

White Guilt

by Hewitt E. Moore

The completion of this book is a testament to one's desire. I had a goal, I strove to complete the goal, and I accomplished that goal. Shakespeare I am not, but an author I am.

This project began as one of an independent mission of productivity, and finished as that of a collaboration of like-minds. Without my cohort, this book would be nothing more than a series of grammatical errors of elementary proportions. With her help, it has been transformed into a respectable piece of literature. Thanks, C.F.R.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.



As darkness neared on the quiet streets of suburbia, the glow from the inner city became visible. The smell of smoke, along with the ash and soot in the air, was aggravating to Owen's asthma. The Roddenberry's felt fortunate that the bands of looters and savages had yet to make it to the suburban areas in search of food, but they knew the time would come.

The family had seriously pondered a move to the country just two months earlier, partly due to Evan being "a creature of habit," as Aryianna put it. They decided to remain in their comfortable, four bedroom, brick house on Ruth Street, enjoying the conveniences of city life. He wasn't big on change and was proud of the house and suburban life he had provided for his family.

The small group of people who migrated to the country or up to the northwest were the ones that Evan now wished he had emulated. He read several posts on forums of people encouraging others to pack up for Montana or Idaho and become self-sufficient. This phenomenon was commonly referred to as "White flight." They were forming all-White enclaves with forty-acre tracts, half-acre gardens, small orchards and used solar panels and windmills for electricity. Livestock in the pastures, chickens in coops, ponds stocked with fish, caches of guns and ammo, wells for water, pantries and freezers full of food, stacks of firewood, medical supplies and most important of all, they were miles away from the big cities with the bands of marauders.

He figured life was business as usual for the self-sufficient country folk. The ones who didn't watch television, read the newspaper or listened to the radio, were presumably not even aware of the crisis the nation was in. Evan spent many late nights at his computer desk, listening to the doom and gloom internet broadcasts, reading forums and blogs that warned of imminent danger and urging preparation for when the "shit hit the fan." When the "shit hit the fan," Evan insisted to Aryianna, his beautiful, blue-eyed, pale-

skinned wife of ten years and mother of his two children, he would be ready for whatever happened. Not that he was violent by nature, or had any hopes of violence, but his pessimistic nature, coinciding with paranoia from the late nights on the internet absorbing the ideas of those who seemed to have a perfect understanding of the old adage “every action has a reaction,” worried him.

In their minds, the economic situation teamed with the abolition of rights granted Americans by the Constitution were all actions that, sooner or later, would have an adverse reaction. The predictions varied from show to show, blog to blog and forum to forum. Some thought there would be minimal violence, with brief uprisings eventually overcome by peace. Others warned of world war, with possibilities of an overthrow of the government by a radical, foreign regime. A few even predicted an American revolution with race being the division of opposing forces.

“Be prepared,” was the consistent motto engraved in his thoughts. Preparation wasn’t just ammunition and firearms, but also food, water, medical supplies and energy sources. Evan had all of his bases covered and he was ready if the shit hit the fan.

He had three, fifty-five gallon drums and over fifty, one-gallon jugs of fresh water stored in the shed. Every time Evan went to the grocery store, he would routinely spend three dollars on water, canned goods, dried foods and batteries. He was proud of the contingency plan that he had put his time, effort and thoughts into. The small garden they grew last summer was plentiful and their first attempt at canning was successful. He had pounds of dried beans and rice, as well as a mountainous supply of canned goods stockpiled in the shed.

He knew if anyone were to become aware of his cache of supplies, he would be in for a fight, but he hoped the six foot tall stockade fence, booby trapped lock and two aggressive pit bulls would act as a deterrent to anyone curious as to the shed’s contents. Even the most civilized members of humanity would take extreme measures when faced with mounting hunger. Without

inventory in the supermarkets, due in part to the hordes of people buying up everything on the shelves, Evan was almost certain that people were able to get some rations to last for a while. However, if the country were not back in order soon, America would eventually turn into a nation of scavenging savages.

Ever since the assassination of the nation's first black president, the rioting had been ongoing in the minority-infested inner city. "Looting everything in sight and attacking everyone who is White," was the way Evan described what he viewed on television. Every television station reported the looting and destruction in the inner city.

The media did not report of suburban stores being looted, but they quickly sold out of everything of use and boarded up their windows and doors. The violent attacks, particularly on Whites, in urban Tulsa were unprovoked and ruthless. Reports were beginning to circulate that gangs of thugs were expanding out of the ghettos and moving toward the suburbs. These reports began to invoke fear in suburbanites. Watching attacks on television of Whites being drug from their cars and viciously beaten, some even killed, while the helicopters filmed and swarmed overhead, was frightening. Many Whites began to flee the city and take refuge with friends and family outside of the city limits, relaying horror stories of the atrocities they witnessed, experienced and survived.

Tales of assault, murder, torture, robbery and rape were the overwhelming theme of the refugees. The government's recall on firearms left citizens defenseless and vulnerable against attacks. Evan couldn't believe the state of this once-great nation. It was like a transformation to an uncivilized country in turmoil, with no regard to the Constitutional rights the country was founded upon. Without television, internet, print media or radio, and sleep impossible due to uncontrollable anxiety and insomnia, Evan's mind raced feverishly about the state of the nation and its future.

The country had been in constant conflicts overseas for the past ten years. The remaining soldiers, who were not in the Middle East, were on the US/Mexico border fighting the Mexicans who were

attempting to take back Arizona, Texas and California. The revolt of the Mexicans came just two months prior to the assassination of President Amohal. President Amohal received ninety percent of the Mexican vote and ninety-nine percent of the black vote, according to Gallup polls. He received forty-five percent of the liberal (White) vote from the countries' newest minority.

The vivid images of the violent events he witnessed replayed several times in Evan's mind. He could not believe the evil and callous actions he observed on television. He empathized with the victims, imagining them being his mother or wife, furiously beaten unconscious with no regard for human life. Certainly these creatures had mothers or grandmothers too. How could they do such horrible things?

One incident in particular was extremely disturbing to Evan. After a relentless beating, the attackers turned up to the news camera, who were filming the crime from a hovering helicopter, and began to celebrate their actions. The woman, who was White, gray haired and petite, was dragged from her car and kicked repeatedly in the head. One of the assailants then smashed a bottle over the back of her head and continued to kick her with more ferocity than before. The woman was noticeably unconscious and lying face down on the ground, bleeding from the head. There were six people in the attacking group and after five minutes of beating the poor woman, two of them urinated on her, while the others posed for the helicopter's camera crew.

This infuriated Evan. He couldn't understand how armed vigilantes and the police weren't speeding to the area to put a stop to the iniquity. He had not seen any police in his neighborhood and he wasn't entirely sure if they were still protecting the communities, but one thing was for sure. Anyone that came to his neighborhood with the intentions of stealing from him or attacking his family, would be greeted with deadly force. Nobody deserved this type of treatment for being White and in the wrong place at the wrong time.



The electricity went off the second night. The blackness that overcame the area was immense. It left a giant lump in Evan's throat, but he tried to remain calm. To make matters worse, on the third night the dial tone was missing from the house phone, and the cell phones were no longer picking up a signal.

The following day, the faucets failed to produce water and Evan began to sense extreme panic in his neighbors. Most of the neighborhood converged in the streets and spoke amongst themselves about cause and effect. He wasn't sure if they could sense the same fear in him, but he tried to remain calm, telling those he spoke with that everything would pass and things would soon be back to normal. He knew the stockpile of ammunition he amassed for his 9mm pistol, twelve gauge shotgun and AK-47 assault rifle, would be sufficient in the protection of his family and property. He knew that the five-hundred dollars spent on the AK-47, which he purchased right before the gun ban, was a priceless investment.

He had over twelve-hundred rounds for the three weapons and knew he could fend off a small army if the situation arose. The government had yet to make their rounds to seize firearms from the public, but Evan planned to keep the AK-47 and the shotgun since they were unregistered. The government was offering a small monetary compensation package, including a tax credit for people who voluntarily took their firearms to drop off spots or, "gun banks." Evan heard the compensation package was creating quite a turnout.

"Desperate times call for desperate measures," Evan recalled telling Aryianna, "but I'll be damned if I give them my guns!" He didn't care what they offered. His means of protection would not be deposited in any gun bank voluntarily.

Evan knew the reason for the vast turnout at the gun compensation program was the terrible shape of the economy.

Americans were adamant about their Second Amendment rights, but firearms were not going to feed their families, at least not legally. Analysts reported that the economy was in its worst shape since the depression of the 1920's, with unemployment rates in the double digits, around twenty-five percent nationally.

Evan felt a deep sympathy for the people who were unarmed and only able to defend themselves and their property with bats, knives or other hand-held weaponry. A group of people armed with bats could pose a defense or mount an attack on an unarmed group or individual, but an individual armed with a bat stood little chance of defense against a group of people, armed or not.

It had been exactly ten days since the electricity went out and the Roddenberry's lost all touch with the world outside of their neighborhood. The neighborhood remained quiet and the food and water were holding up nicely. It was mid-October in Oklahoma and there was yet a need for heat during the midwestern fall season. The days were spent conversing, exercising, reading and performing daily drills for when the shit hit the fan. Similar to when a child practiced fire drills in school, Evan implemented his plan and wanted his family ready in the case of emergency. This would ensure their best chance of survival.

Janelle and Owen, who were age ten and eight, were required to read at least two hours a day and exercise for one hour a day. "Boredom can breed bad behavior," was a phrase Evan would use to answer his children's questions about his decisions regarding implementation of various activities. They were bright children, who were very obedient and respectful. They were intelligent, morally mannered and well spoken. Evan and Aryianna decided if everyday life was not restored in another week or two, they would start home schooling the kids. They considered home-schooling a few years ago and had several books to teach lessons from. The public school system in much of America was decayed and incompetent.

Test comparisons showed the rapid decline from generation to generation. Very few well-to-do children attended public schools.

Parents that could afford it chose to have their children educated in private schools. With money often being the issue, due in part to the slumping economy, home schooling was quickly becoming the way of education for the middle class.

Evan and Aryianna were both college educated. Evan had an Associate's Degree in Political Science. He attended a junior college after high school on a baseball scholarship and majored in Political Science, due in large part to a rumor he had heard implying it was an easy degree. He had heard right, and even though he did not take school seriously, he still managed to graduate with a 2.65 G.P.A.

His baseball dream was over, thanks to a torn A.C.L. midway through his sophomore season at Tulsa County Community College. This was very disappointing for the speedy center fielder. His freshman year, he earned second team all-conference with twenty-one home runs, eighty runs batted in and thirty-four stolen bases. It was rumored that some scouts from the major leagues were looking at him. Although disenchanted by his injury, he stayed in school, hobbled around on crutches for the last semester and received his degree.

Aryianna took the more traditional eight-year plan. She graduated high school in Skiatook, Oklahoma. She the homecoming queen and Valedictorian of her class. She went to junior college after high school on an academic scholarship, where she met Evan. The two fell in love and after six months of dating, Aryianna was pregnant with Janelle. She attained her Associate's Degree from T.C.C.C. in two years and took the next four years off raising Janelle, giving birth to Owen and being a housewife. Evan supported the family during this time by managing a locally owned steakhouse on the south side of Tulsa. Shortly after having Owen, Aryianna enrolled in the University of Tulsa's Bachelor of Nursing program. Six years later she graduated with honors.



Evan decided to venture out from the house today, going two miles to the local grocery store. He figured he would walk, taking a pistol with him and his large boot knife tucked away under his pant leg. He did not envision any problems, but he hadn't spoken to anyone in a couple of days, nor seen any traffic on the road in a week. It was amazing to him that, in just a matter of days, the town could go from a bustling community to a ghost town. He was unsure if everyone was in their homes, laying low and staying out of sight or if the majority had left town for the countryside.

There was a large field at the end of the street behind an undeveloped neighborhood. Evan decided to take the field up to the store and avoid walking along the street. The families' two vehicles, the pickup truck in the driveway and Aryianna's sedan in the garage, both had nearly full gas tanks, but still, Evan didn't want to use any of this precious resource. There was barely any gas to be found before the riots and wars, surely the gas left since the riots was long gone. The gas in the vehicles would remain for a later time, possibly to exit the city if things got worse. There were two 5-gallon cans of gas to run the generator and Evan was doing his best to conserve it. The power inverters were used to power what electricity was needed, operating off of the two 12V batteries from the vehicles. Each inverter could handle fifteen hundred watts of electricity continuously, which was plenty of power to keep the food cold in the refrigerator, cook a hot meal and run the space heater at night.

The mile long walk through the waist high field of weeds was uneventful. Evan could see the rooftop of the store nearing with every step. The closer he got, the more alert he became. He slouched down as he walked, using the overgrown grass as cover. He came to the asphalt parking lot, dropped to his knees and scanned the area with binoculars.

"Damn," he whispered to himself. "Where the hell is everyone?" The only thing moving was tumbleweed rolling across the store

parking lot. He walked around to the back of the boarded up store and heard a rustling sound as he rounded the corner. He pulled the pistol from his waistband and cocked it. With an extra clip in his back pocket, giving him a total of fifteen rounds, Evan slowly approached the sound that caught his attention. Realizing the sound came from the dumpster, Evan thought to himself that it might just be a dog, or perhaps a dumpster diver.

Evan quickly slid the side door back on the dumpster and pointed his pistol at the source of the noise, startling the woman who was hovering inside. With his pistol aimed at her head, "Please don't shoot!" she screamed, raising her hands in fear. Cautiously, Evan asked the woman if she was alone, and slowly lowered his pistol. "Yes," she said trembling with fright.

Rachelle was a White woman with short, dark, stringy hair, dark brown eyes with the whites yellowish in color and a large crooked nose. She had a gold rimmed front tooth and a piercing in her left eyebrow. Rachelle appeared to be in her twenties and was of average height and weight. She was filthy and had an odor of rotting garbage. Rachelle explained to Evan that she was hungry and had not eaten in four days. Knowing he had plenty of food at home, Evan hated to see somebody hungry and thought a good deed might come full circle someday. Evan politely extended an invitation for a hot meal and a place to clean up. Rachelle graciously accepted.

The two of them made their way back to the neighborhood by way of the field. It was as uneventful as the preceding trip in the opposite direction. Entering the neighborhood, they followed the small drainage ditch that separated the backyards, remaining hidden by the stockade fences, which the majority of the residents in the neighborhood used. Evan did not want to draw any attention to himself, or his visitor. He had a padlocked gate at the back of his fence, which Evan used to gain entrance to the his property. He asked Rachelle to stand outside the gate and wait while he chained up the dogs. After chaining Rudolph and Lucifer, he went inside and explained the situation to his wife.

Aryianna agreed with the idea of a good deed and Evan went and retrieved Rachelle from outside the fence. She entered the house and was greeted by Aryianna with a smile and hospitable introduction.

Evan was cautious about making small talk on the way back, electing instead to remain alert of his surroundings. He knew he would have plenty of time to chit-chat with the girl when they got to the house. Aryianna briskly warmed up a bowl of beans and rice for their hungry guest.

“Where are you from?” Evan asked.

“Dallas,” the girl answered timidly.

“How did you get all the way up here?” asked Aryianna.

“Texas is a war zone, the blacks and Mexicans have taken over,” Rachelle said while scarfing down the seasoned pinto beans. “They killed my whole family,” she said with tears building in her eyes.

Evan sensed that she had a horrible story to tell. Though he wanted to hear it, he allowed the guest to eat in peace, wash-up and then relax before pursuing an inquisitive conversation with her. Dallas was three-hundred miles southwest of Tulsa and he was curious as to what she saw during her odyssey north.

Darkness fell and three aromatic candles lit up the living room. With the children in their beds, Evan knew he could talk to Rachelle and find out some information about what she knew and had seen.

“So they killed your family?” Evan said, finally breaking the silence.

“Yes, my husband and two children,” she said with sadness in her eyes, “The electricity went out and we lost our cell phone signals. We didn’t know what to do. We got in our car to go to my mom’s in Waco, knowing we couldn’t go much further with the amount of gas we had. We got right outside of Irving when it all happened. There

was a massive roadblock in the middle of the highway, with hundreds of people standing in the road,” the girl's voice began to quicken, and her breath seemed shallow, as her sad tale continued.

“Other cars were stopped in front of us and the mob was just going car to car, pulling people out and beating them. It was horrible! I told my husband to turn around and go, but they were at our car before he had time to react. They quickly broke out his window and drug my husband out, hitting him with clubs and chains. My children were just screaming and I was in shock. They came to my door and I just begged them not to hurt my babies and they took me from the car. All I could hear was my babies screaming, as they grabbed me by the hair and took me under the bridge, where four of them raped me. They told me as long as I did as I was told they would let me live. After their sexual desires were satisfied I asked them about my husband and kids and I was told they had been killed with all the other White devils they caught trying to escape. I went into shock and the next thing I remember I was in a semi-heading north on I-35. The guy driving was a black man named Rodney. He had an afro and thick black beard. He said the blacks were taking over the country and White women were going to serve, as slaves and all the White men and children would be killed,” Evan listened intently as Rachelle's terrifying story continued.

“I guess they had roadblocks all over the country, preparing for the Whites leaving the cities and they were catching them off guard and killing the men and children and collaring the women. We came through Oklahoma City and the whole city was on fire and in a war zone. I guess the blacks and Mexicans there were fighting each other for control of the city. I heard all this over the CB radio Rodney had in his truck,” a single tear drop rolled down the cheek of the distraught female, visibly saddened by the onerous events.

Aryianna entered the room and handed Rachelle a tissue. Her head was held low and she sniffled repetitively in a depressed emotional state. Evan and Aryianna looked at each other, concern written on the faces of both. Rachelle blew her nose for the second time and continued with her story.

“Rodney told me that the majority of Whites who hadn’t fled the cities had been killed and the blacks and Mexicans were fighting for control of the country. The Mexicans had taken over Texas and California and were trying to take over other cities where they had large amounts of people. In Dallas, the two races gave the appearance of an alliance, but in other cities they were at war. They had taken control over all the country’s available resources, like gas and food according to Rodney. They communicated with CB radios and appeared to have been prepared for what was going on,” Rachelle’s voice trailed off and the single tear now was joined by several others.

Evan stopped her there. She was obviously shaken and been through a lot, “How did you get away from Rodney?” Aryianna asked.

“When we pulled up here into Tulsa, his semi had a flat tire. I remember he had said he was heading for St Louis where a large amount of the country’s food and gasoline was being stored and the blacks had control of it. While he was out of his truck, changing the driver’s side front tire, I got out and ran through the field, never looking back. I ended up at the store where you found me and have been hiding in the dumpster for the last four days. I was so scared when you opened the dumpster door. I just knew it was Rodney. He told me if I ever tried to escape, he would kill me. Thank you so much for your hospitality and all you have done. I am just waiting to wake up from this terrible nightmare. This is all so surreal!” Rachelle said, finishing her long tale.

The Roddenberry’s both offered condolences for her losses and told her she was welcome to stay for a couple of days, until she figured out a means to restart her life. Aryianna brought Rachelle a blanket, repeated her sorrow for her unfortunate circumstance and left the room, pulling the door closed on her way out.

