house. There were more than 16 million points.

What this did was let the computer tell him where people might hide — out of his sight — anywhere within a direct line of the house and out to 2,000 yards.

He had programmed the computer to display only areas where the dip creating the hideout area was less than ten feet deep and more than one foot deep. This way he would have little pink bands that represented places a sniper could lay flat and shoot at him.

He now had little pools of pink all over the screen.

He then pulled up the AutoCad plans of the house and overlaid the positions of all the second floor windows — and drew lines on the screen which represented fields of fire from each of the windows. He then told the computer to delete all of the pink spots that were not in a window's field of fire.

What this really did was plot the data in reverse — it showed him where a sniper had to be to shoot him when he stood near a window.

Bill knew that some aircraft sending a 2,000 bomb into his front door was something else again.

He rolled over to the file cabinet and found his two year old — and bootleg — copy of Janes' \$1,425 "Air Launched Weapons" CD-ROM. He loaded it into the drive and scanned through the lists of cluster bombs and laser guided bombs and TV guided bombs. He found that none of these things could make radical changes in their flight paths. All of them were about like a 747 on final to LAX — "movin nice and easy".

Lastly, he found that the TV guided bombs had a critical time when they could be defeated — the final fifteen seconds of flight. That last fifteen seconds required slow and steady control from the weapons officer riding in the back seat or right seat of the plane or these bombs would go astray. He also learned that many of these bombs would lock onto something in the scene all by themselves if they were ordered to do so or if they lost contact with their guidance commands from the aircraft. Once locked-on to the image of the target these bombs would track their target all the way to impact, but if they "lost lock" then they would simply drive themselves on a straight course and right into the earth.

What he found was that laser bombs were off the list — no way to control them from a second aircraft because the terrain shielded the house and that TV guided bombs or even stand-off weapons like Maverick missiles could only be dropped on them from up the valley — only from the north. Yes, they could get him directly from the south but that meant flying over the Republic of Mexico -and they certainly would not want to impugn the sovereignty of that Great Republic.

The north. He only had to look to the north — and then only in a narrow band because the bombs needed a stable flight path for at least the last 15 seconds.

And that glide path window started (thanks again to Jane's data and some calculations from his PC) at a point 3,432 yards north of the house.

Of course, all of this would be futile in the end. The bastards might escalate their level of lethality until they dropped the "ULTIMATE BOMB" — the 15,000 pound BLU-82.

Now that was a bomb. "FSN 1325 — 00 — 176 — 2121 E562, BLU 82/B, Bomb Blast, Cradled, OBA — 22M ..." It was filled with 12,500 pounds of gelled slurry explosive.

Standard operating procedure was to drop them in pairs — out the back of a C-130!

And the minimum safe distance from the blast was 6,000 feet.

He forced himself to calm down. It was time to check out those "tourists of death" sitting out on the hillside with their big black cannon.

Bill wandered around looking for bits of junk he could use. He took a mirror from one of Samantha's toys and taped it onto his spotting scope — at a 45 degree angle. He then printed out the computer's suggested sniper hiding places — the pink zones — and took those sheets of paper and the scope upstairs.

He lay on his back, released one of the window shutters and used the spotting scope as a periscope. He did this at each window — using a printout of the computer's pink zones as a guide. He found three sniper nests that were well hidden and each seemed to be equipped with a BIG gun. One nest was to the east, one to the north and one to the west. He could zoom in on the gun's muzzle brakes and they seemed to be four or five inches wide.

These guys seemed to be pros — with cannons.

He also noted that only the guys in the eastern nests could do a shift change without the possibility of being seen moving around.

He also found six really sloppy one-man "hides" that could have been built by 14 year old Boy Scouts. He was able to find these "hides" because these twits had rested their hand-held radios on the edge of the hill like teenagers plant their boom boxes on a sand dune at the beach.

These twit — people were not operating rationally. They had even built their hides without any regard for taking a pee break! They were stuck there until nightfall. None of them could move more than five feet without being exposed.

He then slowly tracked his telescope up the dirt road — from his house until the road disappeared about half a mile away.

And then he saw them.

Several dark green cables were running along the side of the road. One of the cables crossed the road maybe a quarter of a mile away — toward the western sniper nest. The other cables headed off to the right — toward the northern and eastern sniper nests. “That’s why they drove that Hummer up here!”

Bill hooked the shutter with the pole and slammed it shut. “Hot Damn!” He clambered up off the carpet, ran downstairs and started pulling his stereo system apart. He connected the microphone input of the stereo to wires he ripped out of the regular dial telephone in the rec. room.

He then called to Sally and asked her to go and unplug every telephone in the downstairs part of the house. Bill went upstairs and unplugged the three telephones there.

He was amazed that these fools hadn’t killed his AC power yet.

He turned on his stereo, switched it to “MIC” input and listened. All he heard was 60 Hz AC hum.

He then set the equalizer so that all frequencies below 400 Hz would be eliminated.

Nothing...

He was about to give up in defeat when out of the speakers came a “TEAM ONE — STATUS REPORT”.

Bill leaped to the stereo and killed the volume.

Sally had been sitting there in the hall watching him run around. She finally asked him what on earth he had done..

“Those shit’s have used a land line between their command post and their sniper nests. And they put their lines next to the road. And they put the lines on the east side of the road and that’s where our own telephone cable is buried”.

“There’s enough of their cable and our cable running side by side that over the mile or so they travel along the road together their signal is bleeding into our cable — and we can hear them!”

Sally got up off the floor and walked into the rec. room. She looked at the stereo and looked at the sloppy job Bill had done connecting everything together.

“If your wiring was soldered together you might get a better signal. Her two college degrees were kicking in.

“How many PC’s do we have around here that have sound cards?” She asked Bill.

“Shit!” Bill had locked onto her thought processes. If they were lucky then they could actually cre-

ate the voices of the snipers and send these voices down the sniper's own phone lines!

This was standard procedure for the NSA. They had collected and stored the voices of Soviet fighter pilots — and the voices of other people — for many years. The EC series of Air Force aircraft were fully equipped with massive libraries of pilot voices. They could send a message in what seemed to be the actual pilot's voice and easily confuse enemy operations. In the 1970's this was very secret and extremely expensive stuff. Today, any PC owner could do the same thing for \$39.95 and a trip to his computer store.

Sally got out the manual on the SoundBlaster audio card and started checking what software came with it.

“Yep, they included the libraries!”

She set about writing a program to listen to sounds of voices coming in from the telephone line and record them to disk. All she had to do was call the programs that came with the sound card. She then wrote a program to simply call the dictation program and let it “listen” to the data recorded on the disk and store the text in a disk file and then print out a transcription on their HP Laser printer. Again, easy stuff. The dictation program might make a mess of things but at least they'd have a printout of the conversations.

Bill had also discovered that most of these federal people took technology for granted. Not one of them knew that their technology — or even better stuff — could be used on them. Not one of them knew that even their federal pager messages could be read by any Cub Scout with a scanner and a PC. While not as important as the sniper voice communications links; just knowing what messages were being sent to the guys at their hidden base camp could be quite helpful. The pagers operated at 152 MHz, 454 MHz and in the dedicated 929 — 932 MHz band. The data was sent using the POCSAG standard — 32 bits per word with error correction, 17 words per frame and broadcast at 512, 1200 and 2400 bits per second. A PC program was available on the Internet to provide bit sync, word sync, error correction, data decode and display of this data. Bill had down loaded this program years ago.

Now it was time to apply the PC's to their task.

Bill pulled an old radio scanner out of a cardboard box under the table and plugged it in to the AC power. He then connected it to the parallel port of one of the PCs. The PC would order the scanner to sweep the desired frequencies and then print out the data on an old dot matrix printer.

A voice output system was next. The hard part was writing a program that would allow Sally to type in a sentence and have the PC go and get each of the words she had typed from the database of words that had been already uttered by the snipers and then send them out the SoundBlaster card. And there was more to it than that — the words had to have been uttered by the same sniper.

The SoundBlaster operated in stereo. Sally took the right channel and connected it to a small speaker. She took the left channel and connected it to the stereo input and took the stereo speaker output and connected it to a cable that led out to the underground telephone lines.

There was a problem with this operation. She had to figure out how loud to make the signal so that it would match the existing sniper phone system sound levels. Sally measured the voltage levels from the input lines. She now knew how much energy the FBI was cross — feeding into her line. She knew about how much line she had to the green pump house. She knew how deep it had been trenched below ground. She did some calculations and figured a 50 volt signal would do it. She then wired the meter to the output of the amplifier and clicked the line. When the meter hit 50 volts AC she stopped.

They were ready.

She set the program up so that she could type something in and then listen to the words on the small speaker. If everything sounded okay she could replay the sentence and direct it out onto the line.

“Bobby”

“Bobby, we have a job for you.” Bill said.

“We want you to sit here at the little PC and watch the words come up on the screen. If there is a word that looks goofy or comes up with numbers and stuff then we want you to click on that word and listen to it. If you can figure out what the word is then type it over — just type it in right on top of the goofy word.”

“Okay!” Bobby finally had something to do.

Bill went back to the computer and marked each sniper nest. Then he had the computer calculate how well each of the sniper teams could see the other teams.

Bad news — for them. The teams were blind! They could not see each other.

Now Bill and Sally did some brainstorming. They listened to the sporadic chatter of the sniper teams and started to recognize the nine distinct voices of the snipers and of the two agents back at the operations center. They checked the total word count and realized that these people only used about a 500 word vocabulary. They also noted that the sentences were always “flat” sounding. There was no emotion and there were no slight rises in tone as a question was asked. That was really important. With no inflection in the voices it meant that they could easily break each word spoken by each sniper into little pieces — and use these pieces against them. Thank God for thug professionalism!

They both agreed that they now had to do some real work. First they wrote a program that called the “identity” routine provided with the card. What this routine did was compute a number which would be different for each speaker — kind of a voice print. This allowed them to sort out the utterances of each person into separate files. Then Sally sat down and broke each word apart into its distinct phonemes — its separate sounds.

The real work would have been writing a program to glue the phonemes together into spoken words — but that was part of the standard SoundBlaster package.

She then overlaid the SoundBlaster data files so that the existing SoundBlaster software would accept one of her text files and then speak — using the bits of words uttered by the snipers themselves.

Now they had a larger vocabulary than 500 words. They could make these guys seem to say anything.

Bill then took a .22 rifle upstairs — he did not want these bastards to have any idea what kinds of weapons he actually had. A .22 made so little noise that he would have to actually shoot directly at the snipers — and even kick up some dirt right next to them — to get them to react. He went up stairs, laid a pillow on the window sill and slowly opened a shutter. There was no reaction from the snipers. He then rested the rifle on the window sill just behind the pillow and blasted a few rounds in the direction of the eastern sniper nest and then dropped to the floor. No return fire — commendable fire discipline. He couldn't risk closing the shutter — these guys might just be waiting to get a glimpse of his arm — and then take it off.

He waited five minutes, changed windows and did the same thing with the northern sniper nest.

He got cocky. Slowly, he slipped the .22's barrel along the base of the window sill. He was just able to peek his right eye around the pillow and out the open window.

BLAM!

A huge bullet slammed into the window frame and then dug a six inch deep hole in the far wall.

BLAM!

Another bullet pounded into the room and ricocheted from one part of the room to another — digging a three foot long furrow in the carpet.

“Wow, that was close!”

He ran back down stairs.

“What did you guys get?”

“We got a lot!”

Sally was already breaking the words into pieces and storing them away.

“What do you think they're gonna do?” Bill asked her

Sally got up and walked over to Bill and whispered into his ear so that Bobby could not hear. “They say they are gonna kill us just as soon as they get the chance.”

Bill answered with, “It must be about 105 degrees outside; it's over 80 upstairs. Those guys are

gonna get real thirsty. Those bastards are getting dumber and dumber as their bodies dry out — even slight dehydration can cause as much as a 50% decrease in mental acuity.

I wonder when they change shifts”

“SHIT!”

They hadn't thought of that. Now they knew that they were going to be doing this word game stuff for the next 24 hours — to make sure they got everybody on every shift.

“Hey, we can't keep this up. We've gotta do something now. We're gonna be worn out. We can't stay awake forever!”

“How much stuff do we have in the refrigerator?” Bill distracted her and answered his own question by walking over to the rec. room refrigerator and peering inside. There wasn't much.

Bill walked down the hallway toward the kitchen.

He could smell chlorine and death.

He checked the duct tape on the plastic sheeting and decided to add another layer. There was no way that he was gonna go into that kitchen and get anything.

And if he stayed here doing nothing for much longer then he would start thinking about Samantha.

He walked back toward the rec. room and opened the strong room closet door. It smelled like Bobby had peed in the closet. Poor kid.

“Hey, Bobby! I'm glad to know you can pee real good. Someday I hope you can show me how to pee as good as you do!”

Bill then grabbed the ring on the floor and lifted the hatch and locked it open. The hatch was about two by three feet and it had been spring loaded so that he didn't have to lift its whole weight of eight hundred pounds all by himself. He only had to make sure his hand wasn't between the door and the wall as it slammed into its lock.

The door and its frame had been built on-site from a stack of five one inch thick sets of quarter inch thick steel plates. The sets of plates had been stair-stepped so that the bottom set of plates was four inches smaller all around than the top set of plates. The door frame had been built the same way and bolted through the slab. The sets of plates had been welded together. He had used garage door springs to carry the door's weight. The springs had been mounted to a vertical steel frame bolted against the wall. He'd covered the door with Bondo and then painted it the same color as the carpet.

He stepped onto the first step of the steel ladder leading down to the basement storage room. To the right was the old generator room and shooting range. To the left were the three old tourmaline mine shafts that had been bored deep into the mountain.

Acrid smoke from his electrified fence explosion still filled the air. The smell of charred Bakelite burned his sinuses. There were pieces of exploded circuit breaker and power line capacitor laying all over the floor. Some of the large pieces had embedded themselves about an inch into the wood paneled walls and hung there like trophies. Some of these trophies has long drips of translucent jelly-like PCB hanging from them.

He climbed down the ladder and dropped onto the concrete floor. The soles of his shoes crunched on the bits and pieces of plastic, ceramic and steel scattered over the floor.

He walked over to the refrigerator and pulled out some deli stuff and some cans of Diet Coke, put all of it into a flimsy plastic grocery sack and carried it back up the ladder.

It was only 1:30 in the afternoon.

Chapter Ten

Where's the sun" Bill asked. He was really just talking to himself. He crept upstairs and looked at the streams of light coming in through the windows.

"Soon the sun will be shining right into the western facing windows. Right now the upstairs is in shadow.

On a hunch — Bill walked over to the computer and told it to show him how much of each sniper nest could be seen by any of the other sniper nests.

"Damn! Look at this! Those three professional looking sniper nests really are blind. They might have picked really good places to shoot at us but they can't protect each other.

If we act now we just might be able to take out the western sniper team — the one on the west side of the house. The other teams can't provide supporting fire because they face the wrong set of windows. As the sun drops a bit more then the eastern sniper team will be facing right into the sun. The northern team is gonna be a challenge but they can't see into the upstairs rooms at all. We gotta nail that western team right now."

"What are you gonna do? How can you really expect to out-gun federal assassins?" Sally asked.

"These mindless shits think they're dealing with some yahoo who has nothing but a 12 gauge and a couple of six packs of beer. These guys are just too used to nailing amphetamine dealers whose level of intellect rises only to the level of riding a Harley Davidson and getting their names spelled right on their knuckle tattoos. These shits, they've made the biggest and last mistake of their lives."

Bill went back down into the concrete cellar and collected two large black padded nylon bags. He brought the bags up to the rec. room.

One bag contained two hundred rounds of ammunition and some cleaning supplies. The other contained one of the strangest rifles ever made. It had been made ten years before under contract for the CIA — and after completing the contract the inventor had "died unexpectedly".

Bill had purchased the thing from the inventor's widow — plus the old guy's lathe and two boxes of tools.

The rifle was a lightweight version of the pre-World War Two German Panzerbuchse M SS 41 which fired the 7.92 mm model 318 SmK H Rs L-Spur cartridge. The original German rifle weighed 50 pounds and could shoot a projectile through more than one inch of hardened steel. The M SS 41 had been designed for the Waffen SS. What the CIA's inventor had done was find a way to reduce the weapon's weight to less than 20 pounds and vastly increase its effectiveness. The German weapon had been designed to kill light tanks at short range. The new weapon had been designed to kill people at great distances.

The inventor had been a real nutcase and kept no records. The CIA had no idea that this "extra"

rifle had even been built. They thought that they had collected the entire production run — when they killed him and burned his office and workshop to the ground.

The rifle was fitted with a United States Optical 2.5 to 16 power scope — the finest telescopic sight in the world. Each rifle cartridge had been modified to use an internal fire tube that allowed the flame from the primer to disperse evenly. The interior of each of the cartridges had been coated with a 50/50 mixture of hard wax and titanium dioxide powder. This mixture was applied by a computer-controlled system so that the interior dimensions of all the cartridges were effectively identical. More importantly, the mixture had been carefully shaped within the cartridge to limit the powder's movement. Even pitching the rifle up or down did little to change the position of the powder within the cartridge. As each round was fired the burning powder would vaporize the wax and the titanium dioxide powder would be released to completely coat the interior of the barrel.

Because the gun sent bullets out the barrel at 4,400 feet per second the barrel could wear out ten times sooner than barrels pushing bullets at normal velocities — even 2,750 feet per second. This meant that an unprotected barrel would last fewer than 200 shots. Titanium dioxide acted to protect the barrel and allowed it to last well beyond 1,000 full loads. To make the situation even better the barrel and action had been cold treated ten years ago — when such technology was classified “TS”.

Each bullet had been made of sintered zirconium and then coated with a copper jacket. Each bullet had an almost microscopic wax-filled hole down its longitudinal axis which allowed the flame from the powder charge to ignite the zirconium. Yes, this also allowed some of the energy to escape out the front of the bullet as the bullet left the barrel. It also — intentionally — allowed some of the titanium dioxide to puff ahead of the bullet to pre-coat the barrel even on the first shot.

More importantly, the zirconium burned so fast that it created a partial vacuum at the front of the bullet and the fumes generated from the burning zirconium mitigated the vacuum at the base of the bullet. This all acted as a miniature “base bleed” technology which mimicked that used by Dr. Bull in the artillery pieces he designed and sold to South Africa and Iraq.

Why was this gun and bullet so special? The bullet had far more penetrating power at 1,000 yards than a .50 caliber bullet had at the muzzle. In addition, zirconium is as hard as a diamond.

Lastly, when one of these bullets hit something it would send a super nova of burning zirconium splinters in all directions.

This new use for zirconium had only been discovered during the closing days of the Cold War when one of the nuclear weapons labs wondered what they could possibly do with 100,000 pounds of zirconium. Some researchers even wanted to use it to make the darts for SABOT tank rounds.

One lab found that they could sell it to makers of mortar rounds. An 80 mm mortar round made with zirconium beads instead of steel pellets was as deadly as a conventional 4.2” mortar round weighing more than twice as much. They finally put tons of it into cluster munition donuts for the AGM-154 — the newest class of anti-material and anti-personnel glide bomb.

Sintered zirconium was still not cheap. The sintered zirconium was a “modest” \$800 per bullet or

more than twice its weight in pure gold. Each completed rifle cartridge cost the government more than \$1,900.

The only downside to this thing was that when fired it looked like some kind of horizontally exploding lightning bolt — and the bullet could be easily tracked right back to the gun.

The magic words were: Don't miss ...

Bill trundled the bags upstairs. He moved through the upper rooms in a way that kept him in the shadows — and away from the windows — and he moved with real purpose. He planned each move and rehearsed it in his head before he made it. He took his time.

He placed himself far back in the shadows of the room — and where he had a good view of the western sniper nest. He then opened the ammo bag and removed the aneroid barometer. He noted the air pressure and punched it into a little HP programmable calculator that had been Velcro'd to the inside of the bag. He then removed what he called his “whirly gig”. He added water from a little white plastic bottle to the cotton tab on one end and spun it for several seconds. He then entered the temperature displayed on the dry thermometer and the temperature displayed on the wet thermometer of the “whirly gig” into the HP calculator. The technical term for this device was sling psychrometer but that was too hard to pronounce — or remember.

He then entered the estimated range to the target (which in this case he knew almost to the nearest foot from his maps). Then he entered his exact altitude and the target's exact altitude.

All of this information was processed by the little machine including the density altitude of the air as well as the most of the other factors affecting bullet drop. The HP calculator then told him how many clicks from baseline to raise his sights.

He knew that if these thugs could see him in the shadows of the room they would immediately shoot him dead. He could only believe, pray, hope that as hard as they might be looking through their telescopic sights and into the very window not fifteen feet in front of him that the sun was too bright and that the room was too dark for them to see him.

He looked around and the only place to put the rifle that was far from the window's light and yet could then be aimed at the snipers was on the bed.

First, he crawled over to the bed and slowly removed the bedspread. Then he taped the bedspread to the rifle — at a point just beyond the front of the telescopic sight — so that he could crawl under the bedspread / rifle and be part of this amorphous mass of “bedness”.

He crawled over and took one of the drawers from a night stand and plopped it upside down on the carpet and then slid it onto the bed. Then with very slow and deliberate movements he put the rifle's bipod into the drawer. The rifle's muzzle was pointed out the window and toward the snipers.

While it looked goofy, he put on a Nomex balaklava, and eye protection and ear protection. And when he was really ready he put on his Nomex gloves.

He was now sitting inside his weird tent wearing some of the hottest hand and head gear imaginable. He figured it had to be 115 degrees and 100% humidity under all of this stuff.

He scooted his butt around so that he was as comfortable as he could get. He also checked to see what was behind him to make certain that he had at least 12 inches of clearance. When the rifle recoiled he did not want to break his shoulder by slamming into something behind him.

He then slapped the bolt forward and down and gently tried the trigger. CLICK

He flapped the bolt up and down and slowly tried the trigger again. CLICK

He did it again and again.

Now he knew how the trigger felt just before the sear released the firing pin. He could move that trigger ever so slowly to the rear until the explosion and recoil told him the round was gone — and he could do it without jerking the trigger.

Looking through the scope he could see the three snipers in the western team. Two of them were intently looking through binoculars at the house.

“Damn!” They were looking right at him — they just didn’t know it.

The middle sniper was behind a really big gun. That guy was staring right back at him over the barrel of a Barrett .50 — the largest sniper rifle in the world. It was capable of killing a man more than 1,800 yards away. This weapon was designed for only one thing — carefully and surely killing anyone that came into its sights. The Barrett held 11 shots and used quick change magazines.

Fear washed over him. If those bastards had any slugs carrying toxins and they fired one then he was as good as dead — even if they missed.

He could see a slight breeze making some small weeds near their hide flutter back and forth — ever so gently. The air currents near them seemed to be moving at not more than two miles per hour.

The heat waves he saw in his scope were vertical — the wind pushing those weeds must be blowing only near the sniper nest — where warm air climbed up the mountain. He wouldn’t have to compensate for a cross wind.

He could hear his own breathing. He could hear his heart.

He rotated the magnification ring — he could see the sniper’s face. The guy had a big nose and an even bigger mustache. The heat waves — the mirage — wasn’t too bad. This was a true image and he could aim right at his target.

He pushed himself away from the rifle and tried to relax. He took a deep breath.

He then carefully slipped one of the round, black, plastic, ammo containers out from under its elas-

tic strap in the ammo bag. Each black cylindrical container held one round. Each container looked like a 35 mm can only three times longer.

There was a date of manufacture written on the side of it in white paint and there was a large white space for noting the round's performance. He didn't think that he would really need to record this data today. Besides, the CIA had already killed the guy who's signature was on the container — and was the only person who would be passionate about the news of how his "little baby" performed.

He broke the seal with his thumb and then pushed the lid off the container and let the round inside drop into his hand. Doing this was like cracking an egg with one hand — hard to do without continued practice. The huge cartridge bounced out of his fingers and onto the carpeted floor.

"SHIT!" Bill grabbed the cartridge and looked very closely at the huge bullet. One small dent or scratch could make the bullet fly erratically — even miss the target completely.

Everything was okay — there was no damage.

He put the nose of the cartridge on the ramp inside the gun's barrel. He then carefully slid the round into the chamber — he'd forgotten how long these rounds really were and was amazed that he was capable of taking the recoil from such a thing. He slowly moved the bolt forward and rotated the bolt handle down. He could feel the squeeze of the bolt wedging against the back of the cartridge.

He got into position — sort of an "I'm sitting on the floor with my arms draped around this big pipe thingie which is laying inside a wooden night stand drawer on top of the bed" shooting position.

He then moved the rifle around so that it aimed at the middle sniper without him having to use his muscles. He closed his eyes and waited to a count of ten and then opened them again. The sight picture had drifted a bit to the right so he wiggled his ass and tried it again.

This time when he opened his eyes the scope's black aiming dot was still laid dead on the barrel of the Barrett .50.

He moved the center of the scope's orange colored image up a little until the head of the sniper was covered by the scope's little black dot. Then he squeezed.

He squeezed a bit more.

He could hear his heart and he could hear his breathing. His breathing sounded — with the ear protectors on — like Darth Vader. His heart was really starting to pound.

He held his breath and watched the little black dot bounce around the sniper's head — one bounce on every thump of his pulse. The black dot was now drawing a little figure eight pattern on the sniper's forehead.

He squeezed.

PIIIINNNNGGGG!

It was not a boom. It was not a bang. It was a ripping of the sky. Inside the room it sounded like a tearing of the molecular structure of the planet. The recoil knocked him backwards until he hit the night stand. The rifle was now laying on top of him. The room was filled with gray smoke, white dust and acrid smells.

He tried to bring the rifle back up to position so that he could check out his shot but he instantly thought better of it and scrambled forward to the protection of the wall right beneath the window. At least this way they couldn't just spray the window with bullets and get him.

The sniper had been looking through his scope at the second floor window when he saw what seemed to be a giant electrical explosion. The explosion got bigger and bigger and closer and closer — but it only lasted a little more than half a second. The sniper even tried to jerk his head out of the way of the fireball. He had moved his head less than one inch when it all just didn't matter any more.

His two team mates didn't have time to see anything. Before they could react, before they could turn, before they could even move or even look around, the sniper laying between them exploded.

The bullet hit the front center of the gunner's nice black Kevlar helmet. The bullet was moving at about 3,900 feet per second when it hit. The bullet did not enjoy being deposited into a bucket of jelly — even if it was somebody's brain.

The bullet transferred as much energy as it could into this bucket and then continued on its way out the other side of the helmet. The bullet was moving at more than four times the speed of sound. The shockwave vaporized what the bullet didn't squash.

The helmet spit bits of hair, skin, skull and brain out of its tiny vent holes.

The exploding brain acted like a rocket engine and tried to launch the sniper out of his nest and toward the house. That effort failed when the helmet strap slipped off the now dismembered jaw and flipped the helmet ten feet forward of the sniper's nest.

The bullet kept right on moving and a little more than one thousandth of a second later it smashed into a granite boulder — about five feet behind the sniper's head. The bullet bore in six inches and vaporized — sending pieces of granite and flaming zirconium right back out of the hole.

Flaming zirconium came out of the crater at over 2,000 fps. The granite slivers came out at over 1,000 fps. All of this detritus embedded itself in the backs of the two remaining members of the sniper team. Unfortunately, they had decided that it was way too hot to wear their Kevlar vests. They both now looked like carelessly peeled tomatoes. And these tomatoes were screaming.

The white hot zirconium then set the brush around their nest on fire. The two mile an hour breeze coming up the hillside was just enough to get the weeds burning. The weeds quickly heated the oils in the chaparral. The chaparral literally popped into full flame.

The sniper team had done a good job clearing the brush from their nest. The team leader had stacked the small sticks at the south side of the nest. They had even used the larger branches to create shelves to hold their field phone, food and ammunition boxes.

The two snipers were amazed at how hot a flame from just a few burning bushes could get. The air temperature was over 105 degrees and now these flames pushed it to well over 300 degrees even where they were laying. The smoke filled their depression in the hill and then drifted up the hillside. The snipers couldn't see and they couldn't breathe. They edged to the north, away from the nest and waited for help.

These snipers had been issued twenty rounds of "special" .50 caliber ammunition. Had they been told the true nature of this ammunition they would have already thrown down their weapons and started running. No one had told them a thing. Each round was numbered and they knew that when the time came they would be given orders to use these special rounds one at a time and by round number. They had also been told to return each empty casing to its original slot.

The special ammunition was carefully stored in two egg crate like wooden boxes. These boxes were on the shelf that was now being heated to over 800 degrees.

This ammunition exploded.

The two remaining sniper team members were dusted with twenty grams of Saxitoxin — if administered correctly that would have been 200,000 lethal doses. They took a breath. They died.

One shot and three kills.

Bill was laying flat on the floor with his hands over his head.

But it was all quiet.

He lay there a few more minutes.

Still quiet.

Then he smelled something burning. He looked up only to see the bed on fire. The rifle's muzzle break had directed enough hot gas down and onto the bed and the bedspread that it had all been torched.

He scooted over to the bed and tugged at the blanket in a hand over hand motion. He tried to flip the flaming blanket over onto itself to smother the flames but that just didn't seem to work so he just tossed it out the window. He ripped the bedspread off the rifle and tossed it out the window as well.

He'd spent \$320 on fireproof Nomex stuff and it had paid off. He figured he looked like one of those seamen from a British World War Two movie — only their stuff was white and his was macho gray.

Where was the return fire from the other bad guys?

He waited.

And he waited.

Then he waited some more.

Nothing.

No return fire.

He crawled back to his firing position and put the wooden drawer back on the bed. He then lifted the rifle and dropped its bipod back inside the drawer and nuzzled up against the rifle's scope. There was too much smoke in the room to get a clear picture.

He could just see the sniper nest. It was black. And there was a small brush fire crawling up the hill.

He could see that his target had been hit hard — he didn't have a head anymore. The guy's body was well forward of the nest and there was blood and tissue trailing all the way back to the rock face at the back of the nest.

The hillside above the sniper nest was now ablaze. "They ain't gonna put this fire out are they" He thought to himself...

"Hey Bill!" Sally called to him. "Come Down here!"

Bill scooted down the hall and down the stairs.

Sally took the headphones off and said: "The guys out there — the two other sniper teams — they think the ones you shot at were playing with a grenade and pulled the pin and blew themselves up!"

"Hey, I only shot one of 'em. Maybe they had been playing with a grenade and really did blow themselves up!"

Sally put the headphones back on and listened.

"Shit!"

She ripped the headphones off and looked up at Bill. "You better do something fast because they're sending in reinforcements."

Bill trotted back up stairs and crawled over to the west facing windows. He took the steel handle and groped around till he hooked each shutter and closed it. He made certain that the shutters were really closed and the bar keeping them closed was latched in place.

He then collected all of the sniper tools and ran down the hall and set about carefully preparing for the sniper nest to the north.

He only entered in the new altitude data and the HP calculator told him to drop his point of aim eight clicks.

He was sweating.

His body itched.

With all of the Nomex protective gear covering his body the heat was unbearable. He had to get out of there. He wanted to get this thing over NOW.

He was able to put the rifle's bipod on the seat of a chair. He scooted down and peered through the scope. The northern sniper's nest was just in view over the window sill. He chambered a round and scrunched down — holding his position with his stomach muscles. No screwing around this time. He just found his sniper and laid the scope's dot on the son-of-a-bitch's head and fired.

PAAAACHIIIIINNNNGGGG!

Then the room exploded!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Ten .50 caliber rounds came out of the sniper's Barrett. Five rounds dug into the thick wall just below the window. Three rounds splattered into the room. Two rounds cleared the house entirely and headed south only to dig long furroughs someplace in Mexico.

“DAMN!”

The snipers had been discussing whether it was time to change positions.

Sniper three had been on the scope for ten minutes and it was now time for sniper one to relieve him. Nobody could keep up this level of intense concentration for more than ten minutes. If anybody had even flickered past the FBI's target window, that person — man, woman, child — would have been shot dead.

The fireball came up from the house and, again, only the sniper behind the Barrett actually saw it. Sniper three really tried to escape. But there is very little you can do in 3/4ths of a second.

Bill's shot hit way low. More than a foot low and actually two inches into the dirt below the top of the berm. The round dug a two foot long trough in the earth in front of the Barrett and then rocketed out of the ground and along the side of the Barrett's magazine — denting it.

The zirconium bullet then hit the sniper dead center. As the bullet started pressing against the sniper's chest he was pushed away from the Barrett and his finger pulled the trigger. The Barrett

continued to bounce and fire as the body twitched and now dead finger pulsed the trigger.

The bullet did not pass through this sniper easily. This sniper was wearing a bullet proof vest with frontal ceramic armor layered over a standard Kevlar vest. The energy not transferred into the ceramic and then into the front layer of Kevlar moved through the sniper's body and was transferred into the layer of Kevlar on the sniper's back.

This sniper would have been much better off if he had simply laid on top of a stick of dynamite.

The white hot zirconium slug slammed into the sniper's liquid filled internal organs and exploded into thousands of nuclear-white splinters. The sniper was blown in half. The upper half flopped into the dust two feet in front of the nest. The bottom half of the sniper just wiggled as nerves fired randomly.

A fine pink cloud drifted out of the nest and across the hillside.

Bill checked himself all over for bullet holes and cuts. He was fine. And this time the furniture wasn't on fire.

He picked up the rifle and looked through the scope at his targets.

He watched with fascination as the two remaining snipers grabbed their Heckler & Koch MP5 sub-machine guns and hosed down the area around them. They must have thought the shot came from someplace really close!

Bill loaded another round, laid the dot on the next target and fired.

It looked like a turtle being run over by a truck. Stuff spurted out all around the edges of his black vest. He seemed to just flop around and then come apart and drop bits and pieces here and there.

The last target just sat there in shock.

Bill loaded another round.

The sniper turned toward Bill and stood up. Then he threw up his hands. Then he pulled off his Kevlar helmet and threw it to the ground. Then he ripped the Velcro bindings off his bullet proof vest and threw the vest to the ground.

Bill stared at his target intently. Bill put the scope's dot right on a little shiny, sweaty, spot at the center of this guy's chest.

“What do you assholes think we are? Completely stupid? I remember the video tapes from Waco. You went in there and murdered 10 people — men, women and children in your first attack, and because you thought you were still dealing with Negroes the whole thing went wrong and you got your asses kicked.

And what did you do then?

You then threw up your hands and said “Oh Please, Oh Please, Oh Please” and slowly backed away.
And those poor Jesus freaks — in Christian Charity — let you leave!

And then what did you do?

You came back with a tank and murdered everyone!

This ain't Waco.”

Bill fired.

Chapter Eleven

“We don’t have 20,000 rounds for this thing.” He mumbled to Sally as he dragged the black bags down the stairs and into the rec. room.

He checked the time — 15:00 hrs.

“We can’t hold these guys off too much longer with what we have.”

He went over to the PC and pulled up the 3D terrain map of his property. He then checked the position of the sun on today’s date. He then sat there and had the computer plot the areas around the property that were or soon would be in shadow. He then had the computer overlay the areas which were not visible from the remaining sniper nest to the east.

There was an overlapping line of shadow and invisibility from the east side of the house right up to the FBI’s northern sniper nest.

“Look here!” he said as he called to Sally. “See this dark line? This is gonna be my little path up to the northern sniper nest where I can glomm onto all of those guy’s goodies.”

“What would be really nice is if when I go get their stuff you could carry on a conversation with their base camp — pretend you are the northern team. Look, these guys gotta report in and right now the only reporting is gonna be from the team on the east side — and they’ll be voting to just nuke the entire area!”

“Okay, you’re right, we gotta keep these guys guessing. And besides, we might as well find out if this SoundBlaster trick is gonna work.” Sally said.

Bill studied the computer printout of an irregular dark line from the house to the northern sniper nest. The plan was possible. He changed his clothes for some old desert tan camo. He then put his elbow and knee pads on. He’d purchased these pads during better times when he’d decided to roll-erblade. Sure he looked goofy — but there was nothing macho about crawling along the ground cutting your arms and legs to pieces on a thousand shards of granite and untold roots and sharp chaparral. He then took one of the rolls of duct tape and had Sally tape it under his shirt.

He walked over to the sliding glass door and peered under the railroad rails. There was nothing on the patio.

He opened the sliding glass door and a blast of hot dry air swirled into the house. The dry summer heat was perfect for laying by the pool — not for crawling on your belly. He was already tired and he hadn’t even started yet. Bill crawled out onto the patio. Sally quickly closed the glass door and then started taping black plastic sheeting to the glass so that as night fell nobody would be able to see inside.

Bill hugged the wall. He knew that he could be shot dead if the FBI had put even one man on the south side of the house. He trusted that the Mexi-lovers in Washington had decided not to inflame

Mexico's national pride.

The entire patio stank of burned, rotting human flesh. What once smelled like barbecued pork ribs now just stank. The Disco Mexi-stump was still on his side — where Bill had tripped over it so many hours before.

A turkey vulture had flown down from some perch and was gobbling morsels of meat at the far side of the pool. The bird was huge. It suddenly opened its wings and hopped around the pool's edge — bouncing six feet closer with each hop. Its beady little red eyes glared at him.

It cocked its head back and forth and then hissed like a snake. A wave of putridity washed past Bill's nostrils. This bird's breath smelled really bad.

Bill stood up and waved his arms. Only then did the vulture realize that Bill wasn't some kind of near-dead morsel but a live threat. It responded to Bill's sudden movement by shitting a grey, pudding-like squirt all over its own legs. The sound was like that of a farmer spitting tobacco juice. Then the bird turned and leaped into the air — flapping its six foot wings in huge arcs. The smell of raw, digested and fecal death fanned by the bird's wings was enough to make a person swoon. The bird used every bit of energy it could muster to escape — and its exertion made its legs twitch — which then flicked globules of still-warm grey liquid in Bill's direction.

The bird headed south — slowly climbing higher and higher in the super-heated summer sky.

Bill looked down at his fatigues to see if any of the vulture's spurts had hit him:

“And the LORD spake unto Moses and to Aaron, saying unto them, speak unto the children of Israel. And these are an abomination among the birds: The ossifrage and the vulture... Leviticus 11.”