IV

Evan awoke early the next morning to a cooler than usual house. He knew it was just a matter of time before the cold Oklahoma winter would set in. He suspected the overnight lows were reaching the low forties and the first freeze would come soon. They had a fireplace and about a two-week supply of wood, but Evan was intent on saving that for the coldest part of the winter. He hadn't slept well, due in part to his inability to erase the graphic images of Rachelle's story implanted in his thoughts. He just didn't see how people could act so barbaric. Even if life returned to normal for the Roddenberry's, life would never be the same for Rachelle.

"Slaves?" he thought aloud to himself. He could not comprehend why they would want to enslave White women. What purpose could enslavement have? Why just White women and not the whole White race? Why just White women and not all women? The whole story seemed very odd to Evan. The more he thought about it and the despicable acts that were done, not only to Rachelle's family, but to the woman he saw on the news, the more enraged he became. He surmised he needed to find some way of communicating with people away from the neighborhood and keep tabs on what was going on in the outside world. He wanted to get a CB or short-wave radio. He remembered Rachelle saying Rodney communicated with people on a CB radio. Evan knew his neighbor, Dave, was a former truck driver and might have a CB. He hadn't seen Dave or his wife in a few months, so he went to their house to pay them a visit. Dave answered the door cautiously, with a wide-eyed look of, "Who could be knocking on my door?"

"Hey Dave, what's up man?" Evan asked.

"Evan, how ya been?" Dave replied.

"Just thought I would come and see if you're still alive," Evan said with a chuckle.

“Yup, still here, c’mon in,” said Dave. The two went in and sat on the couch and made small talk. Evan didn’t want to stir anything up, so he didn’t mention his house-guest or her story.

“You wouldn’t happen to have an old CB around would ya?” Evan asked his neighbor.

“Yeah, I think I do. Let me go see if I can find one,” Dave replied as he went to look.

“How are Aryianna and the kids?” Dave's wife, Julie asked.

“Hangin in there. Them kids are growin like weeds and rotten as ever,” Evan said, trying to be upbeat in his attitude. “Have you or Dave left the house lately?” Evan inquired.

“Not in the twelve days since all this craziness began. We don’t have any gas in our cars. We have about a week's worth of food left and as soon as that's gone, we don’t know what we’re going to do. Things are pretty stressful around here and we haven’t heard anything from anybody. We just know we ain’t about to venture out into a war zone and be attacked the way those people on the news were. How about you? Done any venturing out of your own, Evan?” Julie asked. She was a tall, thin brunette with beautiful straight white teeth. She was sitting on the couch with her legs crossed. Evan could hear the anxiety in her voice and could see the worry on her face. The stress had darkened the circles under her eyes and she looked as though she had aged a few years since the last time he saw her.

“Nope, can’t say that I have. We’ve just been starin’ at the walls, waiting for the power to come back on or get a dial tone on the phone. We have checked the phones every hour, on the hour, for the past nine days,” Evan said.

“Found one, didn’t even realize I still had this one. Best damn CB I ever owned! It was peaked and tuned right before I boxed her up. On a clear night, bet you can get all the way to the state line with

this baby,” Dave called out as he rummaged through a cabinet in the next room.

“Cool! Mind if I borrow it for a day or two? I am going to see if I can get it powered up and try to get some human contact to find out what the hell was going on,” Evan asked as Dave handed the device over.

“Go right ahead. Just keep me informed of anything you find out,” Dave said. The two men shook hands and Evan told Dave he would be the first to know of any developments made with the CB. Evan headed home, having his doubts about getting out very far due to the lack of a high-powered antenna.

He would hook up the CB in his truck and hope to get some feedback. This whole sequence of events over the last two weeks had Evan in a state of bewilderment. He could not believe what was transpiring. The loss of the modern amenities that had made life so easy, the assassination of the President, extreme violence against mankind, populated communities turning into ghost towns overnight and this theory he heard of blacks and Mexicans fighting to take over the country and kill off the White race, including killing children and the enslavement of White women. He couldn't have conjured up a more disturbing chain of events. He often told Aryianna this had to be a dream. Maybe he died and this was the afterlife? Maybe this was hell? Maybe he dropped one too many hits of LSD in high school and was having the flashbacks he had always been warned of? He knew one thing for sure; he was tired of just sitting in his house, waiting for something bad to happen.

It had been almost two weeks with no answers. He was going to figure some things out; starting with establishing some communication on the CB he got from Dave. If that didn't work, maybe he would try to organize a neighborhood militia. Hopefully, some still had their firearms and ammo and were brave enough to leave the neighborhood if need be. He wasn't sure how many men were left in the neighborhood, if any. More importantly, he wasn't sure if the ones that would be available were fighters or had arms to

bear. He would wait to see what he found out over the CB before exploring any more thoughts of a neighborhood militia.

“Break one-nine, Break one-nine, can I get a radio check?” Evan said into the mic.

“Loud and clear!” a man answered, informing him his CB was working.

“What’s your twenty?” Evan asked, trying to determine how far his radio was getting out.

“Jenks. How about you?” the man replied.

“Sapulpa. It’s been a ghost town for about a week here. Haven’t seen any cars on the roads in almost a week. I thought I’d power up the radio and try to reconnect with civilization. We haven’t had power, running water or been able to use our phone in about a week and a half. Is it a similar story in your neck of the woods?” Evan asked.

“Ditto, haven’t seen anyone but the family and close neighbors in over a week. Starting to run low on food and supplies,” the man said.

“Have you been out to the city or have any idea what the hell is going on?” Evan said thrilled that he was actually communicating with someone.

“Negative, I don’t have much fuel in the truck and after seeing all those beatings on the boob tube, figured it would be safer to stick it out here with the twelve gauge. A couple of the guys in the neighborhood and myself still have our guns and we know we can make a stand here. We haven’t felt like leaving the neighborhood just for the sake of an ass whippin, if you know what I mean,” the man said.

“Sure do. By the way, my handle is E and I know exactly what you mean. I still have a gun or two at my disposal. Not sure if the boys in

my vicinity do, but if things don't change soon, I am going to find out. I'm not gonna stay cooped up in my house forever. Just waiting for some mob to come and try and take my food or assault my family," Evan said.

"Ten-four, let's keep in touch, how about twenty-two hundred hours tonight on channel fourteen," the voice on the radio said.

"Ten-four," Evan turned off the radio, excited about the connection he made. He went inside the house and informed Aryianna of the contact he connected with via the CB radio. She was happy for him and hoped the ten o'clock appointment might shed some light upon the dark circumstances.

V

“Hey E you got a copy?” a voice sounded out from Evan's CB.

“Copy, go ahead,” Evan said into the microphone eagerly. He was glad that the man on the other end was making good with his word on keeping in touch.

“I wanted to be careful as to what I was saying to you earlier, you never know who's listening. Here's the deal E, a few of the fellows and I are gonna have a little meeting around here tomorrow evening, and from the sounds of things you might be interested in attending. I'm not going to go into details over the radio, but if you're our kinda people we'd like for you to be here,” the crackling -yet clear- voice rang out through the speaker.

“Do you think it will be safe to take my truck? I haven't seen a vehicle on the road in days?” Evan said with both unease and excitement in his voice.

“Yeah, it will be okay. I think it's only about a five-mile trip and I know the reason you haven't seen any cars on the road is from the lack of available gasoline. Besides that, anyone who does have fuel remembers what he or she saw on TV before we lost power. The meeting will be at two thousand hours tomorrow. Be on channel fourteen at nineteen hundred hours and we will go from there,” the voice answered back.

“Ten-four,” a smiling Evan said, reaching down to turn the power switch until it clicked and the digital illumination disappeared.

Evan tossed and turned that night in bed, struggling to sleep. His mind was always racing, but with the excitement of leaving the house and the curiosity about the meeting, sleeping was harder than usual.

“What do you think of Rachelle?” Evan asked Aryianna.

“She is okay. She doesn’t say much and just lays around in the front room a lot. I don’t know exactly what to say to her, considering all she’s been through,” Aryianna responded.

“I understand,” Evan said while staring at the ceiling, making small talk as his own little devious way of keeping Aryianna awake. Aryianna could sleep standing up and she never understood Evan’s insomnia.

“How the kids been?” asked Evan.

“They’re fine. Ready for things to be back to normal just like the rest of us,” she said with her words beginning to drag and Evan knew the conversation would soon be over.

“Well babe, no matter what happens or how this whole thing turns out, I want you to know that I love you,” said Evan.

Aryianna turned and kissed her husband of ten years and whispered to him after the kiss, “I love you, too. I got to go to sleep. Try and get some sleep sweetie. Good night.”

Evan placed the AK-47 behind the seat of his truck; along with two thirty round clips. He had his boot knife in place and the 9mm in the center console. He was both nervous and excited about his forthcoming journey of five miles. He received the radio call right on time and was given precise directions to the location of the meeting. Evan started the truck and let it run for a minute to warm up, did a brief pre-trip inspection on the truck and kissed his wife and children goodbye. Instead of taking the highway, Jeff recommended taking side roads in case of any large roadblocks or land pirates targeting vehicles. On the trip to Jeff’s, the roads and neighborhoods all looked as barren as his did. He didn’t pass one car or see one sign of a living human. He arrived at the location and pulled his truck behind the house as Jeff had requested.

Jeff met Evan as he exited his truck. Jeff was a tall, bulky man in his forties, weighing over two hundred pounds. He had a scruffy beard that had signs of graying and a Tulsa Drillers baseball cap.

They firmly shook hands and Evan followed Jeff to the workshop behind the house.

There were eight other men in the shop, sitting around in chairs and talking amongst themselves, when Jeff and Evan entered, "Fellas, this here's E. He's from up the road in Sapulpa," the hospitable group all stood and made their way one at a time to introduce themselves and shake hands with the unfamiliar face. They were all-White and in their thirties and forties, with the exception of Ross, who was in his fifties. Another thing Evan couldn't help but notice was every man was unshaven, armed with either a holstered pistol or knife and had a firm handshake. He thought he was going to like the small group. He was very happy to be outside his house and around people again.

Of the ten men in the group, eight were from the neighborhood. Ross and Evan were the two whom Jeff had made contact with per the CB. Ross, a former soldier in the Army and retired butcher, met Jeff in a similar fashion as Evan did. This was his third meeting with the group. Ross lived about two miles away and the rest lived within the immediate neighborhood. Evan lived five miles away, which was, by far, the furthest of any of the group.

Jeff went through the process of explaining to Evan the purpose of the group and their meeting twice a week was to establish an outlet for communicating happenings in each other's neighborhoods, as well as to pass on any gossip or findings. They would also have open discussions to vent or talk about anything on their mind. Jeff, being a recovering alcoholic, was a firm believer in therapy by communication in a group setting. He said this form of therapy and interaction among individuals with similar demons had kept him sober for seven years. He formed the group as somewhat of a therapeutic outlet and as he told Evan, "It's become an open mic forum, where we all release our ideas, thoughts and beliefs regarding everything from race and politics, to family problems and religion and you're welcome to attend and participate. None of us are politically involved, so correctness is inapplicable," the man explained.

The group met in the garage, where Evan spent the first two hours getting to know the other men. They asked his opinion on topics and he asked theirs. The initial chatter was more of a feeling out process and eventually led to more serious discussion, when Jeff brought up the violence that had been bestowed upon Whites in the inner city. All the men expressed anger about what they viewed on the television broadcasts. For two days straight, repeated violent attacks by blacks against Whites were played over and over by the media. Whites, at one time, made up ninety percent of the nation's population, but that had now diminished to around forty-seven percent. Failure to unite, along with lack of law enactment and enforcement, eroded the foundation of the populace, subsequently resulting in White hegemony.

Evan believed Whites were passive in nature and had been forced what he termed, "White guilt," by the media for years. Being shamed by terrible acts committed against others (Indians, blacks, etc), Whites had disconnected themselves from the evilness that was their bloodline. Hoping to be able to somehow make up for their oppressive ways, they sit on their hands and bite their tongues when issues come up involving race. Not wanting to be the ignorant racist their ancestors were they hope for forgiveness by allowing advancement without opposition. Thanks in part to the guilt trips, Whites had allowed minorities to come in and assume the majority of the country's racial makeup, feeling guilty or labeled racists if they voice contrariety. Hate crime laws, affirmative action programs, hate speech regulation, revocation of the second amendment, miscegenation encouragement through media brainwashing and a constant degradation of anything advocating pro-White beliefs, were all designed with one target, the heterosexual Christian White male.

Evan felt a huge weight off his back, after releasing the built up frustration and anger towards his people that he harbored for some time. The only one he was able to confide in over the years was Arianna. All the men in the group nodded with agreement or voiced their approval of his speech. To be around a group of men who felt the same was refreshing. Evan talked and communicated with other like-minded individuals in the past, but always behind a computer

monitor, with the expression of words through a keyboard and with a constant paranoia about who's eyes were reading his words on the other computer monitor. Ever since the hate speech reform laws were enacted, Evan had always been paranoid about asseverating his beliefs on the Internet, not knowing who was reading his comments.

He wasn't the type to go around expressing himself ignorantly with racial epithets or slurs; he just enjoyed stimulating discussion, particularly factually based, with people who felt the same way he did. To now be in a room with men who were armed and ready to stand up for their race was motivational. Hopefully, it wasn't a day late and a dollar short.

Evan slowly began to address the men with a mild mannered tone, "Our current situation was such where our women are physically and sexually attacked. Our children are versed in Ebonics and hip-hop culture. Our race is infected with White guilt and racial inferiority. The sheepish traitors who undeservedly wear the Caucasian uniform have imposed a self-inflicted genocide upon us. The sheep or, 'sheeple,' as I like to call them, have destroyed our identity with their noisome acts. The same sheep that greet their sixteen-year-old daughter's black boyfriend at the door with a hug, a pat on the back, and the keys to the minivan. The same sheep that disregard the fact a black man is fifty times more likely than a White man to commit a violent act. The same sheep that go to the polls and cast their vote for a wolf to be the leader of the flock. The same sheep that view multiculturalism as the key to prosperity instead of the link to demise. Yes, my friends, the same sheep who have led us straight to the slaughterhouse to be met by the butchers yielding freshly sharpened knives."

The men all stood staring at Evan as he finished his tirade. Several of the men fostered similar views and had even expressed the same sentiments in prior meetings. Evan's views fit in perfectly with the group and his acceptance was certain.

For the next five hours, the men discussed everything past, present and future. Evan told of the girl he found in the dumpster and the tragic chain of events that led her there. He relayed the story of the blacks attempting to take over the country and his personal belief they were teaming up with the Mexicans in order to do such. He explained their desire to kill off all the, “blue eyed devils,” including children and enslaving White women. Evan had a theory that this was a preconceived plan, put into action years ago. He believed pro-black groups formed an allegiance with pro-Hispanic groups to one day merge together when the time was right and overthrow the country. With the state of the nation in its current predicament, and that time was now. The Mexicans wanted to reclaim the southwestern part of the country, which they felt was wrongfully taken (Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and California) and restore it to its proper Aztlan state. The blacks sought to control power in the east and south where they were the ethnic majority. The group seemed to concur with Evan on his conspiracy theory.

“How else could all of this happen simultaneously?” Evan stated, “we are at war with Mexico on our borders, our minds are filled with images from the media of violence against our people by blacks, the economy is shot, our guns are taken, are speech regulated and then everything goes black. We lose electricity, all forms of communication and are left sitting in our homes in fear. Meanwhile, the blacks and Mexicans are taking advantage of the situation and are making the necessary moves to overthrow the country, while the masses of Whites are scared shitless in their homes with no guns. The one's who saw this coming have already migrated to the country. Our military has been at war so long, it is depleted and unable to protect its own citizens. Everyone knows this! The time was right and they made their move. They assassinated President Amohal, knowing it would cause massive rioting in the streets. They waited for two days to let the media play their spin on everything -scaring everyone- then cut off all the power to the country. I must admit they're smarter than I thought,” Evan acknowledged.

“You know Evan, you might just be on to something there,” Ross said rubbing his scruffy beard. “That all makes perfect sense. It

would explain everything going on now and the reasoning behind the assassination and all the liberal laws, like taking our guns. A society whose citizens are unarmed is defenseless and they know that," he said passionately.

The men all sat in silence for a bit, absorbing the information they just heard. Each man totally agreed the theory Evan produced was conceivable. In the next thirty minutes, they together as a group adopted the theory as truth, until proven otherwise. It all just made too much sense.

The group bonded quickly and each was amazed at how what one man said, in relation to the present day debacle, was exactly how the others felt, believed, and thought. The establishment of a bevy of like-minded individuals with common beliefs and goals was the first step towards achievement in discontinuing the injustices Whites were facing. The nation was in a state of anarchy, with Whites being its redheaded stepchildren and the bottom of the food chain among its populace. The founding fathers of the nation were turning in their graves. This one time great country was conquered, settled, and developed by Whites. In the same token, the country had been turned into an open borders nation, with a welfare policy catering to illegal immigrants and minorities who burdened the system, with tax-payers taking the blunt of the blow. This produced economic failure in a country that was once the poster child of a capitalist nation. The failed economy, with the masses dependent upon the welfare system to eat, transformed the democracy that once was, to a present day socialist society.

The morning air was brisk, with the sun rising to a clear blue Oklahoma sky. The men had all agreed to meet again in three days to continue their discussion and employ a plan of action. All the frustrations had been vented and each man had said his peace. They established a motive, now they needed to establish a solution. They were convinced of Evan's theory and the anxiety in each man would be present until nineteen hundred hours on Wednesday night. Everyone agreed they would ponder the situation and come up with his plan as to the group's next step.

Evan drove home that morning, eager to see Aryianna and his two children. He felt guilty about leaving them alone overnight, but he left the shotgun with his wife and she was very capable of using it. He was very glad he made the acquaintance of Jeff and the others. He went back and forth as to whether or not he was going to make the trip in the first place. He was pleased he went, and felt ten pounds lighter after having been able to release some of the locked up thoughts he had caged in his mind. More importantly than that, they seemed to be accepted. Aryianna was always encouraging and in agreement with him, but she was his wife and he didn't feel she would say otherwise out of respect for her husband.

The drive home was just as the drive to Jeff's. Evan's truck was the only vehicle on the streets. Evan began to smell smoke, leading him to the belief some people had begun to light up the fireplaces to keep warm overnight. Evan pulled into the driveway, turned off the truck and went in the house. Aryianna and the children greeted him. He was as happy to see them, as they were to see him.

Aryianna hugged and kissed her husband before she said, "I was so worried about you. I thought you would have been home last night and when you didn't show up I got so scared." Evan apologized and hugged and kissed all the members of his small family. He explained he hadn't been to sleep and replayed the night's events with Aryianna.

The fact Evan was home safe and sound was what most interested her. She had been up all night worrying about her husband and just wanted to sit down and relax, allowing her mind to ease and her pulse to soften. Although Evan had not slept either, he was still amped up from the meeting. He paced the floor, talking to himself and Aryianna when she would open her eyes. Not only had he convinced his newfound friends of his theory, but he too was now convinced. He repeatedly mumbled to himself, while pacing the bedroom floor, "That's it. It just all makes too much sense."