Bill crept to the east, toward the edge of the house but paused at the blue blanket. The smell of death beneath the blanket had already become heavy and the cover had already begun to tighten. His daughter's body was bloating in the heat. Brown stains were seeping through the sky blue cloth. He looked down at the bloated shape and started remembering the last time he saw his daughter playing in the pool and her blond ponytails bouncing.

He was thinking about his daughter as he walked around the corner of the house and then leaped — ven clawed backwards — falling to the ground near Samantha's blanket.

“Focus!” He'd just exposed himself to every living FBI sniper in the valley. It was only by the grace of God that nobody saw him — he could have been killed in just these first few seconds outside the house.

He was going to have to be more careful. These guys were gonna win. They only had to kill him once. And these people take no prisoners. They see you — they kill you.

Bill lay face down near the blue blanket and started crawling around the eastern corner of the house.

He could see the shallow hint of a trail winding slightly to the east and then northward to the sniper nest.

The northern nest was more than 500 yards away. Moving as fast as he could crawl it took him half an hour to reach it. The ground temperature was over 135 degrees. Parts of his body began to blister underneath his camo clothing. Dozens of little buzzing gnats swarmed around his sweaty face and even flew up his nostrils. He tried to breathe through his teeth — it was better to eat gnats than to breathe them.

When he got to the FBI's northern nest his palms, knees and belly were burned and blistered. He was having chest pains.

“God, I'm in bad shape. I don't know why I haven't already had a heart attack!”

It took him ten minutes just to recover from the exertion. He really wished that he'd kept up his gym membership.

Ants had already found several of the lumps of FBI meat and had swarmed over them. The meat seemed to be covered in wiggling black fur. Bill was so close that he could watch how the ants nipped off a tiny chunk of FBI man and then carried the morsel away — down an inch-wide free-way clogged with other ants that meandered out of sight in the brush..

He stayed flat and crawled around the depression — hugging the dirt. These FBI bastards even had an ice chest! He took one of the still-sealed bottles of water and drank half and splashed the rest on his face and hands. One must not become dehydrated.

The nest was covered in splotches of dried blood — like huge scabs. All he could smell was warm viscera and blood.

He found the cannon they had tried to use on him — a nice big black Barrett .50. There were two aluminum ammo boxes full of .50 caliber. Inside, were fully loaded magazines. These guys didn't have to even reload a magazine! There were also two wooden boxes that looked like they should contain some kind of Swiss measuring device. He opened one of the boxes and saw Evil. There before him were twenty rounds of Saxitoxin nested in their little padded blue — green compartments. And he had two full boxes of them.

Bill took the Kevlar vest that the one sniper had dropped and loaded the .50 caliber ammunition onto it. He then took the two wooden boxes and sandwiched them between the two aluminum ammo boxes and tied the whole thing up with duct tape. He then lay the top layer of the Kevlar vest over the boxes and taped it all together. Then he picked up the H&K MP5 and all of its ammunition and taped it to the side of his “sled”.

Sometimes little things can affect you in ways far out of proportion to their actual importance. In the middle of the debris Bill found a hand held Dickson TH550 digital psychrometer — in olive drab plastic. The FBI had the ability to calculate atmospheric conditions so accurately that they knew how to adjust bullet impact to the tenth of an inch. The FBI was serious about killing Chris-

tian Americans.

He took the Barrett and removed the scope and taped that to his back. He then collected one of the FBI's back-up radios and their big night vision kit in its black carrying bag and taped all of that stuff to the Barrett. He then taped everything together like a train. The last thing he did was tape the muzzle of the Barrett to his right ankle — to make sure it didn't get hung up on a root.

He now had more than 90 pounds of equipment acting like an anchor and fighting his every effort to move forward. At least most of the route home was downhill.

He started down the slight depression toward the house. Five minutes of this and his body was in agony from the heat coming out of the ground and burning his flesh. He rolled over, took a water bottle from under his shirt and splashed water on the hot spots. He rested.

He really had to pee. Every time he lurched forward over a rock his bladder threatened to explode. This was as good a place as any. He'd never pee'd laying on his side before but at least the ground sloped just right and the pee would not puddle next to him. He got it out and let go. He felt his bladder start to shrink.

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM!

Shots were ringing out from the house and being answered in a massive response by the eastern sniper nest.

The shots from the house were .30 caliber.

He flopped onto his belly and frantically crawled out of the kill zone.

Now he had pee all over his trousers and he had sharp twigs stuck into his private. All he could do was fumble to get his trunk back in its pocket. "What a way to die! With your dick out!"

All he could do now was drag himself and his long pack train toward the safety of the house.

All the while he could only think of what might happen if the FBI sniper was given permission to fire one of the "numbered" rounds.

He scrambled on toward home.

The sniper team was still firing. He could hear the snap as the bullets flew overhead, followed by the BOOM and then the PLAP as they hit the house.

He could not look up. He had to continue moving. He could measure his progress by how the sounds of the sniper fire changed. Now he heard the snap and the bullet's impact against the house almost at the same time. The BOOM only followed a split second later.

He reached the eastern wall of the house and crawled on all fours to the patio. Rather than stop and

cut the Barrett loose from his ankle he just continued on all fours until he reached the patio's sliding doors. He rapped on the glass using one of his elbow pads so that all of his body remained out of sight. He did not want to be shot.

After a few seconds of rapping, Sally slid the door open and grabbed him by the shirt and tried to pull him inside. He scampered inside on all fours and all of her "help" only made her fall on top of him and flatten him on the carpet.

"Get off of me! I'm okay!"

He pushed her off of him and unwrapped the Barrett from his ankle and ran up the stairs to the second floor.

He grabbed the window shutter hook and tried to close the shutters on the east facing window.

The last Barrett was slamming .50's right down his throat. Pieces of wall paper and splinters of furniture were being blasted all over the room.

Bill continued to tug on the shutters.

A .50 caliber round slammed into the shutter itself and the impact knocked Bill off his knees and onto the floor. That .50 slug also helped him close the last shutter that was exposing the house to Saxitoxin.

Several more .50 caliber rounds slammed into the shutters. By now the HRT guys should have noticed something peculiar about these shutters. Big chunks of wood should be spalling off — exposing nice black hardened steel plate two inches thick. They'd need a LAW rocket to get inside now!

Bill ran down stairs and got Sally's roll of duct tape. He then ran back up stairs and taped each window — twice. The shutters were solid steel but when a few micrograms of dust can kill you its best to not take chances.

He then went back downstairs and yelled:

"What were you doing? Were you trying to get me killed? What was all of that blasting away at the feds about? And where did you get that damned rifle?"

Sally just looked at him for ten seconds and then responded with:

"I was listening to the land line and I heard the eastern team say that they could see reflections on the ground and a dust cloud from something slowly moving toward the house. They asked the OPS center if they had sent in a special team. The center told them that they had not and that they were going to check with the BATF to see if they had sent anybody down there. The center promised to get back to the snipers real quick. So I opened up the kitchen plastic and pulled the H&K 91 from the wall and went up stairs and got their attention so that they would have something more tangible

to deal with — instead of you.”

“Oh!” Bill said — still pumped with more than an hour’s maximum adrenaline load.

“Sorry.”

Bill then took a can of coke from the small refrigerator in the rec. room and drank some. “Those bastards have Saxitoxin. Once they get the word to use it we could all be dead.”

“Sally, do us all a favor, tape all of the bottom floor windows with a double layer of duct tape and wake me up if anything happens — I gotta get some rest — this might go on all night.” Bill lay face down on the floor and tried to relax his burned body.

Sally walked over, lifted his shirt and ripped the telescopic sight off his back. He felt every hair leave home.

“Thank you so very, very much.”

As the tingling sensation died away he drifted off to sleep thinking about lines from a book he had read more than twenty years before — Guidelines for Resistance to Tyranny for You and Your Family by DePugh. Times had changed and the primitive help manuals available in 1973 were simply useless today. He prayed he knew enough to keep what was left of his family alive.

* * *

Outside, the afternoon sun burned down on the living and the dead. A slight breeze carried the stench of death up over the hills and into valleys far to the east. Turkey vultures roosting six miles away turned their beaks into the scented wind. The smell of dead men is sweet compared to the smell of bloated cattle. The fact that these human carcasses had spurted their bits and pieces over a hundred yards of semi-arid terrain increased the sweet scent — and the allure.

High above the valley turkey vultures now circled — slowly — catching every slight uplifting breeze. The birds were like black wraiths — never moving their wings — just circling and circling.

FBI corpses crackled and snapped as they bloated — popping the Velcro straps on their web gear.

The sun arced far to the west. The sweet smell of rotting humans was ultimately too much and one-by-one the turkey vultures spiraled down and began clawing at the black-suited carrion. Turkey vulture feet are very weak and the birds made little progress on the FBI assault harnesses. Most of the birds finally just stuck their heads into the black suited bodies’ blood-coated cavities and then nipped and tugged at FBI viscera.

One of the birds ripped a vest open with its beak and hopped back as a bloated intestine squeezed out of a narrow slit. The bird was so startled by all the intestinal wiggling that it regurgitated just-swallowed flesh from its craw and days-old half-digested carrion out of its stomach — aiming the stinking white sauce toward the FBI lump. Vultures use this reflexive regurgitation as a defense

mechanism because it works. The stench was now so horrific it could cause a gag reflex in humans at two hundred feet.

The vultures filled themselves on the federal agents internal organs to the point of lethargy. All the birds could do was squat in the heat with their wings open and their eyes half closed — waiting till the air would be cool enough and dense enough to carry them. Even with six foot wingspans they were now too heavy to fly.

Shadows crept up the eastern hills. The wind direction changed and a cool breeze came up the canyons from Mexico. One by one the vultures flapped their wings and took to the air — returning to their nests in rocky crags miles away.

* * *

It was dark outside when Bill awoke.

The room was dark, the house was quiet. He looked up from the floor and saw Sally listening to the FBI and quietly typing in responses.

He smelled Hoppe's #9 bore cleaner and looked over in the corner and saw Bobby cleaning the Barrett. There were about one hundred fifty balls of crumpled paper towels on the floor and two fresh rolls of towels waiting to be sacrificed to the cause.

The aluminum ammo cans had been opened and the contents checked and counted.

The FBI's radio was on the coffee table. Bill noticed that it was an AN PRC — 112 with a part number of 01 — P21261J001. The damn thing had a cardboard battery! "Non Rechargeable Lithium Sulfur Dioxide — Power Conversion Inc. Elmwood Park, New Jersey. Can't these guys afford plastic?"

Sally had rigged a charger to run the FBI's radio so that the battery could be saved for later use.

The FBI's night vision system had been cleaned and was laying in its open carrying case. Now that was a nice system — a Litton AN/PVS-10 — the finest in the world. The PVS-10 could be used at any light level but the FBI only used it during hours of darkness.

The two wooden boxes were over by Sally and both had been taped shut.

"What time is it?" Bill asked.

"About 9:00" Sally whispered.

"We gotta come up with a plan!"

Chapter Twelve

Cristobal Allende was tired of the drudgery of driving campesinos from Tijuana to the eastern mountains and then going all the way into the desert, crossing the border at Mexicali and collecting maybe half of the pollos on the American side of the border and then having to take them to Los Angeles.

Besides, he only got \$3,500 for the risk.

Many of the ones he picked up on the U.S. side of the border talked of the riches they had seen in the Norte Americano's houses and how much they had been able to steal and how they planned to return and grab even more — after they had stolen a car.

It drove Cristobal Allende crazy.

So this time Cristobal Allende would bring the campesinos across himself. This time Cristobal Allende would collect \$2,000 from each. And this time Cristobal Allende would be right there to profit from the rich Norte Americanos and the riches of their houses.

Two days ago he had taken 17 to a spot near the border and then driven the 100 miles around the edge of the great American fence — the Wall — to pick them up — only to discover that they must have found great riches because none of them were there to get a ride from him to Los Angeles. Borrachos!

Tonight, Cristobal Allende had twenty in his truck. He had \$20,000 in his pocket and he would receive the other \$20,000 when he got his chickens to Los Angeles.

He could not lose. This time he would leave his truck there at the border fence and then take the 20 across. Then he would have them rob every house they found. If they were successful then he could steal a new truck and drive them to Los Angeles. If they failed then he would just leave them and return to Mexico. His most immediate problem was the cash in his pocket. His cargo could easily kill him. It was only his valuable knowledge of the border, the trail, and of America that kept him alive.

He drove the road slowly. The road was treacherous at night. A small mistake — just six inches — could mean a broken axle and the end to his fortune. Also, he had heard of campesinos robbing and killing their coyote when the border crossing went badly.

He remembered the spot for the night's crossing because of the white wooden crucifixes at the side of the road. There had been a bad auto accident there and the families had placed offerings to the Holy Mother at the site.

He pulled as far off the road as he could and told his human baggage to get out of the truck. He lined them up single file and told them to do exactly what he ordered. If he told them to run then they should run. If he told them to attack then they should attack. If he told them to steal then they should steal.

He did not like the looks of three of his passengers. He had heard stories of how campesinos in San Quintin, Baja California Del Norte were starving, rioting and robbing stores. Some of the men had been so hungry that they had broken into a store and eaten raw fish.

He had heard that some of these men now wanted guns so that they might return to their village and take over the farms and the ranches. The best place to get guns was from the Norte Americanos.

These were dangerous, desperate men.

Cristobal's plan was to quickly pass the first house they came to — it would sometimes automatically light itself as bright as a soccer field. Instead, they would continue to the next house and on to others.

“La Migra” had placed listening devices along the border. These devices could detect men walking from a distance of ten feet away. It could also detect metal (perhaps only the size of a rifle) and it could hear voices. It was best to walk softly and not to speak. If one needed to speak it was best to click two small stones together — softly. The group would all stop and the parties could whisper.

The little band started north — following the path worn into the hillside. The fence had been torn away here by the road accident and had not been replaced. There was more than enough room for even a truck to drive between the separated pieces of fence and possibly go all the way to the American freeway miles to the north.

* * *

“The critical element to our survival is to decapitate their leadership.” Bill was thinking out loud. He again pulled up the 3D topographical map and looked at it on the screen. They both knew where the FBI had set up their command post — right at the shallow depression at the end of San Diego Gas and Electric’s line of power poles. There was more than enough room there for twenty or more vehicles. And it was out of sight of everything — the nearest ranch was more than three miles away and the pavement was five miles away.

“We’ve got one more sniper team to get and we better get them soon.”

Sally wasn’t even listening to him. She had her headphones on and she was typing phrases into the PC to mimic the dead teams. She had even convinced the command structure that the team that at first was thought to have blown itself up had really only set fire to the brush around it. All six team members were now back on the land line and having animated conversations with everyone. The northern and western teams had convinced the command that they should wait a bit before being relieved. They had been waiting here for all of these hours and were really the on-site experts. All had agreed to wait until 21:00 to send in the new teams.

Sally was about to have a nervous breakdown. She could not keep up with the sniper’s chatter. Bill went over to one of the PC’s and reconnected his cell phone and dialed into the Internet. He then started calling up data on every material he had stored downstairs. His reference library was the OSHA library in Washington DC

“Bingo!”

“Carbon tetrachloride. It says here that this stuff breaks down under extreme heat and produces a Carbonyl halide.” A little extra work and he discovered that while carbon tet would not produce any poisons at even 400 or 500 degrees — if it was suddenly raised to 900 degrees or more it would in fact produce more than 25% Carbonyl halide.

In this case the Carbonyl halide in question was Phosgene. That was a name he had not heard for a long, long time. Phosgene. The most deadly poison of World War One. The last official plan for its use was as America’s “final solution” against the Japanese in World War Two — after the two atom bombs.

It was amazing how gassing 30 million people with Phosgene was an absolutely fine thing to do — as long as we were the ones planning to do it. Killing more than eight million Germans after the war by starving them to death was also wonderful. But let 200,000 of the Chosen People die in camps because the Germans couldn’t get food to them — because we bombed the food dumps — and suddenly 6,000,000 died and for sixty years these “perpetual victims” held the world for ransom.

He pulled up his terrain map again and calculated the volume of the depression at the FBI’s command post. He used some Monte Carlo randomization and after twenty seconds and 10,000 runs the computer came up with an average volume of 1,500,000 cubic feet — when calculated to a height of ten feet. At the average human nostril height of five feet the volume was only 650,000 cubic feet. And at this time of night most of these people would be seated or prone (asleep). He would need 15,000 cubic feet of Phosgene to eventually kill everyone from a 30 minute exposure. If he could let them die more slowly then far less gas would be needed.

Now, the real problem was that Phosgene would not drop them like a blow to the head. Phosgene would have them dead in 24 hours after exposure. Often, the Phosgene would first create a slight euphoric state in its victims. In the present case there was good and bad to that complication. The good included the certainty that the bastards would be dead. The bad was that they might be in a slightly manic good mood till their lungs filled with fluid and they drowned in their own phlegm.

These cutthroat bastards might just sit around and decide that because they were such a good mood they ought to just call a B-52 air strike and watch the fun!

The plan would have to be to gas them as quickly as possible and then maybe scare them off — so they would all die someplace else and screw up the entire command structure. People would not know if they were going to die next or not. It should cause them a loss of concentration or even — God forbid — a loss of interest in their present mission of murder. The really good news was that the only cure for Phosgene poisoning was an immediate lung transplant.

Bill went down into the basement and checked his propane heating system. He found that he had about half a tank of propane.

He then rigged a tube from the propane tank to the green 30 gallon tank of surplus carbon tet he had been using to clean generator parts. From here he rigged a soft copper tube to an empty “Steel Mix” welding gas tank and from there he ran a copper tube to the plastic pipe that brought the telephone line into the house. That plastic pipe could be used as a perfectly sealed delivery system for the Phosgene from the basement to the green box at the edge of the property line.

He wrapped duct tape over the junction between the plastic pipe and the copper tube from the old welding gas tank. He then covered each junction with spay sealant foam from a spray can. He then coated the place where the plastic pipe came into the basement really well and even rubbed the foam to make certain that it stuck to the concrete wall.

He then rolled out his government surplus gas welding system and clamped the torch so that it would heat the bottom of the empty welding gas tank. He then connected one hose from the torch to the propane tank and the other hose from the torch to his air compressor. He then ran a hose from the compressor air intake up the ladder and to the inside of the closet. This way he could suck air from outside and wouldn't burn up all of the air in the basement.

He didn't have pure oxygen so the flame would be quite a bit cooler than that of a cutting torch — but still over 900 degrees. He started the torch and waited until the bottom of the tank was bright yellow. He then opened the propane tank line to the carbon tet.

The propane pushed the carbon tet from its container and dribbled it onto the yellow — hot steel at the bottom of the empty gas tank. Phosgene gas would travel out of the tank and up the copper tube and into the plastic pipe and — eventually — into the open air by the distant green box.

Phosgene gas is quite heavy and would settle into every low point.

His major concern was that the bottom of the tank could melt, Phosgene would be released onto the floor — followed by propane and the basement would explode and everyone would be dead — right then or 24 hours later.

He guessed that if a liquid turned to a gas it needed 900 times the space. And then he figured that only about 25% of the gas he created would be Phosgene. He discovered that he could keep the bottom of the tank yellow and still pour in carbon tet at a rate of about four gallons an hour. So in two hours he should have pumped enough Phosgene down the pipe to do the job — death for anyone within 100 feet of the green box.

Chapter Thirteen

We gotta turn the roof edging lights back on”, Bill mumbled as he climbed out of the basement. “We gotta blind those guy’s night vision systems.”

He walked over and flipped on the dimmer switch to the tiny white “Christmas” lights mounted in out-facing trough-like reflectors under the eaves of the roof. This had been a beautiful accouterment during better times — outlining the roof edge and making the house and garden area look like part of Disneyland. Now it might save their lives.

The long strings of these lights would bloom any “starlight” type night vision system and yet send not one photon toward the inside of the house. And because they were hot filament bulbs they would bloom the FBI’s infrared systems as well.

Bill mounted the FBI’s AN/PVS-10 night vision system onto the Barrett. He had no way of knowing if the scope was zeroed — aimed where the rifle would shoot. He had to trust the killer instincts of the FBI’s “hostage rescue team” for that.

“I’m gonna go up stairs and try to convince those last HRT guys to die quietly”. Bill said with a great deal of stress in his voice.

Sally looked at him and commented: “I’ll keep tabs on their communications.”

She continued to type into the computer — creating the voices of six dead snipers.

He stripped the top round from the Barrett’s magazine and replaced it with one round from the wooden box. Then he paused. If he used that Saxitoxin round then the entire area would be dusted with death.

He looked hard at the round — just sitting there on the top of the magazine.

He slid the round out of the magazine and put it back in its nest in the wooden box.

“Later.” He thought.

He put the armor piercing round back in the magazine and went up the stairs.

Bill looked around the room and tried to figure out what might be set on fire by the gasses blasted from the Barrett’s muzzle brake. He finally decided that his best shooting position would be one with the muzzle of the Barrett right in the middle of the room. He moved furniture around so that he would have a comfortable shooting position. His best shooting position was on his knees with the Barrett’s legs on a small end-table.

He then went to the eastern window and slowly opened the right hand shutter. He could see nothing. It was as if God had never created light.

Bill ran back to the Barrett and squatted behind it. He turned on the night scope. Nothing but a dull green glow came out of the scope. He checked the front of the scope and found that he’d left the lens cap over the front lens.

He removed the lens cap and fiddled with the brightness control.

A bright green light came out of the eyepiece. He snapped his head forward and covered the glowing eyepiece with his eye. That’s all he needed — for those bastards to see his head lit up like some bubbling green Christmas tree ornament. He could now see the hillside and the distant sniper nest. There were three snipers in the nest with one looking back at him using some really large night vision device. Another one of the psychopaths was looking down at the ground and eating something. The third was behind the Barrett. Bill put the PVS-10’s green reticule on the sniper behind the Barrett and just pulled the trigger.

BLAAAAM!

With no ear protection all he could do was scream.

He suddenly realized that he was in terrible trouble and that this had been a very, very stupid thing to do. The Barrett must have lit up the inside of the room like it was a movie set! The images of him and everything in the room were now burned into the sniper’s eyeballs and would stay there for 20 seconds! The HRT could return fire instantly and just fill the room with death. All he could do now was slap the cross hairs onto the next target and fire — and then quickly move on to the next.

His first target was down for good — Bill could see that he'd been knocked far back into the nest. The spotter who had been using the night vision system had dropped it and was now trying to get into position behind the Barrett. The guy had lifted the gun into place with his arm out against the gun's left side — and his left side was fully exposed.

Bill fired. He watched the bullet arc toward the target and then glance off the guy's bullet proof vest — creating a twenty foot long trail of sparks up the hill. It was a bad shot but it looked like even a glancing blow with a .50 was enough to break the guy's back. At least he didn't get up.

The third guy looked like he was trying to grab the land-line handset.

Bill fired again — he hit low and a cloud of dirt obscured the target.

Out of the corner of the scope Bill saw somebody jump up and run down the hill toward the house. "Where'd you come from!"

He tried to follow the guy down the hill with the PVS-10 and nail him but the guy was too quick. "The bastard's against front wall of the house!"

Bill picked up the Barrett and ran to the left side of the window. He slammed the rifle onto the window sill, dropped to his knees and scanned the bottom of the hillside — looking for more running targets. There were none. He thought he felt blood running from his ears.

He then leaned the gun to the left and looked back up the hill. "Who are these guys!"

A whole shit-load of people were moving around about two thirds of the way up the hill. More Mexicans!

Something snapped inside him. His muscles slackened.

An adumbration had come to him.

He looked out at the hillside and realized that the problem wasn't just here. It wasn't just his taxes. It wasn't just drugs and rampant immigration of the worst possible forms of sub-humanity. It wasn't that the country was run by philandering communist drug addicts of the "New World Order." It was everything!

His country was being destroyed. Vermin were scurrying and crawling and wriggling into his land — sucking it dry. Sub-human insects were bleeding it from every pore. America was dying — politicians and the other vermin were killing it dead.

At a different time in history — in a different age — one lone White American would stand and sing a song that expressed how everyone felt.

Just the thought of the music made his chin quiver. It re-kindled a fire in his heart. He could hear the music. He could hear the woman singing. It was Kate Smith in 1942. He looked out at the vermin covering his hillside — glowing green in the scope. He began to hum the music as he laid the gun on target and began to squeeze the trigger. Tears came to his eyes and rolled down his cheeks and he quietly started to sing the words with her:

While the storm clouds gather, far across the sea
let us swear allegiance, to a land that's free
let us all be grateful for a land so faire
as we raise our voices in a solemn prayer

He fired!

Again and again and again he fired!

God Bless America
Land that I love
Stand beside her and guide her
through the night with the light from above
from the mountains
to the prairies
to the oceans white with foam
God Bless America
my home sweet home

He was almost hysterical with hatred for what his country had become. He had been raised to trust, to believe, to know that his country was the finest place on earth. And now it was being destroyed — corrupted from the inside — by these violent, hyper-breeding hordes. Somehow he would save his family and somehow he must help save his country. The survival of all his freedoms was at stake. Everything he had been raised to honor in this country was being corrupted, defiled, lost. Everything was up for grabs — Clinton and his gang would and did sell anything for votes. A night in the White House was \$300,000. Medal of Honor plots in Arlington National Cemetery were \$10 million. They even sold a cup of coffee in the White House for \$10,000. Everything that was familiar to him and every value that had been ingrained into him by his parents and their parents was being corrupted. It was his duty, his obligation as an American to somehow put an end to this travesty. For God and Country! Those were words no longer uttered in this new America. All he could do was put the sights on a target and fire, select a target and fire, select a target and fire. The gun's recoil snapped his head rearward and knocked tears from his cheeks.

God bless America

land that I love

stand beside her and guide her

through the night with the light from above

from the mountains to the prairies to the oceans white with foam

Suddenly, the entire area started to glow green. The whole hillside seemed to be covered in a bright green fog. People were running around getting shot and every time a bullet hit somebody a bit of green fog would puff off their stubby little brown bodies.

“God damn! Those Cyalume booby-traps sure work good!”

He pulled his head away from the night sight, dropped low against the window sill and just watched the slaughter with his naked eyes.

He saw brilliant flashes coming from five or even ten different places on the hillside. At least one .50 caliber bullet slammed into the wall of the house. Others slammed into the roof. Those shits were shooting blind!

The vermin had to be stopped.

Bill dropped the magazine from the gun and slammed in a full one. He wrenched the Barrett around and centered the dot on a glowing green torso and fired. He did it again and again. The recoil was so violent that he bit his cheek and now blood was filling his mouth.

God bless America!

My Home Sweet Home

God Bless America

land that I love

Stand beside her and guide her

through the night with the light from above

from the mountains

to the prairies

to the oceans white with foam

God Bless America

my home sweet home

From the mountains

to the prairies

to the oceans white with foam

God Bless America

my home sweet home

KLUNK!

Silence.

Bill dropped the rifle and ran down the stairs and grabbed two full ammo magazines.

“What were you mumbling?” Sally yelled at him as he went past.

He ignored her, ran back up the stairs and then scrambled underneath the gun. He was humming to himself — and blood was running in torrents from the edge of his mouth. He brought a fresh magazine up the magazine well on the gun.

BRRRAAP!

Suddenly bullets and pieces of concrete rained down on him from the ceiling! The bullets seemed to be little sissy-ones — maybe 9 mm — and coming at about ten a second. The room was being hosed. Most of the bullets were bouncing off the ceiling and then thwapping into the furniture and carpet.

Bill dragged the Barrett out of the room and down the hall. He inserted a full magazine and cycled the bolt.

He wiped the tears from his cheeks and blood from his chin — and sucked snott back up his nose. “That guy must be someplace right below this second floor window”. Bill whispered to himself as he grunted to the floor and ducked another burst of bullets and flying concrete.

Bill had only one good chance. That guy someplace below him could not keep this up forever. He had to reload.

After what seemed to be a ten second burst the shooting stopped. Bill ran to the window at a crouch, lifted the Barrett’s bipod onto the window sill and stood up — keeping his body clear of the opening.

The home’s walls were more than four feet thick. The window sill was four feet thick. Bill had to stand fully erect to even hope to see somebody closer than twenty feet from the house.

Bill slowly edged the right side of his head around the corner of the window and looked down at the ground — with just the pupil of his right eye exposed.

A black-suited shape ran out from the face of the wall and aimed up toward the window. The guy was looking up and was tilting his head back and forth — trying to see something to shoot at.

Then he ran back to his hiding place against the wall.

Bill lifted the back end of the Barrett and pushed the gun toward the edge of the window on its muzzle — as if it was a plow. He climbed out onto the window sill. There wasn’t enough room in the open window to get the Barrett to his shoulder. All he could do was get ready to push the thing at a target and shoot.

Then he saw him. The top of a black balaklava was dancing back and forth below him. Bill scooted the barrel out the window, aimed at “center of mass” and jerked the trigger.

The Barrett’s massive recoil launched the gun rearwards and out of Bill’s hands. The gun bounced off the top of the window sill and then down onto its muzzle brake and then the whole thing clanked toward the edge of the window. All Bill could do was clumsily grab at it. He and the Barrett fell backwards into the room.

The round had hit the BATF sniper full in the chest. The bullet did more than penetrate the ceramic armor, it vaporized a saucer-sized chunk of it. A huge spear of copper, lead, tungsten and flame had driven itself into the guy’s sternum. His chest had become a dent and then a bowl. Then his blood and intestines blew out the sides of the vest. The black suited shape had been pounded right to the ground.

Bill got up on all fours and stuck his head above the sill — just enough to look out the window. He could see flashes on the hillside — Cyalume-green shapes were running all around and he could hear several kinds of gunfire — and screams — but none of the action seemed to include anybody shooting at him.

Were those federal bastards actually fighting over who was gonna come down to the house and kill him and his family? Welcome to the New America!

* * *

Cristobal Allende had marched his human cargo north and over the US / Mexican border. His tiny string of illegals followed the well worn path created by the thousands who passed this way before them. He really thought of himself as a professional — a real coyote. Soon he would have all the pollos' cash and be able to buy himself a new truck.

The path showed the power human feet had over nature. Certainly, the trail would have begun as a string of random clearings along the rolling hills. The brush is so full of thorns and sharp dead limbs that it would been impenetrable to any direct human assault. Each clearing would simply have been narrowly linked to the next and to the next until a string of emerald-like clearings was created heading far to the north.

The slow and methodical tramping of tens of thousands of feet had crushed the gravel and loose sand into a heavy soft brown cushion. An illegal could sense himself leaving the trail even in total darkness by the difference in the feel of the earth beneath his feet.

The Sierra Club and other environmental groups were utterly silent about the catastrophic damage these illegals caused to the environment. The tens of thousands of acres of forest and vegetation burned simply to effect diversions — so illegals could escape Border Patrol agents — were ignored by these “caring environmentalists”. The tens of thousands of pounds of trash — food, cans, clothes, empty boxes, used toilet paper and beer bottles — were ignored by these “Mother Earth lovers”.

It had quickly become obvious to all but the totally deranged that these environmental groups were “watermelons” — green on the outside and red on the inside. They were simply tools of “The New World Order” — and when two major weapons in their war to destroy America were at cross purposes (in this case illegal immigration and irrational environmentalism) the more effective weapon was given approval to continue.

The coyote had his men bypass the first house — the one nearest the border and the one that would glow brilliantly on occasion — and he took them far up the trail. The trail narrowed — from a track wide enough for any four wheel drive vehicle to traverse — to a narrow path leading up along the eastern ridge line and climbing one hundred feet above the valley.

The men moved silently. There was no clanking of metal or slapping of bags or boxes. These men were so poor they actually did not even own belts with metal buckles.

The men walked as quietly as if they were but faint, flickering shadows threading their way through the tall chaparral.

They had climbed far up the hillside and were just below the ridge's peak when the coyote softly clicked two small stones together and brought their line of advance to a halt.

For all of his sixty years the coyote still had a tremendous sense of smell. The warm sweet smoke from a Marlboro cigarette had drifted twenty or more yards up the hillside and into his nostrils.

He could see that here — not more than 300 yards beyond the first house — there were men hiding in the bushes. These bush-men were well below him and facing away from the trail. They seemed to be looking at the first house — the fancy house, the bright house near the border.

Another of these men was now lighting a cigarette and Cristobal heard the distinct sound of the Zippo lighter “clink” open and then “cluck” as its cover was closed.

“La Migra” had laid a trap for any campesinos that may be lured to the fancy house. It seemed that there were enough La Migra hiding here in the bushes to capture even 150 of the coyote's “Heroic Invaders”.

Suddenly, a massive gunshot erupted from the house. A huge ball of flame boiled out of a second story window and a man screamed and then more men screamed and then bullets were being poured all over the front of the house. The flashes came from what seemed like twenty guns — all firing at the house.

His brothers were not being arrested — they were being murdered! They seemed to be fighting bravely — then one of “Los verdes” scurried down to the house — below a window — and played Romeo and Juliet with a submachine gun!

This could only mean that “La Migra” had been lying in wait for the next group of campesinos coming up the valley — with the intent of killing them all.

These brothers in the common struggle for land and glory must be assisted!

Cristobal lined up his band of bedraggled Indian farmers and charged them down the hill into the Marlboro-men. Twenty short strong Mexicans were more than the first five slow, fat and distracted Americanos could repel.

The flurry of Mexicans thrashing down the hill made the “La Migra” jump from their holes in the ground and try to escape down the hill. Some of them stumbled — others tried to return to their nests. All of a sudden the entire area was immersed in a cloud — a mist — that glowed bright green. The entire hillside was suddenly coated with some kind of glowing oily film. The Mexicans — and the Gringos — were now coated with the stuff. Everyone on the hillside looked like some kind of Halloween puppet — leaping and hopping with arms waving in the air. Certainly, this was to make it easier for the Gringos to shoot Mexicans.

Cristobal screamed: “Caza bobos — booby traps!”

One Mexican was quickly shot dead and one was wounded — but the first five Norte Americanos had already been beaten to death with rocks and then killed again with their own weapons. Three other Norte Americanos — all in one little nest and far away from the five Marlboro men — were already dead or very soon would be.

All of these Norte Americanos were prepared! Each had two Glock .45’s plus an H&K MP-5K. One had a special long rifle and the rest had Colt M-16’s.

Three of the campesinos started robbing the dead of their pistol belts and vests and helmets. These men then edged away from the group and started moving down the path to return to the Republic of Mexico. It was easy to follow their progress — their clothing was coated in glowing greenness.

Cristobal called to them: “Amigos! Help us! If we kill them all then you will not be pursued! If you run they will follow and kill you! Help us!”

As bullets flew in every direction the three campesinos discussed the merits of this argument. Bullets slapped into the living and the dead as they stood there. Finally they turned, dropped all of their booty except the pistols and trotted back to join the group.

Cristobal pointed to their assigned targets — the Gringos dug into the hill. Campesinos approached each nest and fired at close range — shooting at the Norte Americanos and being shot themselves.

Suddenly, fireballs again exploded from the house. The sound of huge bullets hitting human flesh was odd — something like a water balloon hitting a concrete wall.

Cristobal watched as his men were slaughtered by small bullets from men on the hill and from infrequent huge bullets from the house. He felt moist pieces of his men hit him in the face.

“Los verde” hiding against the house again ran out from the wall — a Carnale hiding at a second storey window blew him to bits with a huge cannon.

“Muerte a los Gringos!”

“Death to Gringos!” Cristobal raised his fist into the air.

Then he felt his legs go numb.

He had been hit in the lower back by an M -16 round. He pressed at his belt and his stomach was missing and instead he had a huge wet mass of warm, loose, wiggly, sausage.

He fell face forward and slid down the hill — his journey lubricated by his own intestines. A numbness moved up his body and then from his finger tips to his chest. There was a ringing in his ears... he started to dream about a woman he had seen walking down the street in Tijuana... and then he forgot what he was dreaming about... and then couldn’t seem to focus his thoughts on anything. And then he was dead.

* * *

Bill scanned the hillside with the Barrett’s night sight — all firing had stopped. He checked for

movement. There was movement — but the movement came from people who were laying on the ground and moving just one limb at a time — randomly.

His shoulder hurt. His eyes burned — he probably hadn't blinked them even once in the last five minutes. The night air was cool — and he could hear foxes barking in the distance.

Then he looked at the hillside. America The Beautiful. Our new Land of Freedom.

He just sat there in the dark. “What a mess. What are we gonna do now?”

Then he remembered the Phosgene.

He started for the stairs but then stopped, came back, closed the window and re-taped it. He then turned and dragged the Barrett and the bags down the stairs to the rec. room.

“I'll be right back!” he said on his way past Sally.

He got to the closet and opened the hatch and sniffed — nothing — no smell of cut grass or straw — or propane.

He knew that this was stupid. If he smelled phosgene then the one whiff he took into his lungs would probably be enough to kill him — so what was the difference.

He slid down the steel ladder and looked around. The torch was still burning. He checked his watch and noted that the thing had been running for nearly four hours!

He walked over and switched the gas to off. He then went over to the compressor and turned it off. Silence.

Then he panicked — he ran over and flipped the gas back on and even opened the valve all the way.

As long as the valve was open and propane and even raw carbon tet was going out then no Phosgene could wash back down the pipe and into the basement. Sure, the world at the green box and beyond would fill with bubbling carbon tet and then propane gas — but so what?

With the compressor off he was able to hear the carbon tet hissing on the bottom of the hot steel tank. As the fluid continued to pour in, the tank started making bubbling sounds and then everything went quiet. The carbon tet had filled the tank and was now flooding the line toward the green box a mile away.

His world was safe — at least from Phosgene...

* * *

Getting high priority cargo to an aircraft carrier hundreds of miles from land is not easy. Certainly, there is always the option of a mid-ocean rendezvous with a supply ship, but people and high priority cargo can't wait that long. The carrier on-board delivery or “COD” aircraft are the fleet's salvation.

The COD — also called a C-2A Greyhound — is a boxy looking thing. It's more bus or truck than aircraft. Its twin engines have less horsepower than any other aircraft of its size in the US Navy's inventory. The Greyhound evolved from the Navy's E-2A Hawkeye radar plane — although it would take some imagination to see the similarity. When onboard an aircraft carrier, its wings can be folded to conserve space on the carrier's deck. These aircraft are often flown by female pilots. The C-2A sat there at NAS North Island waiting its turn to drive through the airplane washer.

America is an amazing place. Everything is automated. Here at NAS North Island, aircraft land, move off the active runway and then taxi to the north end of the base and toward the helicopter repair shops near San Diego bay. As they taxi over a sensor they activate huge water spray systems built into the tarmac. The high pressure water spray will blast and then dissolve the salt crusted in, on, under and around the surfaces of the aircraft. This fresh water spray saves millions of dollars in salt corrosion repairs.

Normally a COD would make only one trip to an aircraft carrier a day. Today would be different. Just as Lt. Nancy Jacobs cycled her plane's throttles to edge out of the wash area a Hummer blocked her path. The wash area was one of the most secluded areas on the base — visible only from 76 south-facing hotel rooms of a Travelodge Hotel on Harbor Island more than two miles

away.

A Navy Captain exited the Hummer and walked toward the COD. The aircraft crew chief opened the hatch and helped the Captain on board.

Lt. Jacobs was not happy about the interruption in her normal routine. She had a child at home and had planned to be home in 45 minutes. This was not to be.

The Captain took three steps to reach the raised cockpit and then flashed his credentials. His ID showed him to be from the White House National Security Council Staff.

“Lt. Jacobs, I’m terribly sorry but I don’t think we’re finished for the night. You’re gonna have to make one more trip out to the Kitty Hawk.”

The Captain allowed her a moment to tell him why she could not make this flight and how there were several other aircraft that could perform this shuttle duty. The Captain then asked the co-pilot to exit the aircraft so that he could talk to Lt. Jacobs alone.

He pulled a copy of her classified personnel records from his briefcase and noted — in a loud and clear command voice — the fact that she had had an illegitimate child by an enlisted man and that due to the stress of that “failed relationship” she had now switched to female lovers. That her present lesbian lover was of “African” descent. Also, that her use of recreational drugs was endangering her child and her lover’s use of injectable drugs had allowed her to become a “victim” of AIDS — and that she had not shared that bit of information with the Navy.

Not wasting any time, the Captain made it quite clear that she either agreed to this excursion right now or she could simply get out of the plane and walk off the base — never to return. Her career in the United States Navy would be over. He also made it quite clear that any possible “relationship” she might also be having with her squadron’s female commanding officer would have little positive impact on her future in the Navy or in civilian life — without his assistance.

There was no subtlety here. And while the information was all quite accurate the Captain wasn’t a Captain. This “Captain” was actually an agent of “The New World Order” — operating under cover of the National Security Agency — which had placed him on the National Security Council staff. Hell, almost the entire Clinton cabinet were members of “The New World Order.”

The Captain walked toward the rear of the aircraft and seated himself in a rear facing seat, fastened his shoulder and seat belts and stretched his feet .

“Good to go! Lt. Jacobs!”

Three hundred miles off the San Diego coast the aircraft carrier CV 63 — the Kitty Hawk — was receiving aircraft. The Kitty Hawk was an old ship. Its construction had begun on December 27th, 1956 but it had been in dry-dock from 1988 to 1992 to receive the latest weapons systems and now was the equal of nearly any carrier in the U.S. Navy.

Its eight Foster Wheeler boilers provided steam to four Westinghouse turbines — generating more than 280,000 shaft horsepower to drive the ship at more than 30 knots.

As each aircraft landed on the Kitty Hawk’s 1,000 foot angled deck the impact of 50,000 pounds of warplane could be felt throughout the ship.

Nothing had prepared the Captain for the noise of the COD. The aircraft rattled and roared. It was so loud that he actually could not hear himself think.

After a 90 minute flight the COD flew directly over the Kitty Hawk at right angles to its course. The Captain could see the billion dollar floating city awash in activity just a thousand feet below him.

The crew chief unbuckled himself and walked over to the Captain’s seat.

“Captain, please prepare for landing. Place your head against the seat back. When we catch the wire we will come to a full stop in less than three seconds.”

The COD lined up with the ball and set in a slight drift. The runway on the Kitty Hawk is not in line with the direction of the ship’s movement. The deck is angled and a pilot must constantly adjust the aircraft’s path to keep the plane lined up with the ever-moving runway.

There was no warning. One moment the COD was flying and the next moment it was lurching to

a stop. As the plane slammed into the steel deck Lt. Jacobs pushed the throttles to full power — if the plane missed all three wires then she would have to attempt a go around. The already unbearable noise level reached a crescendo as the plane hit the deck. It sounded very much as if a hundred thousand empty aluminum cans were being dragged behind the aircraft.

The “Captain” was greeted on the Kitty Hawk with some trepidation. This was the last thing they needed now. Soon the ship would be launching a strike package against a simulated enemy target some hundreds of miles away. The package consisted of F/A-18 Hornets, F-14 Tomcats, an A-6E bomber, EA-6 electronic warfare aircraft and E-3A surveillance aircraft.

The package would launch out at 0300 hrs and be over their targets on a bombing range north of Fallon, Nevada by 0430.

The Captain walked along the passageways and down ladders — directly to the officer’s mess.

“Good evening Lieutenant, I’m Captain Jim Wilson, I’m looking for Lt. Commander Adams.”

“Yes, sir. I’ll go get him.”

Five decks below the hanger deck, crews were readying the bomb loads for the strike aircraft.

Each bomb casing was brought from the magazine and placed on a gray steel carrier. This carrier had space for two bombs at a time. Each bomb rested on international orange colored plastic rollers about the size of skate board wheels — only twice as wide. This carrier was then mounted on a long steel rack that also was equipped with orange rollers. These rollers were the size of skate board wheels but about eight inches wide. The bombs were rolled from station to station as each casing was fitted with the needed accouterments.

The bombs came out of the magazine as simple gray sausages. Each bomb was then fitted with tail fins, fuses and guidance electronics. The final arming of the bomb would only be accomplished by the crew on the flight deck.

There was a discernible level of added attention to detail among the crew. These bombs did not have the usual double three inch wide yellow bands indicating practice munitions. These bombs had green bands — they were live.

* * *

“Good evening! It’s a pleasure to meet you Lt. Commander Adams.”

Again the “Captain” discussed how cooperation would be of tremendous benefit to the Lt. Commander. In the present case the benefits included accelerated promotional opportunities. What went unsaid during the meeting was the fact that cooperation meant slavery and being obstinate meant complete personal destruction.

Lt. Commander Adams piloted an A-6E. The A-6 had been phased out of service as a bomber and was only hanging on as an EW platform. Even the Marines had already phased out their A-6 bombers. The A-6E had a maximum speed of 1037km/hr (560 kt) and a cruise of 763 km/hr (412 kt). The plane could carry 18,000 pounds of bombs. This one A-6E remained in inventory as a sales tool to demonstrate the capabilities of the aircraft to various third world military chiefs. The U.S. had hundreds in storage and could offer them at very reasonable prices.

Certainly we must put this aircraft’s capabilities into perspective. The A-6E with a two man crew carries a bomb load equal to that of the largest British heavy bomber of World War Two. As old as it is an A-6E is certainly not to be trifled with.

Lt. Commander Adam’s plane had been selected for this mission — not the pilot. Planes do not just take off on a moments notice and go bomb something. Each move of a bomb-carrying aircraft is planned and scheduled well in advance. Usually this is accomplished with what is called an Air Tasking Order or ATO. This is a list of targets created by the Air Component Commander.

When the ATO is received, the Air Wing Commander passes the information to squadron commanders who sit with planners and decide which weapons would be best for each target. Then aircraft are assigned to these targets and scheduled to be loaded with these weapons.

Once this is accomplished the bomb order is placed with the carrier’s ordnance department. These weapons loads are strictly monitored, inventoried and controlled — thanks to the Navy’s vast

secure communications network.

The disturbance near Campo, California — and the Johnson family — had reached the highest levels of the Clinton White House. “The New World Order” had decided the family’s fate. A real Holocaust was to fall upon this family and silence it forever.

America’s aircraft and aircraft carriers are not of the same navy. The ships can be thought of as a trucking service — carrying the aircraft to within striking distance of their targets. The ordnance department can be thought of as little more than the kitchen staff of a Denny’s. They simply cook up what is ordered off the menu and the flight deck crew serve this “meal” to the aircraft.

Lt. Commander Adams had been selected for this new mission simply because his plane’s weapons load included two AGM-65B Maverick television equipped missiles. These missiles were not standard fare for an A6 — especially in an electro-optical guidance model. Instead of a laser target designator these missiles would simply be locked onto a key feature of the target and they would then home in. The bomb load had been scheduled as part of the Foreign Military Sales demonstration and sales pitch.

The “Captain” presented the pilot with a brown folder containing satellite reconnaissance photos and optimum mission profiles. The “Captain” encouraged the pilot to launch with his strike package and then drift far to the east, make two quick passes over the target marked in the folder and then return to his original mission — dropping the rest of his ordnance as originally planned.

What went unsaid was the fascinating resemblance this mission had to that of a US Air Force A-10 that had departed Davis — Monthan Air Force Base near Tucson, Arizona, for a “bombing run” at a place called Gila Bend — a scant hundred miles away. The pilot departed from his planned mission only to have his aircraft disappear from radar after flying as far north as Wyoming — and deep into “Constitutional Extremist” country. Radar track files showed that he then turned south and minutes later crashed against a granite mountainside. The pilot was found dead in the wreckage. It should be interesting to note that there has never been mention of the whereabouts of any of the A-10’s bomb load. In fact, Brigadier General Donald Streater — who called off the bomb search after a politically correct 60 days — said “I’m not going to speculate as to where they are.”

It was now up to Lt. Commander Adams to brief his weapons officer and pass on the message about the carrot and the stick. Before the pilot and weapons officer would have a chance to discuss the mission the “Captain” would be off the Kitty Hawk and on his way back to NAS North Island — and back to his penthouse suite at the bay-side Hyatt Regency Hotel.

Chapter Fourteen

Bill was pacing back and forth in the rec. room. “We got nothing but dead men out there... and there’s too much stuff out there that we can use — to just leave it for the next wave of federal thugs to stack into little piles and then start using it all on us. And there must be some good intelligence out there — radios, call signs, orders, God only knows what. I’m gonna go take a look.” Sally simply stared at him, exhausted, with a look of desperation on her face. “You go out there and you’re gonna get shot and then they’re gonna come in here and I’m gonna get shot — and how about your son?”

Bill picked a pair of FBI night vision goggles off the coffee table and loosened its headband. He turned it over in his hands and found its power switch. “I’m gonna take a look.”

“You better at least make yourself less of a target. Let me soak you down with cold water so that if they’re using IR imagers they won’t see you.”

“I got a better idea. Soak a blanket and I’ll wrap it around me.”

He walked to the entry way and then opened the coat closet next to the front door. Inside, was an eight foot high loop of two inch long chain. The chain was hanging around a pulley twelve feet up in the ceiling.

Bill grabbed one side of the chain loop and let all of his weight pull down on the chain and thereby rotate the pulley. Gears rotated.

It sounded like fingernails scraping down a blackboard. No matter what speed he tried — the noise was just terrible. It was so bad that he could hear coyotes and bobcats calling to each other to come and feast on what to them sounded like a 600 pound rabbit having its vocal cords ripped out.

Suddenly the shield made a loud bang, zoomed upwards and then locked fully open.

Sally walked up with a dripping grey wool mass. “Here, wrap this around you.”

The blanket was ice cold. The cold clammy thing soaked into his shirt and rivulets of water ran down his back. Sally could only stand there and watch.

He opened the front door a little more than one inch and then laid flat on the floor. Slowly he moved his head so that just one vision tube of the goggles could peer outside. He could see wriggling lumps of nearly-dead sub-humanity all over the place — they were still glowing brightly from the Cyalume gel. He opened the door just enough to get him through and then quickly crawled outside and behind a planter box.

Again he scanned the area. He could see an eerie glow from beyond hills far to the north — the FBI command post. He scanned every familiar nook and cranny. He saw nothing.

He scampered to the east — keeping his body as close to the ground as he possibly could. He scanning the hillside for movement one more time. There was nothing moving around — at least not enough to be a threat. Still in a low crouch he slowly edged his way up the hill — checking each body for life.

He didn’t need the night vision goggles — the whole place glowed. Bill lifted the goggles from his eyes. The entire area was about as bright as it would be under a full moon.

The smell of chaparral was overpowering — far stronger than he had ever smelled roses or cut grass. But somebody hadn’t used a lawnmower to cut these bushes — they had been crushed and cut down by a thousand whizzing bullets.

He started collecting ammo and guns and equipment and piling it into little mounds. He was working so hard that he was panting. This stoop labor was hard work — even if he was picking up \$2,000 radios and \$7,000 night vision goggles and \$3,000 submachine guns.

He stood up and arched his back.

A hand touched his shoulder.

“AAAAGH!”

Bill lost his balance and slid ten feet down the hillside. He’d forgotten to bring even a pistol with him and so now there he was flat on his back with his feet facing up the hill and blood rushing into

his skull. After two nights of living on nothing but adrenaline he was worn out and making serious — and potentially fatal — mistakes.

The night vision goggles had shifted and it felt as if they had broken his nose. He ripped the goggles from his face and the looming figure of a campesino came out of the shadows and stood over him. The guy was glowing bright green.

Bill tried to back away but he was now stuck with his head in a bush.

The figure mumbled something in Spanish. Bill responded in English: “Okay — so — whada ya want!”. It even sounded stupid to Bill.

“Amigo! Are we the only two still alive?” The Mexican mumbled.

“Yep! It sure seems like it!”

“Are you La Migra?” The Mexican asked.

“No!”

They each could find nothing more to say. They both just stared at each other. It was like the awkward first moments of a blind date. What Bill found attractive about this guy was his single gold tooth. It actually sparkled in the Cyalume’s green glow.

But they both heard the noise at the same time. A faint buzz. Then the sound grew louder. Then the sound grew louder and louder and now seemed to be right above their heads.

“Come on pal, let’s get outa here!” Bill yelled as he thrashed around, got to his feet and ran down the hill toward the front door of the house. But the house was more than three hundred yards away. Bill could feel little popping sensations in his legs — muscle fibers tearing. He just knew he was going to hurt real bad tomorrow.

Bill slid through the front door, bounced off the far wall and fell flat. The Mexican was right behind him.

Bill scrambled back to the front door and slammed it shut.

They both just lay there on the cool entryway floor — panting.

Sally ran down the hallway and flipped on the lights and screamed.

“Wait, wait, wait!” Bill yelled — thinking Sally was going to blast them both with a 12 gauge.

“Who is this guy?” Sally screamed.

“He’s my buddy!” Bill responded, looking at the Mexican with the morbid fascination one reserves for a pet tarantula.

“This guy’s almost my size — could you go get him some cleaner clothes — maybe some that won’t glow in the dark?” Bill really was amazed at how well his little Cyalume booby-trap inventions had worked.

It took some doing but after some first aid and lots of soap and water both men were presentable enough to sit down and eat a midnight snack. Bill made certain that he and the Mexican both used Dial Liquid soap to clean themselves. The stuff actually was a disinfectant.

It seemed that Reynaldo — Bill’s new friend — had been accidently struck in the head with a rock by a fellow Mexican during the opening stages of the attack on those he called “the Marlboro men”.

Reynaldo was from San Quintin, BC, and was a campesino with 11 children. Most of the farm workers in the area had not been paid in two months and had voted to try to clean up the situation in their village and to steal enough food to save their children. Mexican troops had been called to quell the rioting and many farm workers had been killed.

Reynaldo and many of the survivors had sworn an oath to the Virgin Mary that they would get guns, retake their village and then demand civil justice.

He and two other men from San Quintin had come to America to steal such weapons as Providence might offer (and ammunition and money and various presents for their women and children) and they then planned to steal a car and return victoriously to their village.

Bill quietly told Sally that Reynaldo of course should not be trusted — but that he might just come in handy. Sally stared at Reynaldo. She couldn’t seem to get her eyes off that gold tooth. The more

she tried to look away the more fascinated she became.

The core of their conversation was about the mysterious airborne buzzing. Bill looked up “surveillance drones” in his Janes CD ROM and found several. The most likely being a model called the “Predator”. While this thing was designed to operate at high altitudes the lay of the land in these parts limited its operation to about 1,500 feet above ground level — if its communications link to its operator was a direct one and not via satellite.

For some reason the feds were taking the entire matter very cautiously. Certainly by now they must know that all of their “rescue” teams were dead and that there had been a humongous fire fight and that even more people died.

The feds must have created a “cordon sanitaire” around the area — with everyone sent into the zone judged to be expendable.

They all knew that death was the only future expected for Bill, Sally, Bobby and Reynaldo. It also meant that the feds weren’t just planning to kill everybody and everything in this zone but also to then erase the house from the surface of the earth. It was to be Waco with a silencer.

Certainly the feds wouldn’t do something “really big” right now. They would wait — probably until just before morning nautical twilight — around 05:30 at this time of year.

“Before morning nautical twilight” — such an interesting term. It is defined by the military as the moment in the sun’s ascent when the center of the morning sun is 12 degrees below the horizon. In human terms it is the moment of our greatest vulnerability. Just before dawn a leaden cloak of sleepiness envelops us and dulls our instincts for survival. Professional soldiers around the world are quite aware of this weakness in humankind and actually go to a higher state of alert 60 minutes before and 30 minutes after morning nautical twilight.

“What time is it?”

“About 10:15. What are you thinking about now? Sally asked.”

“Those bastards would have used satellite imagery or high altitude aircraft if they were just gonna watch us. They used an RPV. RPVs are used for real-time intelligence. Like... where do we shoot this big mortar in the next ten seconds... I think we’re in big trouble.

We gotta start thinking like they do! Certainly that philandering-commie-coke-snorting Clinton doesn’t have the balls to do much of anything but he sure knows how to tap the terrible evil of “The New World Order” for his own purposes. If Clinton had any balls he would tell us all how the only heroes in his life are Lenin, and Stalin!

What did Stalin say?

“To chose one’s victim, to prepare one’s plans minutely, to stake an implacable vengeance, and then go to bed... there is nothing sweeter in the world.”

If that ain’t Clinton I don’t know what is.

I kinda figure they’re gonna send in some serious assault team real soon — maybe two of ‘em — to create some sort of competitive environment between the teams. The FBI can’t seem to get the job done so I betcha they’re gonna send in SEALs or Marine Recon. Yep, these guys are gonna do it to us — real soon.

You know, if we’re gonna fight these guys and win then we better start using every tool we have at our disposal. We can certainly outsmart these bastards that’s not a problem. But what we gotta do for sure is stay clear of ‘em. We will lose in any one-on-one firefight. We gotta remember that most of these guys are only as smart as the average cop. And we gotta remember that they have years of training and will respond to stimuli at an automatic or “gut” level. Whatever they’ve learned they will now do by rote and almost instinctively. We gotta give ‘em situations they have never seen before — and where their trained actions will be the worst moves they could possibly make.

One thing going for us is that the American government isn’t sending too many of these kinda guys to far-off lands right now — so whoever they drop on us won’t be too experienced with the sight of death and gore. And we sure got enough death and gore around here for a platoon of

SEALs! I kinda figure that's one weapon we've got that they don't. We'd better use it. If we're really good we might even turn the propaganda from this event to our favor. I wish I knew how...

Bobby! Bobby!

I want you to go down into the basement. I want you to go down there and sweep the floor so that we can use the main room down there. Now, I know that its a big job. The place is a mess. I know that I've never let you go down there by yourself before. Well, you're a big boy now and we need your help."

Bill and Bobby walked to the closet and Bill lifted the steel hatch. Bobby looked up at his father and then down at the darkness below.

"It's okay." Bill said as he flipped on the yellow tinted emergency lights far below.

Bobby slowly stepped down the stairs and out of sight.

All Bill could say was, "Poor kid. He's sure taking this stoically."

Bill lowered the hatch. At least Bobby would be safe — and it was quite possible that he would be the only one to survive the battle that was sure to come.

Bill had Reynaldo climb the hill and check the level in the septic tank — there were more than 1,000 gallons of gasoline and oil left. Then the two of them started dragging bodies toward the house. When they were done they had nine of the FBI's HRT in bits and pieces, about 17 fresh Mexicans from the hillside and the oozing putrid cooked remains of another 15 Mexicans from around the back of the house. They also had about a dozen BATF types laying around and covered in still-glowing green slime.

"What we gotta do is lean the almost-alive-looking ones against the house. The SEALs probably won't try to blast through a wall if it's layered with humans — even dead humans.

Do we still have those Disneyland music CDs? We gotta wire up some speakers upstairs and downstairs and get ready to start playing "It's a small world after all" throughout the house — at maximum volume. It would be best if we can play two CDs of the stuff at the same time — but delayed by about thirty seconds — that way there won't be a single silent moment. The brain tries to process everything it hears no matter what — and sending these guys inappropriate and garbled English sentences should slow their reaction time. We play two of these CDs at the same time and the SEALs won't be able to even think straight. We'll have to start playing it when we think they're all inside the house.

We gotta get some of Samantha's dresses and Bobby's baby clothes and drape the stiff's heads with the clothes — make 'em look really goofy. We can stick baby clothes into the hands of some of the Mexicans — baby clothes soaked in blood might confuse even the fed's psycho-bastards a bit. A big part of our plan has to be distraction.

Then what we gotta do is take some of the HK MP5 submachine guns and duct tape them to the hands of several of these dead BATF guys. I'm gonna get some squibs and surgical tape and telephone wire and rubber bands. I can tape the submachine gun's triggers so they won't move rearward and then wrap the rubber bands between the pistol grips and the triggers — to snap them rearwards when the surgical tape is blasted or burned apart by the squib. Then all I have to do is put 12 volts down the wire and blast the squib and the rubber band will pull the trigger all the way back and that submachine gun will flop all around firing at 1,200 rounds a minute until the magazine goes dry. Can you imagine the effect that will have on those SEALs when a headless dead guy starts zapping them from their rear with a submachine gun?"

If anybody goes over to one of these stiff's and tries to kick the gun from his hands it ain't gonna work. If I could find some single edge razor blades I could stick a blade under the tape next to the squib. If the razor blade was tied to a bit of string — which was tied tightly to the stiff — then lifting or trying to kick the gun would pull the razor, cut the tape and empty the gun's 30 round magazine right into the guy's crotch.

Do we have any party balloons? We gotta fill them up and tie them to the hands or necks of some

of the bodies. These guys will be just as fascinated by this weird stuff as we civilians are mesmerized by road kill — they won't be able to take their eyes off the sight. Distraction!

Get our thick candles and break 'em up — so that we can make lots of little lights to put in shoe boxes and in folded-over paper bags and put 'em next to each dead guy outside. That should really screw up their night vision systems and create a pretty nutso environment for them to operate in. Lastly — and maybe most importantly — we can set up a couple of these candles at the edges of the gravel parking area — one to the southeast and one to the southwest sides of the house. We can use little mirrors and reflect this candlelight to the front of the house — and then with another mirror — send it right in the front door. If we lay on the floor of the entry way looking north and see the light from one of these reflected candles start to blink — well — then we will know they have arrived — and at least from which direction — east or west. We can steady the mirrors with some of the chunks of dead meat we seem to have in abundance around here.

I also want lots of balloons on the floor in the hallways and on furniture. You won't have to inflate them and destroy your lungs — I got a few of those camera duster cans of gas around here someplace. They should work fine. Oh, and don't inflate them too much — just create a bunch of half-sized balloons — that way some of 'em will survive a grenade tossed into their midst. And the new batch of bad guys will have a real hard time using their peripheral vision to sense movement — too much stuff will be bouncing and moving around all the time.

Speaking of cans of gas — don't we have a couple of those air horns we used to signal the start of that cross country bike race? We oughta set 'em up with the squib thingies. I don't expect the horns to be anything but something out of the ordinary — something to throw them off balance. Something like this will divert their attention for maybe just a second and give us the advantage we need to get the drop on 'em.

These guys will probably attack using a process called “the snake”. The team lines up single file against the outside wall — with odd numbered team members aiming their weapons to the left and even numbered team members aiming their weapons to the right. Then they kinda march right in and kill everything they see that's moving.

Oh, and these guys are gonna use grenades on us too. I don't mean stun or flash-bang. We're gonna get the real thing.

The first thing they'll do is toss in a real grenade. That thing will send thousands of steel splinters into everything in the front area of the house. Then they'll stick the head of their snake inside the house. The head will be the best two shots they have — or the best shot in front and the leader right behind. These guys will be armed with 9mm submachine guns and a few guys with .223's — probably M16s.

They won't have any reason to not kill us. Not killing us means paperwork and testimony at “trial”. We gotta remember that the only thing the feds want is for us to be dead.

I've tried to build this house so that these kinda situations will be like shooting ducks in a barrel — *for* us — not them. I don't think the assault team is gonna change what they've practiced for years and years just for us. And they don't know what's inside this house.

Once inside they'll probably switch to two-man teams. When they come to a doorway they'll place themselves at each side of the door — and look inside the room. They'll kinda do a quick “peek”. If the room is empty then they'll do what they call a “button hook” and run through the doorway and then look back toward the wall right behind them.

They might just throw a grenade into each room before they even peek inside. Hey, they're here to kill us — not invite us to tea!

To stop their plan from working what we gotta do is take some of the weapons we've collected and set them up with the tape and rubber band thingies on the triggers. We lay the weapons on or even under tables in these rooms — kinda in the corners facing where the SEALs will do their “button hook”. We wanna make sure that the weapons aim no higher than crotch high — and knees would be better. These guys should be wearing bullet proof vests — but not on their legs. If

one of our dead guys fires a magazine into somebody's legs it's gonna cut a femoral artery. That SEAL or Marine will be dead in two minutes.

These guys ain't gonna get in through the windows — not with shutters made of two inch thick steel plate. They'll go for the back door — and they ain't gonna get past those railroad rails. The next thing they might try is to just blast a big hole in the side of the house and march in.

Now, if we leave the front door open with a stiff or two inside shaped like a cup — to catch any grenade they might toss — and then two or three plopped at the entryway like they were trying to get in and failed — they might just go for it. They might just storm right in the front door. Hey, these guys are macho. They'll do it.

I wish I had installed a net at the front door. The only real threat we have is from a satchel charge. If they toss one of those inside the house we might be killed from the blast over pressure. I don't think they're gonna stand there and watch such a thing go off so until I see the first guy come in the house I'll stay ready at the top of the stairs to grab any big sack I see come in the door and toss it back outside.

Hey, if it wasn't for the blast over-pressure we would create inside the house we could use our explosives on them!"

Sally just looked at Bill. She had no emotion left in her. Reynaldo was too scared to listen to much of anything.

"The first grenade they toss inside will blow body parts out the door and they might think they got us. There's a smell to just-exploded guts — even if they don't see the pieces zooming out the door they're gonna smell 'em. They just might get cocky and drop their guard a bit.

We should set up a stiff in the rec. room as a Trojan Horse. We can put a Barrett behind the guy and fire it right through him — with the squib and rubber band thingie — when their "snake" of thugs comes marching through the front door. We might get their most dangerous first two guys right off. We'll have to duct tape that dead guy real good so he won't fall over from a grenade blast.

To draw attention away from the Barrett I figure we ought to stuff a stiff in the chimney — feet first — and then put a candle by his head.

Lastly, we oughta take a couple of the chlorine and acid bottles from the pool and cut the tops off. We can lay plastic sheeting up the stairs and tape it at the bottom but not the top. We can then tape the plastic bottles on top of the sheeting at the edge of the landing. If we tug backwards on the bottles then the plastic sheeting will get real tight.

All the SEALs will have to do is step on that sheeting and the two bottles will fall over and mix and even if they're wearing breathing apparatus and bullet proof vests they're gonna get acid and chlorine soaking right through their clothes. It's gonna be real bad news for those guys. Lastly, the chlorine fog will be real heavy — and it should reflect the illumination from their flashlights right back into their faces and help blind them.

I'd like to put bottles of chlorine and acid right on top of our doors and let 'em knock them over as they came into a room — like the old "bucket of water above the door trick" from school. The problem is that if we need to run into that room ourselves it'll be us that gets soaked.

After we nail the first wave of these guys any second wave is gonna want a chance at us. And they're gonna be pissed. That's when I'm gonna do the gasoline sprinkler thing one last time.

From our last experience I would say that if those guys are within three hundred yards of this place we'll suck 'em in and cook 'em.

I know that all of this sounds really crazy. It's supposed to! We have to fight these guys with what we have and all we have is a very strong house and lots of dead people. We gotta use what's been given us. We have no choice."

Bill and his teammates had little time to prepare.

While Reynaldo dragged corpses off the hillside, Bill and Sally inflated balloons and set up squib-fired weapons in the ground floor rooms, on the stairway to the second floor and in the second

floor den.

Bill and Sally then stacked weapons they would use later near the upstairs bedroom walls — just below the shooting ports. They might not have time to reload and in this singular case they might need to fire weapons from both hands.

After the squibbed guns were placed they then set up the air horns — under the plastic sheeting on the stairway landing.

The last thing they did was light the candles by the bodies outside.

They were now as ready as they would ever get.

“Hey, Reynaldo, I know you are brave but I don't think you're ready for what's gonna happen tonight. Let's have you sit in the closet — just lock the door. Nobody's gonna get you in there. Those walls are made of solid steel railroad rail. You'll be safe... see the rails?”

Bill thumped against the rails with his fist.

“Damn, I got a good idea! If you hear somebody in the hallway just give out one of those Mexican Mariachi band AAYEEYAEYAE's and then laugh real loud. They'll start blasting away at you and their bullets will come right back into their faces. Surprise, surprise!”

Bill lifted the hatch and stuck his head down the hole.

“Bobby! How are you doin down there? Okay? Reynaldo here is gonna sit in the closet and guard the door for you. If you hear some screams they're just Reynaldo practicing for his Mariachi band. It'll be okay. It's gonna get real quiet here for a little while and then it might get real loud. You just keep on sweeping so that we can all come down there and have dinner in a little while. Okay?”

Bill closed the hatch and looked at Reynaldo.

“Hey, Reynaldo. Before the action starts you can help us watch those early-alert mirrors for any sign of SEALs crossing the light beams from the candles. Sally and I might miss the event and then we'd all be dead.”

Bill, Sally and Reynaldo lay on the carpet deep inside the house — with just bits of their heads peeking out from around furniture and their eyes locked on the reflections from the eastern and western candles. They were far enough into the shadows of the house to be hidden from starlight scopes.

It was midnight.

“Something has just occurred!” Reynaldo whispered and then poked Sally on the right shoulder. All six eyes looked toward the eastern mirror.

There it was. Blink... blink, blink. Blink, blink, blink. Muscular legs had interrupted the faint yellow beam of candlelight.

“They're here! Reynaldo — go hide!”

Bill and Sally looked at each other. Neither could believe that their lives were to end like this — their bodies soaked in putrid blood, covered in filth, a child dead, the guilt of killing other humans on their hands and maybe fifty SEALs or a platoon of Marine Recon just a few yards away — with orders to kill everything before them.

* * *

SEAL Team Two from Coronado, California — based not forty miles away — had been handed the task.

Squad thirteen of SEAL Team Two had been assigned the mission. Squad seven of SEAL Team Two was thirteen's backup. While these counter-terrorism jobs were normally handled by SEAL Team Six from the east coast there hadn't been time to get them here from Virginia. The standard SEAL squad is eight men. For this operation each squad would be reinforced to 11 men. Either their target was more dangerous than most operational targets or higher authority wanted to make sure the job got done fast.

The team leader squatted just beneath the crest of the hill and surveyed the area — noting that the hillside glowed yellow-green. He thought that an approach from that side — the east side — would not be expected and thus optimum for their attack.

Before them was a sight from Dante's Inferno. There were bodies everywhere — and each had what looked like a little campfire burning — right next its crotch. Other bodies were leaning up against the main building's walls. Tiny hot flames blurred his night goggles and he looked away.

"I bet all those dead guys are booby trapped! Stay clear of them!" He said to his team.

They crept forward — maybe only one step every two seconds or one step every three seconds. The earth felt strange. There were no leaves or twigs beneath their feet — just hard dirt. The smells of cordite and blood were in the air — mixed with the smells of San Diego's back country. A rabbit — and then a bobcat — squealed someplace up the valley.

Their feet were like extensions of their fingers — they felt for even the slightest sensation of a wire or a trap. There was nothing for them to feel here but the sensation of hardness — somehow all of the loose earth had been swept away.

Here and there the point man would place a piece of white tape over a booby trap wire — to flag it for those behind him.

The dead were everywhere — and they smelled bad. The Turkey Vulture vomit had coated bodies with high doses of bacteria and the bodies' putrefaction had been given a five day head start. Some of the bodies still had weapons in their hands. One FBI HRT agent had been propped up and his head was missing. He was still holding his HK MP5.

This squad of SEALs had never been operational before. They'd been told that this should be a bull-shit job. A couple of "Constitutionalists" verses a total of 22 SEALs?

BDDDDDDAAAAPPPPPPPPP!

"FUCK! That headless guys just zapped us from the rear!"

All of squad thirteen snapped to the left and opened fire against the dead FBI HRT agent. Nothing seemed to work! The guy just kept firing!

BLAAAAM!

Finally, a grenade blew him apart.

Of the reinforced squad of 11 they were — in less than ten seconds of their first combat — already down to 9 men. One was killed — shot repeatedly from the knees all the way to the chin as the FBI HRT agent's gun flailed wildly. One was wounded — his left foot mangled by either 9mm rounds or steel slivers from the grenade. He waved to his team that he was okay and that they should proceed.

Nine men sprinted to the eastern edge of the house. The squad leader pressed his shoulder against the wall. He tapped it lightly — it was stone. He dropped his pack and removed two large super-sticky lumps of plastic putty with quarter inch thick hooks sticking out of them. He pressed these clumps of putty into the subtle fissures of the wall. Then he lifted his pack and clipped it to these wall tacks. The squad looked around and confirmed their escape route. The squad leader pulled the pin on the 10 second delay fuse and the squad retreated to the south side of the house.

BLAAAAM!

The satchel charge detonated and sent a shockwave deep into the wall. The foam filled space between the river stones and the concrete dispersed the blast of 20 blocks of navy M112 C4 explosive. The energy — instead of penetrating the wall was redirected outward — sending three hundred pounds of football-sized river stones a hundred yards. The SEALs hadn't expected this kind of detonation. The wall was supposed to vaporize. These stones were nine times harder than normal granite and they rocketed outwards like a huge shotgun blast.

The wounded SEAL — fifty yards away — screamed as chunks of hardened granite sliced him to pieces and a twenty pound boulder crushed his chest. Now the SEALs had no wounded men to take care of — just one more dead.

The squad returned to the blast site and checked the hole. Nothing! Just volumes of acrid black smoke that obscured their view.

The squad leader pressed his hands into the hole and discovered an airspace — maybe six inches

deep — and then what seemed to be a concrete wall that felt about as solid as a bridge abutment. He radioed this information to his back-up squad.

“Fuck! What’s this place made of!”

He motioned with his right arm and then with his right hand and then with his fingers — follow me, around the corner, cover me, we’ll just go in the front door.

The squad slapped themselves against the north wall of the house and inched toward the doorway — stepping over the legs of dead Mexicans, dead BATF and dead FBI HRT agents. Some of the squad dropped their weapon’s magazines to the ground and exchanged them for full ones.

The squad leader edged to the open front doorway and peeked inside. He and his number two man each pulled a pin from a grenade. They nodded to each other and tossed the grenades inside. They heard the grenades bounce once on the hard floor and then stop. The tinkle of the grenade’s spoons bouncing around on the entryway floor was the last pleasant thing they heard.

BAABOOOMM!

The squad immediately entered the house in a line — a line that resembled a snake.

Before them was a surreal “theater of the dead”. Bodies were everywhere. Bits of flesh were stuck to the walls and ceiling and were glistening in the candlelight.

Little lakes of melted wax fueled tiny flames here and there. These tiny yellow glows blurred their night vision goggles. The squad was nearly blind.

Then suddenly “ITS A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL, IT’S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL!” blasted out of speakers someplace in the house. Suddenly, the team couldn’t even hear themselves think let alone communicate.

Three members of the squad were so startled that they let loose on full auto and hosed bullets all over the hallway and toward the kitchen. The bullets knocked the duct tape from a distant wall and a monstrous tidal wave of stench — a breath-stopping waft of putrid death — filled their lungs.

Reynaldo picked that moment to give his first rendition of a Mexican Mariachi scream.

“AAAIEEEEEEEEAAAAEEEEAAAA!”

A SEAL fired a burst down the center of the hallway and in one fluid motion rotated his body to the left and hosed the closet door and its armored walls. Armor piercing bullets and tracers roared from the gun’s muzzle at nearly 3,000 feet per second.

The bullets bounced right back out of the nested railroad rail walls and dug deep into SEAL’s body. His right femoral artery was severed in two places. He would drain himself bloodless in 50 seconds. He dropped to the floor screaming.

The squad leader suddenly realized that there was more here than a middle aged husband and wife. If he wasn’t careful he was gonna come out of this thing very dead.

He couldn’t back out of the house. Shit, his backup squad would laugh at him. All his team had been able to do so far was shoot each other! There wasn’t anything in this fucking house to hurt them — but themselves.

PAAAACHIIINNNNGGG!

The Barrett .50 fired — blowing bits of dead BATF intestines and 750 grains of lead through three of the SEALs who happened to still be standing in precise straight alignment in the doorway. The dying SEALs wiggled like worms — spurting blood from big holes in their chests. A long piece of intestine had flopped out of the dead BATF agent and was now draped over the dying SEALs like glistening, blue-black Christmas bunting.

The squad leader looked around and realized that he now had only five men left.

He signaled the men to create a 30 second firestorm and hose the interior of the house with three entire magazines each.

The roar was deafening in such a confined space. Flames leapt three feet from the gun muzzles. Grenades were tossed into the kitchen and the back bedrooms. Rounds fired toward the ceiling bounced off the concrete and impacted into the furniture and the carpet. Chunks of concrete rocketed into the SEAL’s heads and cut their faces.