VI

Dave, once again, answered Evans knock cautiously as he did two days earlier. Evan greeted Dave with his usual, "What's up Dave?" Dave invited him in and Evan asked him if it was okay to use the CB for another couple of days. Dave insisted it was fine and prodded Evan for some info relating to the CB. Evan knew Dave wasn't cast from the same mold as he and the others. He seemed somewhat scared and timid. Besides Evan knew he didn't own any firearms.

"Haven't made contact with anyone yet, just been listening to what people have been saying and so far haven't heard anything worth repeating, but you'll be the first to know if and when I do, Dave. I appreciate you letting me use it. Just wanted to stop by and let you know of the happenings. Y'all have a good day and I'll keep you posted," Evan said to his neighbor.

That evening, after dinner, Evan went back to the spare room and tapped on the door. He wanted to check on Rachelle and make sure she was okay. He could only imagine the torment the woman endured with the loss of her loved ones. Psychologically, she was certainly unstable and severely depressed. She only comes out of the room when necessary. Evan hadn't seen much of her at all since he invited her back to the house. Evan told her she was welcome to stay a couple of days, but days, not weeks or months, was what he meant. He wasn't going to kick her out on the streets, but the food and supplies he stockpiled were for him and his family and he wasn't going to jeopardize their needs for a stranger. He didn't want to face the daunting task of asking her what her intentions were, but he knew that bridge would have to be crossed soon.

If she brought something to the table, in terms of earning her keep or being an asset, then she might be welcomed to stay at length, and Evan wouldn't even be entertaining the idea of asking her to leave. However, remaining isolated and using up resources that

someday could feed hungry mouths in his family was unacceptable for him to allow.

These were tough times, and compassion and sympathy could lead to starvation and death. It was not in his nature to be heartless, but the welfare of his family was first on his agenda. Friends, neighbors and strangers could be assisted, as long as that assistance did not have any negative effects upon his family's prosperity. The thirty-minute conversation was very bland. Rachelle appeared as if she wanted to be left alone and Evan obliged.

"Does she ever talk to you?" Evan asked Aryianna.

"Nope, just stays in that room all day and never comes out. I bet she hasn't said five words to me in the time she has been here," his wife said.

"I bet she was having some kind of nervous breakdown or psychotic episode. Think about it. Her husband and kids were killed; she was raped by four thugs under a bridge and is currently living in a stranger's home miles away from where she is from. You know, here pretty soon she is gonna have to decide what she is gonna do. I already have two kids and a wife to feed and shelter. I don't need anybody else. I am not trying to be cruel, but desperate times call for desperate measures. If we keep her around and this crisis continues, when the day comes and we are short of food and water I am gonna be pissed that somebody other than my children ate the food intended for them, while they go hungry," Aryianna just gave him that look that she does. She knew he was right and they had to think of family first.

"Let's give her another couple of days and see what happens. Who knows, the electricity could be back on any day now and everything will be back to normal," Evan nodded in agreement. He had no desire to turn a woman away, especially one that had just been through what Rachelle had.

The next morning was filled with excitement and hope for the Roddenberry's. The electricity flashed three times before noon. They assumed somebody was working on the electricity and on the verge of getting it back on. They still didn't have running water or the use of their phones, but the flashes of electricity were promising. Being from tornado alley and having lost power many times, the power flashing was a good sign of things to come.

Evan plugged the portable AM/FM radio into the power inverter to check if any stations were broadcasting. He was ecstatic when he picked up a station. It was on the AM dial and wasn't clear, but he could hear a voice. Maybe this was all about to end. He fiddled with the dial, adjusted the antenna and was able to get the station quality to improve to a point that the words were decipherable.

"The toll was estimated in the thousands, with large death counts in the inner cities where the violence and looting began. There are reports of bodies lying in the streets. Disease and famine are everywhere. We also have some reports of an invasion on the upper east coast by a foreign military. Scud missiles have hit New York City and biological warfare has been introduced. I am not exactly sure who the aggressors are, or if New York City has been the only target, but we have multiple reports coming in at this time. Stay tuned!" the voice coming across the radio was fuzzy because of the static, but there was no denying the man's urgency in his words.

Evan and Ariyanna continue to listen to the depressing reports on the radio. The low voiced reporter repeated the same report. They couldn't believe what they were hearing. They went from being high on the hog, to shit on the shoe in a matter of moments. Evan's mental state was reflective of one with bipolar disorder.

"This is fucked up!" Evan said staring at the ground in total disbelief of what he just heard. His mind instantly began to race. The pessimism overcame his thoughts and he began to fear a biological attack. He was semi-prepared for this, but never imagined this event-taking place. China has developed state-of-the-art biological weapons. Their affects are catastrophic, an antibiotic

resistant, flesh-eating plague that slowly shuts down the respiratory system, while eating away the skin in a matter of days and was highly contagious. Death was slow and torturous.

Evan had four basic gas masks in the shed with chemical resistant suits. He bought the suits and masks at an auction he attended a year or two ago. A Hazmat team to clean up hazardous spills used the equipment. He wasn't well read on biological warfare, but heard some talk about the subject. He knew if something of that nature happened, it would be over for everyone. The sadness overcame him and tears began to build in his eyes. He knew everyone would die someday, but his kids have never had a chance at life. They were too young to die! They didn't deserve this! He grabbed them both and hugged them, reassuring them of his devotion and love for them. Everything he did in life he did for them. He was impressed with the children's demeanor, considering the drastic changes in their everyday lives. Evan's pessimism turned to optimism as he thought about his kids.

If he was going down he wasn't going down without a fight, and he sure as hell wasn't dead yet! This was exactly why he hated the media. If he hadn't turned on the radio, he wouldn't have heard the gut wrenching news this morning. For all he knew, the news could have been false. He developed a strong mistrust of the media over the years. His mind was like a clock and his thoughts were the hands of time in a constant revolution. He was sure the mainstream media used propagand techniques in cultural brainwashing. He believed miscegenation was rampant in parts of the country due to its promotion by the media. He thought the media played a huge role in the status quo of the White race in general and for that reason seldom watched television or encouraged it within his family.

He spent a lot of time on Internet sites that were politically incorrect and non-mainstream. He tried to read and inform himself with writings that could be factually documented. He really preferred sites that would report something and then list links to other sites supporting their findings. He took it as, "Don't take my word for it, use the brain in your head, research and develop your own opinion."

Many publications and reporters were reluctant to report on certain topics for fear of ruffling someone's feathers. So, seemingly skeptical of the media as he was, he couldn't be sure the information he heard was false or exaggerated for lack of knowing the origin of the source. It could have been a man on a short-wave radio in his basement extending a legitimate warning. Then again, it could be the enemy producing a scare tactic with a hidden agenda.

Evan went to the shed to inventory the remaining supplies. He wanted an idea of the amount of time they could continue to live before setting rations. So far, they had not made any attempts to cut back on food or water. Everybody ate and drank their fill. He also wanted something to do to put his analytical mind at ease, as much as possible. Tomorrow was the meeting at Jeff's and he could vent there. Every man was expected to come to the meeting with a plan of action. Evan was using this quiet time to think about his. He knew the first thing they had to determine was who was the enemy? A foreign military on the East coast? The Mexicans down south? The blacks in the cities? The race traitors that make up a large percentage of White America? The mainstream media? Themselves?

Were ten men going to be sufficient for whatever call of action they decided upon? Ten heavily armed men could easily wage attacks and defend themselves against mobs of unarmed blacks, but they wouldn't stand a chance against a military. He was anxious to hear what ideas the group had come up with and eager to relay the message that he had heard on the radio.

That night Evan lay in bed battling his raging insomnia. His mind was racing from topic to topic. He had thoughts of guilt about the situation with Rachelle. He imagined Rachelle being his daughter, wife, mother or grandmother and how he wished some respectful person or family would help her out in a time of need. He thought about all the research he did to support the idea of corruption and scandal in the media. He envisioned the normalcy that once was. He thought of his wife and kids, how he hoped so much for a brighter tomorrow. He wished he bought the thirty-acre spread in

Northeastern Oklahoma three months ago. He wondered who was commanding the soldiers in the various wars the nation was in. Who was running the country now? Who was calling the shots? Why not bring all the troops home to restore the country? Had the country really been invaded? Were people dying at the hands of biological weapons? Would weapons of mass destruction come into play? Were the blacks still controlling the streets in the cities? It had been two weeks since the rioting began.

Evan figured the food supply in the inner cities was scarce by now, yet he hadn't seen one person in the neighborhood or on his journey to Jeff's to give the hint the thugs were spreading from the ghettos to the suburbs. He lived within ten miles of the city and no looters had made it this far as of yet. Everything seemed normal, except for the darkness and lack of traffic on the roads. He deliberated about liberal Whites, which wanted so bad a nation full of multiculturalism. He wondered if they still felt the same way. He thought of Jeff and the others in the group and wondered if they were lying in bed anxious like he was.

VII

Evan pumped the shotgun with the barrel sticking through the cracked living room window right next to the front door. He saw them coming and he was ready. There were at least fifty and they were running through the streets like wild animals. He noticed them drag Tim out of his front door. The screams were the sounds from a man on death's doorstep. He didn't fight, he just balled up and cried, kicking and screaming like a toddler. There must have been at least eight or nine participating in the assault. One came up out of nowhere and slammed a cinder block down on Tim. The screaming stopped, but the beating didn't.

Evan was enraged by this behavior and lie in wait for the black beasts. He knew their arsenal only consisted of power in numbers. When they came to kick in his door and drag him out, he had a little something for them. He would take the first one or two out with the short-barreled shotgun at close range and charge the rest with the AK. They might eventually get him, but he damn sure wasn't going out like Tim.

Two of them approached fast, their eyes had the looks of animals stalking prey. They smelled blood and literally thirsted for more. The first one-stepped on the porch. Evan aimed and BOOM! The man flew back at least five feet and landed on his back. The slug ripped a gaping hole in the intruder's chest, killing him instantly. Evan quickly pumped the shotgun and fired at the second guy, hitting him in the back as he ran. Evan grabbed the assault rifle and ran out the door. He began shooting and didn't stop. The blacks were running and yelling, as Evan was aiming and firing.

In a matter of seconds, he dropped six and was still shooting as the last of the mob rounded the corner on to Main Street and out of sight. The one he shot in the back was crawling toward the street and moaning in agony. Evan recognized him as the one who threw the cinder block on Tim. Evan took the razor-sharp knife from its sheath in his boot and approached the cold-blooded killer from

behind. He had long, braided hair and Evan grabbed the braids firmly, pulling the man's head back and exposing the neck of the wounded thug. He placed the knife at his throat and. . .

“Evan! Evan, wake up! Are you okay?” Aryianna said with a look of concern on her face. “You must have been having one of those bad dreams again. You were all tensed up, breathing heavily and grinding your teeth like a madman. Look at you! You’re all sweaty. What were you dreaming about?” Evan sat up, sprang from the bed and headed for the kitchen in search of something to quench his thirst.

“I dreamt some thugs were violently ransacking the neighborhood. It was terrible! They were more violent and ruthless than I imagined. It was gory and I am glad it was just a dream,” he swallowed the water from the glass and went and hugged his beautiful wife and smiled at her. “Thanks for waking me up, it was about to get ugly,” Evan said with a sly bit of humor in his voice and his crooked, devious smile that Aryianna knew all too well.

After lunch, Evan went to the truck to listen to the CB. He listened to the CB radio in thirty-minute intervals, three times a day. So far, Jeff was the only person he made contact with. He hadn’t heard much else on the borrowed radio. From time to time, he would get some undecipherable gibberish, but that was about it. He certainly hadn’t breached any lines of transmission between blacks, which were supposedly using the CB as their way of communicating.

Thirty minutes came and went and the crackles of static were all that filled Evan’s ears. He had to make the five mile trip to Jeff’s in a couple of hours and went ahead and put the AK behind the seat of the truck before going inside to get dressed and spend some time with his family before he left. He knew he would be gone for a while. He told Aryianna if he was not home by the time she went to bed not to worry. His mind was filled with thoughts and he was anxious to share them with his newfound friends. He briefly went over the course of action in case of emergency and Aryianna returned the lecture with a slight look of agitation. It was the umpteenth time she

had heard the oration and by now could recite word for word what needed to be done if an emergency arose.

“Just go hang out with your guys, be careful and don’t worry about us. We will be fine,” she said while hugging him. The children joined in the hug and the family shared a moment of togetherness.

Aryianna, Janelle and Owen walked Evan to his white, long bed pickup truck. He got in, closed the door and rolled the window down. Aryianna leaned her head through the window and kissed him one last time before retreating to the porch. Evan shifted the truck into reverse and backed out of the driveway. He slowly pulled away from the house and the picturesque image of his loyal, all American family stuck with him for the five-mile drive. Aryianna, devoted mother and wife, stood with one child on each side, each of them waving and smiling as Evan backed out of the drive.

Evan pulled up behind Jeff’s house a little early. Jeff greeted him, just as he had last time. They firmly shook hands and went into the garage. He was not surprised that he was the last of the ten men to arrive, although he was early. The men were all excited for the meetings, and looked forward to interacting with someone other than the members of their household.

Evan made his way around the room, exchanging handshakes and hellos. The talk quickly went from casual greetings to topics of significance. “Any breaking news or transpiring events in the last three days?” Jeff asked in a way as to informally get down to business.

“I got something of interest,” Evan quickly replied. “I was able to power up my radio and on an AM station picked up a signal and the broadcaster was saying he had unofficial reports of a foreign invasion on the East coast. He also said there was a massive attack on New York City and biological warfare was reported.”

“No shit?” the elder of the group Ross said. “I’ll be damned. Wonder if it’s the Chinese? I heard they have some kind of

biological weaponry that can wipe out civilization in a mean kinda way,” he acerbated.

“Not sure, he didn’t go into details and he said the reports were unofficial. Personally, the amount of trust I have in the media is extremely minimal. He could be legit or could have ulterior motives. In this day and age, I don’t know whom to trust and the mainstream media is at the top of the list as to whom I don’t trust. The media controls the minds of the people; therefore they control the people. They can say or print anything and people will believe it. We have been conditioned since childhood to assume the accuracy of reports from various media sources to be factual. Our brains are the hard drive and the media is the database,” Evan exclaimed with passion.

“In the last two weeks, we haven’t had any form of informative media and look at how uninformed, confused, and oblivious we are. We are a mass of sheep without a shepherd. We don’t know if we are being invaded, if we are at war or if our electricity is going to come back on. We don’t know anything, because our information provider has crashed. We have become dependent upon media in all forms for even the simplest of information. We determine how we are going to dress our kids for school according to what the weatherman says the night before. The media elects our president by releasing Gallup polls and telling the public that candidate so-and-so has no chance of winning, ultimately giving the candidate no chance,” as Evan continued, the men's interest only grew.

“Americans don’t want to throw away their vote on a loser, so they vote for someone they think has a chance, hence making their vote count and electing the media’s choice for president. It has happened for years. I refer to this process as media delegation. I would love to see an untainted election just once. An election where there aren’t any polls determining who is leading the race and who is trailing so far behind they might as well quit. Then people would be forced to vote on ideology or political policies instead of being able to say they voted for the winning candidate,” Evan was completely comfortable sharing his ideas with his new comrades; perhaps even more so than behind his computer screen.

“The media provides us our nightly entertainment. And who is entertaining us on a nightly basis? We sit down to watch a basketball game and there isn’t one White guy on the court. Our kids watch a music video and its some rapper with tattoos on his face, rappin’ about bitches, malt liquor, and blunts while White women grind their asses all over him. We turn on a movie and its some ghetto, gangster movie promoting black culture and its criminal element. We turn on the radio and we get this hip-hop trash filled with Ebonics and negativity,” the disgust in Evan’s voice was evident and shared by the other men.

“White folk’s minds have been filled with an image of blackness or primitive evil, as I like to call it. Our women are encouraged to partake in bestiality and our children are encouraged to idolize someone because he can slam dunk a basketball. White kids are raised with values and intellectual aptitude that is a result of generations of instilled morality. In just a few generations it has been erased, due to the media promotion of black culture. For some reason, the media wants to bring a superior, civilized, White culture down to the level of an inferior, barbarous, black culture. Is it because the powers that be want to assimilate us all into one race on a median intellectual level? In turn, making a reality of the melting pot theology, not a White, brown or black race but a combination of the three?” Evan’s fervor increased as he shared insights that he had never had the opportunity to voice.

“Control of the media is to have control of the nation. It is the single most powerful entity imaginable. It elects the politicians of our country, it entertains our country, it educates our country, it informs our country, it controls our country, and it has destroyed our country. We, as Americans, are naive and assume everything we read or hear is truth because it’s on the television or in the newspaper. But what if it wasn’t the truth? What if someone was intentionally falsifying information and passing it on as truth via the media? What if there is a conspiracy to dilute the White race?” Evan paused to allow his listeners a chance to ponder his questions.

“The Hispanic television channels and print media do not dare air or promote anything anti-Hispanic. The black owned television stations and corporations never consider promoting anything reputed negatively among its supporters. Of course, in my humbled opinion.” Evan paused for a second. “Actually it's more of a hypothesis. White media, or mainstream media as it's commonly referred to, is under the corporate control of an assortment of the following: Jews, Zionists, liberals, puppets or any combination thereof. Jews refer to us gentiles as Goyim, or, “soulless cattle,” whom they deem an easily herded race whose eradication can be achieved non-violently. By grasping control of the media, if White demise was the goal, what better choice of weaponry?” Evan had thought about these things over and over in his mind. He was in a near manic state of excitement sharing them with like-minded individuals.

“Was it in the White folks best interest to become a minority in its own nation? Our brains haven't been washed, but scrubbed of all the antibodies that fight off infection. Our children are taught from the time they enter grade school about White guilt and the terrible things their ancestors have done. When in fact Whites didn't invent slavery, they ended it. Africans enslaved, then sold their own people to slave traders who in turn brought them to countries such as America to sale. America was the country that abolished slavery. We killed off our own citizens in a war revolved around humanity. We are called terms like racist, which parallel terms like pedophile. We are told blacks cannot be racist, only Whites can,” the anger was undeniable in Evan's voice, yet the men silently acknowledged how articulate the group's new addition was.

“So many great men before us have helped shape the country. Great men like George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Robert E. Lee and Christopher Columbus just to name a few. All of these men were respectfully honored back when we still lived in a White America. Since the balkanization and the installation of White guilt, these individual days have been consolidated into days like President's day, Veterans Day and Memorial Day. Ironically, only one individual holds the acclaim of having a holiday in his name. Not

the explorer who was credited with discovery of the country, not the nation's first president, not a great general and not a signer of The Declaration of Independence. No, none of those great men, but rather a philandering, plagiarizing, woman beating, boozier and self-described Marxist by the name of Michael King, Jr. -A.K.A. Martin Luther King, Jr. This is how ass-backwards and blinded are country has become," as Evan's speech commenced, the other men quietly sat back and allowed his powerful words to fully sink in.