The squad reloaded. The sounds of magazines dropping to the floor and new magazines being slapped into HK MP5s and M16s rattled through the house.

Silence.

BRAAAAPPPPPP!

A dead Mexican — who seemed to be hanging by his feet inside the fireplace — and whose clothing was already on fire — let loose with his HK MP5.

Another SEAL fell.

The squad let loose with withering automatic fire toward the fireplace. The “Santa — Mexican” was cut to pieces.

“Fuck! What the fuck is goin on here!”

The leader pointed to the stairs. The SEALs hosed the stairway with .223 bullets and then dashed upwards — difficult to do on the plastic sheeting which covered the stair treads .

There were several telephone lines running up the stairs — now they knew that all of the dead shooters had been controlled by someone — someone up there — someone on the second floor. A SEAL grabbed at the lines and cut them with his K-bar knife.

Their targets were right there — maybe not fifteen feet from them — maybe just at the top of the stairs and around the corner.

There seemed to be something hiding under the sheeting at the top of the landing. The four SEALs fired into the covered shape. Bullets slapped into the two white water-jugs at the top of the landing.

The stairway exploded in a white cloud of chlorine gas. The SEALs raced farther up the stairs — only to slip and fall into the hissing liquid which was bubbling over mini-waterfalls created by the stair treads.

The SEALs slithered up the stairs and lay prone at the edge of the second floor hallway.

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUNNNGGGGG!

The two air horns let loose. SEALs fired into the air, ran forward onto the second floor and began firing in all directions. Concrete chips, paint, and drywall splattered against them.

Two HK MP5s laying on the floor started firing all on their own and bounced wildly across the floor. Bullets splattered everywhere.

The SEALs returned suppressive fire down the second floor hallway and tossed three mini-grenades. The concussion was enough to blow a hall door — about half way down the hallway — right off its hinges. It seem to just hang in mid-air — seemingly wedged in its own door frame.

The SEALs checked the first open space. “Clear!”

A SEAL picked up one of the HK MP5s. A rubber band was wrapped around the trigger. On the floor there was a length of telephone cable terminating in the remains of a squib. He tugged on the cable. The cable trailed down the hallway. The SEAL started to pull on the cable as if he was reeling in a fish.

They looked at each other. The team leader motioned to assault the hallway and the rooms to their front.

They formed up four-abreast and leveled their weapons at the wall facing them and emptied their magazines right into it. Books and mementos exploded from the shelves. Maps and diplomas shredded off the wall.

The SEALs crept to the corner of the room — near the light switch and the beginning of the hallway. A SEAL leaned his back against the wall and rested his head for a moment and then motioned that he was going to snap around the corner and hose the hallway again.

Before he could take another step, before his HK MP5’s muzzle even reached the horizontal, a 12 gauge shotgun blast tore through the wall’s flimsy foam core and drywall and nearly took the SEAL’s head right off his shoulders. The body flopped to the floor and flailed aimlessly — spurting huge black wriggling columns of blood all over the shelves and furniture. The sweet-smelling liquid pooled on a low shelf and began dripping onto the carpet.

The remaining SEALs turned, took three steps backward and fired into the wall at waist height — only to have the rounds ricochet right into their crotches and legs. They screamed in pain but continued to fire into the wall as they backed away — toward the stairway.

At the stairway they then changed magazines for a final assault.

The SEALs formed a “vee” and — screaming at the tops of their lungs and with guns blazing — they ran down the hall and crashed into the de-hinged door that was wedged against its frame. The front-most SEAL caught the full force of their collision with the door — a door that was backed by steel aircraft cable netting. The SEAL caught a finger one of the spaces in the steel mesh. The finger snapped and the SEAL screamed — more out of frustration than pain.

The SEALs fell to the floor and began firing in all directions. The squad had entered the house with 21 magazines each. The three remaining SEALs were now down to five magazines each. On full auto they could go through those magazines in less than a minute — with most of their time spent changing magazines. Their high volume of concentrated fire quickly exposed the inner reinforcement of the walls around them. Bits of drywall and foam rocketed down the hallway. Concrete, chunks of plastic gunport and even bits glass mirror were blasted off the walls. Concrete dust and cordite smoke filled the space.

The music stopped.

To their right their gunfire had chisled the wall almost bare — exposing a floor-to-ceiling monolith of solid gray concrete — perforated only by dual firing ports and a single observation port.

This narrow, gray, concrete phantom loomed over them in the smoke. To each side of this column was a low wall — topped by almost-invisible wire mesh which climbed all the way to the ceiling. If, in the heat of battle, the SEALs had tried to toss a grenade over the wall and into the next room it would have bounced off the mesh and landed right at their feet — and all of them would already be dead.

The SEALs could feel their hearts pounding, their hands were shaking. It really wasn’t supposed to end this way.

In the 12 seconds these three SEALs had left they sensed that they deserved this death. They sensed that they were to die because they had been cocky and that swagger could not overcome cold, ruthless, intellect. They were going to die having never even seen their enemy.

They went into a defensive drill — one SEAL facing up the hallway, one facing down the hallway, one facing the looming column of concrete and its black firing ports. They reloaded. Without the deafening music the house was terrifyingly silent. The clicking and clacking of magazines being inserted and the clanking of bolts being slammed home echoed down the hallway. They were ready.

A single pale-blue female-eye looked carefully through a small, mirrored observation port and then — very carefully — broken but once-pastel-pink-painted fingernails closed around the triggers of two HK MP5 submachine guns set in the two the firing ports of the wall.

BRAAPPPPPPPPPP!

The staccato tapping — the music — of the bullets slapping into these three SEALs was modulated in sound and amplitude by the glowing trail of bullets washing back and forth over their bodies, washing over the floor and walls and then over the SEAL’s bodies again.

This music was echoed in counterpoint by eight rapid blasts from a Bennelli 12 gauge shotgun. These shots came from far down the hall. Heavy solid slugs as well as number four and 00 buckshot whistled down the hall and into their heads, faces and limbs. As they rolled around to avoid these lethal slaps, the tungsten balls slammed into their backs, buttocks and legs. These blasts were followed in three seconds by another eight — from a second fully loaded Bennelli 12 gauge. A skittering tungsten ball dislodged the “made-ready” pin of one of the SEAL’s grenades. The only thing that had held the pin in place was a half inch long bit of duct tape. The pin was popped from the 3/32’s inch diameter tunnel in the cast aluminum fuse. The steel spoon flipped off the fuse body. The quarter inch wide by half inch long striker — powered by little more than a

clothespin spring — flipped 180 degrees and slapped the top of a primer. A sealed tube of powder burned for slightly less than ten seconds. Before anyone even realized that the grenade had come alive the detonation of nearly a quarter pound of PETN sent more than 2,000 steel splinters through the SEALs at 21,600 feet per second.

BLAAAAAM!

Silence.

Smoke.

Death.

The SEALs had spent only three minutes in the house. They had been on the second floor for less than 45 seconds — and now they were all dead.

There now was only a faint sound coming from far down the hallway — the sound blood spurting from a nearly headless stump — the blood then dripping off a shelf and splatting onto the carpet — forming a little, black, coagulating pool. Plap... plap... plap...

* * *

The closet was hot and full of cordite smoke and chlorine gas.

Reynaldo judged this to be the moment to let loose with another Mariachi scream.

“AYEEEEYAEYAEYAE!”

It trailed off quickly — thanks to his dry throat.

There was a delicate knock at his closet door and a call:

“Hey, Reynaldo! You better get your ass out here now! We need you!”

Reynaldo opened the door — to Hell itself.

There were burning bodies scattered all over the inside of the house. Even the carpet was on fire.

“Help me get the front shield down. FAST!” Bill coughed — trying to fight off the chlorine fumes and the acrid smoke.

Bill’s legs were shaking so badly that he could not stand — and he had to lean against the wall to stay erect. Sally was laying on the floor sobbing.

Bill and Reynaldo tried everything they could to get the front shield down but to no avail.

“Well, if this is the only screw-up in the house’s design tonight I’m gonna be real happy!” Bill said as he casually grabbed a stiff by the collar that was leaning against the door and tossed it out the front door — as if it were this weeks trash. He then swung the massive bronze door closed and slammed the door’s massive crash bar into its locking pins in the steel and concrete door frame.

“Reynaldo, pick up Sally and carry her into the closet! I gotta clean up some possible business before its too late!”

Reynaldo carried Sally to the closet and placed her against the inside wall.

Bill staggered over to the master control panel in the kitchen.

Then he started think. “Now it’s all a matter of timing. If there is another squad out there it’ll take a few minutes for them to decide their buddies ain’t coming back. Then it’ll take ‘em a minute or two to scamper to the house. I’d better wait four minutes and then send gasoline to the outer ring of sprinklers first.

Reynaldo said that there was about a thousand gallons left. At 2,200 gallons a minute I better give the outer ring ten seconds and then switch to the middle ring for ten seconds and then the inner ring can have what’s left. The candles probably won’t get a rich enough fuel-air mixture to detonate the gas until the last few seconds.”

He counted. “One, two, three.... two hundred thirty nine, two hundred forty.”

He released all the remaining air pressure from the tanks into the sprinkler valves. He could hear the air pressure in the lines and he could hear the massive flow of gasoline and oil spraying over the ground outside. The hissing sound died out — the fuel tank was dry.

He heard the crackle of flames outside. He fired the remaining squibs anyway — just to make sure Before he could run the eight steps from the kitchen to the safety of the closet he could heard the whistling squeal of air being sucked from the house. A red and black tornado of flames already

circled above the roof. More than 1,000 gallons of gasoline and oil had been atomized into the dry morning air. The heavy humidity of fuel and oxygen easily filled the valley from side to side. The detonation had created a column of flames more than 3,000 feet high. The earth's coriolis spun the flames counterclockwise into a snake-like chimney that writhed higher and higher into the low clouds.

Bill was screaming. His muscles had finally given up. It was all he could do — even with Reynaldo's help — to get the closet door closed. Air was being sucked from the mine and a veritable hurricane was racing around the edge of the door. If they could just get the door closed a bit past half way it would slam shut with the force of the air pressure coming out of the mine.

“Watch your fingers Reynaldo!”

KLANK!

The door slammed shut and then its gaskets began squeaking as air continued to escape through the door frame's tiny cracks..

Bill looked at his watch.

“Last time we did this I think it took about five minutes for the flames to die down. We better give this one ten minutes just in case.”

* * *

Squad seven was holding its position on the side of the hill — only about three hundred yards to the east of the house. The firefight that went on inside that house was horrific. They could see flashes out the front door and could count the number of magazine changes and grenades fired. They could even tell the difference between 9 mm and .223 gunfire and enemy fire — which sounded like 12 gauge rounds.

There was about a minute of active fire — including 30 seconds of a “mad minute” and then silence. Then the world came alive with incredibly loud Disneyland “It's a small world” music and then more gunfire and maybe a grenade or two.

Screams..

Then there was silence and then long blasts of 9 mm, .223 and 12 gauge fire and at its peak there was what sounded like a single grenade detonation.

The squad leader made a mental record that an assault by a full squad of highly trained SEALs against a couple of middle aged civilians had taken almost four minutes. He was gonna razz that squad right good when they got back to Coronado!

The entire valley was silent. There seemed only to be muffled crackling noises coming from inside the house. The random flicker from small fires inside the house threw weird patterns on the entryway gravel.

There was no “All Clear” from the radio. There was no hand signal waved out the front door. The back-up squad waited. Two minutes. Enough.

The squad trotted forward to assault the house. Now forty yards, over the bodies, thirty yards, to the first dead SEAL, twenty yards, to the second dead SEAL.

They reached the eastern side of the house and examined the pitiful hole in the wall blasted by a satchel charge. One SEAL set about mounting a special reinforced-concrete demolition charge.

The weapon wasn't a bag, it was a tube. The tube was suspended from two dark grey nylon lines — using dark grey sticky putty. The tube was hung from the sticky putty supported lines horizontally and there was a big yellow arrow on three sides of the tube showing which end to place against the concrete target. A SEAL checked the alignment and motioned for the squad to retreat to the south side of the house. He pulled the time delay. They ran.

There was a strange hissing sound off in the distance — like lawn sprinklers popping up — and the SEALs thought it was so totally domestic — lawn sprinklers in the middle of an assault. Some of the SEALs looked at each other and mouthed, “Sprinklers.”

Then they smelled it. It smelled like an old 56 Ford with a burned-out clutch. Old oil.

Now it was an overpowering smell. To the older SEALs it smelled like the bilge of a pigboat —

the bottom-most slop-tank of a diesel-electric submarine.

Then they smelled the rest of the smell — “GASOLINE!”

They couldn't figure out what was happening to them.

They were trapped. If they ran they would be killed by the demolition charge soon to go off — if they stayed then they would have to escape through pools of gasoline that might catch fire at any moment. Just five more seconds to concrete-penetrator detonation.

WHAAAAAMMMMMMMBOOOOOOOM!

The demolition charge detonated and fired a rocket into the concrete wall. The warhead of the rocket was tipped with a self-forging penetrator followed by a shaped charge — which detonated while in intimate contact with the concrete. A crater more than two feet deep was dug into the wall. Massive cracks appeared that spider-webbed across the wall in all directions.

The wall held fast. There was still a foot of reinforced concrete between the SEALs and the inside of the house. They had failed.

The gas and oil fumes were overpowering. The SEALs tried to run — but with heavy packs and oil lubricated earth and going up hill and then trapped in a maze of steel rods and breathing fumes that seemed to steal their strength — they weren't able to get very far in the few seconds they had left.

The sudden and massive detonation of a fuel-air explosive firestorm is memorable — even beautiful. Perhaps the first-ever fusion of hydrogen at the core of the sun was like this. Certainly, it is all a part of nature.

Their Nomex balaklavas and Nomex gloves kept the SEALs from burning too quickly. They all kept their backs to the conflagration and tried to run. They dreamed they were running in an ocean's rip current. The wind tugged at their feet and at their arms. The wind increased in velocity and it was impossible to hold on — let alone escape. The SEALs were bent over almost double — fighting the pull of the flames.

The squad leader was the first to be sucked to infinity — the other SEALs watched out of the corners of their eyes as he lost his balance, fell backward and then tumbled past them.

A super-charged crematoria swirled above the house — gasping, clawing for more fuel, more air and more of them.

The SEALs refused to give up. They fought. They dug in with their fingernails to keep from being drawn into the flames. Some became entangled in the steel bushes — only to be slowly — inexorably — heated to 600 degrees. Steam from their bubbling organs slowly forced their lungs out their mouths and intestinal juices dribbled from their rectums.

As their bodies gave up the last few drops of cooling moisture they burst into flame — human fat is a wonderful fuel.

The last one alive felt himself being sucked across the ground and then carried up into the sky. He could see the house below him and then he could see the FBI's operations center far to the north and even the headlights of cars moving on the highway five miles away.

“So this is what an out-of-body experience is like” he thought as he lay there in the dirt with his Nomex gloves burned from his skin and his skin burned from his flesh and his flesh burned from his bones.

His eyes poached in his own tears.

* * *

“We're not done yet!” Bill said as they all sat on the freshly swept floor of the mine — eating luncheon meats and drinking Coke.

“Those guys are not going to give up. The only thing left is a bombing run and I don't think — after what we have just been through — that any of us would argue that they ain't gonna do it. They're gonna do it.

They're going to get us and this time... They're gonna get serious!”

Everybody laughed. Sally was covered in blood, her fingernails were broken, her clothes were

ripped and covered in cordite smoke. Bill was bleeding from his forehead, face and two long cuts in his right arm — from ricocheting concrete chips. Reynaldo was covered in dried blood from carrying more than a dozen dead bodies and other bits and pieces of humanity he had dragged from here to there. Even Bobby was coated in filth from sweeping the floor of the mine and his hands were sliced open in a dozen places from gathering bits of glass, plastic and steel shards. But they were alive!

From Bill's earlier calculations he was confident that any attack by aircraft would come from the north. And he knew that the attack would be using some kind of guided munitions and that such a munition would be most vulnerable during the last 10 to 15 seconds before impact.

He reasoned that their first move would be to bomb the house — to turn it to rubble — and then let it burn until nothing was left. They would use one of those damn TV guided bombs so as not to miss. Then they would probably napalm the entire area — maybe three times. Their next move would be to either send in another team — which might act in a more circumspect manner than the last two — to do an on-site inspection or send in that damn RPV again.

Bill figured that if the place needed to be hit again then the feds would probably have aircraft standing by. Then it struck him — if all of these people were so absolutely expendable then this plane was probably already on the way!

Where would the aircraft come from? His mind wandered a bit — through all of his previous nightmares and fears and reasoning and then it struck him: NAS El Centro!

That damn place was near all those Navy bombing ranges, they specialized in bombing practice and the aircraft could depart quickly and easily with nobody taking notice.

But then he realized that it didn't matter where the plane came from. The only thing that mattered was where they aimed that bomb.

“SHIT!”

“Hey guys, we gotta go do some painting — if the paint is still in the shed!

Bobby, how about if you try and get some sleep. I don't want you to go upstairs for a while. Just take a couple of those shooting mats and some of the clothes in that clothes hamper and make yourself a fortress over there in the corner and cover up and go to sleep. We'll all be back in a few minutes. You're safe down here.”

“Okay, pop.”

Bill went out to the shed and found the Santa Fe White he had intended to use to paint the house — before he decided to just depend on the plasticized stucco for color. He remembered that the paint and stucco matched pretty well — at least they had two years ago.

The cans were popped open from the heat and some of the paint looked like it had boiled for a while — if not from heat then from the lowered atmospheric pressure of the firestorm.

Bill dragged the ladder from the shed and slapped it up against the north wall of the house. If this worked then all the window shutters would have to be painted.

He took a can of Santa Fe White and covered over the dark trim on one of the closed shutters on the ground floor.

It looked almost okay. The window blended right in. Now the shutter just looked like a bump on the wall.

“Okay guys... I think we gotta job to do...” Bill yelled at Reynaldo and Sally.

They all took rags and soaked them in the paint and then slathered the paint on the window shutters. Bill climbed up the ladder, stretched out in space and just sloshed paint onto the second floor shutters.

Soon all of the north facing windows — top and bottom — were erased from existence.

“Sally, do you know where that garrison sized American flag is?”

“Yes, sure. You want that thing now?”

“Yep — we need a big target for these assholes.

They'll need a really nice aiming point — and if we hang that flag in front of this solid concrete

wall and they use it as their target then we might just live though what they drop on us — at least the first time.”

Then Bill had another idea. He trotted over to their Hummer and looked inside it. The whole thing really had taken the two gasoline and motor-oil, flame, mushroom cloud, firestorm “cremate a Mexican” and “nuke-a-SEAL” operations quite badly. The paint was gone and the metal was now mostly rust, the interior had burned up and the tires were nothing but woven steel belts — the run-flat tires had melted off the rims.

Bill tried the engine. It started!

He lurched the vehicle around in the yard so that it faced north, then he went to the shed and dragged out an armful of 2 x 4’s and dropped them by the Hummer.

“Sally, please go find some sheets — dark colors if possible!” He said and then went back and got another load of 2 x 4’s..

Sally eyed the lengths of wood and the Hummer and figured she’d need about every sheet in the house.

Bill set out to build a wooden frame and just screwed it right onto the front of the Hummer with three inch drywall screws — driven by his Makita electric drill. The frame was twenty feet across and twenty feet high — sloping back over the Hummer towards the house.

Sally came out of the house with bed sheets and Bill laid three layers onto the huge frame. He then used drywall screws to hold the layers of sheets on the frame. Then he painted the entire front of the Hummer and the edges of the sheets with the Santa Fe White.

“Okay, Sally, where’s the flag?”

Sally had a wild look on her face. She was starting to cry again.

“We gotta do something about that house. That place is terrifying. Can’t you guys scrape some of the mess outside?” She sat on the ground. She started to lay down flat but she quickly recognized bits of burned-human mixed in with the gravel. She staggered to her feet and ran to Bill and held him tight.

“Okay. Reynaldo and I’ll try and drag the mess outside and then cover the downstairs with plastic sheeting. We might just have to live in that mess for a while. Who knows what’s gonna come next or even how much more we can stand.” Bill was crying too and his whole body was shaking. Too much more of this and they all would become casualties.

Sally trotted off and returned with a flag with 48 stars. It had flown over Hawaii’s Hickam Field in 1938 and had belonged to her father.

Bill crawled up onto the Hummer and gently draped the flag over the bed sheet frame. The flag was all that Sally had left of her father. Bill didn’t want to staple her only memory of her father onto planks like Jesus to the cross but he had no choice.

“Okay, it’s done.”

If this all worked then the air-crew would pick the target at the middle of the house and guide their first bomb towards it. The pilot and weapons officer would certainly be no more than 26 years old and fully indoctrinated into “The New World Order”. The crew would be more than happy to bomb an American flag — they would look at the chance as a real bonus! The bomb damage assessment video tape would even show the bomb targeting the “Constitutional Extremists” and their flag.

Bill figured that he could put the Hummer into compound low gear and let it drag itself slowly away from the house. If this worked then in the last fifteen seconds the Hummer should get about 100 feet away from the house — and if the bomb was locked on that American flag then the impact point would not be the house but the Hummer. The house would be safe.

Bill could only hope that the weapons officer on that plane had a real hate for the “old America” and that he wouldn’t miss.

They finished their construction and painting by 3:30 in the morning. It really is amazing what you can do when you’re scared.

Bill just stood there in the darkness and looked at the flag and then up the valley. Suddenly, he brought his hands to his mouth and looked at Sally and then at Reynaldo.

“I got it!

I think we might just win round one guys! We’re better off than I thought! The missile or bomb they drop on us might really track that flag — I figure there’s a 70% chance. The pilot might try to re-target the weapon at the last minute if he sees his aim point running down the road. But I think we can fix that.

I’ve been thinking about all of this stuff at a much too technical a level!

We just gotta think about this in a much more primitive way. What would a Russian peasant or a Ukrainian do?

I remember that the Russians had planned to shoot down our low flying B-52 bombers by just setting off lots of small nuclear ground bursts in their path. You sure don't need radar controlled anti-aircraft guns and missiles if you just launch a small Ural mountain — or two — at your attacker! So, I think we might just be able to knock their plane right out of the sky — and I think we can blind their TV aiming system long enough to have the weapon go on automatic and crash prematurely or even lock onto our lure!”

He picked up a handful of gravel and tossed it in the air and then listened for the stones to fall to the ground.

“How many bottles of pool chemicals do we have?” Bill asked.

“God, a whole bunch — maybe ten chlorine and ten acid bottles” Sally responded.

“Okay — Reynaldo — come and help me carry them”.

Bill and Reynaldo scampered through the house and out onto the patio and then Bill turned to the right and around the corner — to pool and garden supplies cabinet with a swimming pool leaf scoop leaning against it. Bill stopped for a moment and just looked at the pool skimmer and thought of Samantha and then snapped back to reality.

“Grab five at a time!”

The two of them trudged back through the house and Bill kept right on going — to a point about 150 yards directly in front of the burned out Hummer target.

“Stack them here and then come on.”

Then back they went for another load.

When the plastic bottles were all piled up in the dirt Bill said “Give me a hand” as he motioned to Reynaldo to come with him.

They both then trotted far up the trail to the north — to the FBI’s Black Hummer hidden in the shallow arroyo. What a nice machine! The damn thing was loaded with radios and food. It had a long trailer with half empty spools of cable. The cable was trailed back up the road and smaller reels of cable had had their contents winding toward the three sniper nests.

It must be so nice to be in the FBI. Their Hummer had no ignition lock. What a loving and trusting organization.

Bill and Reynaldo hopped in. Reynaldo had never been in such a machine before. Not only were the people in the front seats separated from each other by four feet of transmission but the noise was like sitting inside the engine compartment of a bus.

As the Hummer lurched forward, the black cables that had been laid out the back became taught and then started following the Hummer like well-trained snakes.

Bill drove the Hummer south and to the eastern hillside near the house. There, they both got out and collected and carried the small mounds of equipment, guns and ammunition to the bottom of the hill and then into the back of the Hummer. Bill then drove the Hummer right to the front door of the house.

“Okay Reynaldo, now we got real work to do” Bill mumbled. He was already exhausted.

Then he realized what he had just done. He had damn near worked himself to a frazzle when he could have just loaded the bottles of acid and chlorine into the Hummer and driven them out the

hundred-plus yards.. Stupid!

They lifted the cable spools off their mounts and dropped them on the ground. Then they lifted the steel frames and other telephone equipment off the trailer and stripped the Hummer of anything that wouldn't be of value later.

Bill walked in the house and went directly to the closet and slid down the steel ladder into the basement. Reynaldo followed.

Bill motioned to Reynaldo to stay quiet so Bobby could sleep. He then lead Reynaldo through the small room by the stairs and into the mine's main chamber.

The chamber still smelled of burned plastic and had the acidic air of a smoldering fire. Dim yellow lights showed the basement to be huge — with tunnels going off in three directions. It was a marvelous place. There were rows of half-destroyed special electrical technology along the walls. Reynaldo was very impressed.

Bill trotted down the right hand tunnel about twenty yards and then stopped. Strange thick light gray plastic sausages were stacked on two rubber wheeled carts. Another cart had paper wrapped black rubber sheeting and a few spools of red and white striped rope. There were two more carts in the tunnel and each of those had what looked like stacks of fifty pound bags of carefully wrapped powdered cement. It wasn't cement.

Bill took two of the spools of rope, ten sausages and some black sheets and tossed these onto one of the cement carts and started pushing it down the tunnel. He turned and pointed to the other cement cart and Reynaldo followed with the second cart.

The tunnel must have been almost a quarter mile long. About fifty yards from the end the nice cement floor stopped and the tunnel became a ragged dumping ground of broken boulders — impassable.

Here, Bill stopped his cart and wrapped five sausages with the black sheeting and red and white rope and then stuck the bundle under the top most "cement" bag on his cart. He then played out some of the rope and wrapped it around the rest of the sausages and black sheeting and stuck this bundle under the top most bag on Reynaldo's cart.

He looked around the floor of the tunnel — kicking at broken timbers — and found a rusted two foot long shoring bolt. He stuck the spool onto the bolt and played the rope out while walking back toward the house.

Bill and Reynaldo had just placed two thousand pounds of ANFO nine hundred feet to the north of the house. Each cart's ANFO was now boosted with fifty pounds of Tovex water gel explosive which was boosted with five pounds of Detasheet which was primed with a 1/4 inch line of PETN wrapped in a polyester abrasion proof cover — sold as Primacord by Ensign-Bickford.

When they reached the carts of Tovex Bill stacked tubes of explosives around the bolt so that it stuck up like a flag pole and then put the spool of Primacord onto the bolt.

He pointed to Reynaldo and then to the remaining cart and they both started wheeling and tugging carts back to the basement stairway. Bill let the Primacord — connected to the distant mounds of ANFO — just coil off the back of his cart. The spool squeaked on each revolution and the edge of the spool finally sliced through one of the Tovex tubes and muddy explosive began trailing onto the floor.

Right below the ladder Bill found two five gallon gas cans marked "Diesel".

"Hey, Reynaldo — help me put all this stuff into the trailer."

For every trip Bill made to the trailer Reynaldo made three. Reynaldo was quite used to hard work and moving two five gallon cans of Diesel fuel plus a thousand pounds of Tovex from the basement to the trailer took less than twenty minutes.

Bill went around the side of the house and collected a shovel and two rakes. The load was awkward and Reynaldo trotted over and grabbed the shovel.

They got into FBI Hummer and drove from the house to the wide spot in the gravel road marked by the chlorine and acid bottles. At the side of the road Bill had planned to create a little flower

bed and had dumped three cubic yards of sterilized manure.

“Reynaldo, help me rake this stuff into the shape of a bowl.”

While Reynaldo raked, Bill shoveled — and sprinkled Diesel fuel onto the pile. When the bowl had been created Bill started sloshing Diesel in the center and Reynaldo raked the fuel into the manure — creating a sticky mud. It was a task very similar to mixing dry concrete mix with water to make cement or — on a much smaller scale — making pizza dough.

When it was all mixed, they both started stomping on the mound to compress it. They created a two foot thick pancake of “Dieselized” sterile cow shit. The mound was shaped like a rectangle — with the wide part to the east and west. This way the explosion would create a fan shaped blast covering the valley from side to side.

Bill then took ten tubes of Tovex and a spool of Primacord from the Hummer and carried them to the mound. Bill wrapped each tube of Tovex with three loops of Primacord and laid them like railroad ties down the length of the depression in the middle of the shit mound. He then motioned for Reynaldo to help him stack the plastic bottles on top of the line of Tovex tubes. They then got back into the Hummer and returned to the house — unreeling a line of Primacord as they went. Bill took the Primacord spool with him into the house, dropped it in the closet and walked to the front door.

“Hey, Reynaldo, lets try and clean up the ground floor of this place a bit.”

The two of them began tossing bits and pieces out the front door. When that was done they dragged SEALs and BATF and the Mexicans out onto the gravel and into a pile. They then taped plastic sheeting over floors, walls and furniture.

“You guys have really made a difference! The place kinda looks like we’re fumigating for maggots or worms or something!” Sally was not convinced of their sincerity.

While they had been busy with cow shit, Sally had taken a shower and put on clean clothes. She look beautiful. She was now busy collecting food, clothing and ammunition. She could smell Bill and Reynaldo from more than thirty feet away.

“My God you guys stink. Before you do anything else why don't you wash some of that stuff off!” Bill and Reynaldo looked at each other and walked toward the garden hose at the side of the house. They stood there and talked as they stripped to the skin. Bill hosed off his and Reynaldo’s boots and then motioned that they should put them on. They both stood there in nothing more than their boots.

Bill walked back to the hose bib and lifted the lid on a small wooden box. Bill kept his car washing stuff right by the hose. He pulled out a plastic bottle of Ivory liquid and squirted some on Reynaldo and himself. It took three complete washings to get the smells of death, shit, and explosives off their bodies.

Still wearing just boots they entered the house, climbed the stairs and trotted to the master bedroom to collect fresh clothes.

The human mind is a strange and very adaptive organ. Once the plastic sheeting had been laid down the imagery of blood-filled rooms quickly faded. Going up the stairs and facing such visual horror again was nearly all that the two of them could take.

They both came down the stairs very quietly — and with wild looks on their faces. Some call this look “the thousand yard stare”.

“Reynaldo — I hope you can figure out how to drive a Hummer. We’ll only get one chance to do this right. Why not start that wrecked Hummer now and practice putting it into gear and stuffing a rock under the gas pedal. If you can do it three times in a row without a hitch then you’ll probably do it right when the time comes. And try not to drive over your foot!”

Bill drove the FBI’s Hummer around the house and far to the south — following the illegal alien trail.

He tried to think only of the airplane threat and the fact that he’d just created a one thousand pound mound of boosted and very explosive cow shit — and let Clinton outlaw that!

His mind was racing. "This nightmare is going on and on and on and on." He thought. He started to shake. He started to cry again. He almost believed that he had already been killed and that he was now in Hell and that this level of terror would now go on for him — for eternity.

"God help me!" he screamed. But he knew that even if it was Hell for eternity he had to continue fighting. He could not and he would not stop fighting.

Bill parked the Hummer almost a half mile from the house — close to The Wall and Mexico. The vehicle was fairly safe hidden in an arroyo — and besides — illegals were not too active at this time of the morning. Bill then unloaded the Detasheet and Primacord and put these underneath the Hummer. The Tovex could withstand considerable shock without detonation, but PETN was not so forgiving. Sure, he could have just put the PETN a safe distance from the Hummer but then it would have been exposed to gunfire and even — God forbid — bomb fragments. Under the Hummer it was safe. The Tovex was so shock resistant that it could easily be used as shielding for the PETN.

He then trudged back to the house. Reynaldo was smiling — he was ready to demonstrate his proficiency in Hummer ballet. Reynaldo was able to slip the transmission from neutral to compound low and then roll a twenty pound rock from under his feet and against the gas pedal very smoothly and without joggling the steering wheel. He had even raked a six inch deep trough for each front wheel so that the Hummer would track straight out from the house. Bill was impressed.

It was 04:30 in the morning.

Chapter Fifteen

The attack had been organized as a multi-service effort. The FBI had overall responsibility with their HRT acting as on-site managers. The FBI snipers were the first line of containment. A Delta detachment in transit through Nellis Air Force Base had been moved in as backup for the HRT — with the Delta perimeter one mile out. Army Rangers from Hunter-Liggett formed the most distant outer perimeter with two platoons dug-in a mile outside the Delta positions. SEALs had been brought in for the quick all-out assault mainly because it was easier to hide and disperse their deaths world-wide under various excuses such as “training exercise” and “tragic accident”. This procedure is called “body-washing” by those-in-the-know.

Delta had been on a return flight from Korea on their way home to Ft. Bragg. One of their specialties was DUGS — Deep Underground Shelters. For years they had practiced in the tunnels of Nevada’s nuclear test sites. Many of those tunnels were two miles long. Korea’s DMZ was a warren of North Korean tunnels and Delta had — until recently — been sneaking down these tunnels killing all who happened in their path. The Johnson’s tunnels were going to be easy. Delta was fully prepared to enter through the end of one of these tunnels and then climb up into the Johnson’s home.

The intelligence community was fully aware of the tunnels beneath the Johnson’s property — they had been monitored since the first day of digging fifteen years before. The government even had computed their lengths — from 3D satellite photos of the mine tailings. All of this was not done for political purposes — targeting American Patriots. It was done on all mines everywhere on earth. The intelligence community is huge and as computers took over more and more of the mundane tasks there was time, compute power and money for the fringe programs of intelligence gathering. Intelligence agencies are much more like the Post Office than we want to believe — but with satellites, computers, and guns.

The first fireball and mushroom cloud had been spotted by intelligence satellites and Delta had been ordered to the field under their “Domestic Weapons of Mass Destruction Support” role. Their orders were to “sabotage, disarm, disable and seize” the Johnson’s various weapons of mass destruction. In layman’s terms their orders were to wipe the place off the map.

Additional FBI HRT “specialists” had been brought in dressed like US Marines — and had brought TOW missile carrying Hummers with them. They were to act as the heavy weapons team for the HRT snipers.

The FBI had underestimated their targets. The loss of contact with their sniper teams caused considerable consternation at the command post. Secure message traffic between Washington and the local commanders bristled with denunciatory invectives. The “Final Solution” was now to be orchestrated from Washington. The field agents would take charge again after Washington made its move.

The Navy had wanted a piece of this operation — it was a simple matter of competition for funding. They couldn’t let the Army or the FBI get all the credit. The order to deploy SEALs had come directly from the Secretary of the Navy — a woman — who at the very last moment wanted women to be part of the assault team. She got her SEALs — but she got no women.

* * *

Three hundred miles off the Pacific coast the aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk turned into the wind and the bridge signaled “FLANK SPEED”. Deep within the bowels of the ship, her crews carefully and incrementally adjusted the rate of bunker fuel flowing to her Foster Wheeler boilers. You can’t just open a valve and spray more fuel into a boiler to make the ship move faster. Next to each boiler is stack of four foot long, three inch diameter steel tubes called barrels. At the end of each of these barrels is a nickle sized sprayer plate held in place by a nut and washer. As the bridge commands more speed, sets of these barrels — with ever-larger orifices in the sprayer plates — are inserted in sequence into the boilers and then attached to the boiler’s high pressure fuel lines.

The spray of fuel is thus increased incrementally over many, many minutes. As the crew slams the next set of barrels into the boiler, the just-removed barrels are quickly fitted with the next larger sized sprayer-plates and — when the boiler can efficiently accept the next size orifice — they are re-inserted into the boilers. This complex and dangerous process continues until the carrier reaches the speed requested. It is an act of supreme teamwork. To ensure that the boilers are running efficiently the “BTs” — or boiler technicians — watch the color of the smoke coming from the stacks. It has been this way — deep within the bowels of steam-driven ships — for more than sixty years.

As the carrier reached flank speed an A6-E Intruder spooled up its engines and taxied toward the catapult. The bow of the ship slowly dipped toward the sea and then rose thirty feet toward the grey-green sky. The flight deck crew braved wind, jet exhaust and whipping cables to service the aircraft and launch the ship’s sea-gray squadrons toward their targets.

The A6-E pilot and weapons officer were ready — target due east. The pilot taxied the aircraft toward the catapult — not an easy task on a grease-slicked deck pitching and rolling in even a moderate sea.

If these two airmen had wanted to measure their chances of surviving this mission they would have needed only to ignite the envelope containing their secret mission plan. It had been soaked in potassium chlorate and would have vaporized in a single bright flash.

This mission had been planned from the very start as an heroic end to their careers — and their lives. And the COD pilot? She had already been handed a lethal change to her AIDS medication and a dose of Hepatitis “C” in her last toke of cocaine.

The A-6E Intruder was heavy. It had not only the two TV guided AGM-65B Maverick missiles but a full load of 20 Mk 82 500 pound iron bombs.

The A-6E’s Mavericks could be guided nicely from either seat of the aircraft, but the TV image quality left much to be desired. The picture was only about 200 lines high by 200 pixels wide. The image was thus only about as good as a very early Nintendo game — and only in black and white. Its fatal flaw was its “improved” ability to lock onto a target and automatically track to impact even if communication with the A-6E was lost. This meant that if human tracking of the target was lost then the missile would continue to attempt to re-acquire the target on its own — and would look for the aim point the human had originally selected. It was thus possible to defeat the missile by replacing the human-selected target with a decoy. Stupid or smart — with a 300 pound warhead the Maverick meant death to nearly anything it hit.

The A-6E would come in from the north and drop the first weapon at 05:00 hrs. The target was nestled in a deep valley and so radio guidance and remote imagery reception would be difficult if the aircraft left the valley. The mission profile was therefore to release each weapon three minutes out, apply aircraft speed brakes and then follow the weapon over the target and get visual confirmation of a kill.

The pilot taxied the plane into position at the aft end of the catapult and then looked down with never-ending fascination at the scurry of the deck crew. Efficiently and with practiced hands the plane was locked into the catapult’s inch-thick steel track. The only connection between the plane and the catapult was a steel shoe just behind the plane’s nose wheel.