Evan stepped outside of the garage in obvious frustration. While outside cooling off, the other men continued the small talk amongst themselves. "I bet that ole boy feels better," Jeff said with a slight grin.

"Smart fella, he needs to keep a key handy and release those trapped thoughts of his more often," George said, pointing his index finger at his temple.

"I don't know how Evan feels, but I believe we need to make a trip into town. My wife and kids are depending on me, and I refuse to live like a caged dog anymore. As a father and husband, I want to display my valor with more than words. There comes a time in a man's life when he just has to go with his gut feeling, and my gut's telling me to go to town. What are y'all's guts sayin'?" The men stared at Jeff as the room becomes silent. Each was waiting for the other to speak next.

"Well I say if things aren't back to normal soon, we just make us a trip to the city to find out," George said. "That's what my vote goes toward. I want to see what the hell's going on. I'm with Evan and Jeff, we are just sitting around trapped in our homes, scared to leave and waiting for our TV to come back on and tell us what to do next. My family and I are about out of food and we have to figure out something soon. Yup, I say we head for town, fellas," George said after rising to his feet and pacing a few steps in the garage.

"I think we should wait for drastic times before making life and death decisions," James said. James was a tall rugged man with red

hair and a thick beard. "I have three kids and a wife at home too and nobody has threatened or harmed me and my family or even trespassed on my property. I think we should apply logic about what our actions are going to consist of. Just loading up our weapons, piling in our trucks and heading for the inner city to take control over an area we haven't even occupied in years doesn't seem right to me. The blacks have occupied the inner city for as long as I can remember. The area is a slum and the people who reside there are scum. There is nothing in the city I want or even care about. To go and risk my life, in turn jeopardizing the bastardization of my children and the widowing of my wife for something, which in my mind is lacking merit, is ignorant. Going to the inner city would be a choice of stupidity on my behalf. However, I am a team player and if as a group that is what we decide, then you can count me in," said the tall redhead.

"I agree with James," said Don; a stocky man with tattoos on both forearms and a receding hairline standing off in the corner. "What point would it serve to go to the inner city? I doubt there are resources available there. Those blacks are aggressive creatures. They will come out of the woodwork like cockroaches if they hear about some Whites coming for a fight. They love that shit. If our families are hungry, we need to think of ways of feeding them. We have rifles, and can go to the country and hunt for food. I have some fishing poles and plenty of tackle. I know of a nice spread just south of us about twenty miles that has a huge stocked pond, a river running through it and deer as big as cows. We could all go spend a day hunting and fishing. That would provide plenty of food for us and I doubt there are any bands of renegades out in the country. My plan of action is to provide food for our families. If we go to the city and get killed, who is going to take care of our loved ones? It is our responsibility as men and providers to meet those needs. My vote is for sustenance," the camaraderie in the room was increasing as each man spoke.

"With all due respect, those are the words expected by honorable family men," Evan said, speaking to James and Don. "I, too, am a devoted family man and take pride in providing and protecting my

family and property. But these are drastic times and drastic times call for drastic measures. An overthrow of our country is taking place as we speak. Our forefathers settled this land and their blood soaked the soil we walk upon. Without a country to die for, there would be no family to live for. As we sit here in this garage, the destiny of tomorrow is in our hands.

Our children and their children's futures depend on the actions we, as men take today. Fear creates the coward, just as pride creates the warrior. The muds want us to remain submissive to their expanding territorial aggression. This is a learned behavioral adaptation on their behalf. They have left the tribes of the motherland, for the concrete jungles of the promise land. Their plight is similar to that of a roach. The roach enters the dwelling and immediately lays it's eggs, while identifying available resources. Whatever resources are present, the roach adapts and thrives upon. An infestation develops and the former occupiers leave, continue to coexist or attempt eradication, often in failure. Continuance of mutual habitation is one of tolerance for disease-ridden parasites, who are filthy by nature and nothing of compensatory worth," Evan's words were deliberate and the image he described weighed heavy on the other men.

"We don't know if they are trying to overtake the country or not," James said while cracking a window for some air in the garage. He was rolling a cigarette and licked the paper to seal the tobacco in. "I know what the girl said, but I haven't seen any blacks or Mexicans in my neighborhood. Seems to me, if they were going to enslave us or violently overtake our government we would have seen at least one of 'em. Hell it's been two damned weeks. Like I said, the inner cities are slums anyway. They have already controlled them for years. Whites have migrated away and let them have it. They have run it down and made it the ghetto it is. If they want the inner city, they can have it. What does the city have to offer us? What if we do go down there and take over the inner city? What the hell are we gonna do with it? I don't want to go take back the inner city. I just want to get out of the house and explore a little bit. I want to see if what I have heard and seen is true, but I am not sure I want answer

these questions at the risk of my life,” said James, blowing out a cloud of smoke in the direction of the cracked window.

Evan quickly chimed in, “I want to see if there is a black, Mexican or foreign revolution taking place in our country. I want to see if there are dead bodies littering the streets. I want to see if blacks are attacking Whites or road blocking the streets, dragging Whites out and killing them. I want to pull up to one of these roadblocks with ten heavily armed men and give these punks a taste of their own medicine and allow our people to drive down the road without eminent death looming around the corner. What if one of your mothers was caught in a roadblock and killed because she was White? Are you going to tell me that don’t have any effect on you? Even if it isn’t your mother, and just happens to be a member of your race. Your people are being killed because of skin color. That doesn’t affect you in anyway?” Evan's voice escalated as again his discontent grew.

“In our lifetime, our people have been victimized and I believe there is a mass conspiracy to eventually eradicate our race. Feminism, homosexuality, violence, laws and regulations, White guilt, religion, intellectual degradation, miscegenation, modern fatal diseases that only affect White males, meaningless wars which our White men are sent to fight and die in, brainwashing by the media and through our public school systems, low birth rates and an open border welfare governmental system all share one common enemy, the White male! Who our oppressors are, and for what reason they have chosen us to oppress, I don’t know, but it’s more than coincidence if you ask me. I personally am tired of standing back and watching my people being destroyed. I don’t care if it’s not my mother, wife or child that is being exploited, attacked or killed. It’s still my people and I’m ready to fight for my people and the injustices we face. Hope doesn’t make change happen, action forces change to happen,” as he finished his last sentence, it was obvious that Evan's built up frustration was shared by everyone in the room.

Robert cleared his voice and began to add his two cents to the discussion. Robert was in his early forties, with a large gut, black plastic framed glasses, steel toed boots and thick hairy arms, “I agree with what Evan's saying about the demise of our people. I too have my theories on the subject. Everything you have mentioned is right on the money Evan, as far as tactics being used against our people. What you have failed to realize is the Jew is the instigator of these oppressive tactics. They control the media, the banking systems and have infiltrated government. They quietly and unassumingly go about their business in search of world domination. The Jew has been enemy number one of the White race since biblical days and have been expelled from countless countries for their devious ways throughout history.

The two most dominant sources of power in modern society are money and control over media. The Jews control over seventy five percent of all media and have dominated the banking systems for years. They are the ones who have filled our people's minds with all this garbage that you have mentioned, Evan. The sad thing is most people have no idea about the Jew World Order. They see the situation and realize the oppression taking place, but cast blame on the blacks. When, in reality, the blacks are just the Jews lackey's. I sense your disdain for the African race and I share it with you, but you must realize the true parasite of society is the Jew,” Robert stated with strong conviction in his voice.

“We all know blacks are not civilized or even capable of running a society. Africa has more natural resources than any other continent in the world, yet they still live in tribal settings practicing rituals like cannibalism in the twenty-first century. Despite massive efforts from western civilization to conform these people to modernism, they are incapable of acclimatization in any form consisting of a governing democracy. This is why I see it virtually unfeasible that this race is attempting a coup of the country. They have bought into the same ideology as the Whites. They see the same thing in the media that Whites do,” Robert said as he cleared his throat.

“The Jews are pitting the two races against each other through the media and other outlets, in hopes of an eventual explosion into helter-skelter, if you will. The Jews know the blacks are more aggressive and the Whites will run to the country in hopes of avoiding conflict. The blacks will win the apparent race war. Then, with Whitey gone, have the inability to be self-governing. Thus, the Jew steps out of the woodwork with the greatest nation on earth handed to them without the loss of one life. Never underestimate the Jew. He is callous and always lurking behind the scenes. He is smart and witty,” Robert stops his sermon and allows the information to be soaked in by the others.

Robert was from the Northeast, where the Jewish population was more commonplace. He knew from experiences with a few of the patriot groups he had been involved with that most Midwesterners had no idea what a Jew was. Nearly all relate the word Jew to their savior. They wouldn't know one if he walked up and slapped him in the face. He had been reluctant to bring up the subject, but he was convinced of his claims. Just like Evan, he wanted to awaken his comrades to the underlying cancer that was killing their race.

He had done loads of research as well and was convinced of his findings. He agreed one-hundred percent with everything Evan had said, but he knows the person or persons behind it all are Jews. “Let me give you guys my conspiracy theory,” Robert says after allowing time for absorption. “First off, I don't consider it a theory at all, a conspiracy amongst Jews yes, but a theory, no. The Jews have been working toward these times since their migration to the states. Their infiltration into positions of power in banking, media, and government has been put in place. Trust me, I have done the research. They dominate all three of them. And as I have mentioned, those three entities alone control this country, literally,” the other men sat back and listened to Robert just as they had when Evan spoke.

“It begins in public schools, when our kids are in kindergarten. By the time they graduate high school, White guilt was in full effect from years of reading negative history about their forefathers, often

falsified by the Jewish owned publishing company. During these years, they spend immense time in front of the television sets being entertained and informed. The Jews own or control these media outlets and are subverted in their messages promoting guilt and multiculturalism. In the movies, the White man or White army was always the source of evil. When a person finished the movie, he had one of two emotions depending upon his or her race. White guilt if he or she was White or White hatred if he or she was non-White,” the others listened attentively as Robert spoke.

Robert could read the emotions on the faces of the men he was speaking to. He wanted to take a brief second or two and let the information register. “Now, the next topic to support my claims of a Jewish conspiracy, the promotion by the media of feminism and homosexuality. When the White population was thriving, we had a reproductive rate of three children per couple. Therefore always increasing the population and replacing that, which has passed. A race must at least average two children per household to sustain the population at its current rate. Our race is reproducing at a rate of a little over one child per household on average currently. Common sense tells us failing to replace what was lost will lead to elimination. Now I know what you’re thinking, what does any of this have to do with Jews. Well here is your answer. Promotion of homosexuality and feminism through the media has created this modern phenomenon. How you ask? Allow me to explain. Throughout the annals of time, the woman’s place has been in the home.

Nowadays, thanks to liberals, even making that statement is considered derogatory. Nevertheless, it was the way things were. She gave birth to multiple children, and instilled good moral values in her children. She raised them to be responsible, productive, and respectable adults as well as tended to the duties of the home. Since the sixties and the rise of the feminist movement, this has become taboo. Women now are pursuing careers of their own, putting off marriage and family for selfish reasons, often not marrying until her mid- thirties or sometimes, not marrying and rearing children at all. This is all a direct result of the pro-feminist movement they see on television or read in the liberal, Jewish

owned magazines. The same argument can essentially be made with the issue of homosexuality. These criminals of nature also owe their modern acceptance and rights to that of liberal groups and Jewish owned media outlets,” Robert's voice began to raise as he straightened his posture.

“It does not take a nuclear physicist to figure out how this is depleting the White race of restoring its population through childbirth. Obviously, two members of the same sex cannot reproduce. It is true, all races have participants in homosexuality, but the White race is by far and away homosexuality’s predominant race. Several states have even adopted crimes against homosexuals as hate crimes. Don’t get me wrong; I am not an advocate of violence of any kind, against anybody. But to classify homosexuals and minorities in the same category is absurd. Homosexuality is a sexual preference and if that is one’s choice, then so be it, but to consider them a minority because of sexual choice is wrong! This totally supports my claim of victimization. Everyone is a victim of the White man’s oppressive ways. Even people who make a conscious sexual decision. Think about it, if a homosexual never told anyone they were gay, who would know? Who would discriminate? I have never felt the need to announce my heterosexuality? Where are my rights as a heterosexual!” Robert's face became hot. The other men could see his cheeks reddening as his voice rose, and he continued to speak. They had all wondered the same questions and shared his angst.

“Now let’s get into the realm of money and finance, the Jews specialty! The next subject I want to discuss is the economic destruction of our race at the hands of the Jew. I am going to show you how the Jew makes his money, by enticing you with bait and switch tactics. How many times have you been sent a pre-approved credit card in the mail? I am sure the number of times is countless. Who is responsible for these envelopes of financial ruin? That’s right, the Jew, because he owns the bank that extends the credit line to you at a twenty-one percent interest rate. You take the bait and get the credit line to purchase the materialistic things you want. Very seldom are these cards activated for purpose of survival or

need, but rather of want and greed,” it was clear that Robert had spent a considerable amount of time, possibly a few restless nights tossing and turning, thinking about all of this.

“Why the impulse for want and greed? Because the images on the television of the stars having expensive material things and the masses wanting to mimic them. So the Jew, through his media outlets, promotes material desires and in turn sends you a credit card to enable those wants to become haves. Those haves eventually become outdated, but the debt continues to mount. In the end, the debt becomes insurmountable and is paid off with a bigger line of credit on another card. Quality of life drastically declines because of this debt. People indebted are always worried about money and the ability to pay bills. Once the accounts begin to default, the creditors turn to vultures in pursuit of their all-important dollar. Providing the necessities of life becomes a struggle. Quality time spent with family is less and less due to time spent working to pay bills. Large portions of adult life are spent in debt. They are directly indebted to the Jew, financially. This is a direct result of media brainwashing through the teen years. Often, the first pieces of mail young adults receive are pre-approved credit cards, in hopes of enslaving them financially for years to come,” Robert briefly pauses before concluding on his speech about financial enslavement.

“I want to give some food for thought before moving on to my next subject. I don’t like whiners and by no means want our race to become a bunch of finger pointers for self-inflicted extirpation. Take this into consideration. Without crack heads there would be no crack dealers,” said Robert.

As Robert once again took a break to take a drink of water, Evan sat in amazement at the intellect Robert possessed and the eloquence in which he was able to put his thoughts and ideas into words. He had heard people speak on the radio who were well spoken, such as Robert, and was delighted to have made his acquaintance, but it was rare to have face-to-face encounters. Evan was from the Midwest and had never seen a Jew to his knowledge.

He knew people within the movement were insistent about the disease that was the Jew. Everything Robert was saying was making sense to him and he wanted to do some independent research of his own. Evan learned a long time ago not to just take someone's word as fact, no matter how informed they seemed. Just because someone was from the same mindset with similar ideas didn't mean they were always right.

"Being uninformed is being ignorant," was a motto Evan lived by. He had an embarrassing moment a few years ago, when he called into a local talk radio show and recited some information he heard, which he believed as fact. The DJ, who was up to date on the issue, made Evan look like a fool. From that day forward, Evan vowed never to make a judgment or take a side of an argument again without carefully researching the subject.

Robert picked right up where he left off. "I know many of you probably don't even know what a Jew is. Let me try to explain things like this to let you form your own hypothesis about the Jew. I am from the Northeast and everybody up there knows a Jew and what the Jew is all about. People in the South and Midwest have no idea about the Jew. I have tried to explain this to people in this region of the country before and they just don't get it. I understand, but you have to understand this. The Jew is cunning like no other race you will find. He has been expelled from everywhere he has called home. The Jew never even had his own home until the sixties, when the state of Israel was formed for the Jew because he had been expelled from everywhere else. Essentially, nobody wanted the rats around. There are many notions that the holocaust was a fabrication by the Jew to get sympathy, which led to them being given the state of Israel. I do not have enough facts to say for sure whether the holocaust happened or not. I do have my opinion on the matter, but that is just opinion. I will say I believe the number six million is symbolic and not literal. The Talmud claims six million burnt offerings are needed for the arrival of their messiah. Ironically, the term holocaust is defined as a burnt offering," Robert continued as he observed the other men's faces engrossed in the information he was presenting.

“These types of ploys have been in the Jews bag of tricks for as long as history has been recorded. This is what makes him so formidable and under the radar, not to mention good at what he does. Practice makes perfect at anything you do and when you have been practicing something for so long you become damn near perfect at it. He doesn’t want you to know his plan or course of action. He will act just like a normal person and try to befriend you. He isn’t aggressive and in your face like the blacks. The Jews are stealthy in their tactics,” Robert said as he drank the last gulp of the water from his glass and cleared his throat.

“If you really want to find the cancer that is causing the sickness, research what I am telling you. Do all the research you can on the people who control our financing and banking systems. Do all the research on the members of the government. Do all the research you can on the people who control the media. Research the history of the Jew and the inconsistencies surrounding the holocaust. These are all researchable subjects. Cross-reference their names in a search engine and you will be amazed to find out the two common denominators. Wealthy Jews! Now you might be wondering, so who cares that wealthy Jews are the ones in control of the big three. Well, I will answer that question with a question,” Robert said with a pause.

“Look at the state of the economy, look at the state of our government, and look at the state of our race. They’re all in disarray and our nation is in turmoil. There is a direct correlation to that is running the country and the state of the country. All I am asking is that you do the research. I know it’s not possible now, considering the electricity is out and Internet service is unavailable, but it will come back on and when it does, do the research. The Jews primary goal is to create World Zionism or essentially to control the world. This is what they want and they are going about it in a way that is so unassuming its brilliant. They have basically forced our own self-destruction upon us. The promotion of multiculturalism and miscegenation, teamed with the introduction of White guilt is ingenious. Without raising a weapon, they are on the verge of conquering the greatest race on earth. They have become wealthy

beyond their wildest dreams by creating a society whose status is judged by that of one's materialistic possessions and the good Jew will be right there to hand you a line of credit so you can have those worldly possessions you so desire; at twenty-one percent interest," Robert sat back in his chair, feeling a sense of release and accomplishment as he finished the rant of his personal ideology.

"Well, we can tell somebody has done his homework," Jeff said after the lesson on Jewry from Robert. "I have done quite a bit of research on the topic myself and I agree with everything you have said. There is no doubt they dominate ownership of the banking systems and the media. I just haven't come to the conclusion they are conspiring as a people with the hopes of worldly domination. I think like any race they have their bad apples, but I haven't seen adequate proof they have this century's old master plan to dominate media and finance in order to overthrow the world. Don't get me wrong, I am not saying it isn't possible and it has definitely been accused countless times, but, personally, I am just not convinced as of yet," Jeff said, addressing Robert from across the room.

"With that being said, I don't recall if you mentioned your plan of action for us as a group, Robert. Are you in favor of a trip to the city, a trip to the country for a day or two of hunting and fishing, or want to give it another week and see what happens? Those are the three we have heard thus far and of course you are welcome to add another to the list if you so please," Jeff said, closing the gap between the two men.