Just below the flight deck a polished steel piston — 21 inches in diameter — waited to drive the plane right off the Kitty Hawk’s deck. This huge piston was driven with super-dry live steam pressurized to 520 PSI. The catapult could easily launch a four-door Chevrolet more than a quarter of a mile.

The pilot pushed the A6-E’s throttles to full afterburner, gripped the stick, settled his flight boots into the rudder pedals, signalled a “thumbs-up” and waited for release.

The deck crew now switched their attention from the plane to the bow of the ship and would only launch the aircraft when it was certain the plane would clear ocean swells and bow waves.

More than 180,000 pounds of force was pounded into the piston and then onto the front wheel of

the A6-E. The aircraft was wrenched forward — accelerating at more than two and a half times the force of gravity — and then right off the edge of the carrier's deck. The heavily loaded aircraft sank out of sight for just one heart-stopping moment and then slowly climbed into the gray mist.

* * *

Dawn comes early in the mountains. The tips of the peaks catch the first glimmers of sun and reflect them far down into the canyons.

Bill, Sally, Bobby and Reynaldo were laying on the plastic covered floor in the plastic covered rec. room. They were asleep. They hadn't planned on sleeping. Sleep had just washed over them. The A6-E had already flown down the valley once — at 15,000 ft AGL — to drop a BDA or Bomb Damage Assessment drone — and then it turned north — to follow the flight path again, this time for real.

The BDA drone was actually a two foot diameter disk seven inches thick. The disk was kept aloft by a four foot diameter para-foil parachute. This parachute was light blue on its underside and grey-brown on its top. The drone itself consisted of a digital color camera with zoom lens, some guidance electronics, batteries, and a powerful microwave transmitter. The transmitter sent its signals directly to a satellite in geostationary orbit. The purpose of this drone was BDA — Bomb Damage Assessment. As the A6-E performed its mission, images of the aircraft's weapon's effects on the target would be automatically sent to the Command Authority in real time. The drone could maintain its position over a target for upwards of 20 minutes. After 22 minutes of surveillance the drone would self-destruct.

At 15 nautical miles from target the A6-E turned a full 180 degrees, slowed to 250 kts and lined up along a track down the center-line of the valley. The turn took twenty seconds — even pulling 3Gs. This was a military operation — not a commercial jet liner landing at Orlando-Disneyworld. Then too, pulling a few G's cleared the crew's heads and helped them to focus on the mission. The weapons officer checked the range to target — ten nautical miles, nine nautical miles, eight nautical miles. His eyes were intently focused on the little monochrome TV screen and the tiny dot of a tile roofed "hacienda" centered by the piper.

"Seven nautical miles".

The sound of their voices was muffled by the pressure of rubber oxygen masks pressing against their faces.

The weapons officer tensed slightly and released the missile. The Maverick fell away from the right wing and then its rocket engine blasted the AGM-65B toward the target — reaching Mach 1 in less than 13 seconds.

"Speed Brakes!"

The pilot snapped open wing-mounted speed brakes and the plane quickly slowed to 150 kts to begin its descent into the valley. The A6-E would trail the weapon by 60 seconds — to make certain that any debris from the warhead's detonation would have settled back to earth before the aircraft overflowed the target area.

The weapons officer ignored everything going on around him — including the 2.5 G jolt that threw him forward and into his seat harness as the speed brakes snapped open. He focused only at the little screen — keeping the target centered and adjusting the impact point with slight nudges on the grip.

The missile climbed above the track of the airplane, reached its apogee at engine burnout and then fell toward its target at a gentle 30 degree descent angle.

* * *

As dry as the mountains were this time of year there still was enough moisture to create a slight ground fog. Some of the plants even seemed to be releasing whiffs of steam. A faint rainbow had formed to the north. The valley was asleep.

At first all Bill, Sally, Bobby and Reynaldo heard through their fog of sleep was a strange crackling sound and then four seconds later — before anyone could even move — the missile impacted

the roof.

The shallow angle of attack allowed the 500 pound Maverick to skip off the more than four inches of high strength steel drill pipe and ferro-cement tiles and detonate its 300 pounds of explosives as an air burst over the swimming pool. A thousand roof tiles blew into the air. Some tiles vaporized, others arched into the air only to bounce off the roof and tumble to the ground. These tiles were so hard they clanged like bells as they bounced off the concrete patio.

The blast shattered all of the south facing ground floor windows. The patio's sliding glass door exploded into tens of thousands of small, square, razor-sharp fragments.

Bobby screamed.

Bill ran to the sound of Bobby's screams and found his son. His left arm had almost been severed from his body and he was bleeding from both ears. A huge lump was forming at the back of the child's head. Bobby's eyes were glazed over and dilated. Bobby was dead.

Bill held his son to his chest and gently rocked the child back and forth in his arms.

The sound of a low flying jet quickly increased in volume and became a roar as the A-6E came over the house at under 900 feet — in full afterburner — and then “boogey'd” away from the target. The entire house shook violently and the jet's roar was so loud that Bill's cheeks and even the sleeves on his shirt began to vibrate.

Bill didn't know what to do. Sit there? Scream?

“Bobby, I swear to you that I will avenge your death and your sister's death with my entire heart and soul. I will end this tyranny. None of these people are safe from me. Many years ago I swore that I would even give my life for my country. These people better watch out. Now the gloves come off!”

He carried his son's body down the hall and laid him against the wall. Just through the wall on the outside of the building was the body of Bobby's sister.

Bill trotted to the rec. room and looked Sally in the eye. She didn't seem to understand what his look meant. She would find out — later.

“Okay, Sally, you take the binoculars and go to the front door and try to spot the next attack.” Of course if she didn't spot the next attack when it came then they would be in real trouble — if not vaporized.

“Reynaldo, you start up that burned out Hummer and get ready to put it into gear — when Sally says she has the bomb in sight you stuff that big rock against the gas pedal and run. You've practiced enough. Now's your big chance to be a hero.”

Bill dashed to the closet strong room, dropped to his knees and cut the spools of Primacord loose from their played out lines. He then tied both lines' loose ends to the hatch's door handle. He then tossed the spools out toward the hallway — he did not want entire spools of Primacord to explode when these lines were fired.

He then looked around for his blasting caps and the electric detonator — they weren't here! The stuff was still down in the basement.

They were dead.

Then he remembered a South Korean Special Forces trick. He ripped a length of duct tape from the roll on the floor and taped the tunnel's Primacord to the steel lip on the hatch door.

He then clawed at the carpet and ripped it away from the wooden tack-strip near the doorway — exposing the concrete slab below. He took the roll of duct tape and took the line of Primacord connected to the distant mound of chlorine bottles and shit and taped it directly onto the slab. Finally, he dumped the contents of the tool box all over the hallway and picked out an 12 inch Crescent wrench.

All he could do now was wait.

It took nine minutes for the A6-E to cross into Mexico then circle around and pick up its original track — to make its second deadly run down the valley.

Sally stood there in the doorway and scanned the northern approach for any kind of black object

dropping through the thin clouds. Reynaldo revved the Hummer's engine and sat there ready to drop the automatic transmission into compound low.

And then it appeared, a tiny black spot floating down out of the sky. It was so far away that its forward motion was not discernible. It seemed to just hang there in space forever. It was just a little black spot hanging beneath the top of the valley's early morning rainbow. Then the missile's trail of gray smoke was visible. The lethality, the manifest evilness of this weapon suddenly became obvious — it even seemed to sense human presence and actually speed up as it got closer and closer to its prey.

"I see it! I see it!"

Reynaldo slammed the Hummer into gear, stuffed the rock against the gas pedal and ran for the house.

Sally dropped the binoculars and started backing up to close the front door — with Reynaldo still fifty feet away.

"Wait for me! Please! Please Senora! Wait!"

Sally ran inside and left the door open for Reynaldo.

Bill didn't wait for anything — he just took the wrench and pounded the line of Primacord taped to the concrete slab. He started a count of ONE as the wrench hit the floor. A tube of brilliant blue-white flame blasted out of the closet and down the hall. The high pitched roar shook plaster dust right off the walls. In the confined space of the closet the concussion of the detonating PETN cord knocked the wind from his lungs.

The cylindrical pressure-wave from the Primacord flashed down the hall, across the entryway, out the front door and right between Reynaldo's legs. It then zipped out to the mound of shit, chlorine and acid far to the north.

Reynaldo's legs had gone numb. He looked down only to see that the bottom six inches of his trousers had been explosively sand-blasted right off his legs.

There was just enough distance between the front door and the shit mound for Sally to actually track the PETN blast with her eyes as it zipped over the already blackened earth. Then the Tovex and the cow shit detonated. The surface explosion launched spinning, half-vaporized bottles of chlorine and acid a thousand feet into the air. The two chemicals mixed — causing a secondary "thump" and forming a fan shaped dense white cloud more than a thousand feet high and a thousand feet wide.

Reynaldo threw himself into the house and Sally slammed the front door.

"Fuck!, We just lost the video on the second bird!" Here was his big chance to show the world how good he was and now he messed up twice!

"I, don't understand it! The image was perfect and now I can barely see the target window!" The weapons officer tried to keep the guidance crosshairs right on the partially obscured target reference point but it just faded away.

"Hey, I tried to hit that flag! I really did!". He knew that the video tape and every word he spoke would be analyzed. His future promotions depended upon his success here — and he had failed. It was hopeless. The missile would have to find its own way home.

"Let's come around and dump our load of iron bombs. Fuck this high-tech shit" The pilot picked a spot far down the valley and deep in Mexico as his turning point — to come around and dump his entire load of iron bombs.

If the weapons officer had just waited a bit he would have found the imagery from the Maverick to be perfect — once it passed through the white cloud of chlorine. But now the missile was on its own.

Just as Sally and Reynaldo reached the closet Bill reached a count of seven and then eight, nine and ten. He slammed the basement's massive hatch door down hard and leaped away.

The line of Primacord detonated — sending an explosive trail at more than 20,000 feet per second toward the 2,000 pounds of Tovex boosted ANFO far down the mine shaft.

Bill pushed Sally and Reynaldo from the closet entrance and toward the front door. The blast in the tunnel could send an air column toward the hatch at 300 miles per hour. If the hatch's locks didn't hold then 800 pounds of steel hatch might go airborne and start ricocheting around the closet and maybe even down the hallway.

The second Maverick missile faithfully tracked the center-most "aim point" of the house and adjusted and fiddled with its guidance vanes so that it would impact at the center of the slowly moving Hummer's American flag — now 136 feet to the north of the house.

The Maverick's 300 pounds of high explosive detonated as a white flash that suddenly turned a muddy brown — a ground burst — which dug a crater fifteen feet deep.

At about this same instant the Tovex and ANFO deep in the mine exploded and did its best to send a massive air piston down the tunnel — but the tunnel had already been destroyed by the Maverick's ground impact.

Bill was very lucky. He didn't know that the Tovex and ANFO he had placed near the end of the tunnel was too deep to let the blast even break the surface. But he'd had help.

The Maverick's detonation had weakened the tunnel. The Tovex / ANFO blast sent a lethal fan of earth, rocks, concrete, steel and gooey PCB globules right out the Maverick's crater — creating a volcanic fountain that tossed debris more than a thousand feet into the air.

Their cockpit suddenly filled with a white cloud of chlorine mist. Chlorine fumes began leaking around their masks and burned their lungs.

The the A-6E Intruder hit 240 pounds of airborne debris at a collision speed of 450 kt. The Intruder's instrument panel warning lights went red and alarms sounded in the cockpit and in the Pilot's headset.

At this altitude there is little margin for error. And one of the first things you learn is that even one pound of flying rocks can have great effect on a 500 pound Mk 82 bomb and its fuses. Yes, a simple rock can make them go BOOM — safety systems be damned.

Between chlorine fumes and master warning lights it was obvious they had but one plan of action. Both pilot and weapons officer immediately ejected from the aircraft.

Inside the house, everyone waited with clenched teeth and tight fists for the jet to make its second low pass over the house. They were not disappointed. But this time the sound was one of jet engine turbine destruction, the crackle of burning fuel and the warble of a huge airplane tumbling through the sky.

The jet passed over the house at less than one hundred fifty feet and impacted at the Mexican border in a half mile long string of fireballs as its load of 20 Mk 82 iron bombs tumbled and exploded.

It was certainly obvious to all those present that something had gone terribly wrong.

Sally, Bill and Reynaldo ran out the front door to see what had happened.

"I see chutes!" Sally yelled.

The gentle morning breeze up the valley held the parachutes to the north of the house.

The airmen's parachutes were now only 25 feet above the earth and each slowly dumped its human cargo into the bottom of the still-steaming missile crater.

Bill ran back into the house and got his Benelli shotgun and something to use as rope to hold his prisoners. All he could find was the spool of Primacord.

He handed Sally her .45 and both ran toward the flattened parachutes — just visible over the edge of the crater.

Bill reached the crater first and snapped the shotgun to his shoulder. It was all he could do not to mow them down then and there. Sally followed seconds behind and leveled the .45 at the men — holding the pistol in both hands in a modified Weaver stance.

"Put your hands up!" Bill put the front sight of the shotgun on the face of one airman.

The two airmen looked at each other and then back at the 12 gauge and Sally's .45 and quickly complied with the demand.

“You, you with the helmet on, you come up outa the crater real slow and with your hands on top of your helmet.”

The weapons officer complied — stumbling up the loose earth to the top of the hole.

Bill stripped the airman of his pistol and tossed it far out of reach. There was something about this guy Bill didn't like. The guy had a real attitude.

“Lie face down. Now put your hands on your head. Now put one hand behind your back. Now the other.”

Bill tied the weapons officer's hands behind his back with two full-hitch knots of Primacord. He then tied the hands to a loop of Primacord he wrapped around the man's waist — the guy just might be flexible enough to step over his own hands and get them out front and this extra knot would make such a trick impossible.

Bill looked down into the crater at the pilot.

“Okay, you're next. Come on up here!”

Again, Bill pulled the airman's pistol from his holster — but this time he stuffed it into his own pocket.

Bill moved quickly to disarm and tie-up the pilot. He tied the pilot's wrists together and then attached them to three wraps of Primacord around his waist. He then took a length of Primacord and tied the two airmen together at the ankle. Nobody was gonna run away today — unless they had had lots of training in three-legged races.

Almost immediately the weapons officer started mouthing off about how scum like Bill should be killed — and how “Constitutional Extremists” were the cause of all of America's crime. Bill looked deep into the eyes of his enemy. He saw something.

“Take off your helmet.”

With his hands bound to his waist the airman couldn't comply with the order. Bill ripped the helmet from the man's head. The helmet didn't feel right. Bill looked at the thing — it wasn't a government issue helmet. It was a custom helmet from Flight Suits Unlimited — \$500. A nice war-trophy — in a different kind of war. Bill tossed it to the ground and looked at this guy again. There was something about his eyes.

“Where are you from?”

“Lemoore”

“No. Where were you born?”

“New York.”

“Where were your parents born?”

“Odessa.”

“Texas?”

“Yeah.”

“You Mexican?”

“Yeah.”

“Why are you trying to kill us?”

“I'm not trying to kill you.”

“What do you mean your not trying to kill us! You bastards just tried to send a couple of missiles up our ass! And what else were you carrying! From the sounds of the impacts south a here you were loaded with every bomb you could carry!”

“I had no idea you even existed. I was targeting a place — not you personally.”

“God damn! You sound just like Bill Clinton! Next you're gonna tell me that it all depends on the definition of bomb, or missile, or target! Your boss Bill might be a drug trafficking, serial rapist, commie, Negress porking pedophile and be able to get away with the mass murder of women and children but you ain't got ten thousand Secret Service thugs to protect you. You are here pal!

Bill stepped closer to the Mexican.

“You better start talking straight or I'm gonna take this 12 gauge and whittle you down to a

stump.”

Bill put the 12 gauge right up against the weapons officer’s nose. The Mexican jet jock just stood there calmly and said:

“Your kind of people have lost. The world has finally killed off or bred out most of you blue-eyed people. It won’t be long before the world will belong to us. President Clinton says the year of change will be 2020. Already San Diego schools have fewer than 30 percent white kids. In 20 years San Diego will be a rich brown — a bronze land — and California will be less than 20 percent white. Clinton is putting an end to your domination.”

“You have no regard for the Constitution or the Bill of Rights, do you. How did you ever get into the U.S. Navy? Didn’t you have to swear to uphold the Constitution of The United States?” Bill was quivering with rage.

“Your white rules and your white government are nothing to us. I am a warrior of the new America. We’ve won. Now we control. Now you are the slave. Soon we will create a real America — AZTLAN! And we will push your kind back into the original thirteen colonies — and maybe even off the beach and into the Atlantic ocean!”

Bill was in no mood to debate this guy any further — especially since the bastard had just done his absolute best to kill everybody in the house with what seemed to be everything his plane could possibly carry at one time.

He slowly walked in a big circle and then back over to weapons officer and looked him right in the eye. Bill could almost smell the hate coming off the guy’s flight suit.

Bill lost it.

With a determination pushed to the limit of his physical reserves he spun around and marched to the spool of Primacord. He then returned and wrapped ten double wraps of Primacord around the weapons officer’s waist. He then swapped the 12 gauge with Sally for her .45 and tucked a doubled piece of Primacord about 1/2 inch in the pistol’s barrel.

Bill then turned and stepped off ten paces and turned around and stared at this bronze warrior of AZTLAN.

Everyone looked at Bill.

“Please admit to your efforts to murder us. And then apologize” Bill said softly and politely.

“Fuck you!” said the weapons officer.

“Please apologize for trying to kill us. We have done nothing to you. You can see now who we are. Do we look like dangerous enemies needing the full lethality of the United States Navy?”

“Fuck you!”

Bill slowly brought the .45 up above shoulder height — like a starter pistol — and looked at the souls around him. He could see no sympathy for this guy in their eyes.

He pulled the trigger.

The PETN core of the Primacord was hammered by the exiting bullet and it burned at more than four miles per second — carrying the explosive energy to the ten wraps of Primacord around the weapons officer’s waist. The effect was quite similar to him being shot with 360 12 gauge shot-guns — with all of their barrels aimed at the center of his body.

The weapons officer was blasted into two pulpy pieces — with only the glistening white nerve bundle at the core of his spine keeping the parts from separating completely.

The pilot was still connected to the weapons officer at the ankle. The pilot screamed and kicked — as the now-detached blood-spurting lower torso thrashed around on the ground.

It’s really amazing how cooperative people can become — whatever level of their “prisoner of war training” when real hard cruel absolute death is staring them in the face.

“That’s one down — for Bobby and Samantha!

Now, Commander... what do you think of the present political situation in America?

Hmmmmmm?”

Bill realized that he was close to snapping. All he could do was hope that this moment of insanity

would pass.

The pilot started rambling on about how he had been “volunteered” for this mission and how he had never told his crewman the truth and how he had had to tell him all sorts of lies about child abuse and drugs and more just to get the guy to agree to cooperate. And how it wasn’t this guy’s (pointing to the lump on the ground) fault — he was only 26 — and how the schools didn’t teach kids the Constitution, and on and on and on.

The pilot knew Bill wasn’t buying any of it. They both knew that the lump on the ground had been itching for a chance to kill.

Bill cut the pilot loose from the bloody mess on the ground and walked him toward the house.

Sally followed behind — with a 12 gauge shotgun aimed at the pilot’s ass. Reynaldo picked the weapons officer’s Berretta 92 pistol out of the dirt and stuffed it into his waistband.

The pilot finally looked around him. The earth was black and smelled of gasoline. A low mound of still-smoking bodies was off to his right. A gentle breeze wafted the stench of the bodies into his nostrils. He wretched and vomited. He wiped his face with his sleeve and looked down the muzzle of the 12 gauge shotgun that was now not two inches from his right eye.

“I’m sorry. I guess you’ve had some.... problems... here over the last couple of days.” The pilot tried to be as diplomatic as he could but he came across sounding like a hair dresser.

“Move! Or you’re gonna lose some body parts!”

The pilot stumbled forward.

They went through the front door single file with the pilot in front — and turned down the hall to the right toward the rec. room.

The pilot looked at the way the entire house had been covered in plastic. The plastic had even been taped up the walls in some erratic pattern. Little of the house seemed exposed to view. He could smell smoke, chlorine, blood, cordite — and burned lungs and intestines. He started to panic but held himself together. These people were crazy.

Then Sally asked “Where’s Bobby?”

“He was killed by the blast from the first bomb.”

Before Bill could do anything Sally snapped the Benelli 12 gauge up to her shoulder, aimed at the pilot’s head and fired — again and again and again. All the pilot could do was jump around trying to dodge Sally’s point of aim. Four rounds of number four buckshot impacted into the couch, the cupboards, the TV and the remnants of a large framed family photo on the wall. The pilot slipped on the plastic and fell to the floor.

Sally’s complete destruction of the family photo — the last remembrance she had of the family when it was whole — was just too much. She dropped the shotgun and slumped to the floor sobbing.

The pilot was on his hands and knees — looking for a way to escape — fast.

Reynaldo moved to face the pilot and smiled — pulled the sand-covered Berretta out of his waistband, found the safety and snapped it to “off”. A big gold tooth glinted in his mouth. Children are holy to some Mexican families and murdering children does not go unpunished.

Bill walked over to Sally and held her by the shoulders.

“Look, we have to make our children’s lives count for something. This piece of shit cowering on the floor is just vermin. Besides, he probably had no idea who was in the house. He really was probably told just to target a building. The guy who’s hamburger out there by the bomb crater was the guy who flew that bomb into our house. He’s the guy who killed Bobby. We’ve got things to do. Save your hate for a time when you can put it to good use.”

Then Bill turned to the Pilot and Reynaldo.

“Sit down you guys. I’ll go get some cokes and we can figure out what to do now.” With that Bill turned slowly toward Sally and they looked at each other for two or three seconds. The look was one of “if either of these guys even twitch just blow them away.”

The pilot put his hands on a plastic covered lump that he thought might be a couch and sat down.

Sally grabbed the shotgun and racked a round onto the floor. She checked the tubular magazine — three rounds in the tube — and then stuffed the live round back into the gun's magazine and slammed the chamber closed. She had two ounces of tungsten balls for each of these guys if needed. And all she wanted to do right now was kill.

Bill grabbed a flashlight from the table and quickly left the room — leaning to the left as if he was going to go upstairs — and then snapping to the right, into the closet and down the ladder into the basement. He didn't want the pilot to know where he was going. He could only hope that Sally wouldn't just cut both of those guys to pieces before he came back. She was starting to really break down.

“What a mess!” Bill could not believe how much damage a ton of explosives could do — even from hundreds of yards away. The small refrigerator was upside down and stuck in a gooey mass of PCB from one of the power line capacitors. Bill collected two of the six packs of Diet Coke — still cold — and returned topside.

“Okay guys, here's a Coke.” Bill handed cans to everybody.

Bill told the pilot about what had happened over the last three days — in detail — and even showed him the Saxitoxin rounds and pointed through the still-closed windows toward the lumps of FBI “rescue” team members and the “other guys” (BATF).

Then Bill did something that he never thought he would have to do. He ripped the plastic sheeting off the low file cabinet and started pulling out printed copies of some of the data he had retrieved from disk drives of government laptop computers he'd repaired over recent years.

Every time somebody brought in a laptop for repair he would back up the disk onto magnetic tape. That way if he screwed up during the repair their data would be saved and easily loaded back into their machine. One day he'd looked at some of the files on those tapes. If anything had convinced him that there was a “New World Order” and that White America was on the way down — these files had done it.

“Many years ago the CIA and DIA arranged for Interdata brand mini-computers to be sold to Communist China. They were sold through an office accounting software company in the US to a Chinese Communist organization in Shanghai. The computers were Interdata model 5-32s. Each of these computers was modified to access four times the computer's standard amount of memory. The additional electronics to make this happen looked normal — but it was not. The additional electronics included a miniature transmitter. Data from this expanded memory was secretly transmitted to a CIA-maintained remote receiver several hundred feet — and several buildings — away. Data was then re-transmitted by this second system straight up into the sky and to a satellite in geo-stationary orbit.

These computers were doing some very special work in Shanghai. They were used to schedule the movements of Communist Chinese agents and stocks of bribe money and munitions in the United States.

The computers were kept in a special building that looked more like a hospital than a business. The computer's operators were even required to wear white coats and hair nets whenever they were in the building.

One of the laptop computers I repaired last year had all sorts of memos in Microsoft's Word format that complained about how this long playing operation to spy on this Chinese organization was to be closed down — this was back in 1992 — on orders from the Clinton White House.

What was the name of this Communist Chinese Organization? COSCO.
COSCO.

That's right — China Ocean Shipping Company.

What this means is that Clinton ordered the CIA to halt an operation that might expose his treason.”

None of this made much sense to the pilot but he thought he better pretend to inhale each and every word.

So far, Reynaldo had remained quiet. It was as if he was discovering that truly, they were all slaves to some dark world-dominating enterprise. He fidgeted with the Berretta pistol. But when Bill talked about the Chinese he had to speak:

“This problem is not just for Norte Americanos. I live in a small village a hundred kilometers south of the border. Every night guerrillas stalk our land — not freedom fighters but guerrillas in the employ of the Arellano Felix brother’s drug cartel. During the last few months things have been very bad in my village. Not only was the mayor under the control of the drug cartel but so was the policia and even the Army.

Several Mexican Army generales are each paid more than one million dollars a month to let the drug cartel operate in Baja California. How do I know this? One of them was arrested and “encouraged” to reveal the hiding place of his money!

There have been dozens of kidnappings of the rich land owners around my village. These land owners are then held for ransom. The only way the ransoms can be paid is for their families to sell property and even the farm tools. Thus, we are put out of work.

But you must understand that these kidnappings are not just for the ransom money. The kidnappings are actually simple demonstrations of the power of the drug cartel and object lessons in why we all must cooperate with the Arellano Felix clan and their criminal gangs.

We finally could not stand to see our children suffering any more and so we took up arms and attacked the village policia and military barracks.

What we found was that the guerrillas were not just working for the drug cartel.

No.

There was much more to this than just the terror of drugs. The Arellano Felix cartel has been in the employ of the Chinese Communists as well.

We discovered that something very bad was happening in our country.

Many, many years ago—- maybe in 1966 — there was a robbery of American Army weapons in Florida. The guns taken in that robbery — mostly M1 Garands from World War Two — were later found to have been distributed in Mexicali — not fifty miles from here — and out of the Chinese Consulate! The man who made the discovery — a reporter by the name of Balaban was killed as the reward for his curiosity.

Your Presidente Clinton has known about all of this since his days in Arkansas. And we are not stupid. Even a hundred kilometers into Mexico we know of the town of Menas in the state of Arkansas and the drug planes and the money drops.

We know of his deals with Cuba and with Jorge Cabrera — and how drug money was laundered through the Clinton White House and the Democratic National Committee. This Cabrera was a big smuggler of cocaine from Columbia to the US.

Cabrera gives money to Clinton and the Democrats and he gets to have dinner with Vice Presidente Gore in Miami! He gives more money and he gets to go to a Christmas reception at the White House and visit with Hillary Clinton! She even posed for Christmas pictures with Cabrera — and this man already had two American Federal felony drug convictions!

If you look into your records you will find that Clinton has been paid by the Communistas in China for many, many years — some say to encourage him to help them import heroin and cocaine from the Golden Triangle of Burma and Thailand and send these materials to the streets of America.

Clinton has even turned entire U.S. Navy bases over to the Communistas — all to help them move drugs into America. He even wanted to give the Long Beach Naval Shipyard to the Communistas! I have been told that this is one of the largest shipyards in the world! He wanted to give it to the Chinese Ocean Shipping Company — COSCO — a government enterprise of the Communist Chinese Government .

I remember reading a report in an American newspaper about a “senior navy official” who refused to be named in the newspaper but who said: “This is a company that operates many port sites

throughout America”. He did not lie — in fact it can be said that he was giving America a big warning about Clinton and his treason.

I also remember that the rent for the Long Beach Navy Yard was only \$14,000,000 a year — or about the same amount of money the drug cartel in Baja California spends every year to keep one general quiet.

Also, we read in our newspapers about how the company Hutchison Port Holdings — a Communist Chinese front — paid 22 million dollars for 25 year leases on the Panamanian ports of Cristobal and Balboa. Your Presidente Clinton let the Chinese take control of both ends of the Panama Canal! You Americanos must now ask the Chinese permission for what is called “expeditious passage” through the Panama Canal!

But I believe that there is even more to this catastrophe!

More than a dozen cargo containers of arms were sent from the COSCO docks in Los Angeles directly into Mexico — and under bonded storage — there was no customs inspection. And what did they contain? Guns!

Now we here in the Californias — Norte and del Sur — have a real problem. The tens of thousands of rifles and grenade launchers that were shipped into Tijuana are now being distributed to drug cartel thugs and others. They plan to move this army north — into America and create a new Mexican Homeland called AZTLAN. They will do this now.”

“Shit.” Bill stood and looked at them all.

“Standard operating procedure for US Special Forces is about 15 of our guys to train a thousand indigenous troops. Those thugs could get a hundred thousand Mexicans — just out of Tijuana’s colonias — and have them armed and ready to spring over the border in less than a week.

If they were really smart they could get a hundred thousand or more Mexican gang members in south central Los Angeles to rise up at the same time. There ain’t no way Clinton is gonna be asked to turn the American Army loose on his voters!”

Reynaldo asked Bill a question: “Senior, how many people are on welfare in San Diego?”

Bill thought about it for a second or two and then said “Probably more than 60,000.”

“And how many are Chicano — members of La Raza?”

“About half.”

“Well!” Reynaldo answered, “Do you think those people would be willing to grab a gun and riot and steal and burn if they had a chance of gaining tremendous wealth — and get away with it?”

“Sure! That’s what I’m saying! Hey — the Rodney King riots in Los Angeles were just for fun and the LAPD arrested 10,000!” Bill muttered.

Reynaldo smiled and then continued with his story: “Many people in Mexico refuse to wait for our migration from south to north to absorb Southern California quietly and without disturbing the tranquillity. They want the riches of America now. They think these guns will give everything to them... now.”

Bill’s brain was running at full speed.

“Here’s a bit of trivial for you. This Clinton Commie COSCO gun running deal is not the first for San Diego. The first was in February, 1915, when a schooner — the Annie Larsen — was leased by Captain Franz Von Papen of the German Government. It was loaded with 30,000 rifles and some ammunition and it waited here in San Diego to be sent to India so the guns could be used to overthrow the British Raj! The schooner stayed in San Diego for several months waiting to rendezvous with a converted oil tanker that was gonna take even more guns to India.

The Germans thought that 30,000 guns would be enough to overthrow a country with six hundred million people. How many guns were in those cargo containers out of Long Beach? About 30,000?”

Reynaldo looked at Bill for a moment — surprised to learn that the Germans had been so creative — and then he continued.

“I believe — from the papers I have seen and the general we “questioned” — that your Presidente

Clinton has agreed to allow the return of the southern half of your California to Mexico — to create the new Mexican country of AZTLAN. How will he do it? He will simply let this drug-criminal invasion occur.

Whites are already a minority in this part of America. Mexico will simply absorb its original lands. Mexican law already says that a Mexicano who takes American citizenship automatically retains his Mexican citizenship. He remains a Mexican — awaiting the moment to return the land to AZTLAN — to the Mexican people.

Clinton's price? I feel that he might — to speak practically — have traded part of California for the freedom to provide cocaine to all of the east coast of America.

Clinton is an evil man.

He has taken this road — a road that has been laid out for him by the people who direct him from the shadows — knowing that his actions will destroy America.

Look at how he talks about “One World” and the United Nations. He's made a deal — and he's personally sold out America for cocaine. I would say he has done this terrible thing because he believes that it no longer matters — that the ‘big game’ as you Gringos say — is over.

And there is more to this story. One of the gunmen for the Arellano Felix drug cartel was killed as he tried to murder the co-publisher of Tijuana's ZETA newspaper. The gunman was named David Barron Corona.

Barron was the man in charge of the murder of a Catholic Cardinal in Guadalajara in 1993. He even had American prison gang tattoos on his body — even the Mexican Mafia sign “E M E”. But the evil of drugs goes farther than China. This Barron was a US citizen and a recruiter for the Barrio Logan “30's” street gang.

And here is the important bit of this story. Barron had been trained as a professional killer — a “gatilleros” . And where had he been trained? In Israel!

I may only be a farm worker but I am not ignorant — I can certainly read. All of this information came from papers we took when we raided the government offices in San Quintin and the interesting conversation we had with our now dead general.

We in Mexico have thousands of drug traffickers and thugs, armed and ready. And they are sitting in Tijuana — right now — just waiting for the signal to move over the border. They await the command from the drug cartel, from Clinton, from the dark forces.

And you have an American President who is a communista and who — before he became president — demonstrated his disgust for America and its government by actually following in the footsteps of the Great Lenin — on some sort of pilgrimage of sanctification.

This Clinton even took the same train as did Lenin — from Helsinki, Finland to Moscow. Clinton then stayed at the National Hotel — known as “The First Hotel of Soviets” — the same hotel that Lenin stayed in during the Russian Revolution. He even bragged about the greatness of Communism to Americans who were in Moscow to try to save their sons from prison camps in North Vietnam. He was so excited about Communism that he kept these men in the hotel bar far past its closing time!”

Bill piped in with “We all thought that Clinton was the lackey of the Russian Communists. It seems that this was actually bullshit. His money has come from the Chinese Communists — as commanded by the New World Order!”

Bill was ignored.

Bill stood and took the center of the room:

“Look, guys, did you know that one of Clinton's White House meetings was with a guy by the name of Wang Jun? This guy was head of the Commie-Chink “Poly Group” that actually got caught selling full-auto AK 47's to Los Angeles street gangs!

Did you know that Clinton's buddies probably tipped off the Chinks and they got their operatives Hammond Ku, Kok Ky and Bao Pin Ma out of the country?

Did you know that Ma and Ku were a big guys in a company related to NORINCO — the largest

exporter of Chinese ammunition to the US?

Did you know that even most of the “Joe Six Pack” survivalists buy tons of NORINCO ammunition because its the cheapest on the market?

Did you know that these Chinese were also trying to sell mortars and even Stinger missiles to Los Angeles street gangs?”

Sally was shocked at that statement and asked: “Bill where did you get that information?”

“I got it from the US Customs International Alert newsletter! The United States Government’s own alert information — it’s right at the US Customs Website on the Internet!”

The expression on Bill’s face changed — as though he had finally put everything together...

“Shit, we got the New World Order and Chinese selling to both sides of this fight!”

“How do you know this Moscow shit about Clinton?” The pilot asked Reynaldo.

Reynaldo stood up and walked around the room moving his arms in the air:

“I saw it published in the Spanish translation of Clinton’s biography — that was I believe written by America’s Democratic Party for Clinton’s 1996 Presidential campaign.

The Democratic party even bragged about it!”

“Wait! I have that damn propaganda piece right here!” Bill said as he got up and ripped plastic sheeting off the wall and then rummaged around in a cupboard. While he was bent over and rummaging Bill tried to fill in the blanks in the Pilot’s education:

“Look, on or about December 30, 1969 Clinton took a train from Helsinki, Finland to Moscow. He arrived in Moscow on December 31, 1969. There’s only one hotel as far as the Soviets were concerned — The National. It was there — about 100 yards north of Red Square — that Lenin stayed during the Revolution of 1917. Lenin stayed in room 107. Clinton met two Americans in the bar — a plumber from Norton, Virginia who was looking for information from the North Vietnamese about his son. His son had been lost in Laos or North Vietnam. A bit of trivia about this guy is that Norton, Virginia was also the birthplace of Francis Gary Powers — the U-2 pilot who was shot down by the Ruskies.

Anyway, there was another guy in the bar with Clinton — a farmer — who was also looking for information about his son. Clinton spent maybe six hours with these guys — in the bar in the National Hotel — talking about Marxism and the Great Revolution engineered by Lenin.

The really scary thing about his conversation with these guys is that he talked about how just a handful of dedicated men could take over a country the size of Russia. He also talked about how you didn’t have to depend on armed revolutionaries from inside the country — you could bring in foreigners to do the job for you.

Shit, the armed troops that Lenin had around him in 1917 weren’t even Russian — they were Estonian for God’s sake! Lenin admitted that he couldn’t trust Russians — because once they saw what he was really up to then they’d turn around and shoot him!”

Now, while Clinton was in Moscow who do you think he met? Eugene McCarthy! Another God Damn Communist!

Here it is!” Bill pulls a large paperback book out of the bottom cupboard.

A sheet of newsprint slipped from the pages and fell to the floor.

“Oh, yeah! I’d forgotten about this! This article came out, let’s see... October 15, 1992 — by George Archibald a writer for the Washington Times “Clinton At Oxford” — front page — A1. It says here — and was never refuted by anyone — that Lincoln Allison, a Politics Lecturer at Oxford University College, knew Clinton and that Clinton’s anti-war activities were of a “purely selfish” nature — or cowardice — and that Clinton was impatient over “the inconvenience” that a stint in the military would cause in his political career. This is what they are willing to risk printing on the front page of their newspaper. What more do think they have — that they won’t risk printing without waking up dead?

Also — there are real questions about how a guy getting \$2,760 a year as a Rhodes Scholar can spend at least \$5,000 on just a 40 day trip to Russia. Certainly, there ain’t much to do in Moscow

in the dead of winter... there's good reason to believe that he — just like “Hanoi Jane” Fonda — tottled off to Hanoi for a quick Commie love-fest during the time he was in Moscow.”

Bill returns the newspaper clipping to the folds of the book and starts thumbing through the book's pages.

“Let's see... Looking in the index... Page... Yes, here it is... And it even brags about McCarthy being there in Moscow at the same time!

Maybe what you guys don't know is that at the very moment that coke-snorting Clinton was in Moscow giving political blow jobs to Brezhnev and Eugene McCarthy, Ross Perot was trying to fly into North Vietnam with tons of aid packages for our POW's.”

Bill was getting worked up again.

The pilot took the book from Bill and read the three pages in the Democratic Party's Clinton Biography that detailed, no, gushed about William Jefferson Clinton's trip to Russia.

Bill couldn't stand it and piled on one more fact for the Pilot. “Those Ruskies couldn't even run a hotel right!. After the fall of the USSR a couple of Austrian companies — with their own imported construction workers — were called in to rebuild the National to make it into a tourist hotel that non-communist tourists would actually stay in!

So here's the bottom line. This forced mongrelization of the developed countries is happening around the world. It is occurring because this is the only way that a very intelligent but evil foreign minority can take control. They have been landless for thousands of years. They operate like a virus — infecting their prey and killing it. They are using immigration and drugs as a tool to destroy any people who are a threat to their dominance and control.

Look around the world. What do you see? You see Muslims invading Europe and Mexicans invading America. These “immigrants” are told how they have every right to carry their homeland's mores and “civilization” with them to their new lands. They are told that they need never assimilate. That they should hold their barbarism up to the world as a badge of their “culture”. These barbaric invaders are being protected in the courts by a singular force — “The New World Order”. In the United States this force is embodied in the ACLU.

In October of 1994 there were mass protests in Los Angeles. More than 70,000 Mexicans marched — to stop California from passing a law which would cut off the flow of tax money to illegal aliens. What flag did these “people” carry? The Mexican flag. There was not one American flag among the 70,000 marchers.

America's identity has been based upon the heritage of Western civilization. That would include the concepts of private property, liberty, democracy, equality. The “New World Order” — in the guise of several destructive organizations such as the ACLU — has attacked these American concepts. To encourage “multi-culturalism” they have attacked the very identity of the United States and its roots in Western civilization. They have also fanned the burning desires of various racial, ethnic and moral identities and groups. And when they could not get local groups to act with sufficient vigor they now have moved to import groups — be they Muslim, Mexican or even illiterate stone-age tree-dwelling Asian peasants — who would force this hidden agenda upon America as a whole.

And in fact, I would go so far as to say that these peoples were selected for injection into the developed world principally because of their cultural resistance to assimilation.

It should also be important to realize that instead of even attempting to change the identity of America to some other civilization — make us all speak French or even Farsi — they have purposely attempted to fragment us into a place of a thousand competing civilizations — and where every group no matter how fragmented or bizarre has equal influence. I would certainly say that no place in history has this ever been shown to work. It's a more destructive concept than even Marxism. In fact, I would have to say that history has shown us that no country so corrupted has long survived. A multi-cultural United States is not the United States — it is the United Nations — or 15th century India.

But we must understand that the reasons for this are not egalitarian. They are evil — they are to fragment us so that a single group of immense political clout and exceptional intellect can in fact dominate us and create a country and thence a world of new surfs to do their bidding.

Clinton's mega-weapon — Mexico — is our greatest threat today but it is only one attack of hundreds. Our mission certainly must be to protect ourselves and our families from the immediate threat of this octopus but also to find a way to destroy its brain.

Hey, wait a minute. I set up a PC to scan the air looking for pager messages — those shits up at the FBI command post should have been getting hammered for status reports.”

Bill walked over to the old tractor feed dot matrix printer in the corner and snapped the bullet-ridden fan — folded listing off the smashed machine. He stood there and slowly read the list of pager telephone numbers and their associated messages.

“My, my, my... and bless my ten toes!

Lets find out who's interested in our collective demise...

Oh, my... See that POTUS message? That's really bad news.”

Bill dug the Plantronics headset connected to the Radio Shack cell phone out from under the plastic sheeting on the floor and handed the headset to the pilot. The he pointed down the printed list to three phone numbers — one in the 212 (New York) area code and two in the 202 (Washington, DC) area code.

The pilot cranked up the cell phone ear piece volume so that everybody in the room would be able to hear...

He dialed the first 202 number. A man answered: “White House”. The pilot hung up.

Bill smiled and said: “See the word POTUS on the pager message printout? POTUS is the White House code word for President of the United States.”

The pilot then dialed the 212 number. A woman answered: “Council on Foreign Relations”. The pilot hung up.

“Isn't that place run by a guy named Les Gelb?” Bill asked.

Then the pilot dialed the remaining 202 number. A man answered in Chinese.

There was nothing but absolute dead silence in the room.

Seconds passed.

The pilot looked around. He looked at Sally, he looked back toward the window and toward the burned fleshy-lumps which he knew were heaped outside, and he looked at Reynaldo.

“Okay guys, I think you got my vote.” These words from the pilot were like some gold medal — a Seal of Approval.

What really got to him was the realization that no one within this area was expected to live. If by some miracle anybody had survived then they were to be cut down with gunfire, missiles and 500 pound bombs and their bodies probably burned and buried in a bomb crater.

The pilot finally realized that Clinton was near the top of the food chain that had put a death sentence on everyone here. He thought about the “Captain” that had volunteered him for this bombing run. He thought about the fact that his was the last A6 in the Navy's inventory — a plane so old that its crashing into a mountain or onto the desert floor would seem — if anything — long overdue.

Then he started thinking about what his own father had told him. That America was being turned into some kind of mongrelized, beige, retarded, slave-state with a 70% tax rate. He hadn't believed his father at the time. Now he knew his father had been right all along.

He finally and absolutely knew that he and his weapons officer would never have lived through this mission. They would most certainly have been “victims” of some accident before they ever returned to the Kitty Hawk. And all of this to help Clinton somehow keep his nose in cocaine and shit California into the hands of Mexico.

He also realized that this mission was just a tiny part of some big plan. It was just one of the hundreds of operations going on every week to kill off every possible threat to the “Great New Soci-

ety” being formed by the New World Order. And then it hit him.

The targets weren't American targets — they were White American targets. Anyone trying to preserve and fight for the old America — the country of Jefferson — were to be meted a terrible fate. Again, their plan was to destroy the world's concept of nation — to blend everyone together and create One World. The question then was: Who were to be the Nomenklatura in this One World? The answer was obvious — people of “The New World Order”.

The pilot crumpled into the couch.

Bill cut the pilot loose and handed him back his Berretta 9 mm pistol. The point had been well enough made. The pilot finally understood.

The sound of Hummers on the move drifted through the open front door.

“Shit!

Here comes round two, three? Four?!

Okay flyboy. You're as dead as the rest of us now. Here's your chance to shine!

Sally, please go turn on the water to the number three gully whammer — they can't possibly have reached it yet.”

Bill grabbed the 12 gauge and a handful of shells and started loading the gun as he headed toward the front door. “Flyboy, you come with me.”

The pilot snapped smartly to the order.

All three trotted out the front door and to the north — toward the bomb crater.

Reynaldo was trailing twenty yards behind the two Americanos and still in scavenge mode. He picked the 9 mm pistol magazines out of the weapons officer's clothing and from the bloody, meaty-red brown muck on the ground and stuffed them into his pockets.

They all jogged passed the still-smoldering missile crater and then climbed the low hill to the north. A cloud of dust was curling off the dirt road half a mile ahead of them.

They crawled the last three feet of the hill and scooted behind a large bush. Very slowly Bill and the pilot raised their heads over the top.

Two USMC Hummers were cautiously driving down the road. They seemed to be trying to avoid the concrete boulders embedded in the road — maybe they thought the things were actually mines. Both Hummers had TOW missile launchers mounted on them. The lead vehicle had a gunner standing up behind the missile launcher. He must have been acting as a scout not as a gunner. Sunlight glinted off the empty TOW missile tube rack.

The vehicle in trail had its occupants tidily ensconced inside.

“Okay, here's the plan, we let the lead Hummer drive into the gully. It's gonna stop right quick.

Before anybody's the wiser we gotta take out all three people in the second Hummer without hurting the vehicle or blowing ourselves up by hitting a missile warhead.

You get up on that side of the road and I'll climb down a bit into that arroyo over there. We'll get 'em as they drive out of this shallow cut through the hill.”

The lead Hummer had already driven into and out of two gullies with no surprises.

The driver dropped the Hummer into the last gully at over 25 mph. He had no time to do anything. Hummers do not have 15 mph safety bumpers. The vehicle's impact with more than seven tons of a solid concrete spear aimed directly at the center of the bumper knocked the two men in the front seats right out the doors. The gunner was thrown down and forward — knees-first over the front seats — and then to a final resting place under the steel dashboard.

A dust cloud puffed into the air and a heavy “CLANK” echoed over the valley.

The second Hummer picked up speed to assist its buddy. As it drove past a low rise at each side of the road it came into the killing zone. A crossfire of 9 mm bullets and six 12 gauge shotgun rounds fired at point blank range killed everyone inside. The Hummer swerved off the road and rolled through the heavy brush for seventy feet and then came to a stop against a concrete grape vine stump.

Bill screamed: “You almost killed me! Your bullets went clear through their open windows and

were bouncing all around my feet!

The pilot ignored him, he was busy. He ran to the vehicle and tugged the dead driver out onto the ground. Bill pulled the passenger out and Reynaldo pulled the gunner out the back.

They were acting as a team.

The pilot backed the Hummer out of the brush and onto the road. Bill and Reynaldo hopped in and the pilot drove down the road to the gully where the other Hummer was almost tipped on its nose. Bill hopped out and looked at the three Marines. These weren't grunts. These were specially cleared Special Ops agents wearing Marine uniforms. They were too old — and in too good a shape — to be Marines doing this kind of work. Bill dragged the "Marine" stuffed under the dashboard out onto the dirt then backed up five paces and shot him in the head with the 12 gauge. He then pulled the other two uniformed thugs out of the vehicle and shot them too. If they weren't dead before they certainly were now.

"We gotta get movin now — there might be more of these guys comin down the road." Bill was pulling anything of value off the bodies and talking at the same time.

The pilot dragged out the tow cable and linked the two vehicles together. It was an easy task to pull the dented Hummer off its nose and out of the gully. As soon as the Hummer was free of the concrete boulder there was a sploosh of water and the boulder lowered itself flat with the road. The pilot jumped into the dented Hummer and revved the engine — it was fine. He headed toward the house.

Bill sat in the driver's seat of the second Hummer and drove it back south toward the house. Reynaldo hopped on the back of the second Hummer as it passed him.

As they approached the house the muzzle of an .30 caliber H&K 91 was sticking out the bottom right corner of the front door. Sally's head slowly peered around the door jamb.

"I wish you guys were a bit more obvious about who you were — I was ready to put 20 rounds into that Hummer!"

"I just thought you'd wait for us to come back! I'd never have figured you to be ready to blast us! I'm sorry!"

Bill got out and started lifting the heavy Lexan and glass window on the driver side of his Hummer. Then he saw it — the ID plate. These were not standard armored Hummers. These were special Hummers built by Ogara-Hess & Eisenhardt. That company had made spook machines for all of the intelligence and security folks — as well as the US presidential limousines and even the limousine for the Pope. These Hummers were literally bomb proof.

"Let's raise the damn armored windows on these things. Just 'cause the previous owners were idiots doesn't mean we have to die in a cross-fire like they did."

"Hey, Reynaldo, do you remember any telephone numbers for any of your friends down in San Quintin?" Sally asked.

"Oh, yes, but of course." Reynaldo answered with utmost politeness — probably thanking his luck stars that he had not become a corpse like nearly everyone else Bill and Sally had met over the last three days.

Bill handed Reynaldo a cell phone he'd stripped from one of the bodies and had him call his friends.

"Have your friends meet us outside of Tijuana and have 'em bring barrels full of empty aluminum cans or machine shop metal shavings and at least ten barrels of gasoline. And tell 'em it doesn't matter what they have to do to get this stuff. There won't be any tomorrow for their enemies!"

"Bill, what do you think we can do to stop all of this?" Sally asked.

"Well, I think we can put a little hitch in drug dealer Clintons' plans for California. But first, I want to — we'd better — put a little prayer time aside.

They formed a circle, Bill, Sally, Reynaldo and the pilot. They bowed their heads.

"I'll try to remember something from Ecclesiastes:

For everything there is an appointed time

And there is a time for every purpose under heaven

A time to be born

A time to die

A time to kill

A time to heal

A time to breakdown

A time to build up

A time to weep

A time to laugh

A time to mourn

A time to dance

A time to keep

A time to cast away

A time to love

A time to hate

A time for peace

And a time for war

God please give us the strength to bring You back into the heart of our America
Amen.”

There was a long pause before the group broke up and then Sally said, “I’m gonna go upstairs and wash some of this filth off of me. We’ve got three bathrooms so have at it!”

Bill motioned to Reynaldo and the pilot. They picked up the smaller spools of olive-drab telephone wire and stuffed them in the back of the Hummers.

Reynaldo was then shown the small downstairs sink and toilet. Sally and the pilot walked up stairs to the second floor baths.

“I’ve got something else to do — I’ll clean up in a couple of minutes.” Bill said.

He then picked up the roll of plastic sheeting and tape and walked out the patio doors and turned left.

Bill wrapped Samantha in plastic sheeting and then carried her inside, down the basement ladder and deep into the eastern-most segment of the mine shaft. He then returned to the surface, wrapped Bobby in plastic sheeting and carried him deep into the earth to lay near his sister. He fused a small charge — enough to collapse the tunnel and seal the two children deep in the mountain — and used a length of 2 X 4 to wedge the charge against the roof of the tunnel. He lit the fuse and walked away. His children would sleep— buried deep in the earth.

A quiet thump and low rumble told them all that Samantha and Bobby were finally safe.

Chapter Sixteen

Both Hummers were now fully stocked with food, water, and fuel. It was time to move out.

Bill and Sally looked back at their home — hoping that some day they could return.

“I never did kill all those bastards at the command post.” Bill whispered.

Sally grabbed his arm. “They’ll all be dead soon enough from Phosgene — and they’ll die in a way much worse than a bullet.”

The Hummer caravan of two drove south and stopped at the black FBI vehicle hidden in the bushes. It had survived the bombs and missiles! Bill hopped out and pulled the Detasheet and Primacord out from under the Hummer and tossed it into the FBI trailer.

“I think Reynaldo needs one of these machines to help him fight his battle. Hey, Reynaldo! You can have the FBI’s Hummer. You gotta help us switch the trailer to the dented Hummer and then the FBI’s machine yours.”

Reynaldo was overjoyed.

Reynaldo and the Pilot then tossed most of the guns and ammunition and some of the explosives from the trailer into the Reynaldo’s nice new black vehicle. He could really put the stuff to good use. They also dragged the spools of telephone wire out of the back seats and dumped them all into Reynaldo’s black machine. Moving the trailer from the FBI’s Hummer to the dented one was hard work. It hadn’t been designed to carry a ton of explosives and the trailer’s tongue was dangerously out of balance.

To the north was America — and the Laguna Mountains. To the south was Mexico — where this same mountainous uplift of granite was called the Sierra Juarez.

Crossing the border into Mexico was simply a matter of heading south — following the illegal alien trail and driving past the mangled breach in The Wall. The A-6 was now just a smoldering skid mark to their left and what must have been its dozen or more bombs had left a long line of deep craters in a straight line south toward Mexico City.

There was a cluster of cars and trucks around the jet’s wreckage. Mexican Federales were positioned around the crash site. They took no notice of Bill’s little caravan — they were busy selling bits of the plane to interested Mexicans.

Just to the east was the tiny mountain village of La Rumorosa. The place was really just a wide spot in the road with a tiny cafe and a Pemex gasoline station. La Rumorosa got its name from the sound of the whispering winds that whip through the 4,200 ft mountain passes.

For them it was the moment of decision. They could still drive east to La Rumorosa and then south into the pine forests, small lakes and then find the dirt airstrip. They could still steal a plane and

escape.

And not by eastern windows only
when daylight comes,
comes in the light
In front
the sun climbs slow
how slowly
but westward
look!
the land is bright!

They turned west.

Few cars or trucks traveled these mountains roads at this time in the morning. The drivers and passengers of the cars that were on the road eyed the Hummers carefully — but probably thought that they were some kind of new Mexican military force. None of the Hummers had license plates and even if they had California plates most Mexicans would simply have thought they were Federal Judicial Police driving stolen — err — “appropriated” — California vehicles.

Six miles west of their breach through The Wall they came to Colonia El Condor at the km 83 marker. Then they passed the commune of El Hongo at the km 99 concrete marker and halted. There before them — maybe three hundred yards away from them and fifty feet below them — was a Federal Judicial Police checkpoint.

Clinton had quietly told the Mexican government to put up a good show — show the world that they were really handling the drug cartels. By placing checkpoints along the border Mexico could demonstrate their “concern” about the mounting drug plague.

The police were squatting around a small fire at the side of the road. The morning sun shone brightly on the troops. It also blinded the troops when they tried to look upwards to the east and toward the Hummer caravan.

There was no argument. There was no discussion.

Sally had lost two children and needed some release. And now, right in front of her — and squatting in the dirt — was her chance. Bill stopped his Hummer and let Sally run around the back, step up to the roof hatch and let loose with the M240G machine gun. Every fifth round was a tracer and Bill could see the arcing yellow lines impacting into the Mexican’s vehicles, into the checkpoint office and into the bodies of the policemen. After nearly forty seconds of continuous firing enough fuel had leaked from the vehicles’ perforated gas tanks to detonate and create a red and black fireball that engulfed the vehicles, the men and the building. The fireball climbed high into the sky. Suddenly the crackling and hissing noises of the burning pyre were drowned out by the sounds of steel tracks clanking over gravel. An ominous black shape swerved around the burning building and through the clouds of black smoke and glowing embers.

A Mexican Army M113 Armored Personnel Carrier loomed toward them — its fifty caliber Browning machine gun chattering wildly. Big chunks of asphalt started popping off the road around them. Even bigger chunks of dirt started exploding off the hillside to their left.

“Sally! Get em, Get em, Get em!”

Bill threw the Hummer into reverse and swerved rearwards and to the left. The trailer at the rear jack-knifed and its tires screamed as they were pushed sideways. The pilot lurched his Hummer forward and to the right and down the embankment.

Reynaldo threw his Hummer into reverse and skidded directly rearwards — slamming into a Volkswagen bus that had pulled up behind them. He didn’t stop at the sound of tearing sheet metal. He panicked and pushed the VW more than a hundred yards to the rear — till its bald tires blew out and the rims screamed on the concrete roadway. Two druggy surfers hopped out of the VW bus and started yelling at Reynaldo. Reynaldo was already excited and their yelling put an end to his restraint. He pulled the Berretta from his waistband and put five bullets into each of

them. Peace to you too Dude!

Sally tried to keep her M240G hammering into the M113's roof — which kept the Mexican gunner away from his gun. She was a short lady and had to stand on the tips of her toes to keep the gun on target.

Bill looked around in a panic. All they needed was for that 18 year old Mexican conscript gunner on the APC's .50 caliber machine-gun to pop up for one long second and hammer them with a few lucky shots.

There was only one thing for Bill to do and that was blow the thing up. He hopped out of the Hummer and ran to the trailer — which by some miracle was still attached. He collected a sheet of Detasheet and two tubes of Tovex and wrapped them together with duct tape.

“When I get close to that APC you start aiming high! Okay?”

Sally didn't even stop firing — she just turned her head slightly toward him and nodded.

Bill ran toward the APC wondering how long it would be before he got shot with a Mexican Army M-16.

He didn't even try to place the charge under the APC. All he did was roll it towards the vehicle from thirty feet away and then run back to the relative safety of the Hummers.

Sally got the idea. As soon as Bill passed to her rear she lifted the stock of the M240G above her shoulder — depressing the barrel far enough to have her shots hit the ground in front of the Mexican's APC. It was close — bullets were bouncing all over the place — and then one of them hit the Detasheet.

A huge flash of light appeared beneath the APC, then a pillow of brown smoke seemed to lift the APC up on one end and flip it right over on its top — exposing the open rear hatch. Flames were jetting out of a huge hole in the front center of the APC and fuel was sloshing out of ruptured fuel tanks and sputtering and burning. The Mexicans inside were screaming. One of them was trying to run from the conflagration but he had no arms to stabilize his movements. He fell.

Sally continued to fire the M240G into the scattered lumps of flesh-filled Mexican uniforms — and fire and fire and fire. Bill yanked hard on the ammunition belt and jammed the gun.

The echoes of gunshots bounced off distant hills and died away.

There were crackling sounds from the burning building and the APC.

There was some rapid popping as .223 and .50 caliber ammo cooked off.

Black smoke climbed into the cloudless blue sky.

All three Hummers started up again and passed the carnage without even stopping. All anyone did was hold up an arm up to shield their face from the flames and withering heat.

Mexican vehicles moving east and west stopped to see the destruction. For more than a mile farther west the cars they met on the road quickly pulled off and gave them a wide berth. It was easy to put the flames and the smoke visible to the east together with these military vehicles racing westward — especially since they were sprouting machine guns and rocket launchers on their tops.

But it didn't take long to put enough distance between the smoke and the Hummers for traffic to return to normal. The three Hummers just rolled onward at their optimum speed of 45 miles per hour.

Seventeen miles west of their border crossing point was the pipeline from Presa El Carrizo — the large reservoir high in the Sierra Juarez mountains that sends its water to the Rodriguez reservoir just barely above sea level and east of downtown Tijuana. The population of Tijuana depends solely upon the mountain springs and rainfall flowing down from the 1,735 square miles of Sierra Juarez watershed for every drop of water they use. The first collection point is the Presa El Carrizo. The second, and only other, is the Rodriguez reservoir. Mexico's Colegio de la Frontera warned Tijuana's City Fathers years ago about the city's tenuous water situation — even one minor disaster could cut Tijuana's water supply and the city would quickly return to barren desert wasteland.

Bill stopped the caravan and peered down the mountain face. He could see the huge water pipe follow the contour of the mountainside and descend into the valley. Bill went to the trailer and grabbed some Detasheet and Primacord. He clambered over the collision barrier at the side of the road and edged over to the pipe. Bracing himself against one of the concrete standoffs he rolled ten pounds of Detasheet into a cylinder — as if he had rolled up a map — and then wedged it along the centerline of the pipe — between the pipe and the dusty earth.

The explosion wouldn't cut the pipe in half — it would only create a spray nozzle aimed directly at the mountain itself. The water pressure would dig out the mountain very quickly. It was a technique used by California gold miners in the 1860's to separate mountains from their gold nuggets. He then ran a line of Primacord from the Detasheet to the far side of the road and fifty yards from the pipe. Then he stuffed the end of Primacord a half inch into the .45's barrel and fired. The water line exploded with a loud crack and began to roar as a continuous high pressure water stream dug deep into the side of the mountain and then bounced out — creating a geyser blowing muddy water 200 feet into the air.

The pilot motioned to Bill and pointed to the “Tres Estrellas de Oro” inter-city transit bus coming toward them from the west and now slowing to a stop. Yes, the driver had a handlebar mustache and yes, the bus's exhaust had been modified to make the classic Mexican “brap, brap, brap, brap” sound. The bus's destination panel said “Mexicali”.

Bill had Reynaldo get everybody off the bus. Then they loaded more than two hundred pounds of Tovex between the bus and the side of the hill. Reynaldo told the passengers that it would be a very good idea for them all to walk back down the hill at least a kilometer. The passengers had a tough time getting off the bus because the road was narrow and there was barely a two foot gap between the bus and the side of the mountain.

Bill took a one foot square piece of Detasheet and taped it to the back of the bus. He then taped a double length of Primacord to the Detasheet and ran the Primacord around the side of the bus to the two hundred pounds of Tovex he and Reynaldo had stacked between the bus and the mountain. Bill then taped the double strands of Primacord to another piece of Detasheet and wrapped that around one of the dozen Tovex tubes. He then adjusted the stacked tubes so that the blast would focus on the side of the mountain.

The caravan of Hummers then moved a safe distance down the road toward Tijuana. When they were about five hundred yards from the bus Bill stopped and took his H&K 91 .30 caliber rifle and walked a few steps back up the road.

He then flipped the operating rod down to release it and let a round slap into the chamber. He took aim for not more than three seconds and fired.

He missed.

The “Bus people” hissed and laughed.

Bill turned and looked at everybody then flipped the rifle's two bipod legs down and lay flat on the ground.

He fired.

He fired.

He fired.

BOOOOOM!

The bus deflected the massive explosion back against the side of the mountain. The bus was launched sideways and then thrown down the mountainside. The explosion had dug more than 200 cubic yards of earth out of the hill and all of it now blocked the road. Using the bus as a shield to focus the blast is far more effective than what is called “dobyng” — just slapping the explosive against something and hoping it makes a hole.

By the time repair crews came from Tijuana and then realized that they couldn't get to the water-line from the west and then called for help from Mexicali — more than two hours away — the water should have taken most of the hillside down and collapsed the road completely. It could take

years to fix this mess.

And Bill hadn't even started yet.

The caravan drove westward into a bowl shaped valley and through the little town of Tecate. At the main intersection in the town — Calle Cardenas — they looked up the street to their right and saw the U.S. Border Patrol Checkpoint at the U.S. border. Almost everything in this valley depended on the supplies coming south across the U.S. border. Tecate had once been called “The clearest window of Mexico” by President Diaz — who knows what on earth he meant. Just more bullshit Mexican propaganda.

As they moved through the village they passed a brewery on their left. The smell of roasted hops and rich golden beer filled their nostrils. The place was owned by Mexican giant FEMSA and was called Cerveceria Cuautemoc Moctezuma — and made Tecate beer. Bill remembered the many times he would drive US highway 94 to the Tecate border checkpoint, park his car and then walk south three blocks to the brewery. The Tecate brewery offered ice cold 16 oz samples — free — and the bathrooms were newer and far cleaner than those in most American restaurants. But that was another time and a different world.

Someplace right around here was another brewery — the one for Mexicali and Rio Bravo brand beers — that brewery was owned by an American company called AmBrew which was actually based in New Orleans of all places. He didn't know anything about them except that it was rumored their bathrooms weren't as nice.

Soon they were out of the valley and moving due west over a narrow two lane track of thin asphalt — so dangerous that the speed limit signs said 60 Km/h — less than 40 mph. There were dairy farms to the left and olive groves covered the hillsides on both sides of the road.

It was as if they had been transported to the south of France — with all the good and the bad. The smell of Mexican dairy farms was overwhelming — the sweet-sour smell of fermenting, cow-piss-soaked mountains of cow shit filled their nostrils and pounded their brains. God damn what a stench! Romantic Mexico!

The caravan moved on through some undulating hills and started to pass through a narrow cut when Bill suddenly screeched to a stop and motioned for everyone to back up.

Just to the south of them — maybe three hundred yards away — were five huge white GAS SILZA high pressure propane storage tanks.

Bill motioned for the pilot to come forward to Bill's Hummer. “Let's see if we can figure out how to make the TOW missile launcher work”.

Bill's Hummer stopped across both lanes of traffic. Several cars pulled up to within twenty yards and horns started blaring. Sally climbed out the right rear door, lifted the M240G onto the top of the Hummer and just kept firing until all of the horns were silent. Cars that could still move suddenly found great interest in returning to Tijuana. Sally tracked up their exhaust pipes with streams of tracers and followed them for 900 yards up the road — where the tracers finally burned out.

“Let 'em go” Bill said. “Nobody's gonna believe em.”

It took some doing but Bill and the pilot were able to get the Kollmorgan AN/UAS-12C Thermal Imager weapons sight operational. Their big problem was how the TOW missile fit into the launch tube.

The missile was encased in a green graphite epoxy tube. About mid way down the tube there were two lugs that looked like stainless steel ears. By sliding the nose of the epoxy tube toward the front of the launch tray — or tube — the lugs found their registration sockets and the missile clicked down into place.

At the mid point of the tube there were two round connectors sticking straight up. One looked like a half inch diameter ball bearing. The other looked like a disk. There was an eighth inch diameter steel pin sticking out of the center of the disk. This pin did not depress — but the disk around it did.

Above the mid point of the tube and as part of the mount there was a large square block of alumi-

num with a lever on it. This block hinged down and hooked a thick pin on the tray and latched into place.

There was a lever with a red rubber cover on it.

“I betcha that this lever is the safety!” Bill said as he lifted it.

He held the traversal handle and noticed that there was a trigger device protected by a steel cover. Bill slewed the launcher around and toward the propane tanks, looked down at Sally and the pilot, shrugged his shoulders and clicked the trigger paddle with his thumb.

It was not like any “rocket launch” Bill had ever seen before — there was just a tremendous crash and a huge cloud of smoke. Instead of flying, the missile scooted along the ground for the three hundred yards and then slammed into the back end of a propane tank. A huge white cloud of liquid propane enveloped the tank.

Thank God there was no warhead detonation — at this distance everyone would have been torched. Bill had no idea how much energy was stored inside one of these tanks. He was going to find out.

Before them there now was a rocket from hell. The eight foot diameter, fifty foot long steel propane tank started to push itself off its concrete footings and bounced south across the valley — picking up speed. It hit a truck repair building doing more than a hundred miles an hour then flipped over and started rocketing northward — right back toward the road, toward the Hummers, and toward them.

Nobody moved.

The tank loomed larger and larger. It was skipping and hopping across the ground like an errant Minuteman missile with no self destruct system. And it was headed right at them. The sound was louder than a freight train as a three foot wide freezing jet of propane blasted out of a crack in the tank’s rear end — now pushing the tank end-over-end and then into the air. The tank arched up and then slammed nose first into the road not fifty feet from the lead Hummer — and Bill.

The ground shook so hard that the Hummer bounced into the air. At fifty feet the screaming roar of high pressure gas blasting through the crack in the tank was so loud it made Bill’s guts vibrate. Propane replaced the air around them. The sweet smell of propane filled their nostrils and they gasped for breath. The tank stood on end for a split second and then it started to fall over. Its nose dug a deep furrow in the hill, bright sparks bounced off the ground and the tank roared off to the north, over the top of a low hill and then out of sight.

Bill’s eyes looked like saucers. Sally had wet her pants.

Bill tumbled out of the Hummer and lay flat on his back on the ground. His legs could not hold him up.

“I’m gonna have a heart attack!” Bill could only lay there.

The pilot came around the side of the Hummer and stood over Bill — casting a long early-morning shadow over Bill’s face. “Good thing that TOW missile didn’t go off! We’d all a been toast! There must be some kind of minimum range limitation on these things and when it slammed into the ground the safety systems musta kicked in.

Hey, and I kinda think we should really count our blessings. So much gas was spewing outa that tank that there wasn’t enough oxygen for all those sparks to detonate the gas.

Let’s try it again but from over there to the west — it’ll give us a safety margin of a mile or so.”

Now Bill knew why pilots earned their money. This guy was a calm as could be — they had come about as close a you can get to being squashed by a 50,000 pound steel hot dog full of propane going maybe two hundred miles an hour and this guy’s acting like they had just accidentally driven over somebody’s cat.

Bill opened his eyes and looked straight up into the sky — into the shadow of the pilot’s face — and said, “Okay ... but this time you do it!”

There were more than a twenty Mexican cars and trucks parked in all directions on the road. Some were riddled with Sally’s machine-gun bullets, some were burning and some were still frantically

trying to back up and drive away.

The caravan dodged the riddled and burning hulks and moved on to the west.

The road climbed a slight rise. The pilot took the lead as the road entered a cut in the western hills. The pilot stopped, crawled into the back, flipped the Hummer's rear hatch open and started loading a TOW missile into the launch tube.

The other two Hummers drove around him and parked behind the cut in the hill.

Bill trotted over and helped the pilot with the weapons sight. "I think we can get this thing to give us range to target. Yes — that button there."

The pilot slewed the launcher around, fiddled with the buttons and aimed the missile at the center of the next propane tank in the row. "The range is three thousand yards. Think that should be a safe distance?"

"You're askin me?" Bill said.

The pilot fired.

BOOM!

The missile made some strange blap, blap, blap noises and porpoised through the air toward the steel propane tank.

KAAABOOOOOM!

The missile hit the tank with enough force to knock it off its concrete mount. The TOW missile's shaped charge sent a jet of hyper-velocity gas through a three inch hole in the front side of the tank and out a one inch hole on the back side. A ball of flame a quarter-mile across engulfed the tanks.

In three ground-shaking thumps the remaining high pressure tanks exploded. The seismic impulse traveled through the earth at more than two miles per second and tossed the Hummers around as if they were plastic toys.

Flames were being sucked into a vortex and carried more than a mile into the sky.

"We figured that one out didn't we ..." The pilot yelled to Bill over the noise of the burning propane.

"Oh sure ... we've learned how to use a TOW missile all right."

"And why are we all still alive?" Bill thought to himself.

Another twenty minutes and they were at the outskirts of Tijuana. They pulled off "Mexico Highway 2" and then to the right — onto a dirt road as Reynaldo instructed — and then drove north toward the U.S. Otay Mesa Border Checkpoint. Less than a quarter mile from the U.S. border they turned left and then stopped — behind one of the new manufacturing plants on the east side of the Mexican airport.

Just a few hundred yards away was the Baja California headquarters of Mexico's National Institute For Combating Drugs — a pit of criminal extortion, bribery and murder. It's sister agency — the Federal Security Directorate — had been disbanded because its agents found it more profitable to become members of organized crime, free-lance armed robbers or professional kidnapers. They were the hirelings who raped Reynaldo's village of San Quintin.

Thanks to NAFTA, thousands of American jobs had moved to Mexico. But just barely. Some of the largest companies in America had closed their US plants and moved south of the border. The incredible thing was that they had moved only about a hundred yards south of the border. Thousands of Mexicans came to work each morning at these American plants in Mexico. These plants then trucked the completed goods a quarter mile to the Otay Mesa Border Crossing and a hundred yards back into America. The American company warehouses on the US side of the border then handled the shipping of the products to all of America. Everything from televisions to refrigerators were made right along the border and then shipped just a hundred yards to the north.

Behind this new, huge, white factory — the size of a two football fields — Reynaldo's friends were waiting. There were five pickup trucks. Each had a 50 gallon drum full of machine shop scrap and two fifty gallon drums full of gasoline.

The men were scruffy and muscular. None was younger than 45. Each had a seriousness about them that Bill found inspiring. These people deserved help in their struggle.

Bill bowed slightly and shook each gentleman's hand. Their grips were firm — if callused.

“They say they have brought you material from the construction of the movie set for Titanic.”

Reynaldo said proudly.

“The motion picture was created in Ensenada — on the beach just a few kilometers from here.

These men were responsible for the cutting and shaving special metal parts. They used their lathes and cut various round objects which you can see in the movie — including the outside railing of the ship itself.”

“I congratulate them on their contribution to the making of such a fine motion picture. Titanic could be the finest motion picture of this century of fine motion pictures — and they participated in its creation!”

A serious look came over Bill's face and he asked Reynaldo to translate exactly what he now said:

“We do not have much time. I must hurry to instruct you in the use of real power. I am going to show you some true secrets of this power. You have always had this power. You only needed someone to show it to you. Just listen and watch.

Many years ago — in 1991 — America attacked Iraq and destroyed much of their technology.

While we all think that America used big bombs — which is true — the first weapons they used were made from bits of thread.

Yes, thread. This thread was very special. This thread was loaded into about 12 cruise missiles and flown 500 miles into Iraq. These cruise missiles — costing about \$2,000,000 each because they were so special — were told to drop their loads of thread on top of Iraq's power plants. This thread was made of a material that conducted electricity. When the thread touched the big electrical machines at the power plants the machines exploded. The electricity inside them was shorted out — the electricity became confused and melted the machines.

We are— today — going to do the same thing and destroy the Mexican government's control over you. Electricity is power and the government soon will be castrated.

The best and easiest way for you to do this is use aluminized Mylar — like you might have as tinsel for a Christmas tree — or you can use chopped up aluminum foil. All you need to do is drill a small hole in the side of a piece of four inch pipe that has been sealed at one end and then put the heads from ten large boxes of kitchen matches in the pipe. If you are energetic you can clip just the white tips from the matches and use only them. Then stuff a dry rag into the pipe — a clump about the size of your fist — and then put in a small plastic bag that you have filled with dirt. The bag should again be about the size of your fist. Then stuff many loose fistfuls of the Mylar or aluminum foil on top of that. Then cover this with another fist of dry rag. Do not press down. Leave the contents of the tube fluffy.

Now, you can make a fuse from all sorts of things. You can use two soda straws taped end-to-end and full of match heads — that's good for about 10 seconds. You put the fuse into the small hole that you drilled.

If you do not want to use a short fuse then don't drill the hole at all. You can instead just put the piece of pipe in the middle of a small camp fire. If you just put it in the middle of a campfire then you will have maybe five minutes to get away.

But you must get far away. These pipes will sometimes explode and if you are close by — then this explosion will kill you.

What do you do with this thing?

You put it directly underneath any high voltage power line — the huge towers you see running from Ensenada to Tijuana. Or you can aim the device at the heavy bare wires you see above a power substation. Or you can aim the device at the big electrical machines at the power plant itself.

What will it do?

It will destroy the power system.

Yes, it really will.

Just because you have never seen this work does not mean that I am telling you a story. Just because it seems so simple does not mean that it does not work.

This works.

Now, what we will do today is build a much bigger version of such a small device. We are going to use these big drums full of bits of steel shavings that you have brought with you — to short out the generating plant at Ensenada!

We will destroy the generators and it should take more than a year for them to send in new armatures by ship.

We must aim the blast of metal bits at the big cables coming out of the walls of the generator plant — it is only there at the outside of the plant that the electricity is switched on and off of the big power lines.

If you short them out right at the wall of the building then the generators will be destroyed.

I am giving you each ten pounds of Tovex and a booster — a material that must be used to help the Tovex explode. I am also giving you each two blasting caps. You must use both caps. Do not save one. It is too important that your efforts be successful.

First, perform these measures approximately one hundred fifty meters from your target.

You will take shovels and dig a hole maybe a half a meter deep — again approximately one hundred fifty meters from your target. Then you will place an empty oil drum in the hole. Then you will aim the drum at your target and facing up into the sky at a 60 degree angle — thus. Then you will secure the position of the drum with the earth you removed from the hole. Make certain that you have built up a nice mound of earth all around the drum.

You will then take the spool of wire and find both ends.

You will strip the insulation from the ends of the wires and twist the bare ends together. The wires at the end of the spool — the ones right at the core of the spool — must be shorted together.

When you are ready to commence the next procedure you will make certain that the wires at the center of the spool are in fact twisted together.

You will attach the two blasting caps to the wire at the outside of a spool of wire ... thusly.

Then you will take the black material and wrap it around the Tovex like a tortilla wrapped around a piece of meat.