"Personally, I think we should go on an exploration. Not just of the inner city, but the city as a whole. I don't necessarily want to go look for a war; I am more interested in scanning neighborhoods like ours to find others like us. I want to see for my own eyes what is going on. Of course, I want us all to be armed to the gills and ready for battle. The fires have been out for at least ten days now, at least I have not been able to smell or see the smoke coming from town. If the violence is still present in the city, I am sure it's black on black, because the Whites are probably too scared to go down there,"

Robert finished his remarks and answered Jeff's question. He then went and refilled his glass of water.

Chatter filled the small garage behind Jeff's house. At any given time there were two or three different conversations going on simultaneously. Besides race and gender, the men all had several things in common. They were all educated, well spoken, opinionated, and family men, but the one thing that bonded this group together was the fact that they were all angry, White men. They were not just angry White men, but strong, proud, angry White men.

Evan was speaking to Robert and Ross in one of the three current conversations taking place at the moment. He was describing a creed he lived by since a young adult, "I am a man first and foremost, before anything else. I can't be a husband or father without being a man. If you take that one step further, I am a White man. I take extreme pride in the fact of calling myself a man. Not just calling myself a man, but being a man in every sense of the word. It's one thing to call yourself a man, and it's another thing to be a man. Nothing disgusts me more, than when a grown man calls himself a boy. This only takes place within one race that I know of, and that's our race. When somebody refers to me as a White boy, I correct them immediately and if they have a problem with that, I don't hesitate to show them why I corrected them. This is the mindset that has to change within our race. This is the culture we have to embrace. We have to have standards as a race. It all comes back to respect. With mud races, especially blacks, you have to earn your respect with them. Most can't even spell respect, let alone give it. But if you make them respect you, they will have no choice. Small things like this will go a long way with our race in the future."

Jeff was talking with Don, George, and James in another discussion, "We are all fathers in this room. The future generation will live according to the values we instill in them. If we allow our daughters to lay down with blacks, then we are as much to blame for the genocide of our race as our daughters are. If we allow our sons to act like wiggers, then we are just as much to blame for the

mockery placed on our race as our sons. If we don't teach our children the importance of race while they are young, then it's our fault they have no pride in their heritage. I have four children and I have told every single one of them that there are two things in life worth dying for: Family and Race, which are interchangeable. The family and race -I refer to people who adopt this ideology as racialisists- form the infrastructure. Inside this structure is an array of values to be instilled to racialisists. Along with the children's mother, we are the two support beams responsible for implementation of these ethics and values to our four children, forming the foundation. Every structure's strength is determined by the stability of the foundation. With a firm foundation and proper support beams, the structure will be strong. This is the best analogy I can give to paternal moral guidance and implementation. Dignity, pride, respect, loyalty and love will become a natural occurrence with the proper upbringing. If any of my four children lack the five values I mentioned, then it is not them to bear the blame of degenerate, but I who draw the blue print of inferiority."

The other three men were talking amongst themselves while sitting around the card table in one corner of the relatively small garage. The garage was actually Jeff's workshop and about the same size as a two car garage. Jeff built it years ago when first moving into the house. With his large family and modest three bedroom home, storage space was minimal and the shop was at the top of the list of things to do when moving into the house fourteen years ago. Jeff was handy and needed a place for his tools and an area to work on his small odd and end projects. He also needed some time away from his wife and kids periodically and would spend Saturday nights with buddies drinking beer (before he quit drinking) and playing poker in the shop. The garage consisted of a variety of tools, both hand and power, a freezer filled with frozen foods (currently being kept cold by a three thousand watt power inverter ran off a twelve volt battery) and the small card table in one corner.

John, Ray and Miller were sitting at the card table and Miller was the one presently making small talk. "I have ten thousand rounds of ammunition, an AR-15, fifty caliber rifle and a MAC eleven with a

hundred round drum clip. I did two tours in Iraq and I loved it! Violence is in my blood and I am ready to engage the enemy. Whoever that enemy turns out to be, they better hope they don't end up in my rifle sights. I am an expert marksman with an itchy trigger finger. The good Ole United States Army taught me how to kill with no remorse. Death is not only a fact of life, but a fact of battle and my attitude is kill or be killed," said the tall, gristly veteran.

Miller now realized the whole group was now listening to what he was saying and he raised his voice so everyone could hear him. "Hell, I voluntarily went down to the border to fight against the invasion of illegals coming into the country. I know we all have differing opinions as to the current situation and whose forehead the rifle of blame should be pointed, but never underestimate the toll illegal immigration has had on our country. Years of lax border patrol, with slap on the wrist repercussions, which have enabled an invasion of people of third world citizenship. While we help our allies fight their territorial border wars, our own borders are neglected, resulting in an incursion of immigration never before seen in history," Miller continued as he repositioned himself in the chair so he was facing the group.

"Never has a country assumed a mass of people in a short period the way we have in the last ten years. Just as Robert made mention of the Jew conquering a nation without any force, the same can be said of the Mexicans. In a very brief time span, Mexicans essentially gained control in many states and cities in the nation's southwest. They breached our lax border control system and flooded our country illegally. With them come disease, narcotics and crime. If captured, they are slapped on the wrist, given a free meal and a bus ride back home, at taxpayers' expense of course," the others in the room all knew what Miller was referring to, they had seen the deductions on their weekly pay stubs.

"After establishing roots, they begin to grow in numbers. Rapidly they become a majority in several areas, especially in the Southwest and Texas. After establishing majority status and gaining citizenship by a variety of ways, they assume control. By

representing the majority, the candidate or candidates with Mexican interests at hand are elected. Although many of these Mexicans came here illegally, they have since gained citizenship, thus giving them dual citizenship. There have been a couple of different ways they have been granted citizenship, even though actually being here illegally,” Miller continued as the others listened, knowing what he spoke was truth.

“A woman gets pregnant and illegally makes her way to the states and gives birth to her child. That child being born in the U.S., automatically is a U.S. Citizen. We've all heard of the term anchor baby, right? Every member of that child's immediate family receives citizenship as well. Now this may not seem like a big deal, but let me put it into perspective. Juan, Juanita and their four kids illegally enter our country, easily bypassing the undermanned border patrol agents and deterrent system in place to prevent such admittance. Juanita is nine months pregnant and ready to give birth at any day. They make their way to the nearest hospital, which is inclined to accept all patients whether here legally or not, insured or not. Now all of us here have children, so I know we are all very aware of the cost of childbirth. As a matter of fact, I have a five year old that my wife gave birth to by C-Section and I am still paying the bill. Of course, common sense tells us since Juan and Juanita don't have medical insurance and just gave birth to a child that ensures them and their five children citizenship, we as taxpaying Americans are left to foot the bill. They apply for all the available resources our country offers to its citizens,” it disgusted the group to think about the scenario, considering they were all struggling to care for their own families now.

The resonance in Miller's voice increased as he continued, “Food stamps, housing, Medicaid, education and differing grants and stimulus packages, all intended for the countries' natural citizens, who have happened upon hard times and need temporary help. Of course, as made evident by the blacks, this often becomes the crutch of survival without desires of betterment. The ability to be sheltered, clothed, fed, schooled and medically cared for at no expense is like hitting the lottery for these poor people. Now, mind

you, if this was an isolated event in which this occurrence was random, I would not have any problems whatsoever with an act of humanity and compassion toward my law abiding neighbor to the south, but as we all know, they have abused, used and misconstrued the system at our expense.

The Mexicans have found a loophole in the system and are exploiting it with premeditation. They have networked as a people and are well aware of the anchor baby statute that awaits them in America. They have been rewarded for breaking our countries laws. The justice rewarded the acts of injustice is catastrophic in consequence. Approximately twenty-five percent of illegal immigrants have achieved legal status due, with owed thanks, to their anchor baby. The rest, upwards of about forty-five million people, attained their citizenship by either state or national acts of amnesty. Several states, particularly border states, where Hispanics control majority status, have elected either Hispanics or Hispanic sympathizers into state offices producing pro-Hispanic legislation, such as varying amnesty laws. The Hispanic voting bloc unite to a person, choose and promote a candidate who best serves their cause, and show up in masses at the polls to elect. Any candidate who runs for office at the state level of Arizona, California, Texas or New Mexico must win the Hispanic vote to win the election,” it was evident that Miller too had spent a considerable amount of time contemplating the current state of affairs and their cause.

“After President Amohal enacted the last amnesty law, assuring all current residents' citizenship, the border was secured by the military. The estimates I have seen, since the influx of people migrating north to the U.S., is around seventy million illegals that have crossed the border and entered our country. Of those seventy million, about forty million have established citizenship via anchor baby laws or the various amnesty offerings. Simple math tells us that around thirty million people living in our country are here illegally. The only ones who have not been granted a free pass are ones with felonious criminal convictions or those who have made the jump since the lock down of the border. This border crackdown,

if you will, is what I believe resulted in President Amohal's assassination," the men all continued to listen as Miller spoke.

"He was elected by the Mexicans three years ago and catered their powerful vote. He promised amnesty, which he held true to his promise, but ultimately turned his back on Mexico after the bill was passed. The Mexicans want a unification of Mexico, United States and Canada into one nation. Amohal reneged on his promised support for the North American Alliance and I believe it ultimately got him killed. With that being said, I have heard a couple of so-called conspiracy theories in this room and just wanted to throw mine in the hat as food for thought. I will support my claim with factual data about the mass tidal wave of third world immigrants invading our country as being the prime factor for our people's downfall," the room remained attentive to Miller and the information he was presenting.

Evan, once again, marveled at the amount of scholarly prowess he was in the presence of. Miller struck Evan as a warmonger, just itching to go to battle. He often spoke of his war experience or was talking about guns. Evan knew Miller was, by far, the most knowledgeable of the men with regard to firearms and likely the most skilled in their use. To hear the man, whom he assumed was the warrior type; talk with an articulate ability, using reason behind his logic was impressive to Evan.

Miller looked directly at Evan as he spoke now, "I don't want anyone to judge me as a hypocrite, so I am going to elaborate on my thoughts aloud with the naked truth. Every one of us has a direct link to immigration, somewhere down the line. The difference from the immigration of our ancestors and the Mexican immigration is assimilation. Our ancestors were required to leave their heritage and ties to the native country behind and indoctrinate the standards of being an American. No longer were they Russians, Irish, Italians, Germans or so on, but were now Americans. They left the old country and started a new life in a new country with a new nationalization.

This is the big difference in relation to the massive Mexican immigration of today. Mexicans aren't expected to cut ties with their Mexican heritage or even their Mexican citizenship. Most haven't even learned the language of the country they hold citizenship in. We don't refer to them as Americans. We call them Mexicans. More importantly, they don't call themselves Americans. They call themselves Mexicans. There is nothing wrong with pride in a person's heritage, but assimilation is a must in order to keep the country unified as one," the men all knew this to be true, and many nodded in soundless agreement as Miller spoke.

"Mexicans face the problems third world countries are faced with. One of those problems, which have directly affected us, is the diseases they have brought to our country. There are diseases in our country, right now, that are not native to our country or have already been eradicated due to proper vaccination programs and treatment. The diseased have migrated with their hosts to invade a new population. Tuberculosis, Leprosy, Hepatitis A, B and C, Chagas Disease, bed bugs and head lice are all conditions rampant in Mexico that were virtually non-existent in the U.S. until the recent invasion. Millions have entered our country illegally, without proper health screenings and vaccinations. This directly affects every citizen in the United States. Without being rude, let's just be honest. Mexico is a third world country, whose sewer systems cannot handle toilet paper. They throw their used toilet paper in a box and subject it to flies and cockroaches. Those flies and cockroaches spread the diseases throughout the communities. They seldom practice hygiene, such as hand washing. This isn't intended to be stereotypical and say that all Mexicans are dirty and don't wash their hands, but the facts support the evidence that people of third world countries do not practice good hygiene," it was terrifying to think about, but the magnitude truly sunk in as Miller voiced these facts aloud.

Miller again repositioned himself in his chair. He postured up, straightening the arch in his back. "Let me briefly try and sum up everything I said. A people of third world residency have invaded us and our crooked politicians have allowed it in order to be elected.

With them, they bring communicable disease and other health related issues that fall burden to our medical system. They work for below market value driving labor costs down. While they drive down wages paid for service, their people raise taxes and costs on other services they use. Money made is deflating and cost of service is inflating. This results in economic disaster, which we are currently facing. They make up a large number of our prison system, which is paid for by taxpayers. They use the emergency room as a doctor's office, which has medical costs skyrocketing from unpaid and unnecessary visits to the hospital. They receive all the welfare resources available, which is paid by taxpayers. Last but not least, all of this isn't enough to suffice their appetite. We are at war as we speak, on the border with a country that has over seventy million citizens residing within its borders. That is seventy million people with dual citizenship -not counting Mexican Americans who have lived here for generations. No matter how much we give, they want more and they won't stop until there is nothing else to give.

I personally do not have a problem with them as a people. It is a give and take system, like everything else. If I were a Mexican, living in poverty and could make it to the United States, I would sure as hell try and make it here as well. So it's not a racially biased accusation. The blame lies with our government for being lax and not securing its borders and upholding the responsibility of protecting its citizens. We should have the most secure southern border system in the world. We represent power and wealth to the utmost extent, while our unfortunate neighbor to the south exemplifies debility and poverty. No two bordering countries in the world are so inimical in stature," Miller looked around the room as he finished speaking and he could tell that his words resonated with the others.

Miller's thorough elaboration regarding immigration was precise and explanatory. Evan remembered back ten years ago when Whites still held the majority and this was a big topic of debate. The failed enactment of policy by government allowed the inevitable to happen. He recalls the political campaigns of a couple of politicians

centered on illegal immigration. People didn't take them serious, but their predictions were accurate. Another perfect example, Evan thought, of his own people selling him and his family up the river. The main core of people who denounced deportation of the illegals was the evangelical sect of the White population. At the time, when illegal immigration was a hot topic on the campaign trail, both locally and nationally, Whites still controlled the majority of the voting bloc. As evident by today's social condition, Whites clearly failed. The evangelicals would unite similar to that of minority groups and support candidates who coveted and catered to the Christian vote. Illegal immigration, at that time, was looked at as a humane issue and to deport these people back to their native country was inhumane in the evangelical's eyes. The benevolence given to Mexicans once again created malevolence upon White America.

Just as Evan was about to address the group, Ray's deep, raspy voice filled the room. Ray was a large man and his accent was of heavy southern drawl. "Them damn mesicans ain't worth a damn! They ain't no damn better than them damn niggers if you ask me. I seen them sum bitches eat cats and dogs and let their damn kids play in raw sewage. They're the filthiest damn people you ever saw. I'll give 'em credit for one thing though; they'll work their goddamn ass off. They sure as hell drive down wages though. I'd hire me a crew of wet backs and give em half the going rate, a bag a tortillas and jar of jalapeños and they'd work from sun up till sun down.

And let me tell you boys something else good about 'em. Them damn señoritas got the wettest damn pussies you ever stuck a dick in. I was down in boy's town one night many years ago and seen one of them filthy whores fuck a goddamn donkey. That dick on that damn mule was as long as my fuckin' leg. That bitch took that dick and you could tell her and that damn mule both loved it. That fuckin' mule was a heehawing and that ole' bitch was ohhawwin. I had always heard stories about them women fuckin' them damn donkeys and let me tell you what, they ain't just stories. There's some donkey fuckin' bitches down there in Ole' Mexico," the men all chuckled as Ray talked. He had the uncanny ability to make people laugh, while the whole time not even cracking a smile. Ray had

been a homebuilder all of his life and made lots of money doing it. He was the story telling type that would have everybody laughing. He enjoyed drinking bourbon and playing high stakes poker.

Evan knew he wasn't the fat dumb redneck that he portrayed himself to be. The large stomach, southern draw and profane mouth gave off the first impression of ignorant redneck, but Evan had talked to Ray and knew he was a smart man. Ray held a Master's degree in Business Finance and was valedictorian of his Georgia high school. It was definitely quite the transition from the tone of the night. Robert and Miller were scholarly in their presentations about the topics they spoke of. Research and knowledge was not lacking in either man's repertoire. They were up to date and well informed.

The vote was unanimous. All ten men voted in favor of an armed expedition into the heart of Tulsa. They would meet at Jeff's in two days at high noon and take two pickup trucks, each with three armed men in the beds of the trucks. Evan and Jeff, whom both had pickups with enough gas for the mission, volunteered to drive. Evan had a little over forty-eight hours to prepare himself and his family for all possible outcomes.

Evan shook hands with everybody and made his way to his truck. It was already five-thirty in the morning, but he wasn't the least bit tired. He was still wired up from the homogeneity of the night with his new pals. He really enjoyed expressing his feeling and opinions. Jeff was right, it was definitely therapeutic and a rejuvenating feeling was evident afterwards.

The morning air was brisk and smelled the way only the Oklahoma air could smell. The job he held a year ago, before quitting, had him up at this time every morning and he loved the early morning hours and watching the sunrise. With the browning of the leaves on the Tulsa countryside, and the melodic chirping of the birds, the mindset was tranquil for Evan on the cool fall morning.

He started his truck and let it warm for a moment before leaving. He looked at the gas gauge and it still showed $\frac{3}{4}$ of a tank and he

knew that amount would be adequate for the mission to be made in two days. He briefly messed with the radio dial to see if he could pick up any signals on the clear morning, but the only thing he was getting was crackling, so he turned the radio off. He watched the men walk in different directions to head to their homes. The sun had yet to rise, but the light of morning allowed sight. He put his White pickup truck in gear and pulled out onto the neighborhood blacktop. It was cool outside, so he turned the heat on low. He took a deep breath and exhaled with a huge sigh. He had enjoyed the night and began to daydream of the upcoming occurrence a little more than forty-eight hours away.

BAM! Something ran out of the tree line on the side of the road and smashed into the passenger side of his truck. He swerved, nearly going in a ditch. The front windshield was caved in on the passenger side. He brought the truck to a stop and grabbed the pistol from underneath the seat. Opening the door to inspect the truck, he heard rustling in the ditch about thirty feet back. He wasn't sure what he hit with the truck, but whatever it was done quite a bit of damage. He took the pistol off safety and approached the rustling.

When he got ten feet away, the noise stopped. Evan took two more steps and came to a halt. The sky was just beginning to brighten with the rising of the sun, but he couldn't make anything out in the overgrown weeds of the ditch. A slight breeze ruffled the leaves of the nearby tree as he slowly approached with pistol drawn.

Something wet, with bad breath was licking his face. He was lying in the middle of the road and could hear his truck still running about twenty feet away. The sun was out now and the birds chirped from the overhead power lines and nearby tree. He sat up, rubbing a tender spot on his head. There was a massive knot just about his hairline. He shooed away the dog that had revived him from his unconscious state. He rose to his feet and his head felt heavy. He wobbled back to his truck, groggy from his state of unconsciousness. He observed the damage to the passenger side of the truck and the caved in windshield. The front fender and hood

had a good-sized dent in them, but nothing that would prevent it from being driven.

“Oh my gosh, Evan what happened!” Aryianna said frantically, looking at her husband's bruised face and bloody nose.