Then you will lay the blasting cap on top of the black material and tightly wrap six wraps of your wire around the cap and the black material and the Tovex. This couples the blast of the cap to the booster charge which is tightly coupled to the explosive.

You will place the Tovex with the black material with the cap and with the wires attached at the bottom of the empty drum.

Make certain that the cap is on the bottom. You do not want to drop anything on the cap and have this device explode earlier than you had planned.

You must have the drum in place before it is too full or you will never be able to move it!

Then you will fill the drum half full with the metal bits you have brought with you today.

You will then carefully reel out the wire from the spool.

Make certain that the wires from the drum do not run parallel with any electrical wires near the power station.

Make certain that you do not untwist the shorted wires on the spool.

When you have retreated as far away as the spool of wire allows you need only untwist the shorted wires. Being so near a power station there should be enough stray electricity to instantly detonate the caps. If just un-shorting the wires does not cause an explosion then simply touch the wires to your car battery.

Do not stand and watch the results of your work. Large bits of steel will be flying though the air and can easily travel to where you are standing. Quickly get inside the truck and wait for one full

minute for these particles to return to earth. Then leave the area.

Now, as to the drums of gasoline. On your way the power station this morning you must drive into Tijuana and dump the gasoline into the city's storm drains. Each of you can pick a high point in the drain system. Just pour the gasoline into the drain. In fact, to make your efforts easier — just dump the drums off the back of the truck at the mouth of a drain and punch holes in them so that they might empty themselves.

You must have all of the gasoline in the drains before seven this morning.

You must be half way to Rosarito Beach by half past seven. That is very important. You must be far from Tijuana by half past seven.

It would be best if you could drive directly to Ensenada and send your metal particles toward the power station. And use all of your electrical wire — you must get far away.

You must use three of your drums today. You may save two of them for when the power station returns to operation a year from now ...

I have given Reynaldo this American war machine — a Hummer. With this and the guns, ammunition and explosives inside you can destroy almost anything the Mexican Army can use against you. Guard this equipment well. No citizen of Mexico has ever had this much power before.

Use this material sparingly. You should be able to use this Hummer to capture more military material and then use that material to capture more and more. Destroy your enemy not his weapons!

Good luck.

Via Con Dios. Go With God ...”

These men took their assignment with utmost seriousness. They finally had the weapons needed to stop the Mexican Army cold. Certainly the Benito Juarez military camp in San Quintin would be destroyed first.

But these simple people had no idea what a thinking white American like Bill Johnson could do to a city of two million — a city like Tijuana.

With the Navy pilot at the wheel of one Hummer and Bill at the wheel of the other Hummer they pulled out from the building's parking lot and drove directly west toward downtown Tijuana.

The subtle differences between Mexican “pavement” and a dirt road were lost on them and so their path took them past the airport as planned — but then instead of driving south to Highway 2 they drove west and through the low hills of Colonia Libertad.

As they quietly rolled through the colonia this early in the morning they heard dogs barking in the distance and cheap music from cheap radios. None of them had ever seen such squalor — and they weren't even one mile south of the U.S. border.

Tiny stones clicking off the sides of their vehicles combined with teenage punks making low whistling sounds and strange gang gestures at them gave them a really bad feeling of things to come.

There was no pavement on the roads of Colonia Libertad. The potholes and stinking sewage streams encouraged the caravan of Hummers to travel the streets carefully and slowly — giving the gangs of toughs the time they needed to spring a trap.

Far ahead of them — maybe three blocks down the hill — an intersection was blocked by more than two dozen members of the “Linea 13” — the colonia's local gang. It wasn't even seven in the morning and these guys were up and about swilling beer — or maybe they were still up and about and still swilling beer.

Some of the female gang members were standing at the periphery of the group strutting their stuff — like dwarfette “piglets-in-black”.

Some of the men wore silk head scarves wrapped tightly around their heads. Many were making gang signs with their hands and strutting around — walking like roosters in a barn yard.

The pilot saw them first — M1 rifles. These punks were armed to the teeth. Each had a .30 caliber rifle of the type used by American forces to win World War Two. Each fired essentially the same round as Sally's M240G machine gun.

It was obvious that Clinton and the drug cartels had already started their war — and San Diego was soon to be America's second Pearl Harbor — but with hundreds of thousands of dead civilians. The pilot thought of his family. They lived in Chula Vista, California USA — not five miles from where he was now standing.

Some of the women were carrying old M1 carbines — a weapon carried by American Army officers in World War Two and which fired a glorified pistol cartridge.

PLINK!

An under-powered bullet from one of these old M1 carbines slapped against the armored glass of the pilot's Hummer. It was like somebody waving a big pink sign screaming "Go Ahead, Please Kill Me Now!"

One could just say that this single bullet strike was accepted as an invitation to demonstrate the subtleties of certain modern American weapons systems.

What the Mexicans seemed not to know was that these Hummers were not the usual cheapies seen around Mexican military bases. These Hummers each weighed 10,000 pounds. These Hummers' windows were armored. These Hummer's bodies — and even the doors were armored.

The armor plating was obvious to anyone who compared a regular Hummer with one of these M1114 Hummers. The big "Xs" shaped into the aluminum doors of a regular Hummer were covered over on the M1114 with nice thick armor plate. The entire vehicle had a "just go ahead and try it" look. Ogara-Hess & Eisenhardt had been paid more than \$50,000 just to upgrade each of these Hummers and the government had certainly got its money's worth.

These vehicles were designed for handling this kind of scum.

Certainly, the punks down the street thought that they were dealing with green Mexican troops who may actually have come to the colonia to sell some of their equipment for hard American dollars. Or maybe these were just rich Americano touristas and those funny things on top of their Hummers were just a new kind of turista TV camera.

The pilot stopped his Hummer. His face was ashen. He motioned to Bill to stop and to really look at what these scum were carrying.

Bill pulled up abreast and stopped. He counted the rifles. He saw the green cotton bandoleers of M1 Rifle en-block clips hanging from their shoulders. Each clip carried eight rounds. Certainly just these vermin had enough firepower to assault the Otay Mesa border checkpoint and win.

There was no way of knowing how many hundreds or even thousands more of these vermin were cleaning their rifles of cosmoline and loading them for the impending assault.

Bill, Sally and the pilot all looked around inside the rear storage areas of their Hummers for the toys they really had always wanted to use.

At first everybody picked a TOW missile.

No ... too expensive and besides they only had 20 of them.

Sally then went for the M240G machine gun. The pilot picked up two M-16's and Bill did the same.

The pilot motioned to Bill that they should load the grenade launchers beneath each M-16 fore-end.

Sally took it upon herself to cover their rear with the M240G.

Bill heard Sally racking the M240G's operating handle back and forth to clear the jam he had caused.

"Sorry!" He said.

Sally didn't even look around. She was too intent on defending their rear.

Then, on a count of three, Bill and the pilot each picked up an M-16, opened the Hummer's door, laid the M-16 over the top of the door and started killing punks at the right and left edges of the group.

BDDAP BDDAP BDDAP!

As the Los Angeles Rodney King riots proved — it's one thing to have a gun in your hands and

quite another to really know how to use it. Possibly 50,000 Negroes rioted in Los Angeles. The homes and stores not looted and burned to the ground belonged to well-armed and well-trained Koreans.

Tijuana was no better.

The Mexi-punks tried to run from the Hummer's kill zone by exiting to the right or to the left. All they did was run right into nice hot bullets and get themselves blown to pieces.

These scum had always hidden behind Mexico's poverty and the powerlessness of the police.

There had never been enough money to arrest, process and convict these scum. Now they were facing intelligent White Americans who saw them as exactly what they were — vermin to be exterminated.

Some of the punks had figured that they could encircle the Hummers, attack from the rear and maybe even steal the vehicles.

The punks coming around to their rear were also armed with M1 rifles. Some even had M1 Rifles with grenade launchers attached. From the way they held these weapons it was obvious they had never fired them before. It was like watching a circus to see these punks snap rifle operating rods to the rear and then attempt to stuff eight round clips into the guns. Two of the Mexicans got their thumbs stuck as their rifle bolts slammed closed.

Sally was sitting in an armored car and had an M240G machine gun which had been made in Belgium by Fabrique National and which fired 600 rounds of .308 caliber M80 Ball ammunition every minute. The Mexicans might out number them twenty to one but that still wasn't enough to make it a fair fight.

Sally racked the machine gun's operating handle back one last time — with a “clank” — and lifted the gun's cover and laid in an ammo belt. She then locked the cover in place and racked the gun's operating handle to feed a round into the chamber — with a loud “kershlunk”. The punks hadn't expected anything like this. At first they started strutting their stuff and raising their rifles in the air. When they took a close look at what Sally had slewed around and pointed at them — they paused. But it was too late. Sally had already accepted their challenge.

CHUG, CHUG, CHUG — CHUG, CHUG, CHUG!

Bullets were coming out of the M240G at about the rate of the clicking on an old style dial telephone.

CHUG, CHUG, CHUG — CHUG, CHUG, CHUG!

Just a ricochet from the M240G can kill a man at three miles. At close range — and sent directly from the gun's barrel into pink punk-flesh — the effect is a sight to behold. Almost every bullet impact creates a little puffy-pink cloud — of exploding flesh and atomized blood.

Sally simply cut these scum to pieces. God she felt good!

The M240G was throwing empty brass 20 feet south of the gun and right onto the sidewalk. The empty cases looked like little tinkling bits of gold sparkling in the morning light.

To the front, M -16's were being emptied into the gang-mass — a total of 120 rounds fired from the four rifles in about 20 seconds — four M29 grenades were also blasted to the west and into the crowd.

It's an odd thing to see puss-laden boils pop from the supersonic shock wave of a .223 round splatting into a druggie's chest. If any of the female “piglets” lived through this they would probably die in a few days — from various pneumonic infections caused by their inhalation of the bacterial cultures from vaporized pus spurting off their boyfriend's bodies.

The pilot noticed an eight inch wide stream of blood trickling out from under the front of his Hummer. He snapped his head around and looked to the rear and saw nothing but bodies, chopped flesh, some blood soaked clothing, several junky cars burning and more rivulets of blood.

Sally had slapped in another ammunition belt and was now hosing down the shacks on each side of the road — just to watch pieces of wall explode. The bullets were going through two, three, even four houses before they found something substantial enough to stop them.

As many as twenty of the shacks had already had their propane tanks punctured by her gunfire. There was literally a 120 degree arc of shacks burning at the rear of the Hummers — a hundred separate fires were burning, maybe more.

Bill started to climb into the back of the Hummer to grab her leg and get her to stop when the last round in her ammunition belt cycled through the gun. The last empty brass casing popped from the gun's ejection port, the last piece of steel link fell from the gun and then the last of a killing machine's shiny brass residue bounced around on what passed for a Colonia Libertad sidewalk. Then there was nothing.

Silence.

Smoke.

The crackle of burning wood.

Distant screams.

Sirens.

"Okay, boss. What's the plan now?" The pilot had now seen the enemy up close. He knew what this kind of vermin might do to his wife and children.

"We're running out of time. What we gotta do is get down to the railroad tracks and wait for the morning train. It should be here any minute." Bill said as he rummaged around in the back of his Hummer. Then he said: "What we gotta do is meet the train, kill everybody around it — without starting any fires ... And then strap it with some of the shit in the trailer and get outa here."

"And where do we go then?" Asked the pilot.

"Let's worry about that when we live that long." Bill whispered. He really didn't have any idea what he was going to do after the train. All he figured he could do was get away from here as fast as he could and if they lived through the next thirty minutes he'd figure something out.

Moving slowly and abreast they rolled down the hill and reached the pile of chopped and burned meat that once was the gang "Linea 13" and its "piglets".

The Hummers' tires thumped over the bodies.

"Colonia Libertad is sure gonna be a more peaceful and law abiding place!"

Bill motioned to turn south.

About half a mile further on they came to the Tijuana river basin. They were lost again. To the left was Tijuana's city hall. Oops.

Cars were racing in all directions — oblivious to traffic lanes. It was nearing morning rush hour. They drove south on Agua Caliente Boulevard and passed the Hippodromo — the race track — on the right.

And then to the east Bill saw it — maybe a mile and a half away. Presa Rodrigues — Rodrigues dam — Tijuana's only local source of water.

Bill motioned for the Hummers to wheel left and face the dam. The pilot's face turned ashen. The Hummers were now stopped right in the middle of a busy Tijuana intersection. Cars were driving around them and drivers were honking and screaming at them.

Bill ignored it all.

This was a really busy street! Cars were honking and even crashing into each other and even people on the sidewalks were yelling at them.

A couple of local transit buses pulled up and the passengers hopped out to see what these Gringos were doing. These busses were like something from Pakistan. One was of the "Verde Y Creme" line — green and cream. The other was from "Azul y Blanco" or blue and white. Both buses were former American school buses. Rather than have a set of signs telling riders which route the bus would follow the bus companies just painted the information right on the windshield with white-wash. Tijuana's infrastructure was so bad that more than 70% off all public transportation was by taxi!

Bill moved to the back of the Hummer and pushed the rear hatch up and back. He then stood up and checked the Kollmorgan weapons sight. It still seemed to be fully operational. He then

released the straps holding a Tow missile container in its cradle. He lifted the missile off the metal storage rack, stuffed the missile container into the gun tube and slapped the firing box down onto the firing contacts.

He was getting good at this.

There was an “ooooohhhh” from the crowd when they saw the missile being slammed home. The pilot tried to do the same thing but his Hummer’s rear hatch was jammed. Bill trotted around the cars and ignored the obscene gestures from the drivers and helped the pilot push the rear hatch up and open.

“You ain’t being serious. You’re gonna blow up the dam?”

“That’s what I have in mind ... It sure seems like a good idea to me.” Bill said.

“We better hurry up before somebody who cares comes over and visits us”

“Look, we’ll be done in about one minute! All we gotta do is keep the missile aimed at the middle of the dam. We don’t have to worry about where we hit — so long as it’s someplace kinda at the center. We’ll both have to fire at about the same time so that the warheads detonate at about the same time. Hey, the dam musta been built around 1937 and probably not of the best concrete. If we hit at about the same time then the detonation wave should whipsaw back and forth through the concrete and help weaken it. You take the right side of the dam and I’ll take the left side. See that car parked on the top of the dam? You shoot below him on the right and I’ll shoot below him and to the left.

We shouldn’t have to worry about fratricide because we’re facing the honeycombed rear of the dam and the blast from each missile should stay within its own little area.

You ready?”

The pilot nodded.

Bill turned and headed toward his Hummer. A brown arm lunged out of a 1960 Chevrolet and its hand grabbed at his shirt. Bill pulled the Colt .45 from his waistband and put three rounds into the open car window. The recoil pushed the pistol’s slide up and against the car’s window frame and the pistol jammed. Bill dropped the magazine from the gun, cycled the slide and slapped in a new magazine — all in less than four seconds. He then quickly put two more rounds into the car’s driver — all of this without ever looking in the car.

Blood was now spattered all over Bills shirt and trousers. The brown hand released its grip and the arm returned — or rather “slumped” — into the confines of the car’s interior. The noise of the horns honking and people yelling had drowned out the pistol shots.

Bill jumped onto the back of his Hummer and readied his TOW missile for firing.

Sally pulled herself down and into the driver’s seat.

Bill and the pilot looked at each other, turned toward their weapon sights, aimed and fired. Both realized that they had probably closed their eyes when they had fired the first two missiles. This time they were going to pay attention to the whole experience.

The noise was like ten shotguns going off at once and then continuing to explode for a full second. Then there was an even bigger boom and pieces of each missile fell away — only to be replaced by an even larger flame and lots more noise.

While neither of them could hear it — the crowd roared just like they would at a bullfight.

The TOW missile is a wonder of technology. Most of its technology was not fully appreciated by Bill or the pilot. The first thing that happened was a powder charge launched the missile from the tube. This charge canister then fell away and two side-by-side rocket engines ignited. At this same moment a xenon flash tube mounted between the two rocket engines started blinking and a fine control wire began un-spooling from the missile tube. This control wire would carry the control signals from the Hummer-based aiming system to the missile itself. The xenon flash tube tells the aiming system electronics where the missile is.

The rocket has no real control vanes. All it has are two flappers that can only flap all open to the left or all open to the right. The missile itself rocks or rotates about 40 degrees so that the flappers

can at one moment force the missile to pitch up or down and at the next moment force the rocket to yaw right or left.

The smoke of the launch obscures the view for the gunner and the missile control electronics for more than a second. A target must be more than two seconds flight time away for the missile — or the gunner — to have a chance of finding it.

Lastly, a bad person might think that they can jam the TOW by flashing a really bright xenon lamp and faking out the aiming system. Nope. The aiming system automatically sends commands to the missile to change the blink rate any time it gets confused.

The control wire guiding the missile is just a bit thicker than a human hair. Anyone who has tried to snap a piece of this wire in his bare hands has learned a bloody lesson. This wire is strong and razor sharp. A quick pull through bare hands will cut right to the bone. All two miles of this control wire are wound into a spool not much larger than an empty toilet paper roll.

The missiles only took thirteen seconds to travel from the Hummers to the dam face. The flash and smoke of the missile impact and detonation was like a silent movie. It took more than ten seconds for the roar of the explosions and crackle of ricocheting concrete to rumble back across the valley and reach their ears.

At 1,200 feet per second sound travels only slightly faster than the Mach .9 speed of the TOW missile.

Bill motioned to the pilot that they should fire another round into the dam.

The crowd started to move toward them. They had finally figured out what the Gringos were doing and these Mexicans were pissed off.

Sally pulled the M240G out of the Hummer's top hatch and rattled off a few rounds toward — of all things — a pharmacy window. The crowd scattered.

Bill and the pilot popped missiles out of their storage slots, slapped the missiles into their launch tubes, lined the missiles up with spots near their previous hits and fired.

The missiles roared to life and flew on digitally controlled paths for 13 seconds and impacted.

The center of the dam just gave way and water started pouring out like milk from a pitcher.

Two vertical cracks appeared in the dam face and water started pouring through them too.

Tijuana would soon be a very dry city. A very, very dry city.

“Hey you guys, you better do something!” Sally screamed.

About three hundred fifty yards behind them a line of maybe twenty Tijuana police cars had appeared — with their red and blue lights blinking madly. And each of the cars seemed to have its doors open and an AK-47 or an M-16 sticking out.

Somebody in one of the cars rattled off something in Spanish over the car PA system.

“Hell, you can't understand anything from one of these PA systems when they're speaking English — let alone Spanish.” Bill said.

To fire a TOW missile at these cops they would have had to turn around. And if they even just started to move then the Mexicans would open fire.

A real Mexican Stand-off.

Bill looked down into the rear storage area of his Hummer and counted the number of M-16's he had with grenade launchers — six of them. Sally handed a grenade up to Bill and he showed it to the pilot.

The pilot nodded and dropped down behind the lifted rear hatch and started loading grenades into his M-16's launchers. He only had four to load. He stuffed spare grenades into his flight suit pockets. He was ready to send the cops four quick ones and then about eight every minute thereafter.

Sally was hidden from view so she started loading grenade launchers and stacking the rifles so that she and Bill could fire them over the Hummers' rear hatch. They then stacked spare rounds so that they could quickly reload.

Bill and the pilot raised back up and just stood there with their hands in the air.

“What do ya figure on range?” The pilot asked.

“Four hundred yards.” Bill yelled.

He didn’t believe it and neither did Sally nor did the pilot. Everybody set his sights at 350 yards. On a count of three Bill and the pilot ducked and stuck M-16 grenade launchers out the hatches and fired. The grenades detonated around the Tijuana police cars and forced the police to flatten their bodies against the ground. Now full auto .223 fire hosed the police vehicles. The Mexicans didn’t know what was happening. More grenades were fired. The grenades flew at a speed only a bit faster than a well thrown baseball. By the time three grenades exploded in the line of police cars three more grenades were already on the way.

The Mexicans let loose with their AK-47’s and M-16’s but it was already too late. Besides, the Mexicans were trying to shoot over the tops of fifty parked cars to try and hit Bill and the Pilot. Bill and the Pilot only had to lob grenades and blast away at a slight downwards angle to clear the Mexi-cops from their vehicles.

Twenty grenades and 300 rounds of .223 in less than a minute ended the official duties of the Tijuana Police Department in this sector.

It was already over but Sally dragged a Barrett .50 out of the Hummer and dropped it onto the hood of a yellow 1974 Buick — who’s driver’s eyes turned wild, his arms flailed violently and he crawled into the back seat and lay on the floor.

Sally slid behind the Barrett, cranked the bolt back and let loose. Bill just stood there in utter amazement. The .50 caliber rounds were zipping right through the parked cars and the police cars and the cars behind them and even through a couple of cars driving down the street three blocks behind them.

She emptied eleven rounds into the cops direction and was trying to load another magazine when Bill grabbed her by the back of her belt and dragged her away from the weapon.

“That’s enough! It’s over!”

The Tijuana police department would need to hire forty more cops — and steal twenty more American cars from the streets of San Diego.

The Hummer’s rear hatches were scarred with bullet impact dents and ricochet marks — but that was all.

To get out of this gridlock’d intersection seemed impossible. But they quickly discovered that a 10,000 pound Hummer with double wide tires and mass quantities of horsepower could push even two cars out of the way at one time. It didn’t take five minutes to clear a path and reach the line of dead Mexi-cops.

They quickly drove through, around and over the cop-carnage and headed back to the north to find the train tracks.

It really is amazing how a society will try to pretend that there is nothing wrong and try to just continue in their old ways — until it is too late.

This was just as true here in Tijuana — where people just stood on the street corners and watched the Hummers wipe out twenty police cars and forty policemen and it was also true in America — where Whites stood there and watched their country be turned into a third world hell-hole.

In both cases the people were unable to believe what they saw with their own two eyes and so they simply ignored it.

Just as he neared the Hippodromo Bill caught sight of the U.S. Consulate. It was just up the street to the west about two blocks. Even with all of the noise and explosions, Mexicans were standing there in line waiting to enter the compound — to sit in cheap blue plastic chairs under a tin awning and wait their turn to lie about why they needed a visa to the U.S.

Not noise, explosions, sirens — nothing was gonna make these people lose their place in line. It was just amazing.

Even the street vendors were busy — sloshing out foam cups of coffee to people milling about on the sidewalk in front of the Consulate.

Bill caught sight of one “piglet” walking through the gate of the Consulate. The woman was wearing a black dress with six inch fringe all over it, fishnet stockings and five inch platform shoes. She was dressed. To her, this was formal attire for a business meeting and she was dressed to make a good impression for her Visa interview.

The Hummers moved on.

The morning train from Los Angeles had already passed through the Mexican border inspection area and was trundling south toward the gas works. The border gate over the train tracks had already been closed.

The train had only seven cars. Each of the seven cars was a black steel tank and each tank carried more than forty tons of liquefied natural gas.

Rather than waste time trying to flag the train to a stop Bill just bumped his Hummer behind a parked pickup and pushed it down the street and onto the train tracks. Seeing this the pilot selected a nice white Ford Explorer and did the same thing.

A Hummer could push a Ford Explorer down the street sideways at more than 20 miles per hour. Great fun!

They both continued to nudge one vehicle after another down the street and onto the tracks.

What may have been the owner of a purple 62 Chevy convertible now being pushed sideways down the street ran out of a tortilleria and yelled at them. The pilot ignored him and so the Mexican pulled out a pistol.

Before the Mexican could even pop the safety Sally had fired a grenade in his direction. The round impacted at his feet. The Mexican now had no legs.

The locomotive engineer needed 960 feet to stop the train. He was given 300.

The train slammed into the five vehicles on the tracks and pushed them about 500 feet and then dragged two of them another 100 feet.

Bill drove his Hummer right down the tracks chasing after the train. He drove right up to the tanker cars and when the train stopped he pulled up to the middle tank car and hopped out. Without even looking around he started packing plastic bags of Tovex between each steel tank frame and its steel tank.

He then taped some Detasheet to the center of each Tovex mound and connected the Detasheet at each of the cars with three separate runs of Primacord.

One length was set to burn from right to left, one from left to right and one out from the center and in a “tee” He then connected a fused blasting cap to each run of Primacord. The fuses were all a bit more than twenty feet long. This would give them about fifteen minutes to clear the area — if the fuse burned at its rated forty seconds per foot.

Bill then placed one rifle grenade round on the walkway of each tank car. He hoped that these rifle grenades would create a time delayed secondary explosion.

Bill now was stumped. He wanted to light the fuses but nobody smoked and so nobody had a match.

“Smokers are scum. They might as well have hypodermic needles hanging like fish scales out of their arms. Pieces of shit.” Bill rambled on and on like this as he looked around for something to use to ignite the fuses. His lack of sleep was really starting to get to him.

One of the trainmen came over as Bill was mumbling to himself and started yelling at him.

Bill just stood there and looked at the guy. Bill was unarmed.

The trainman knocked Bill down onto the gravel bed and tried to kick him in the head. At that moment the pilot ran up and put a 9 mm bullet into the Mexican’s back. The bullet zipped right through trainman, whizzed past Bill’s head, bounced off the ground and clanged off a tanker car. The bullet missed the Detasheet by less than a foot.

Guns can be dangerous.

“Good idea!” Bill irrationally yelled to himself as he ran down the tracks to the locomotive and

told the engineer to give him some flares. The engineer stood there in the doorway eight feet off the ground with his hands high in the air. He seemed relieved to know that all Bill wanted was to rob him of some flares and so — keeping his hands up — he pushed an entire box of one hundred flares off the train with his feet. The box flipped and tossed its contents down onto the ground. Bill then told the engineer that he'd better run before the tanks "caught on fire." The engineer's eyes widened considerably. He slid down the access ladder handrail, hit the ground running and headed toward downtown Tijuana. His remaining two helpers followed quickly behind. Bill tossed the now half-empty box of flares into the Hummer. He then picked one off the ground and popped off the end cap and struck the starter material on the end of the flare. The flare hissed into life — spewing smoke and a bright red flame.

Bill went to the three coils of fuse and asked the pilot to watch. "Check the end of the fuse. When I put a flame to it there should be a 'spit' of flame from the fuse itself."

The three fuses were easily ignited. Each spit a two inch flame.

They now had just fifteen minutes to get as far away as they could. Yes, sure, Bill could have put a sixty minute fuse on the charges. The problem was that this would give people time to come and mess around. Fifteen minutes would be just enough time to get away and yet not enough time for some ignorant person to be a hero and figure out what was going on and stop it.

Bill spent maybe twenty seconds stomping on the burning flare — breaking off the burning end. To the pilot this seemed a waste of time.

They all then mounted up and headed back toward Colonia Libertad. Bill tried to start his Hummer's engine and the loud grinding noise told him that the engine had never been turned off. Bill was reaching the end of his rope. A few more hours — or maybe even minutes — and he might make a mistake that would kill all of them.

About four hundred yards up the road toward Colonia Libertad Bill stopped his Hummer and put the box of flares in the center of the road. He then ignited three flares and flipped the entire box of flares over on top of them.

The box started to smoke and as they drove away the box became a two foot high ball of red flame.

"Sally, could you hose down the sidewalks to keep people away from the flares"

Sally climbed up to the roof hatch and fired 9 mm rounds from one H&K MP5 and then from another into the general direction of the crowd of "Lookie Lou's" walking toward the burning pyre. She purposely aimed low — bouncing bullets off the street and into the legs of the crowd. Some of Sally's bullets scooted along the ground and punctured the gas tanks in cars parked along the street. Rivulets of gasoline began streaming down the hill toward the flares.

The Hummers headed east — back toward the airport and the secondary border crossing point at Otay Mesa.

In fifteen minutes they had been able to get three miles to the east of the airport and down into what seemed to be a shallow valley. Across the border to the north they could see California's Donovan State Prison. They were so close to America and yet so very, very far away.

* * *

The locomotive engineer was the first to return to the train. Then a Tijuana Municipal policeman arrived in his white Ford Explorer (and damn if it didn't still have California plates!). People came out of an auto body repair shop and from three automobile upholstery shops.

They all stood around the train wondering what these Gringos had really done.

The policeman walked over to the first tank car and grasped a stand of Primacord. He then slowly walked along the tank car with the strand of Primacord loosely slipping through his hand.

"Why would a Gringo tie up a train with red and white rope?" He wondered.

The policeman suddenly realized what he held in his hands. Death. The policeman and tens, no, hundreds of thousands of Mexicans in the Tijuana river valley would soon know the truth.

They had failed.

Yesterday, it was the border areas of California.

Tomorrow it was to be the whole southern part of the Golden State — filling it with festering pustules of brown sub-humanity and then send them — oozing — to the crime ridden streets of Chicago and New York.

Hardened by the drug wars and with their hearts fired by a sacred mission to extend “La Raza” — their “Cosmic Race “ — to dominion over nearly a million square miles of America, the filthy hordes of diseased, drug-ridden murderers from Mexico were to finally surge north in a deluge of destruction:

Glory was their goal
Glory and wealth
and land

and the good life of the Norte Americano.

Mysteriously familiar, haunting names of the Mexican’s foe were to be notes for an American dirge:

San Ysidro
Chula Vista
San Diego
Los Angeles
San Bernardino
Sacramento
San Francisco
Viva la Raza!

Instead, they met a White America’s revenge.

The first fuse failed at about the ten minute mark. The second fuse was pulled from its place of honor by a thick fingered, dirty fingernailed, Mexican policeman. The third fuse burned all the way to its tip and detonated its blasting cap and then its Primacord. The Primacord carried the blast wave to all the sausage-like mounds of Detasheet boosted Tovex packed beneath the seven tank cars. The Tovex split the tank cars open and tossed nearly three hundred tons of liquid natural gas more than five hundred yards in all directions.

The crowd of people at the site were hit with a blast of near-freezing liquid moving at better than a mile per second.

High explosives “burn” so fast that there is usually no chance for them to actually ignite anything. In fact, explosives are the standard weapon used against oil rig fires.

The flood of liquid natural gas quickly vaporized and mixed with the warm dusty morning air of Tijuana. No, that is incorrect. The liquid natural gas vaporized and mixed with all of the warm dusty morning air of Tijuana. The boiling vapors created a blue-white fog sandwiched between the ground and an inversion layer hovering over the city at 2,200 ft. The boiling fuel-air mixture quickly filled the entire Tijuana river basin.

It would be impossible to ever determine what provided the spark that detonated this fog of death. It could have been the grenades falling back to earth and exploding. It could have been Bill’s flares or the street of burning gasoline. It could have been a cooking stove in a restaurant on Avenida Revolucion. It could have even been someone lighting their cigarette. In a perfect world the ignition would have occurred only after the gas and air had mixed completely — a delay of about one second for every 2,000 pounds of propane.

It really didn’t matter.

For the destruction was total. It was as if Bill had created an engine with a single cylinder two miles across. And he had then put downtown Tijuana right on top of the piston head and fired the spark plug.

When properly mixed and properly ignited, this type of fuel air explosive is four times more powerful than an equal weight of Tovex (or TNT). In addition, the dispersed gas covers a significantly

larger area than would a solid lump of explosive and thus brings the explosion closer to its intended target(s). When used against a dispersed target (e.g. a city) it can cause one hundred times more damage than a conventional bomb of the same size. Lastly, the shockwave is of longer duration and therefore it has more time to push against its target and therefore cause considerably more damage than any other “conventional” weapon.

At the Grand Hotel Tijuana — in the Penthouse Suite on the 22nd floor — Juan Morello and Jesus Gamacho were discussing their drug smuggling routes and how each would remain in his own area of operation and not compete with the other for new territory. Their responsibilities to the Gringo’s Presidente Clinton were also mentioned and each acknowledged his solemn oath of servitude to “El Presidente.”

Sr. Morello was standing at the window looking east when he was fascinated by the sight of several rail cars flipping into the air like giant helium balloons unleashed at a birthday party. He stood entranced with the sight laid out before him. He watched the blue white cloud billow up and out of the cars and then course up and down the valley. The only thing that he’d seen like it before was a time lapse sequence of a thunder cloud forming — something he’d seen on a Nature TV program on San Diego’s KPBS public TV station. Sr. Morello was a very smart man. You did not get to be as rich as he was by being stupid. He stood at the window — looking at the tumbling and spinning tanks — and terror came up from his chest and out every nerve-ending in his body. He understood what he was seeing: Death.

All he had time to scream was: “Hell is upon us!”

Every gallon of the train’s liquefied natural gas was converted into nearly 400 cubic feet of gaseous vapor. This vapor was then given just enough time to mix with the atmosphere at a ratio of one cubic foot of vapor to 30 cubic feet of air.

Bill’s primary explosion had breached the tanks and quickly filled the Tijuana valley with more than seven billion cubic feet of explosive fuel-air mixture.

Then there came a fuel air detonation more powerful and far more effective than the dispersed detonation of seven Hiroshima-sized atom bombs.

All that is known for certain is that more than one million people were killed by the fireball and shockwave. Another three hundred thousand were killed in the fires.

“War is an act of force and to the application of that force there is no limit” — say philosophers of war.

Tijuana ceased to exist.

A few minutes later the largest electrical generating plant in all of Baja California ceased operation — immersed in a Saint Elmo’s fire with blue-white short circuits filling the air with the smell of ozone and bits of melting copper conductors. It would never be restarted.

The swirling winds of a firestorm boiled out of the Tijuana’s center — sending a million pounds of glowing ash over the border. Twenty miles to the north, the streets of downtown San Diego were covered with a thick layer of gray powder — the remains of a city.

It took eleven days for the fires of Tijuana to burn themselves out. There was no water.

San Diego’s fire departments were not even able to send aid. Many of Tijuana’s main streets had been destroyed. The storm drains had been filled with gasoline and had exploded during the maelstrom — throwing millions of tons of debris in all directions. The streets were a jumble of burning cars, flattened buildings and six foot deep trenches.

Seven billion cubic feet of explosive fuel-air mixture had done its job well. Fewer than 2,000 Mexicans threaded their way north through the complete devastation that was now Tijuana.

In the cities of San Ysidro, Nestor, Imperial Beach and Chula Vista, White Americans loaded their hunting rifles and stood on their porches waiting for the Mexican hords to stampede north. Some Americans took their rifles and scanned The Wall. When a Mexican showed part of his body over the top — a bullet blew him back into Mexico.

Bill Johnson — a White American — had solved the problem.

There were now fewer than 100,000 people alive in all of Baja California — a peninsula almost the size of California.

The elimination of Tijuana as a staging area for illegal entry into the U.S. put an end to the need for more California prisons and allowed the closure of half of the ones they had. It cut California's welfare by 50% and the state's freeway graffiti by more than 90%. Fire insurance rates dropped 10%, auto insurance rates dropped 40% and theft insurance rates dropped 50%. It was as if California had returned to the White America of the early 1950's.

And Clinton would have to find something else to trade for cocaine.

When Joshua heard the sound of the people shouting he said:

There is the sound of war in the camp!

It is not the sound of might.

Nor is it the sound of defeat.

It is the sound of singing that I hear!

* * *

The two Hummers sat there idling quietly in a shallow depression at the far eastern side of Tijuana's Rodrigues International Airport — twelve miles from the blast. The fuel-air explosion over Tijuana had been so powerful that planes parked at the airport had been blown a quarter mile off the runway.

The explosion had blown a flaming wind over the tops of their heads at more than 300 miles an hour.

Just to the east of them were the remains of Terrazas del Valle — another Mexican colonia. The colonia pimpled the hills with more than 22,000 scrap-wood shacks. There were no trees or even shrubs on these hills. There were no street numbers on the houses — you must find your way using a block number and then a lot number. There were no water lines and no electricity. A hard wind blew swirling dust-devils up the hillsides in the best of times. When it rained the dirt roads turned into shifting slabs of deep mud.

Terrazas del Valle was now a funeral pyre.

The sickly-sweet smell of burning chickens, dogs and humans filled the air. The screams of living things mixed with the sounds of exploding automobile gas tanks and the sounds of exploding home-sized propane tanks. Terrazas del Valle roared in agony.

Bill felt the air being sucked past him and eastward — into Terrazas del Valle — a firestorm had begun. He looked up and to the east there was a glowing pink and black tornado swirling above the flames — creating a mushroom cloud five miles across.

Bill looked south and then west. Across the entire southern arc — east, south and west — there were pink and black mushroom clouds — burning, avenging, killing. "The New World Order" would have to find some other weapon to use against America. Mexico was dead.

"Well, that's about a million and one down — for Bobby and Samantha! And we've got millions to go!"

Bill, Sally and Lt. Commander Adams would return to the United States and finish what they had not started.

Everything is falling into place.

Ezekiel said that fire and brimstone will be rained upon the enemies.

Governor Ronald Reagan

Afterword

Some say that America's corruption by "The New World Order" is a recent occurrence.

That's not true.

As far back as 1885 the "The New World Order" was at work destroying the great America our Founding Fathers had created. In 1885 the Emma Lazarus poem "The New Colossus" was used by the forces of evil to pervert the meaning of the Statue of Liberty.

The Italian artist who *designed* the Statue of Liberty and the French government that *gave* us the Statue of Liberty and the American government that *accepted* the Statue of Liberty all said that its meaning was: "To ignite a fervor for Liberty around the world." Its *original name* was "Liberty Enlightening The World."

The Lazarus poem perverted the meaning of our Statue of Liberty into the "Mother of Exiles" and with a new and evil purpose — to lure the world's human trash to America's shores:

*Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles.
From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-post to me ...*

Webster's defines the word "refuse" as: "the worthless or useless part, leavings, trash."

The Lazarus poem has been pounded into our collective psyche for 100 years. And this one piece of poetic evil has been used as a wedge to crack America wide open — and then to fill it with tens of millions of criminals, failures, and genetic defectives that now poison our culture, our land and our people.

This single piece of "The New World Order" propaganda has done more to corrupt and destroy America — and in fewer words — than anything else ever written. It is "The New World Order's" main weapon to mongrelize — and then conquer — America.

The Lazarus poem has been used as the central theme of every piece of propaganda to justify laws permitting the huge immigration surges of the early 1900's and of every one of America's immigration laws passed since then.