“I hit something on the way home and wasn't sure what it was, so I stopped and got out to see what I hit and the damn thing jumped out on me and rammed me head on. I was unconscious for about an hour and my truck was just running in the road burning fuel. Used up a quarter of a tank just sitting there idling,” Evan replied, still a bit dazed from the accident.

“Here, let me get you a wet wash rag and clean you up. What was it you hit honey?” Aryianna asked as she tried to soothe the knot on her husband's head.

“A deer,” Evan said, sitting on the couch, taking the wet cloth from Aryianna, cleaning his face of the dried blood and dog slobber.

“I figured now is as good a time as any to let you know, Friday we are going into town. I'll be leaving right before noon and should be home before dark. We aren't going to be gone long, just going to give a look see in town,” Evan said while looking in the hall mirror and scrubbing off some of the blood stuck on his forehead.

His nose was not broken and Aryianna's diagnosis was a mild concussion from the head on collision with the doe. The good-sized knot on his forehead was gashed open, but did not need stitches. Evan knew he was fortunate it was a doe and not a buck. A full grown buck would have weighed a hundred more pounds and had a rack of sharp antlers that would have inflicted some serious, if not lethal, damage to Evan's head.

VIII

The second hand on the wall clock ticked away at the silence that permeated the room. It was ten after one in the morning and Evan was up, battling his insomnia again. He had a headache, but other than that, all was well with regard to his accident with the deer yesterday morning. He had his nose in a book, but his concentration was lacking and every other paragraph found him staring at the wall or ceiling, lost in thought. He told his wife and two kids countless times throughout the day he loved them. He was certain he would be okay, but he never wanted to be put in a situation regretting the expression of his love for his family. He proudly admitted he held true to a pact he made with himself the day his first child was born. He promised himself, and both of his kids when they were old enough to understand, every day of their lives he would tell them he loved them at least once. Evan's parents did not use the L-word, and when his mother or father did say the words "I love you," it made him feel awkward. He vowed to raise his children in a loving home, where the actions spoke as often and loud as the words.

Evan got up from the couch and walked down the hallway cracking the door open to the room Janelle and Owen were sleeping in. The full moon of the night was veering between the cracks of the window blinds, shining on both of the children's faces. He stood there staring at them, as the emotion of love strongly overwhelmed him. He teared up and tried to channel the emotion to one of positivism.

His ultimate goal was to transform American society back to the way it was intended to be. He had sincere hope that all across the nation, other patriots were forming small groups and taking back their neighborhoods, communities and towns. This nonsense of a society that had become "Pro," everything negative and "Anti," everything positive was repulsive. His children deserved better and just as his forefathers fought to preserve quality of life for him, he strove to return the favor to the future. He closed the door and walked into the room he and his wife shared. She was sound

asleep. He lied down next to her and put his arms around her, kissing her forehead delicately. He whispered in her ear that he loved her and in her calming presence, he fell fast asleep.

Evan awoke the next morning and looked at his watch. It was ten-thirty and he had the dazed feeling he got when he slept soundly for more than nine hours. He had been grumpy the last couple of days, which generally meant the insomnia had been getting the better of him. He felt refreshed and content that he slept as well as he did with the big day ahead of him. He stretched with a mellowed roar and hopped out of bed with an upbeat attitude and excitement about the day's upcoming events. He had an hour and fifteen minutes before his departure. Evan washed his face and brushed his teeth before dressing.

This checklist he made of reminders to himself was brief but important. He grabbed it and started to check things off as he went. The list consisted of his AK-47 with two clips and a hundred extra rounds of ammunition, his 9mm and two clips with fifty extra rounds, his large boot knife, binoculars, his water canteen filled with fresh water and a variety of snacks to munch on.

He wanted to exhaustively go over worst-case scenario with Aryianna and the kids. Even though it was a slim chance, anything was possible and there was the prospect he might not be back. Evan does not want his family to be helpless or dependent upon anyone if things went wrong. He knew Aryianna was wise and the children were smart, obedient, and respectful. Everything would be fine regardless of circumstance, but he was inclined to lecture his soul mate all the same. The main purpose of the family meeting was expression of the most powerful emotion known to man.

He loaded his truck and told the children and his wife goodbye one last time. He was surprised to see Rachele out of the spare bedroom and standing outside seeing him off. She had been as quiet as a church mouse and seldom left the room, unless nature called or she needed to get something to eat or drink. Evan asked Aryianna to inform Rachele she would need to take up residency

elsewhere. Evan knew Aryianna would be the better of the two to break the news to her. She was well spoken, polite, and always on an even keel. She didn't get rattled and would put it in a nice, but firm way. He waved at Rachelle, his way of saying goodbye to her, knowing this would be the last time he saw her. He hoped the best for her and was saddened by her fate. He was not good at goodbyes and tried to avoid them at all cost. He had no ill feeling towards the woman and felt terrible for the chain of events, which dramatically changed her life forever and lead to her brief stay on Ruth Street with courteous strangers. He slowly pulls away from the house on Ruth, waving at his children until he rounded the corner onto Main Street.

The damage to his truck was noticeable and the glass on the passenger's side was caved in slightly where the female deer hit the windshield. Luckily, the glass on the windshield was shatterproof so it would stay intact until a replacement could be installed. It would be hard for whoever was riding shotgun to see clearly through it, but it would shield whomever from eating bugs on the way to town. The damaged fender and hood were just eyesores and had no effect on the truck's handling or performance. Evan would be at Jeff's in five minutes tops and was ready to see the city for the first time in weeks. He did not know what the mission would achieve, but he was surprisingly optimistic.

Aryianna, Rachelle, and the children went back in the house after Evan pulled away. Noon was the daily reading time for the children and Aryianna asked them to go ahead and start their reading without her. During reading time, the children would get their reading material and head to a quiet place. Owen preferred the couch and Janelle often chose the solitude of her bedroom. Aryianna usually took this time to read as well. She enjoyed reading political philosophy books on all forms of government and idealisms. She was very intelligent and although not as opinionated as Evan vocally, harbored her own beliefs internally.

Aryianna lightly tapped on the door to the room Rachelle had occupied for the last week. "Yes," Rachelle said.

“Rachelle, I need to speak with you for a moment,” Aryianna said politely. “I do not want to sound rude when I tell you this, but Evan and I have discussed your staying here and we have come to the decision with food and water dwindling by the day, we cannot afford to feed another mouth any longer. We have no idea when normalcy is going to be restored, but until things are back to ordinary we are going to assume the worst. Each morsel of food and every drop of water we have managed to stockpile will be for the mouths of our immediate family from this day forward. I hope you understand. We truly sympathize with your personal tragedy and wish you the best. You will need to be out by tomorrow morning. I’m sorry and hope you understand,” Aryianna said in a calm, yet firm demeanor.

“What! I cannot believe you! I know Evan told you to tell me to leave. I could see it in his eyes when he was driving off. He was waving goodbye, knowing you were fixing to come in and tell me to get out. He knew when he got back I’d be gone. Why didn’t he tell me himself if he didn’t want me here?” Rachelle said with her voice raised and defensive.

“Rachelle, to be honest with you,” Aryianna said in an assertive tone. “Evan and I have been more than accommodating to you and your staying here. The food you ate and water you have drank, was food and water intended for our family.”

“Evan told you, that you could stay here a couple of days because he is a good guy and was trying to do a good deed. He is totally about unity within the White race and the fact you are White and were wronged by a group of non-Whites is what led to his generous invitation. Now if you want to be respectful, courteous, and appreciative you are welcome to stay until the morning. If you want to have an attitude and be ungrateful, you can leave now,” Aryianna said in a matter of fact, monotone voice.

Rachelle and Aryianna stood and stared at each other for what seemed like minutes. Aryianna was waiting for a response and Rachelle was deciding what her comeback was going to be. “You know what, I have sat here and tried to stay out-of-the-way and be

grateful for all you guy's have done, but it's so hard when I know I am living in a house with racists. I have three mixed kids and have dated black men all my life," she said with her hands on her hips, as an apparent attitude transformation had taken place.

"And while I'm at it, I might as well let you in on a little secret. The whole story about me getting raped and my family getting killed was a lie. I am actually from here in T-Town and I was hidin' from the po-po's. Me and my man, Rodney had been out hittin' icks when the law rolled up," Aryianna stared as the visitor spoke in a new and vulgar tone. It was not just Rachelle's words that were appalling, but her newfound dialectic attitude which suddenly overcame her was gut wrenching.

"I had just got in the dumpster thirty minutes before Evan showed up. They arrested Rodney and Skeeter and I split and ended up hidin' in that dirty ass dumpster. We were breaking into houses that had been abandoned by all these scared ass White folks. When I saw your husband, I could tell he was a racist ass redneck and if I told him a good story about how some nigga's and essay's raped me and killed my family, he would give me a place to stay and hide out from the law. There is no damn war going on anywhere between the blacks and Mexicans. I live in downtown Tulsa and there are troops everywhere down there. They put an end to that riotin' bullshit damn near two weeks ago. They're gonna show up down there and get their White asses killed, that's what's gonna happen, and your stupid ass is gonna be here widowed with two kids cause your racist ass husband wanted to go kill him some niggas. You know what, fuck it, I'm out!" Rachelle said, walking out of the room as if all of a sudden she is a hardcore gangster whose paleness had darkened a shade or two. She slammed the door on her way out and Aryianna watched her while peeping out of the mini blinds of the front window. Rachelle rounded the corner on to Main Street and just like that was gone.

Aryianna was dumbfounded by the actions she just witnessed. How could somebody act that way toward the people who let her stay in their home and eat their food? They opened up their home to

a stranger and this is the thanks they get? Aryianna was so glad Evan had her do the dirty work of asking her to leave. She knew if Evan had gotten the same response and attitude in his home, he might have snapped. He despised race traitors or “darky lovers,” as he called them.

Panic began to set in on Mrs. Roddenberry soon after Rachelle rounded the corner and was out of sight. How she wished she had a cell phone or some way of contacting Evan to warn him of the impending information cast upon her by their two faced house-guest. Rachelle was a proven, self admitted liar and could not be trusted, but if she was right about reinforcements being everywhere in Tulsa, Evan and his mates were in trouble. The gun ban prohibited civilians from owning guns in the first place. If two truckloads of armed men arrive in the city and were confronted by the legal powers that be, the best-case scenario was a trip to jail. She had a vehicle in the driveway, but no idea where Jeff lived and just driving around hoping to spot him would be like finding a needle in a haystack. All she could do was remain calm, think positive and not worry unless he failed to return by nightfall as promised. In a roundabout way, she was hoping for the good deed to repay itself.

“Expect the worst and hope for the best,” was a phrase she heard Evan say hundreds, if not thousands of times. He paid close attention to detail, failing to leave any stones unturned if the worst occurred. Aryianna immediately began to think of the children and protecting the house. She knew Rachelle was still in the area and was aware of the resources the Roddenberry’s possessed. She was an admitted criminal and a compulsive liar that disrespected the laws of man as well as the laws of nature. Rachelle probably assumed Evan wouldn’t be back and the prim and proper White girl with two young children and a stash of food and supplies would be an easy target for her. Being that she said she was from Tulsa and burglary was her forte, an accomplice wasn’t going to be hard for her to find. In a process of thought typically unbecoming of her, Aryianna hoped Rachelle would try to underestimate her and her ability to use a short-barreled shotgun. Aryianna was not sure if Rachelle was even aware there was a shotgun in the house. It was

quite possible she thought Evan took the firearms with him, and she was home unarmed and defenseless. She didn't want to kill anyone, but Rachelle's ridiculous lies now endangered her husband.

She pumped a shell in the chamber of the shotgun and stood it up in the corner behind the front door. Rachelle was aware the entrance through the back would not be feasible, thanks in part to the two aggressive pit bulls in the backyard. Evan and Aryianna had both warned her, more than once, about going into the backyard. The two seventy-five pound balls of muscle named Rudolph and Lucifer were both solid white with green eyes and red noses. Evan trained them as guard dogs from the time he bought them when they were six weeks old. They were loved family pets, but home protection were the dogs' main purposes. Only two things would get them to release their death grip if they locked. Evan's command, or a pry bar and the strength of a strong human. The stockade fence around Evan's house was covered in "Beware of Dog" signs. Even though the dogs were good with Janelle and Owen, Evan allowed the backyard to be their territory and only Evan intruded on it. This was deliberate and Evan had all the faith in the world the dogs would not let him down if the security fence was breached. He knew he was playing with fire on behalf of the extremely powerful aggressive dogs, but was confident the six-foot stockade fence and the electric shock wire along the bottom interior of the fence would keep his dogs in. He could see no reason why anyone else would venture into the backyard, bearing in mind the signs and the tall fence to scale. There were two access gates that are padlocked at all times. All the immediate neighbors were aware of the dogs and every kid on the street had heard about Lucifer and Rudolph. They were the mythical monsters of 113 Ruth.

IX

“Damn, what the hell happened to you?” Ray said shocked at the scrapes on his face and huge lump on Evan's head.

“I hit a god damn doe after I left here the other day. I guess I was daydreaming while driving down the road and the damn thing hit me out of nowhere, scared the piss out of me. At first, I wasn't sure what I hit. I got out to check the damage on the truck and see what it was. She ambushed me from the bushes and rammed me head on, knocked me out cold. I laid in the street for about an hour, when some old stray dog woke me up, licking the blood from my wounds,” said Evan as Miller and the other men chuckled. “To make matters worse, I burnt a quarter tank of fuel in the truck. It was just sitting there idling for an hour while I was out cold,” he said.

“That could have been food for a week. Does are damn good eatin too,” the avid outdoorsmen Don said.

“Yeah I had my nine drawn, but it was still kinda dark and I couldn't get a bead on it. That sucker was as quick as a rabbit. I walked toward the sound in the ditch and before I could get my pistol raised, she head butted me full force. I am just glad it wasn't a big-racked buck. Probably would have killed me,” Evan said, rubbing the knot on his forehead.

Eight of the ten men were already standing or sitting around Jeff's shop, making the usual small talk. Jeff was up front in the house and Ray had yet to arrive. The men started giving their accounts of what they thought would take place in the upcoming hours. Evan and his “Be prepared for everything,” mantra began going over possible situations, wanting to make sure everybody was on the same page should those situations arise.

He arranged meet up spots in case of separation or abortion of mission, discussed medical procedures for gunshot wounds, and emphasized making each shot count and not just firing randomly.

Evan was not military trained, but was knowledgeable in rules of engagement. He spent many nights reading about battle and even more nights lying in bed, envisioning battle. He knew the importance of being a unit and each member of that unit playing an intricate part. He hoped if the S.H.T.F. during this upcoming excursion to the city, he wasn't surrounded by cowards or morons.

He spent three interesting evenings with these men picking their minds, but going to battle was a whole new ballgame. Everyone's ten feet tall and bulletproof in his or her own mind, but when the realization of a life or death situation presents itself, the image in the mirror doesn't always reflect one's persona. Evan learned this fact the hard way. He never was a guy who enjoyed fighting, but in high school he participated in a few of the racial brawls.

He fought in three different race riots in his years during high school. He went to a predominately White high school, which had a small percentage of blacks. There were very few Mexicans, Asians or Indians. The blacks and Whites were always having problems getting along. A White guy would get into a tiff with a black guy and the next thing you knew, it would be Whites against blacks at the old baseball field.

There were about twenty or so blacks in the high school and every one of them would show up for the fight (even the females). There were about three hundred Whites at the school and about thirty of them would attend. The most disturbing thing about it was about ten or so Whites would always show up and fight with the blacks. When a brawl was planned out for a day after school, it would be the talk of the school that day. All these supposed bad ass White guys who always talked so tough, would always end up being no-shows.

Evan suffered his share of bumps and bruises at the rumbles, but felt the fights aided his evolution to manhood. He was scared at first, but learned to fight his fears (and fistfight) and go to battle with his people. He hoped some of these new found friends of his were not similar to some of the big talkers he knew in high school. The ones

who would get stuff started and when push came to shove conveniently disappear.

“Alright boys, lets load up,” Jeff said, entering the shop with Ray right behind him. Jeff looked very nervous and he was trembling. His eyes were blood shot red as though he had been crying, and his words were unsteady when he spoke. This immediately stirred concern in Evan. He didn't need someone to freeze up if the S.H.T.F.

All ten men were now present and it was time to get the ball rolling. Ray was riding shotgun in Jeff's truck and Miller was riding in the front cab with Evan in his truck. Both truck beds contained three men apiece, all armed with a variety of firearms. Miller's AR-15 was lying across his lap and four thirty round clips were sitting next to him in the center console of the truck. Evan was glad to have Miller in the truck with him. He knew out of all the men, Miller was the one who was battle tested. Evan's 9mm was sitting in his lap, the AK behind the seat and extra clips for both in his coat pockets.

The trucks were parked side by side in the backyard of Jeff's house. Evan looked over at Jeff and nodded, indicating he was ready to roll. He could not help but notice tears running down Jeff's face. Jeff put his sunglasses on, but Evan could still see the trail of tears coming from underneath the glasses. Jeff was waving at his family, which was standing inside the house visible through the sliding glass window facing the backyard. Evan was all too familiar with the heartfelt emotions that arose with the departure of loved ones. A trip to the grocery store or heading out for a day on the job was one thing, but parting with the prospects of no return was another.

The sounds from both engines fill the afternoon air. Jeff pulled out with Evan following closely behind. Evan followed Jeff's brown, late model Dodge truck to the end of the residential street. Oddly, Jeff waved at a van parked near the stop sign at the end of the road. The van was white and had tinted windows. Evan thought it was quaint Jeff waved at the van, considering the tint on the windows

was so dark it was impossible to see in. Evan did not see how Jeff could have known if somebody occupied the van. Evan continued to follow Jeff as they left the suburb of Jenks, Oklahoma and headed for downtown Tulsa on their probe for enlightenment.

The scheme consisted of Jeff leading the way into town with Evan following a few car lengths behind. They were going to avoid I-44 and take side streets into Tulsa in case of any blockades that might be on the interstate. Evan was to stay far enough behind to intercept any attacks that came upon Jeff in the lead truck. The men had no idea what lied ahead and if they drove into an ambush, Evan's posse could act as a rescue squad. Once they got into the Tulsa city limits they were going to go north on Lewis to the north side of town, then east to the Yale and back south, returning home to the suburb of Jenks. This would be about a ten or fifteen mile round trip and would take them through the heart of the city. After the trip, the probe for enlightenment should be resolved.

The two trucks entered the south side of the Tulsa city limits heading due north. They had traveled about five miles from home and thus far, the trip was insignificant. No sign of any other cars on the roads (other than the mysterious white van with limo tinted windows parked at the end of Jeff's street). The assemblage of men on their quest was approaching the city at a constant rate of forty-five miles per hour.

Evan and Miller remained silent, with their eyes peeled for movement. Nervousness was noticeable in both men's demeanor. BOOM! A shot rang out of the back of Evan's truck. It scared Evan and Miller, causing Evan to swerve and apply the brakes. He turned and looked through the back glass of the truck to see what just happened. George was holding his shotgun and on his feet in a squatting position. Smoke was seeping from the barrel of the shotgun.

"Ten points," George said while sticking his head over the truck cab and into the open passengers side window, bragging of his direct hit.

“What the hell did you shoot?” Evan asked George in a pissed off tone of voice.

“Either a Mexican or sand nigger. I couldn’t tell which, but I know he’s at least worth ten points. I was hopin for a goddamn nigger. They’re worth twenty-five!” George said with an odd laugh, and then assumed his position in the bed of the pickup truck with the other two men.

Evan and Miller looked at each other with irritation. Miller peaked back over into the back of the truck and saw all three men acting childishly. He could tell they all thought this was some kind of game. Driving his truck in town with some idiots playing a juvenile game, with life or death implications, instantly gave Evan a troubling feeling. Jeff’s odd wave at the white van by his house and bizarre behavior along with the variable of not knowing the men he was with very well was creating anxiety. He knew this wasn’t a game and had no intentions on making it one.

“I got a bad feeling about this,” Evan said while keeping his eye on the road. “What the fuck was he thinking, just shooting somebody out of the back of my damn truck? I can’t believe this shit! I’m gonna flag down Jeff and tell that son of a bitch to get in the back of his truck. I am tempted to just turn around and go back. My gut is telling me something isn’t right. I got a BAAADDDD feeling,” said Evan, worriedly.

“Calm down. Let’s just get through town and back home. We still have a way to go. I’ll tell them to cool it and not to shoot at anything else. You just worry about the road, stay composed, and drive,” Miller said calmly.

“Hey fuckface, you shoot that god damn gun again at anybody who is not shooting at us, and I’m gonna shoot you. You fuckin’ hear me!” Miller threatened.

“Yeah, Yeah. Lighten up, man. I’m just havin a little fun, that’s all. I’m cool,” George said with a smile of sarcasm on his face. He gave

a look to the other men in the back of the truck the same way an adolescent would give his teenage buddies after a scolding from his school teacher. A look saying, "Yeah whatever, I am too cool for this anyway."

Evan had worried about this happening. A group of men getting together who don't really know one another outside of a controlled environment could result in unpredictable behavior. The meetings at Jeff's garage all seemed to turn into a battle of cleverness. Now you arm everyone, get them away from home and let them feel powerful and all hell breaks loose. There were always a couple of rotten apples in the sack that spoil the whole bag. Evan thought about it the night before while lying in bed and anticipated there was a chance of something bad happening. He promptly dismissed it as pessimism, but recognized he might have been right. He once had a golden retriever that was the calmest dog he ever had, until it got out of the fence. It would run and ignore Evan's commands when it got loose, but while in the fence was as obedient of a dog as you could find. George reminded him of that dog.

During the three meetings Evan attended, he couldn't help but notice the theme of each man was to try and outsmart the next. It was like a group of scholars matching wits. Now he wondered in a changed environment if the men were going to assume their roles of competing, only this time in the exact opposite way. Who could be the craziest fool of the bunch?

On the trip down Lewis Street, Miller and Evan both could not help but notice it did not resemble a war zone at all. They didn't see any people out and about in the city and they only saw two vehicles on the road up to this point, one being a motorcycle. The city was not charred the way they expected it to be. There were not any massive groups attacking people like they saw on television two weeks ago. There were not any helicopters flying overhead with news crews hoping to catch the next brutal attack.

Actually, they saw at least three people walking on the streets normally (George shot one of them). They viewed a car cross over

Lewis on a side street a half a mile ahead of them and a man and a woman on a motorcycle going the opposite direction on Lewis. There were no signs of smoke. They did see a burnt building and one house that was partially burnt. The expectation of encountering raiders was nonexistent thus far and the mood was upbeat in the cab of the white pickup owned by Evan.

The fifteen-mile trip was about half way over. The vigilant crew was approaching the intersection of North Fifteenth Street, which was the street they would head east on before going back south down Yale.

“Been duped by the media again,” Evan mumbled to himself, but loud enough for his partner riding shotgun in the beat up truck to hear. Evan made the right hand turn on Fifteenth Street heading east right behind Jeff’s dark brown Dodge. Within seconds after making the turn Evan hastily realized his gut feeling had been right. The whole trip he felt something was not right. Now he knew why. S.H.T.F.!

X

Evan awoke to the sound of keys rattling and boots thudding against the metal tier. Awake, but with his eyes still closed, he heard the key being placed inside the sally port and the small door came opened. "Roddenberry you got a visitor," the correction officer or C.O. yelled into the six by eight concrete cell. Evan got out of bed, brushed his teeth, put some water on his face, and threw on his prison issued white uniform and blue slip on loafers. He backed up to the door and placed his hands through the sally port.

The C.O. handcuffed Evan and then signaled the command center to open the door. After opening the door, Evan's feet were shackled and a chain connected the hands and feet. He waddled down the second floor tier escorted by four officers to the visiting area. The sound of inmates screaming and yelling profanities at both Evan and the officers filled the "dungeon," that was cell block C.

Evan was led into the visiting area and placed in a metal cage that was locked after Evan was placed inside. He remained shackled while in the "box," as it was known to inmates, and he looked through the small opening at the visitor sitting across from him. The box was solid steel, stood seven feet high and three feet by four feet in area. A metal plate served as a seat and a five by fifteen inch slit face high to speak through. The opening in the box was similar to the sally port in the cell door in size and appearance. The metal cage was transparent, with one-inch holes making up the walls of the "box." It was constructed for high security inmates like Evan, with the purpose of restricting movement.

There was a wall separating the box and the chair the visitor sat in. The wall was solid except for a twelve-inch thick metal lattice screen encircling the visiting area. Inmate and visitor contact was prohibited and a guard was assigned to the area to assure the rules were followed. At other prisons, contact and conjugal visits were permitted. High security non-contact visits were the only type of

visitation at this institution. All inmates at this penal institution were awaiting execution.

Evan was at Highland Eternal Life Lockup, located just north of Laramie, Wyoming. The prison was built two years ago to house the worst inmates in the country. Inmates sent to H. E. L. L. were here until death, which was almost never achieved naturally. Every inmate in the institution was a “dead man walking,” and had no chance of getting out of. The United States did away with appeal processes three years ago and a death sentence now meant exactly that.

Each death sentence imposed by either jury or judge was automatically appealed within sixty days of the conviction. If no flaws or errors were found in the conviction, it was concluded as justice served. The convict was then immediately shipped to a, “death house” where he would permanently reside until executed. The inmate was guaranteed to meet the executioner within seven years. An exact date was never set for security purposes. Once the chow crew failed to send a tray through the cell door, your time was near (forty-eight hours to be exact).

The only way to be sent to H.E.L.L. was to kill another inmate or guard while being incarcerated. H.E.L.L. was a prison for the worst of the worst, the prison system within the prison system. Human contact for inmates at the prison was almost non-existent. The inmate’s only human contact was with correctional officers and they were shackled during that time. The sole interaction they have with the correctional officers were during transportation to the “yard,” shower or to the visitation area. Medical staff did not exist anymore in facilities that house condemned inmates. People sentenced to death at the state level, still did their time at a state ran death row. Problem inmates were sent to institutions like H.E.L.L. to alleviate the state of disruptive inmates.

Ever since the “Death Means Death,” legislation was passed in 2004, inmates with death sentences had no hope of ever getting their sentences overturned or commuted. The automatic sixty-day

appeal takes place for all condemned inmates and once that process was exhausted with no errors being found, death was unavoidable. There had been a few rare occasions of a conviction having been overturned. In these cases, the evidence of wrongful conviction was so palpable the judge was given no choice. If an inmate was found to be innocent and the sixty-day hearing was dead and gone, he might as well give up any hope, because there was none left.

There was no such thing as life sentences anymore in the United States. Legislation was passed into effect with the “Death Means Death,” bill eliminating the option of imposing a life sentence. To eliminate prison overcrowding and relief upon taxpayers, the maximum time a person could spend in prison was twenty years. Any sentence longer was commuted to a death sentence and the inmate would be executed within seven years.

Any medication or medical assistance they might require was null and void, as a way of repaying their debt to society and as a tax cut to the working citizen. If an inmate was beat up or broke a bone, he's allowed treatment. However, any chronic conditions were not to be treated. The estimated amount of taxpayer dollars saved was in the millions since the enactment of the legislation forbidding medication, routine medical checkups, dental work, and treatment of terminal diseases.

Inmates were locked down in solitary cells twenty-three hours a day, with one hour outside the cell a day in a ten-by-ten cement room with a pull up bar and a racquetball, known as “the yard.” They were allowed three cold showers a week, one, fifteen minute collect phone call per year, and one two hour non-contact visit per month (at a charge of twenty dollars to the visitor).

Evan had been in the penal system since 2006, six years this month. A journalist had convinced Evan to allow him to write a book about the events that have since made him infamous. This was the second meeting between the men and the whole two-hour visit was recorded on tape, which was used as the source in writing a book.

“Good morning Evan,” the thin faced, blue eyed, spectacle-wearing author from Idaho said.

“What’s up?” Evan said, looking Mr. Immenger in the eyes.

“Considering we only have one meeting a month and the meeting lasting all of two hours, let’s get started. Do you remember where we left off last month or would you like me to refresh your memory?” Mr. Immenger asked Evan leaning up toward the cage with the recording device in his hand.

“No, I remember. Have you started writing yet?” Evan asked. He was adamant the book was written as factually as possible. He was steadfast the proceeds go to White Victims of Colored Crime, a nonprofit organization that helped with legal expenses and medical bills for Whites who were victims of crimes by people of color. Evan had a couple of offers to have his story put in writing, but since losing everything; including hope, he never had the desire to talk.

The change of heart came when he was transferred to H.E.L.L. The isolation teamed with boredom consumed him. While he was at the state institution in Oklahoma, he had more freedoms and never wanted to take the time to talk to somebody who wanted to make a buck off of his misfortune. Inmates in state or federal facilities were not allowed to profit in any way from the circumstances surrounding their incarceration. Any proceeds an inmate earned went directly to the institution. There was no commissary available, so currency was of no use to inmates.

Mr. Immenger was a freelance journalist from northern Idaho and self-proclaimed White Nationalist supporter who had written other works for imprisoned Whites. He had written a total of six books to date, with the biography of Evan making number seven. Three of the six books centered on wrongful convictions of White men. The other three focused on White men who were imprisoned and sentenced to death for their politically incorrect, pro-White views. It was widely alleged Whites who expressed racist behavior were targeted for other crimes and sentenced to lengthy sentences or

even given death. Some, like Evan, had become martyrs within the underground White Nationalist movement.

Mason Immenger was in his late fifties and had been a freelance writer most of his adult life. He previously wrote for mainstream publications before realizing they were amending what he wrote. He would submit an article for publication then often read a plagiarism the next day after it was published. He drew the last straw when he wrote an article for a newspaper about a hate crime committed by a black against a White. He accurately reported the happenings, only to read his edited article the next day totally misconstruing the facts.

Evan's cut on the book would be twenty percent, which would go toward the afore mentioned non-profit organization. Evan knew Mr. Immenger's reputation. A former acquaintance of Evan's at the Oklahoma prison recommended Mr. Immenger, if he ever decided to tell his story. Mr. Immenger visited Evan on a few occasions when he was imprisoned in Oklahoma. They developed a rapport over the years and had become more than just acquaintances. They both knew there was not much time left before chow skipped Evan's cell. Time was of the essence and they pushed forward to meet the deadline.

"Its 9:45 AM, Wednesday April 19th 2012," Mr. Immenger said while pressing the record button. He placed it as close to the hole in the box as he could get. He leaned back, grabbed his hot cup of coffee, sipped ever so cautiously from the styrofoam cup, and intently anticipated the words from the well-spoken convict.

Evan began just where the two had left off at their last visit. As he re-told the harrowing events, it was if they had just happened yesterday. They were burned in his memory forever. "We rounded the corner right behind Jeff onto Fifteenth Street and there was a massive gathering about a block down in the middle of the street. Miller grabbed the binoculars and gave it a closer look and all I heard was two words out of his mouth, 'OH SHIT! There is fucking hundreds of them and they got guns,' was what he said. So I slammed on the brakes and came to a screeching halt in the middle

of the street. I wanted to think before I acted, knowing my life and the lives of the men in my truck were teetering on my next action.

I watched Jeff and waited for his brake lights to flash, but they didn't. He just kept on driving into the sea of men. Finally he stopped and I got the binoculars from Miller to get a closer look. Miller had to hang out the window to look through the binoculars because of the shattered glass in front of him. As I looked into the binoculars I saw Jeff get out of the truck and walk up to some men and shake hands with one of them. I saw him look directly at me and he was pointing in my direction," Evan sat tense as he recanted his story, though his voice remained even and smooth.

"Jeff was speaking with a black man in military style clothing with a rifle strapped over his shoulder. I looked back at Jeff's truck and James, Ross and John were standing in the bed of the truck, but I couldn't see their weapons. I guess they'd put them down in the bed to conceal them from the mob. I looked back at where Jeff was standing. He was only about ten feet from the truck. As I turned my head, all I could see was Jeff's brains being blown out of the back of his head," Evan was completely still as he said the last sentence, His eyes gazed over ever so slightly and Mr. Immenger could tell the event was playing back in Evan's mind, just as vividly as the day it had happened right before his eyes.

"The army then attacked the truck like a pack of hungry wolves attacking a carcass. I didn't hear any gunshots so I wasn't sure exactly what was happening. I couldn't understand why nobody fired upon the mob in self-defense like we had talked about. I quickly dropped the binoculars in the seat and I heard Miller say 'Let's get the fuck out of here!' I threw the truck in reverse, all along keeping my eyes two blocks down the road on the violent mob. I could see a large group was approaching us on foot," said Evan. Mr. Immenger sipped his coffee slowly as Evan spoke. The writer had heard many tales of atrocities before, but Evan painted a picture in the journalist's mind that he often carried with him for days after leaving their meetings.

Evan adjusted himself on the hard metal plate where he was seated, trying his best to find some form of comfort. He took a deep breath, and closed his eyes for a moment before he continued, "I heard the sounds of bullets tearing through the truck. The full metal jackets were ripping through the metal like a hot knife through butter. I heard a loud explosion, only later to realize it was my front right tire exploding from a bullet. I turned around in the street and something smashes into my shoulder. The pain was an intense burning sensation and I grabbed at it with my left hand. I floored the gas pedal, but the truck didn't respond well. In a matter of seconds the truck had taken a barrage of bullets and I thought maybe the radiator had been hit. The men in the back were returning fire."

Evan looked directly into Mr. Immenger's eyes as he spoke. His voice was steady, but Mr. Immenger could sense the pain in his words. "Everything was happening so fast, but in my mind it was all in slow motion. It was the weirdest feeling. My life flashed before my eyes and all I could think about was my wife and kids. I rounded the corner back onto Lewis, heading south and then the truck just stopped. Smoke was bellowing from the hood and the rubber was gone from the front tire, leaving just the rim.

The smell of hot metal filled the air. I could hear the fear in the men's voices as I opened my door and everyone scurried to get out of the truck. I grabbed my pistol and the assault rifle from behind the seat. I was trying to think rationally, but the thought of death was persistent. I knew we had about one minute, maybe two, before the army came to the intersection of Lewis and Fifteenth and the continuation of the gun battle resumed. I wanted to get away from the truck to an area with better cover for the upcoming gunfight. I looked in the back of the truck as George hopped over the side and onto the street," Evan momentarily paused as if he was trapped in the moment for which he was speaking about. Mr. Immenger cleared his throat, and Evan resumed.

"Don was lying in the back of the truck with gunshot wounds. Blood was smeared all of the walls of the truck bed from Don's movement after being shot. Unfortunately, he was already dead. He

had a bullet hole in his head right above the right eye and blood was coming from the middle of his chest. Robert hopped out of the other side of the truck and he, George and Miller appeared to be unscathed. Robert and George were frantic. They looked nauseated from just having seen their buddy killed right in front of them. Miller looked at me and asked if I was alright as we all regrouped in front of my truck.

Miller eyed the shoulder wound I sustained and as I stuck my alcohol soaked bandanna over the wound. I had a first aid kit in the truck and I made sure to grab it along with my guns, ammo and water canteen. George and Robert were reloading while I was looking for a place to take cover and form a resistance against the upcoming assault. Miller saw a building across the street and about half way up the block with a four foot high concrete wall in front that would make for better cover than the bullet riddled, smoking pickup truck. We all made a run for the wall. Each man was toting his guns and ammo and Miller grabbed Don's shotgun and pistol. We knew we would need all the firepower we could muster and as soon as we hit the wall, we were under fire. Miller immediately returned fire with his AR-15 and I stuck the barrel of my assault rifle through a hole in the weathered wall we bunkered down behind," Evan hunched his shoulders just a bit and coughed twice. He gave a large inhale through his nose making a snotty sound before swallowing whatever the sinus cavity released.

"The hole was large enough so I could aim and fire with a good view of the battlefield in front of me. Right away I noticed three dead bodies about thirty feet in front of us and hear repeated gunfire to the left of me where Miller is roosted. I had a good feeling about having Miller in the truck with me and was glad he hadn't been wounded like Don or myself. My wound was superficial and by this time I believed the bleeding was already beginning to slow. The intense burning from the alcohol soaked rag was the least of my concerns at the time. It was a clean shot. It went in around the shoulder and existed through my back. I could still move my shoulder and arm so I figured I was OK.," Evan said, remembering the event.

Evan instinctively tried to move his shoulder and arm around, but the shackles reminded him he was no longer a free man. The rattling of metal against the seat for which Evan was sitting was but another reminder of the life he was now living. Maybe this was the reason he wanted to tell his story. His life wasn't always this way. He was once a free man, or at least not confined to a cell.

Evan continued to tell his story with a sudden sense of excitement in his voice, "I ripped off my first thirty round clip and as I was reloading, Miller reminded me to make every shot count. The glass behind us was shattered by gunfire, but the concrete was holding up and the bullets were not penetrating it. The enemy fire was heavy and they were flooding our immediate area with bullets. We were pinned down and I was covering from my hole as the other three men took turns raising up and firing about ten rounds a piece before ducking back behind the wall. We were making an honorable stand, but we knew the odds were stacked against us and we couldn't stay there exchanging fire much longer. Ammo would eventually run out and with their overwhelming manpower and firepower, they could wait us out.

My ears were ringing like a cymbal going off repeatedly in my head. I couldn't tell if or when the gunfire ever stopped or started from the agonizing nonstop vibration in my eardrums. My heart was pounding like never before and I thought if a bullet didn't kill me soon, the upcoming massive heart attack would. I stopped to reload and Robert took my spot with his twenty-two rifle. Miller and George were alternating turns firing upon the army of men while Robert covered them. The gunfire became heavier with every passing second and Miller informed us that we needed to move. He raised his rifle and popped off a few more rounds. He ducked down behind the wall and told Robert to cover the hole. As he fired at the enemy through the hole, the three of us made our way into the building directly behind the wall we were perched at," Mr. Immenger could only imagine living through such a terrifying event, but as he stared at Evan, and listened to him speak, he could sense that Evan had been through many other terrible situations since that day.