As a response to this travesty, Thomas Bailey Aldridge wrote “Unguarded Stand Our Gates,” which can be found at the front of this book. You must decide which poem represents the true spirit of this country.

But why is immigration such an important tool in the destruction of America?

“The New World Order” is not completely secret, unified, coherent or closely controlled. Sometimes their true intentions are inadvertently exposed. And they have actually explained in the open press how immigration is to be used to destroy and enslave a people.

In March, 1945, Columbia University President Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler talked sadly of it taking generations for a people’s “mind” to be “purged of the evil effects of [a dedicated] spirit’.”

The optimum methods for corrupting and perverting a society were discussed and a detailed solution presented a month later by Harvard University anthropologist Dr. Ernest A. Hooten who wrote: “To convert or re-educate [a people] is impossible.” Hooten then said:

“The only alternative is to dilute [their] stock, adulterate their [bloodline] and destroy the national framework by a process of outbreeding ... Under this method I would do this: Send them the Czechs and others who would settle and intermingle with the people.”

How could these educated and determined people be so foolish as to reveal “The New World Order’s” true intentions and methods? That’s easy — they were excitedly telling us how they planned to destroy Nazi Germany.

Permanently.

We have been taught that the atomic bomb was the ultimate weapon used in World War Two. That is not true. The ultimate weapon of World War Two was the “Weapon of Genetic Mass Destruction” we used against Germany. Japan has recovered completely and was genetically untouched by World War Two. Germany, on the other hand, will never recover.

It is interesting to note that it was only at this time of victory over “The New World Order’s” main threat — Nazi Germany — that these “revered” educators published their plans in SEE, April, 1945 (pages 36 and 37).

Certainly, even the *true purposes* of World War Two come into question when we review the front page of a Smithsonian Institution publication for the commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor. The Smithsonian quotes Richard Cohen of the *Washington Post* who wrote in the spring of 1992: “The reasons for the conflict, he writes, become obscure, “*a threat to an empire that is now gone anyway, a challenge to a principle that no one now cares about, an upsetting of a balance that, once it was upset, turned out not to have mattered.*” The dead perished “*for something that didn’t matter then and certainly doesn’t now.*” This may be found on page #1 of the Smithsonian Collection of Recordings (Felix C. Lowe, Director) booklet for their “We’ll Meet Again” World War Two loves songs collection (RD 100 MSD2M-35384 MS DR-35384).

And it was only while America was distracted by its victory over Germany and Japan that the Lazarus poem was quietly “immortalized” — in bronze — above the Statue of Liberty’s main entrance. And at that instant it was as if a poisoned stake had been thrust into America’s heart.

The Lazarus poem is, today, held as an *equal* to the Statue of Liberty itself and the Statue’s real meaning has been corrupted, perverted and smothered in the self-serving propaganda of “The New World Order.”

So in today’s America we have the “strength” of diversity and the “richness” of multi-culturalism. “The New World Order’s” Presidential Puppet bragged that he has increased INS funding almost three fold (to over \$171 million from \$67 million) and we think he funded border protection. It’s just not so. The additional funds were used *to process immigration applications* — to expedite the admission of millions more Third World immigrants into America.

President Clinton confirmed “The New World Order’s” plans for America in a speech in he gave in San Diego on June 17, 1997:

“Our Statue of Liberty welcomes poor, tired, huddled masses of immigrants to our borders ...

“Today, the state of Hawaii ... has no majority racial or ethnic group. Within the next three years, here in California no single race or ethnic group will make up a majority of the state's population ... A half-century from now ... there will be no majority race in America. “

The National Academy of Sciences has warned that immigration will increase the population of the United States by fifty percent over the next fifty years — to 387 million. Further, in its entire history the United States has *never* accepted as many legal (or illegal) immigrants as it does today. Lastly, these immigrants have far lower levels of education and marketable skills than do native born Americans.

The nation is being outbred to become part of the third world.

“The New World Order” tells us that genetic heritage makes no difference whatsoever — and yet they tell us to *use* genetics as a tool to destroy a people and a national spirit.

President Clinton confirmed the obvious on July 14, 1997 in a White House press release on genetics. “*The remarkable strides that we have made in genetic research and testing are so important to every American family ... We are ... discovering ... the propensity for it ... to ... lead to certain forms of ... human behavior.*” Clinton admitted this obvious reality because he made it *illegal* for Americans to discriminate on the basis of someone’s genetics!

In 1776 America was 97% white. In 1964 America was 88% white. In 1996 America was only 60% white. Just thirty-two years and what a change.

The INS has even opened the immigration gates to the starkly retarded and the hopelessly incapa-

ble. You can now become a citizen of the United States even if you can't speak English *at all* or demonstrate *any* understanding of the way our government works — or even acknowledge that we *have* a Constitution.

According to Mr. Terence O'Reilly of the Immigration and Naturalization Service you now need only demonstrate a “*significant mental, physical or developmental disability.*” This means that you can become a citizen of the United States of America even if you were brought here with your eyes rolled up in your head and fed through a tube in your stomach. Today you need only be able to *mumble* the Oath of Allegiance — and *you* get to pick the language.

Several “Immigrant’s Rights” groups say that even mumbling the Oath of Allegiance is just *too much* for these people to be expected to do — that many of their “clients” have “extreme pedagogical difficulties” in meeting even this basic requirement.

But certainly, your first stop after naturalization will be the local Social Security or welfare office.

There are more than 500,000 of these “immigrants” now receiving SSI from the United States Government. Each of these recipients swore an oath that upon entering the United States they would *not* go on welfare. These people are now getting as much as \$1,300 per month and their numbers are increasing rapidly.

We are not talking about people who come here and are run over by a truck and wind up disabled and can then only be stored in a rest home until they die. We are talking about people who came here with the *sole intent* of going on the government dole.

How much are they costing us?

According to Representative Philip Crane: “*Over the next ten years it’s going to cost the American taxpayers, working Americans, over 380 billion dollars in increased taxes. It was never understood by our ancestors when they came to these shores that you came to the United States for a free ride.*”

We are becoming the “Nursing Home of The World” and our government says “Send us more!”

Of course, it is now also a *federal offense* to require these people to speak English — even if they had a job. Ohio University economist Lowell Galloway estimates that the lack of English fluency among this group costs us \$40 billion a year.

The federal government’s Equal Employment Opportunity Commission has filed language discrimination lawsuits against 32 employers who have asked their employees to speak English while on the job. One of the places the EEOC deemed use of a common language was *discrimination* was the American Red Cross Infectious Disease Laboratory in Rockville, Maryland.

In *today’s* America being a murderer or a pedophile will have little affect on your status as an acceptable immigrant refugee. According to a State Department representative interviewed on the national television program *60 Minutes*, “*they are factors of concern [but] under the law they are not factors of refugee admission.*”

What else did the State Department representative tell 20 million viewers?

“The Statue of Liberty does say give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses... To the State Department the only issue is their [the refugee’s] fear of persecution.”

When the former US Ambassador to Saudi Arabia (and former Governor of Mississippi as well as the man who was in charge of Clinton’s official 50th birthday party) The Honorable Ray Mavis was asked on this same program whether this was in fact the State Department’s policy he said:

“It is...”

The United States has taken 15,000 traitors, criminals and pedophiles from *one* Iraqi refugee camp (Rhafa) *alone*. North Dakota has already arrested some of these “immigrants” for such crimes as multiple rapes of 12 year old children.

These “people” are being scattered as far as Tennessee and Texas. And a person who has been admitted to the United States as a refugee and then commits a crime — even a felony — will not be deported.

The United States Department of Justice’s Immigration and Naturalization Service provides “100 Typical Questions” as a guide to non-citizens so that they can prepare themselves for their interview prior to naturalization. Your future U.S. citizenship can be held ransom to your answers. The INS document number is: WR-709 2211 7/30/93.

Question #82 is: “Name one purpose of the United Nations?” Why is knowing about the *United Nations* essential to becoming a U.S. Citizen?

Question #86 is *startling* in its revelation about our New America: “Name one benefit of being a citizen of the United States? The answers (three) the INS provides are: “Obtain federal government jobs; Travel with a U.S. Passport; Petition for close relatives to come to the U.S. to live.

It is only when we get all the way to question #87 that a citizen’s right to vote is discussed.

Columbia President Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and Harvard’s Dr. Ernest A. Hooten lived to see their plans succeed. Today’s Germany has the most liberal immigration policies in the world — followed by Denmark, Switzerland and England.

How bad is it in Germany?

The German people are very nearly destroyed. Men from small German villages no longer seek out blond haired, blue eyed women for marriage. Now these men actually travel as far as Jamaica and Thailand — and return with nice short brown women to bear them children. German women seek out dark, mysterious, fascinating men of color to marry — often times encouraged by the man’s family who know that they all can become permanent German residents if their Turkish son marries the girl.

Berlin, Germany, is now the second largest Turkish city in the world. There are more Turkish nationals in Berlin than in any other city in the entire world except Istanbul. Yes, Berlin has more Turkish citizens than does Turkey's second largest city — and capital — Ankara.

According to the Wall Street Journal, twice as many “immigrants” live in Germany as in all of the rest of Europe *combined*. More than 200,000 immigrants are admitted into Germany every year — just from Kazakhstan! Germany has taken in more than 400,000 aliens from Yugoslavia. Chancellor Helmut Kohl publicly admitted that Germany is an “immigrant nation.”

This rate of immigration continues even while more than 17% of the old East Germany's workforce is unemployed and more than 90 billion dollars must be spent each year to stave off starvation — or revolution — in the eastern half of the country.

Even small countries like Belgium are not immune from this plague. More than 50% of all births in Belgium's capital — Brussels — are to Arab mothers.

Jean Marie Domenach said in 1991 that there “*is a fear growing all across Europe of a Muslim community that cuts across European lines, sort of a thirteenth nation of the European Community.*”

There is no better “test tube” in which we can see the incontrovertible evidence of even the early effects of reckless immigration policies and “outbreeding” than Denmark. Denmark's immigration policies were only corrupted in 1990. In 1990 there was no crime in Denmark. There was no graffiti. And Denmark's cities were the cleanest in the entire world.

And too, for at least 50 years the people of Norway, Sweden *and* Denmark quietly removed the genetically inferior from their gene pools through sterilization. This was stopped in 1976 — and now they all are on the way to genetic destruction.

Today — with the recent importation of just tens of thousands of “wretched refuse” — Turks, Iranians, Iraqi's and Koreans — Denmark is already becoming a squalid dump of crime, graffiti and filth. Copenhagen now looks like any north eastern American city of equal size.

And the Crown Prince of Denmark married a *Chinese*. Now named Princess Alexandra, she entered one of Europe's oldest monarchies, and is the first Asian to marry into a sitting royal family of Europe.

The situation in England is far worse and the effect has been quite disastrous. Metropolitan England is today only 40% British, with 20% mixed race (i.e. British/Black, British/Arab, British/Asian, etc.) and 40% foreign. England now has a lower growth rate than *Ireland* — a country known only for its potatoes, poets and whisky-soaked terrorists.

The western world is being destroyed. Year after year after year the gene pool of Europe and America is being diluted.

We must also understand that immigration is a self-reinforcing process. Myron Weiner, in his book

Global Migration Crisis states “If there is a single law in migration, it is that a migration flow, once begun, induces its own flow. Migrants enable their friends and relatives back home to migrate by providing them with information about how to migrate, resources to facilitate movement, and assistance in finding... housing.”

If “The New World Order” wasn’t actually targeting the world’s whites for destruction then we would see efforts to blend-the-bloodlines in such alluring places as Indonesia and central Africa. But we do not. Their’s is not a plan of global gene blending. Their’s is a plan to flood Europe and America with the refuse of the world — to stamp out the spark of intellect and creativity that has blossomed in these lands.

America is the main enemy of “The New World Order.”

A simple but accurate indicator of the level of our current contamination is our country’s level of violent crime — when listed by *race*. Race means one thing to most Americans and quite a different thing to the government. The government lists most crime by such categories as: “Other,” Asian, Negro, American Indian and White.

We need to put America’s crime rate into perspective. “White America’s” most violent era in all of our history was during Prohibition — when gangsters like Al Capone “ravaged the land” with sub-machine guns. The most violent place in America at that time was Chicago, Illinois, which was home to Al Capone. The murder rate for the entire city of Chicago at the height of the gangster era — 1932 — was 365 murders per year.

In today’s America, Mexicans in a single Los Angeles *ghetto* murder more people than that every year!

Federal crime statistics do not differentiate between Northern Europeans and people most of us would have a hard time describing as “white.” In fact, most federal crime statistics actually toss Mexicans in with Whites. This should be expected — our government does not want the American people to discover the truth. We should feel lucky — Canadian crime statistics are not recorded specifying any race at all.

The FBI began logging murder rates in 1961 under the Supplemental Homicide Reporting Program (SHR). The SHR is part of the FBI’s Uniform Crime Reporting Program.

By using the FBI’s crime statistics and various state and local statistics we can separate the Mexican’s murder content and look at the crime rate of just “Whites.” These numbers are still misleading because we still cannot separate Northern Europeans from other groups — including those of the Lavant — the Iranians, Kurds, Iraqi’s — or the Armenians, Georgians, Chechins, Turks, or the North Africans or even the Pacific Islanders! The FBI also admits that their data is only about 95% accurate.

It is very important that we also understand that the criminal acts of criminals under the age of 18 are usually not included in FBI statistics — even though more than 20% of all violent crime is perpetrated by children under the age of 18. There may be a conscious effort to hide these numbers on

the part of the FBI because 88% of all early teen violence irrefutably falls under their “non-White” classification.

Let’s look at fifteen years of America’s convicted murderers:

Convicted Murderers

Year	“White”	Total
1980	5,550	19,240
1981	5,664	19,242
1982	5,365	17,797
1983	5,035	16,427
1984	5,023	15,754
1985	4,990	16,165
1986	5,232	17,497
1987	4,979	16,693
1988	4,865	17,546
1989	5,062	18,332
1990	5,680	20,530
1991	5,394	20,900
1992	4,985	19,586
1993	5,154	20,640
1994	5,086	20,122
Total	78,064	276,471

We must remember that the table above is of *convicted murderers* — not numbers of dead victims. These data above are the FBI’s and the most accurate available. For every murder conviction there had to have been *at least* one victim.

We also must keep in mind the fact that more non-Whites escape arrest than do Whites. Whites typically have homes, families, jobs and are therefore much easier to track down, arrest and convict. The FBI admits that in 1964 (when the country was White) the conviction rate for murder in this county was over 92% while in today’s beige society it hovers around 68%.

But again, even this “White” conviction rate is adulterated by the inclusion of various *non-Europeans*.

To put this all into perspective — and using even these corrupted statistics — we can see that more people are actually killed every year while walking at the side of America’s freeways (about 6,100) than are killed by “White” Americans. Far more people *commit suicide* in America every year (about 7,200) than are killed by “White” Americans.

There really are hyper-violent Non-European “white” races in America — Iranians, Kurds, Iraqi’s, Armenians, Georgians, Chechins, Turks, North Africans and Pacific Islanders. Their immigrant populations total in the *tens of millions* and they have a significant impact on present day crime statistics.

There are even more than *seven million Muslims* in America today. We need only look at the absolute unbridled barbarity of *these* people to understand their threat to our safety.

We all know of Saint Paul’s Cathedral in Rome. Certainly, we would all consider this to be the home of much of Christendom’s historic faith in God. How much violence has there been during religious gatherings at this focal point of Christian Faith?

None.

None — unless we stretch things a bit and include Pope John Paul’s near death at the hands of a pistol-wielding Turk. A Muslim at that!

Now let’s look at Mecca — the center of Islam’s Faith. Mecca is the holiest city in all of the Muslim world. It is an act of supreme faith to make the great pilgrimage from one’s home to Mecca. It is thought of as the culmination of one’s efforts to prepare to meet God. For the Muslim it is a “*Sublime act of complete surrender to the Supreme Will of a merciful God.*” Having travelled to Mecca the faithful may add “Haji” before their name — and carry this title with them to the grave.

In just ten years alone more than 2,099 have been killed and untold thousands wounded in violence at Mecca — Islam’s Holiest of religious sites (July 31, 1987, 402 dead; July 9, 1989, one dead; July 2, 1990 1,426, dead; May 23, 1994 270, dead).

When these people even wantonly murder each other by the thousands — *in their holiest of places* — how can we be safe with millions of them on the streets of America?

More and more of these violent people of the Lavant and the east are being allowed to immigrate to America.

Politics makes it quite difficult to get accurate immigration data from the U.S. Government as to how exactly many there are and exactly where they are settling. One reasonably good indicator of the growing presence of these violent new minorities in our communities is the increased sale of their native foodstuffs — especially if we can limit the set of indicators to food items on the whole so repulsive to Europeans that the measure can be considered valid.

One such indicator is goat meat. This is a food that, today, is eaten only by the people of the Lavant and eastwards — on through to Chechnya. Most Americans consider the eating of goat meat some-

thing almost akin to eating dog — disgusting — especially when one tries to think of warmed goat intestine as a delicacy. American goat meat production has increased *twenty fold* in the last five years and is insufficient to meet the demand.

The magnitude of the migrations of Vietnamese, Laotians, Hmong, Nung, Chinese and Koreans to America has been another well kept secret. The first sign that they arrived in any numbers was the virtual disappearance of White American's family pets in neighborhoods across America. Dogs and cats are considered a delicacy to these immigrants. In California, the situation became so serious that laws were passed to make it illegal to eat pets.

During the 1970's and 80's these immigrants flooded into California — and telephone and cable TV repair crews commented on the backyard sights, sounds and smells of these “immigrant communities.” The crews told of seeing yapping dogs tied to stakes, rotting carcasses and the gray-white rib cages of past meals.

And the situation is getting *worse* not better.

A Korean — Cho Yong-sop — recently opened a string of franchised family restaurants. These restaurants specialize in dog. “*I am confident my business will succeed big time. Millions of Koreans enjoy dog meat*” he says. There are 20,000 dog meat stores in Korea.

“*I love dog meat. It is sweeter and softer than beef or pork,*” says Oh In-suh. “*When sweltering summer sets in, I go to the market and buy a dog. My wife boils it for a whole day in a big pot and we eat the meat with sprinkles of salt.*”

Most Asians love the tenderness of dog. Koreans have prized dog meat for most of their recorded history. The traditional Korean calendar even has three “bok-nal” or “days when men eat dogs.”

Thanks to America's new-found political correctness, Korea has allowed these restaurants to suddenly flourish.

There are now dog-meat restaurants in Korean immigrant communities all across America. These people are now returning to the ways of their homeland — and destroying America in the process.

Certainly, too, there are great numbers of Pacific Islanders in the United States as well. In fact, there are more Samoans in the US than there are in Samoa!

We all have an idea of Pacific Islanders as buxom damsels in grass skirts seductively swaying their hips. Many of us have enjoyed the motion picture musical *South Pacific* and have been biased in favor of these beautiful brown skinned peoples.

In that film there is a song that tells us how “You've Got To Be Carefully Taught” and the song teaches us about the goodness of mankind and that different people should feel like *one people* and be free to intermarry.

The reality is somewhat alien to the romantic image. Have you ever heard of the “Boogey Man”?

Well, he exists. He is not a creature of your mother's imagination to keep you quiet at night. The Bugis live on various islands in the South Pacific. They are a violent people. Most of us might not consider human skulls as bedroom necessities but the Bugis do. The Bugis use human skulls as pillows.

We must understand that these peoples are *not* exceptions — *most* of the Pacific is populated with islanders exhibiting equally “unusual” traits.

But it really does get worse. Bugis mothers have their own “Boogey Man” to keep their children in line. The Bugis' nightmare is personified by various tribes of other islands of the South Pacific including — but not limited to — the tribes of the Fore'.

Here's an excerpt from a description of the Fore' — one of many, many tribes of primitives living in the lush green tropical South Pacific who truly enjoy having dinner with their relatives. Their standard greeting of friendship is “*I eat you.*” The following excerpt is a discussion of the nocturnal activities of these Pacific Islanders from page 22 of *Deadly Feasts* by Richard Rhodes:

“Down in the garden in the flaring firelight, the dead woman's daughters ringed her wrists and ankles, sawed through the tough cartilage, disjointed the bones and passed the wrinkled dark hands and splayed feet to her brother's wife and the wife of her sister's son. Slitting the skin of the arms and legs, the daughters stripped out muscle, distributing it in dripping chunks to kin and friends among the eager crowd of women. They opened the woman's chest and slack belly and the smell of death wafted among the sweet-potato vines. Out came the heavy purple liver, the small green sac of the gallbladder cut carefully away from the underside and its bitterness discarded. Out came the dark red heart gory with clotting blood. Out came the looping coils of intestines, dully shining. Even the feces would be eaten, mixed with edible ferns and cooked in banana leaves.”

Yes, the message of the movie *South Pacific* is absolutely right — we must be *carefully* taught to want to carry the genes of these people into our civilized world. To even kiss some “island maiden” — knowing that her family's cemetery is her stomach — we will have to be *very* carefully taught.

And, today, *we are*.

Certainly, “The New World Order” has tried to quash knowledge of modern day cannibalism among brown peoples of the world. In 1979, Dr. Walter Arens wrote a propagandistic reference work on the “myth” of cannibalism. He spent hundreds of pages trying to convince us all that there was no proof that any acts of society-approved cannibalism ever happened and even the 1962 death by cannibals of Michael Rockefeller — who was the heir to the Rockefeller fortune — was ignored by him.

Just because a population use telephones, credit cards and wear western clothes does not make them civilized. And so cannibalism has now been commercialized!

Communist Chinese hospitals do a thriving business selling aborted human fetuses. The going price is \$1.50. They are sold to Chinese women as far away as Hong Kong to aid in improving one's complexion. They are made into what's been described as a flavorful soup. Don't believe it? Ask

your Congressman. There have been several quiet Congressional investigations.

There are even cannibals in Australia. One lawmaker in Australia has said “*I am fed up with political correctness!*” Pauline Hanson — an Independent party member — has even written a book “Pauline Hanson: The Truth” and gone into the gory details about how Asians and Aborigines are sending Australia over a multi-cultural cliff and into a swamp of beige violence.

She has also warned her countrymen that by the middle of the next century the president of Australia will be “*Poona Li Hung*,” a “*lesbian of Indian and Chinese background.*” Her critics have not said that her statements were untrue — only that her statements are “jeopardizing our \$46 billion export trade with Asia.”

Australia’s cannibals? Pauline Hanson admits publicly what has been known for hundreds of years — that Aborigines are *cannibals* who eat their elderly and their sick children.

All of these Pacific Peoples — including Aborigines — are combined in US crime statistics under “White.”

How damaging are non-Whites to America?

Using US crime statistics for *non-Whites* we see some terrifying data. Non-Whites have killed and maimed more people right here in America in the twenty — some years since the end of the Vietnam War than have been killed by all of America’s enemies in all of America’s foreign wars.

In just the last twenty years non-Whites have killed and maimed more people *right here in America* than were killed and maimed by our enemies in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican Wars, the Indian Wars, the Spanish American War, both World Wars, the Korean War, the Vietnam War, the Gulf War and Clinton’s Somalia, Haitian and Bosnian fiasco’s *combined*.

But there is one terrifying element missing from this chilling statistic. Modern American medical care *saved* most of the victims these “people” tried to kill.

The more than 20,000 men, women and children who are actually murdered in America by non-Whites every year were simply the *unlucky 10%* of their victims who were too far gone for modern medical care to save or who could not be reached in time. This reality is calculated from the numbers of convictions for attempted murder, assault and mayhem.

Prior to the creation (about 1973) of hospital trauma care centers, advanced transportation systems and emergency medical technician training, about 70% of their victims *would have died*. So it is only because we in America can spend an average of \$15,000 a day in advanced technology on each of the victims that the number of deaths is so incredibly low.

When we remove the life saving benefits of this advanced medical technology — when we put their violence into a “Third World” medical system — the murderous brutality of the non-White becomes absolutely “Rwandan.” Without our advanced technology the last twenty years would have had them killing more people than have died in all of America’s wars — plus the Civil War’s

150,000 dead and with tens of thousands of bodies to spare — not in twenty years — *but every single year.*

Let's return to the example of Chicago of 1932 and the gangster Al Capone. In 1932 we did not have CPR, blood typing, blood transfusions, CAT scans, MRIs, most surgical instruments, lasers, most anesthetics (more than an hour under anesthetic and you died), sterile operating rooms or even antibiotics! Today's medical systems would have reduced 1932 Chicago's murder rate from 365 dead to something like 36.

A final medical statistic. Today, America spends more on emergency medical care every year just to try to save these victims of street violence — than is spent by all of the rest of the world's hospital emergency trauma facilities to save everyone else on earth — whatever their reason for needing medical care — *combined.*

To return to the documented catastrophe of America: Non-Whites have killed over 300,000 and maimed more millions of Americans in just the last twenty years and the White European American has done nothing.

Well, that is not absolutely true. White European Americans have mortgaged their country in federal debt to provide five trillion dollars of welfare — which has done nothing but breed more violence.

“The New World Order” is using these people as a *Genetic Weapon of Mass Destruction* to create a violent, mongrelized stone-age society. And “The New World Order” is creating that violent, mongrelized, stone-age society right here in America.

Outbreeding is but one weapon of “The New World Order” in its destruction of America and its destruction of *any* country or people posing a threat to “The New World Order's” domination.

Concomitant with this outbreeding they must lower society's morals — so that *our children* will accept such third world activities as dogs-for-dinner, cannibalism, drugs, rampant illicit sex, homosexuality, pedophilia and more.

America's real moral decline commenced with the publication of the now famous two volume set of books on human sexuality written by Kinsey. Kinsey had no training in sex research or even statistics and in fact had only studied moths. Kinsey was immediately acknowledged by “The New World Order” as the world's leading sex researcher.

Much of this “breakthrough” analysis of America's sexual morality had actually been written to present *Kinsey's own personal view* of how he thought things *should* be and not how they really were — in other words — the research was a fraud. The data had been collected *not* from average Americans but even from *pedophiles*. For example, Kinsey's discussion of pre-pubescent male sexuality — and how male children of age four or *younger* enjoyed being fondled — actually had come from a middle-aged pedophile and his experiences with more than three hundred infant children.

It is from Kinsey's research that the media gets the "proof" that there is a difference between America's public and private morality. The sexual interests of third world peoples are made acceptable by saying that most Americans really do the same things in private.

Homosexual rights groups have learned quite a bit in the fifty years since Kinsey's propaganda was published. Many town councils have passed laws that make it a hate crime to even *discuss* the morality of homosexuality in a public forum. Homosexuality is now as sacred as the Holocaust. Homosexuality is a truth, a culture, a way of life.

The destruction of our morals is lead *not* by movies and television but by advertising. According to Bob Garfield, who writes for Advertising Age, there's no question that perversion is pervasive. He believes this shift is partly driven by such ads as the Calvin Klein spots designed to resemble porno movies with underage druggies pushing underwear, and the Benetton's campaign featuring AIDS carriers. One recent Benetton billboard advertisement showed nothing but a white mare being mounted by a black stallion.

The name for this phenomenon is "Perv Chic."

According to Mary Ann Grossmann and Chris Hewitt — both writers for Knight-Ridder Newspapers — *Vanity Fair* and even *The New Yorker* relentlessly push Perv Chic.

We can now look at our motion picture and television entertainment to see how well this perversion has been entrenched. America's motion picture and television industry is composed of only 5,000 key people. It is a closed industry. "The New World Order" controls it.

Modern motion picture themes include Samuel Goldwyn Entertainment Co.'s fascinating movie "Kissed."

The San Diego Union — the sixth largest newspaper in the United States — questioned whether the heroine's activities in "Kissed" were "*pathological or empowering*" and whether "*the whole situation was kind of funny or kind of poetic or kind of both.*" That the heroine "*is a woman who knows what she wants, and just because society may not approve of her sex partners doesn't mean she's going to wig out about it.*" Lastly, that the cinematographer "*had turned [the heroine's encounters] into rapt rituals, complete with heavenly light and a benediction ballet.*"

The movie "Kissed" is about a woman embalmer who has sex with embalmed male corpses.

The advertising, music and motion pictures of a society are a mirror of that society. Russell Nye noted in *The Unembarrassed Muse* (1970), a history of the arts of America, that the media "is free of corrective influences... [and] confirms the experience of the majority... [and] corroborates... values and attitudes already familiar to [the] audience."

We are being pushed into a morass of depravity — and "The New World Order" tells us it's entertainment.

Then too, our institutions of higher learning must also be corrupted.

The Professor of Christian Morals at Harvard University is a Negro — and an avowed homosexual — named Richard J. Gomes who once said “Coming out (here at Harvard) as being a homosexual was easier than admitting that I was a Republican.” Mr. Gomes went to Harvard Divinity School and then became Pastor of the Memorial Church at Harvard.

But *even this* is not enough.

According to the Associated Press on July 12, 1997 Hawaii’s Governor Ben Cayetano signed into law a bill that gives full medical benefits and state pensions to any two adults who can’t legally marry. According to this new law couples don’t even have to know each other, live together, or be state residents to receive benefits. According to Dan Foley, who represents three homosexual couples suing the state for the right to marry, “*It’s the broadest recognition of un-traditional marriage ever.*”

Part of the Democratic Platform of 1996 was time off from work when *your pet* gets sick. The law was already on the books to allow time off for an illness of spouse or “domestic partner.” This was only the next logical step. Yes, pets *are* “domestic” — meaning *sexual* — partners in some communities and this is *exactly* why it was part of the Democratic platform.

Hillary Clinton’s “All you need to make a family is love” has taken on a whole new meaning with multi-culturalism extended to include pets. While it is not yet legal per-se, it is now considered acceptable to co-habitate with your pet — *and more* — so long as the pet seems to be the one desirous of the “loving relationship.” There really are parts of America where these “relationships” are no more frowned upon today than were mixed-race marriages of 30 years ago. A certain rock stars’ public displays of affection for small children and various animal species were only a little bit ahead of their time.

America has also become the home to “Lesbian Free Love.” The desert recreation resort of the stars — Palm Springs, California — has been a secret lesbian love-nest for many years. But thanks to Bill and Hillary and according to Mariah Hanson, a spokesperson for one lesbian organization, Palm Springs has become home to the largest lesbian party in America — the Nabisco Dinah Shore Golf Tourney. During the tourney, more than 20,000 lesbians can be seen frolicking around the town — thousands in nothing more than bikinis — some drunkenly fondling and caressing each other. Their “non-sports related events” even make national network television.

Re-defining morality is a slippery slope and once the barriers are removed society’s slide downwards does nothing but gain speed.

In “The World According To Hillary” even incest takes on a positive air. A popular newspaper “help” column printed a letter from a woman — aged sixty — who was widowed and who had invited her 65 year old brother to live with her. She admitted to the columnist that she “enjoyed” her brother. Compared to pedophilia, homosexuality and sex with the dead, this relationship seems almost “Disney-like” in character.

Sodom and Gomorra on amphetamines — and AZT.

For “The New World Order” to succeed in its process of “White Mongrelization” there must also be a “World Governance.”

On March 7th, 1997 during a White House news conference President Clinton was asked:

Question: *“We have a very great problem in this country today. Large segments of our citizens believe that the United Nations is taking over. Could you do something about this?”*

Clinton’s Answer: *“I don’t know, because the people who believe that think I’m the problem. There is not an insubstantial number of people who believe that there is a plan out there for world domination and I’m trying to give American sovereignty over to the UN*

Let me just say this: For people that are worried about it, I would say, there is a serious problem here that every American has to come to grips with, including Americans that [sic] don’t much think about foreign policy until some great problem occurs, and that is, how can we be an independent, sovereign nation leading the world in a world that is increasingly interdependent, that requires us to cooperate with other people.”

Was there *more substance* to his answer? No.

Did he *deny* any of the charges? No.

Did he say he would change his plans for America? No.

What he said — in case you missed it — was that the United States of America can no longer be an independent sovereign nation and that we had better just “come to grips” with it.

During Clinton’s presidential term in office “The New World Order” took over:

Clinton’s ‘New World Order’

Name	Affiliation
Adler, Karen	Presidential Liaison
Albright, Madeliene	Ambassador to the UN / Secretary of State
Altman, Roger	Deputy Secretary of the Treasury
Berger, Samuel	Deputy Head of National Security
Blinder, Alan	Federal Reserve Board
Boorstin, Robert	Health Care
Boykin, Keith	Communications
Cohen, William	Secretary of Defense
Dreyer, David	Communications Aid

Clinton's 'New World Order'

Name	Affiliation
Eisenstadt, Stuart	Assistant Secretary of State / Secretary of Commerce
Eller, Jeff	Communications
Emmanuel, Rehm	Senior Advisor / Special Projects Director
Epstein, Tom	Special Assistant
Feder, Judit	Advisor
Feinberg, Richard	National Security Council
Glickman, Dan	Secretary of Agriculture
Gober, Hershel	Veterans Affairs
Goldin, Dan	Director of NASA
Grossman, Mark	Assistant Secretary of State
Halperin, Morton	Assistant Secretary of Defense
Herman, Alexis	Secretary for Public Works
Indyk, Martin	Ambassador to Israel
Kantor, Mickey	US Trade Representative
Kessler, Steve	Commissioner, Food and Drug
Klain, Ron	White House Council
Kornblum, John	Ambassador to Germany
Kunin, Madeleine	Assistant Secretary For Education
Kusnet, David	Communications
Lawrence, Larry	Ambassador to Switzerland
Lewis, Ann	White House Director of Communications
Lewis, Samuel	Director of State Department
Ludwig, Eugene	Director of the Mint
Mikva, Abner	White House Council
Mirska, Yehuda	State Department
Mixner, David	Gay-Lesbian Liaison
Newman, Frank	Assistant Secretary of State For Finance

Clinton's 'New World Order'

Name	Affiliation
Nussbaum, Bernard	White House Council
Oxman, Stephen	Assistant Secretary of State
Paster, Howard	Presidential Secretary For Congress
Perth, Leon	National Security Advisor
Rahm, Emmanuel	Political Affairs
Reich, Robert	Secretary of Labor
Rivlin, Alice	Deputy Director OMB/ Federal Reserve
Ross, Stanley	National Security Council
Rubin, Robert	Secretary of the Treasure
Schifter, Dan	National Security Council
Segal, Eli	Director National Service
Seidman, Ricky	Deputy Chief of Staff
Shapiro, Robert	Economic Advisor
Spero, Joan	Assistant Secretary of State
Steinberg, Don	National Security Council
Summers, Lawrence	Assistant Secretary of State
Tarnoff, Peter	Assistant Secretary of State
Tyson (really Tarloff), Lora	Head of Council of Economic Advisors
Waldman, Machael	Communications
Zelman, Walter	Special Deputy

The office physically closest to Clinton's Oval Office is manned by "Special Projects Director" Rehm Emmanuel.

There are even offices in the State Department that answer the telephone in Hebrew.

This is not to say that all of these people want to be known as members of "The New World Order." The second name on the list "Albright, Madeliene" has been known to be a member of "The New World Order" for more than two decades — since her time in the Carter administration — and yet she only admitted this a week after she became the first female Secretary of State. She has always *said* that she was a Catholic. Her father was Joseph Korbel, born in Letohrad, Czechoslovakia and

his birth registry lists him as *anything* but Catholic. Her mother was Mandula Spiegel.

Stuart Eizenstat, Under Secretary of State (above), has publicly said “We bought the Democratic Party — We own it.”

Evidence that “The New World Order” works both sides of the street is obvious with the listing of the Republican William Cohen as Clinton’s Secretary of Defense. Mr. Cohen also takes a “First Ever” prize in that his wife is a Negress.

There were still two other branches of American Government.

Clinton corrupted the Supreme Court by placing two members of “The New World Order” on the Court. They sit there today.

And do not think that Mr. Newt Gingrich will save the situation. Gingrich’s wife went on the payroll of the most powerful political organization in America; the American — Israel Public Affairs Committee. She was hired as soon as Gingrich took on his new role in Congress.

Control of the CIA made the package complete. The Sunday supplement “Parade Magazine” (front for “The New World Order”) bragged about the takeover of the CIA on November 19th, 1995. Right on the front cover of the magazine they offered a full cover “family album” photo of John Deutch, Director of the CIA, Nora Slotkin, Executive Director of the CIA and David Cohen, Director of Operations of the CIA. Deutch also named George Tenet, as Deputy Director of the CIA. When Deutch left CIA George Tenet took over. They are *all* members of “The New World Order.”

We must understand the gravity of this situation. In June of 1997 the Central Conference of American Rabbis — meeting in Miami — presented a six page document to the world. This document — called a “Platform” — was written in Hebrew and was timed to coincide with the 100th anniversary of Zionism. The document was eight years in the drafting and there have been only four such documents in the Conference’s 181 year history in America. The “Platform” stated categorically that a Jew’s *first obligation* is to Israel — and that this is a *religious obligation transcending all other pledges and oaths*.

“*We must set the course for the next generation,*” said Rabbi Ammiel Hirsch.

“*This banished any lingering misunderstanding of the serious commitment of... Judaism to Israel,*” said Rabbi Norman Patz — a member of the committee that wrote the platform.

These people run America’s treasury, our commerce, our foreign affairs, our intelligence services and they have sway over our Supreme Court.

Clinton and his lovely wife are following the “New World Order’s” instructions to the letter. Let’s examine part of a speech given by one of “The New World Order’s” greatest leaders:

“I am devoting my lecture in this seminar to a discussion of the possibility that we are now entering a Jewish century, a time when the spirit of the community, the non-

ideological blend of the emotional and rational and the resistance to categories and forms will emerge through the forces of anti-nationalism to provide us with a new kind of society. I call this process the Judaization of Christianity because Christianity will be the vehicle through which this society becomes Jewish.”

Today, in the words of “The New World Order”: We have the *community* of Hillary Clinton’s Village. We have the *non-ideological blending* of the ACLU. We have the *resistance to categories and forms* with the destruction of morals with the legalization of sodomy, homosexuality and pedophilia. We have the destruction of our flag and the branding of every American patriot as a Nazi in an *emergence through anti-nationalism*. We have the destruction of our fundamental beliefs in a *conversion of Christianity*.

The people of “The New World Order” are confident of total victory.