“The glass was already broken and we could crawl into the building without being noticed. Miller began firing and one by one we crawled through the broken glass in to the old office building. Our hands and knees were filled with cuts from the broken glass, but we were still alive. Once inside we rounded a corner and stood up dusting off the glass and pulling out exposed slivers from our hands. I sat against the wall and took out my bottle of alcohol and re-soaked the bloody rag and applied pressure to my wound. Miller came running in the building and we went to the far end office window to gauge the extent of the army we were facing. The windows of the office building had mirror tint on them. The end office we ended up at was far enough to the north of the building the glass was not broken. There appeared to be at least fifty men scattered around the building having taken some form of cover or another. The more noticeable fact to me was the amount of dead men lying in the street. I would estimate at least twenty men had been picked off by our gunfire,” Evan said, again seeking comfort on the hard metal seat. His back was stiffening, but he knew it was important for get as much of the story told as he could.

“I couldn’t help but notice my truck. It was filled with bullet holes and was smoking badly. The sight saddened me; especially since Don’s dead body was lying in the bed of my pickup. Miller told me and Robert to stay by the window and keep an eye on the attackers and be prepared to engage if they came in. The room with the window was at the end of the hallway from the front door we entered. If they came in through the front door, Robert and his rifle would pick them off. George and Miller went to the back of the building to see if there was a way out. A big truck then pulled up to the front of the building. It was a big green military vehicle with a canvas cover over the back. I had seen vehicles like this in movies and figured it to be a personnel transporter capable of carrying a couple of dozen men. The men in the makeshift battlefield merged to the truck for cover,” Evan’s voice began to get louder just as the guard that both he and Mr. Immenger forgot was watching, walked by. The guard shot Evan a quick look of warning, and kept walking.

“Just then, a man appeared from the back of the truck with a grenade launcher and shot a grenade through the front doorway, which created a massive explosion. Miller yelled from the back 'LETS GO!' So we grabbed our guns and headed to the back of the building. Another explosion happened about thirty seconds later as we opened the back door to the building. No sooner had Miller pushed open the back door, did we come under fire again. They already surrounded the building and were waiting for us to exit the back. Another explosion hit the front of the building and we knew we had to act fast or death was certain. We were surrounded, with grenades coming in through the front and bullets being fired in the back. Miller said we could all run out together with each man firing rapidly, making sure each shot was at somebody. Aim at what we shoot, and make each shot count was the plan we had discussed before leaving Jeff's just for an occasion of the type.

There were only about five men covering the back. If we took a couple of them out and got to cover we might be able to survive, otherwise we're good as dead was what Miller told us before going out the back door. Miller said he would lead the way and take out the first two men that came into sight and we should come out one second apart after him. 'As soon as I go out and you hear me fire, the next man comes out and soon as he fires, the next and so on' was how he instructed us. He knew more than we did when it came to military battle, so we were more than willing to follow his lead. He showed by example that he was no slouch when it came to combat,” Mr. Immenger sat back in his chair, uncrossed his legs, and took the final sip of coffee from his cup. As he listened to Evan speak, he watched the man who had fought so hard for the freedom of White people, and was grateful to him. He couldn't help but think about how he took the ability to freely move his extremities or sip from a cup of coffee for granted at times. Mr. Immenger tried to look Evan in the eyes as he spoke.

“Miller led the way out the back door and I followed. I came under fire as soon as I came out. I could hear the bullets whistling by me. The bullets were ricocheting, creating an ever-present sound of hissing bullets. I saw Miller running and shooting, heading south

towards the neighboring building to take cover. Before we ever left Jeff's we established if we ever got into a firefight and were bunkered down, the lead man take out the closest combatant and then target anything to his furthest left while moving in the same direction. The next man out would fire upon the first closest enemy and then fire at eleven o'clock, the third fire at one o'clock and the last man fire at anything past two o'clock. We were to always stay moving till reaching a safe place of cover. This plan worked brilliantly and I was amazed we all made it the fifty yards to the next building without any loss of life. None of us were hit and we had at least taken a few of their gunners. We took cover behind a large brick wall that was used to conceal a dumpster," Evan looked at Mr. Immenger and noticed the seriousness on his face. Evan smiled at the journalist, after all this was one of the greatest achievements of that harrowing day. Evan took a deep breath and Mr. Immenger followed suit.

Just then Officer Long walked by catching Evan's attention and he lost his train of thought. It was a good thing, perfect timing, relieved some of the tension in the air. Officer Long was a very attractive brunette that Evan and all the other inmates at H.E.L.L. had taken a liking to. The two made eye contact as she walked by, checking in on Evan for his routine thirty-minute box check. He acknowledged her with a "Hi," and she responded with a nod of the head and the tiniest glimpse of a smile. Inmate and officer chitchat was highly forbidden. He watched her walk to the next box while admiring her nice round ass. When she turned back and looked at Evan, her eyes didn't display the look of the typical officer glare, but rather the eyes of attraction.

A feeling overcame Evan afterward, creating a new found sympathy for caged dogs and their sense of smell that recognized a female dog in heat. The sexual inhibitions that overcame him were enough to make him start acting like a fool, but he kept his composure and continued his admiration silently from afar. The way she batted her long eyelashes at him when she turned back aroused the convict. Her eyes were a chalkboard with lust written

over and over again on it. The flirtatious action was both exciting and torture for the incarcerated man.

Mr. Immenger suddenly interrupted Evan's lustful daydreaming. "Evan, time's ticking. I will not be back for another month and I want to get as much of your story as I can. Please continue, if you would sir."

"That's one hot bitch. I think she likes me," Evan said to the amusement of Mr. Immenger. He interviewed several inmates and heard this talk and had seen this action towards women countless times. It was true some officers were attracted to the convicts, but every convict in his deprivation of sexual contact became delusional towards every woman they interact with.

"I'm sorry, where was I? Hmmmm let's see here, oh yeah, so we turned the empty dumpster over, forming a barricade with the concrete walls that surrounded us. We were still under fire and bullets were ricocheting off the dumpster and the nearby building. The dumpster wasn't the best cover but it was working. I knew as soon as the army heard the firefight going down it would only be seconds before they would make their way to the back of the building. I knew they were going through the burning building, making sure nobody was hiding out in it. We had just a few minutes to make a move before the grenades were going to start flying our way. The gunfire became fervid and we were having a hard time returning fire from the inability to raise our heads up to fire without them being shot off. In the front of the building the hole in the wall saved us. Now barricaded in and under heavy fire we have no way of safely returning fire. They had us surrounded and I knew the end was near," Mr. Immenger noticed a slight look of sadness mixed with a sort of restlessness in Evan's eyes as he spoke.

"I looked over towards Miller and he was loading the clip for his AR-15 and mumbling to himself. He threw the clip in, looked at me and winked. He had this crazy ass look on his face. I was scared, I knew he had lost it and I was fixing to be blown up by a grenade at any second. He raised up firing his rifle and within seconds, he was

lying face up on the ground two feet away from me. He had a bullet hole in his throat, right cheek and one hit him right square in the left eye. His right eye was wide open, with a stare of blankness. His chest wasn't moving and he was already dead. Remnants of his brain oozed out from the hole in the back of his head. Our hopes of living were dissipating as fast as the bullets were whizzing by," Evan paused for a moment and looked directly into Mr. Immenger's eyes.

"You know what, Mason? One of the complexities of life we are faced with every second of every day is death. If there is one certainty in life, it is death. At that point in my life, I had never experienced death on a personal level. A grandfather had passed, but I was too young to even remember him. In less than an hour, at least four people I knew were dead and it wasn't by word of mouth or the reading of an obituary, which informed me of the bereavement, rather it was by a visual confirmation. To go my whole life, which at that time had amassed some thirty years and never know anyone who died, then in a period of an hour to see four people killed with my own eyes was pretty traumatic," Evan paused again.

"Sure death is awaiting us all, but we all hope to die of old age while in bed asleep dreaming of the good old days. By that time in our life, we probably sense the time is coming and have somewhat prepared for it. We are conditioned for death because we see it on television and read about it on an every day basis. Damn near every sitcom, movie, reality television crime drama or book has death interwoven into its plot. So do you would think when death comes knocking on your door, you would be ready to answer with a desensitized welcome? This however, at least in my case, is the furthest from the truth," Evan's eyes were filled with lament for all he had lost and all he would never gain.

"I am in my forties now and I'm not one step closer to being ready for death now then when I was as a teenager. If the golden streets of perfection awaited my eternal spirit, maybe I would be eagerly anticipating its arrival. I have had a lot of time to think, especially these last couple of years, and I have convinced myself religion is a

sham. It is a man made concept, designed to answer those questions, which are unanswerable. The irony of human nature is almost humorous. We overwhelmingly agree the evolution of knowledge in humans is astounding,” Evan struggled with the metal chair and the comfort it provided. He could just not get comfortable. The shackles were cutting into his wrists, but he continued to speak as though he were on a Lazy Boy in his own living room.

“Some of the most renowned and revered thinkers and philosophers of early times were wrong in their assessments about varying subjects. We know this through major advances in science, technology and exploration. The mind of a genius in the 1600’s would intellectually compare to an average high school student of today’s time. So why do we realize ideas of history were menial in certain phases with the exception of the most far-fetched of all? Supernatural beings, creation by word of mouth, virgin birth, walking on water, resurrection, and healing by the touch of a hand are just a few examples of things we scientifically know are absurd. Yet we attend churches that tell us these things are true and really happened. Why? We want guarantees. We want hope. We want answers. We want punishment. We want a civil society who answers to a spirit who witnesses all. It’s hard for us to associate the thought of non-existent, pre-birth nothingness with the same non-existent, post death nothingness. The actuality of us being cognizant and accepting of the fact we are but a speck of sand in a universe sized desert, whose existence is irrelevant to any facet of universal function is a hard pill to swallow. Knowing the world will go on for another billion years after death and you will have no recollection of anything, just as you have no recollection of the billion years before your birth is a mind-boggling intuition,” Mr. Immenger discreetly smiled, knowing that Evan had way too much time to think.

“Knowing one’s relevance in accordance with accomplishment is depressive. Time’s infinite and human existence is minuscule in relation. Closure brings upon nothingness, yet we want something. I read somewhere that humans are the only creatures who need to account for their existence. All other living beings just live and die.

Why can't it be that simple for us? Nobody wants to accept they are nothing. Innovative thought creates mythical worlds and laws we know today as religion. It brings forth the thought of creation by the creator, but if you believe in the idea behind creation you have to believe that the creator was created. I always wondered what came first, the chicken or the egg," Mr. Immenger sat and listened to Evan as he spoke. These were things that every man had thought about at some point, but Evan was articulate in his presentation, and Mr. Immenger enjoyed listening, even if time was of the essence.

"Don't let me fool you, Mason, I don't have all the answers and know nothing for certain, but when you're a man in my situation with nothing but time, your mind is your navigational tool through the realms of thought. Unlike a programmed tracking system in a vehicle, my mind has got me lost. It has traveled to parts unknown and I have had to find my way back. Every door can be unlocked; you just have to find the right key. I don't critique or judge one's beliefs or thoughts, unless they are ridiculous and obviously lacking in astuteness. My mind is a lock pick always looking for another door to open. I often find those doors by exploring minds of others and by an accumulation of pieces; I create a puzzle of satisfactory results. The blueprints of creation are in the minds of the created. I am sorry Mason, I know time is essential and here I am ranting about nothing. Let me jump down off my soapbox and get back to business. Unless you care to add something," Evan proclaimed astutely.

"Another time Evan, another time my friend," Mr. Immenger said. "Maybe we could correspond via mail on the topic. We could easily take up the rest of our time talking life, death and religion. Even if we agree, it's an endless discussion. I agree with some of your points and I too have thought long and hard on the subject, forming my own opinions. The next time the thoughts come into my mind on creation, evolution and religion, maybe I'll get to my computer and put my thoughts into words and send them your way. Maybe it will relieve some of this swelling on my brain," Mr. Immenger said with a cackling laugh.

Evan gave Mr. Immenger a look of contempt, and sat in silence. Mr. Immenger, sensing Evan's frustration said, "I know you love to debate and you would have been one helluva lawyer Evan, so we will leave it at that."

He had known Evan since his incarceration and had visited him with some frequency through the years and had one too many "discussions," with the subject of his writing.

"Please continue Mr. Roddenberry," Mr. Immenger said with both men exchanging foolish grins.

"All right, my mind is craving debate but I know you're all business and time is of the significance," Evan wiggled his hands to adjust the cuffs on his wrists that were indenting the skin. He straightened his posture, cleared his throat, and resumed.

"So anyway, the three of us left alive were all hunkered down behind the dumpster and the bullets began to slow. They were just coming in over our heads and sinking into the structure's bricks right behind us. I looked at George and Robert and I could tell they were as clueless as I. None of us knew what the hell to do. Our whole posse had been eliminated by death and we were looking mortality square in the eyes. I mention we couldn't stay there much longer or we were gonna get hit by a rocket or grenade. As a matter of fact, I told them I believed this was why the firing slowed, because the rocket or grenade launcher arrived and they were loading it. Let me tell you man, there's no feeling on earth like the feeling you might be fixing to get blown up at any second. You talk about scared, that was some scary shit!" Evan had looked death in the face a few times since that day, but never had he experienced adrenaline pumping through his body with the same veracity as he did in that moment.

"Just about that time, we could hear footsteps running toward us. We all had our rifles ready when we heard a clink. 'OH SHIT! IT'S A FUCKING GRENADE!' I yelled at the other two. Without any hesitation, Roberts jumped on the grenade and covered it with his

belly. The damn thing exploded and lifted Robert about six inches off the ground. A piece of shrapnel penetrated his back and bounced off the metal green dumpster. The sound of the explosion was muffled and the life exited Rob's body the same way air exited an untied balloon. I looked at him and he had smoke coming out of his mouth and ears. He saved my life and I'll go to my grave indebted to that man," there was sadness in Evan's voice; the same sadness that was evident every time he talked about the death of each of his comrades.

Evan looked directly into Mr. Immenger's eyes as he spoke now. It was though he was trying to peer into his soul, to determine his honor, loyalty and pride. Mr. Immenger stared back at Evan, maybe he was just imagining it, but he didn't break the stare. Mr. Immenger had great respect for Evan, and wanted to make sure Evan felt the same.

"A lot of people talk about bravery, but only a few have brave instincts. Robert sacrificed his life without one second of hesitation for the life of his comrades. That's a real fuckin' hero in my book," Evan said.

"So anyway, five seconds after the grenade went off, a loud shot rang out in my right ear. My ears were already ringing like school bells, and that sure as hell didn't help any. I thought maybe I had been shot in the ear, considering it was so close and caught me totally off guard. It was if what Robert did put me in a trance.

I looked just to the right of me and saw that George had put his gun in his mouth and blown a hole out the top of his head. So there I was behind a dumpster and the three allies I was entrenched with were lying dead all around me," Evan appeared to be in a trance as he recalled the details of George's death.

"By that time, I was in a total state of shock. I couldn't believe what I was witnessing. I didn't know how much time had passed, but the next thing I remembered was looking up and there was about twenty gun barrels aimed at my head. The black guy I saw shoot

Jeff in the head at point blank range walked up and said 'don't move motherfucker or I blow your god damn head clean the fuck off.' Since I'm sitting here telling the story, it's quite obvious that I didn't move," Mr. Immenger chuckled quietly at Evan's sarcasm.

"Wow! I couldn't imagine being in your shoes," Mr. Immenger said nodding to Officer Long as she was again at Evan's box for his thirty-minute security check.

Evan briefly glanced over at Officer Long, trying to smile with his eyes. He returned his attention to Mr. Immenger and continued his story. "I looked up at the barrels of all these guns when out of the blue the butt of one of the rifles smashed me in the face. It almost knocked me out, but I retained consciousness. I heard a man bark orders to the other men to bring me to his Jeep. They drug me by my arms down to the awaiting vehicle. I was put in the front seat with the man who appeared to be the leader. The whole time I could feel the steel barrel of a gun pressed against the back of my head. I told the man if they were taking me somewhere to kill me, to just go ahead and get it over with. I wanted to die in the streets with my comrades. He told me to shut up or he would make my life so unbearable I would be begging for death.

We pulled back up to the area on Fifteenth where Jeff originally stopped at. I noticed the truck still parked in the same spot as it was when I last saw it. There was a puddle of fresh blood in the road where Jeff fell to his death. I wondered what happened to the other four men that accompanied Jeff and my question was quickly answered as I exited the jeep and looked over towards Jeff's truck. The bodies of my five fallen friends were piled up in the bed of the truck," Evan said in a sullen tone of voice.

"Then I was left with the realization of the ten living men of an hour ago, I was the only one still alive. Was this luck or extreme misfortune? I had watched several movies and knew the fate of a P.O.W. If that was what I had become, my bad day was about to get worse. If they were going to kill me then so be it, but I had no desires to have bamboo stuck under my fingernails or my balls

crushed by vice grips. Maybe George knew something I didn't and that was why he killed himself," Evan glared down at the ground. He was clenching his fists over and over again.

Evan still remembered each and every detail of that day, the sadness, the anger, the fear, the heightened state of awareness. He could feel his heart pounding as he relayed the story to Mr. Immenger.

"We walked into the small, little trailer which I presumed was their headquarters. It was actually just an old construction site trailer. The man who shot Jeff sat me down across from a desk and told the two-armed men to wait outside the door. He said his name was Royce and he was the commander of the small army that had just killed my buddies. I asked him what the meaning behind all of this violence was. I told him we had been cooped up in our houses and had come to the city to find out if everyday life was similar to existing daily life in our neighborhoods. We wanted to know if there was electricity, people activity, and stores with supplies outside of the small areas we lived in. I told him we didn't come here to be killed and explained to him everyone of the men that were dead were fathers and husbands and how distraught their families would be when they failed to return," as Evan spoke, Mr. Immenger wondered what he would have done if he were in the same situation. He stared blankly into space momentarily and then shook his head slightly before looking toward Evan who was speaking in a surprisingly calm tone.

"He then asked me why we were armed like a small militia and why we hadn't turned our guns in when everyone else had. I told him I wasn't going to leave my family vulnerable to an assault and if the government wanted my guns so bad, they could have come and got them.

Then he broke the news to me that just about floored me, as if I hadn't been through enough already by this time. He let me in on his little secret. My so-called buddy Jeff, was actually an informant. He set all of us up and was well aware of the fate that awaited us.

Jeff had been instructed to round up as many of us vigilant, anti-government, gun-toting, pro-White radicals he could and bring us to them. So I asked him why the hell he shot him if he was his informant? 'He served his purpose' he told me.

He went on to say Jeff was really just one of us who turned informant to save his own ass. 'So, why did he come back if he knew what was awaiting him?' I asked. Royce knew where he lived, he knew what his wife looked like, he knew his kids names, and what bedrooms they slept in. His men were watching his house twenty-four hours a day, which explained the wave at the cop looking van at the end of the street. It also explained the tears and the nervousness. It explained the desire to recruit men and encourage the trip to the city. It explained it all," Evan's stomach turned as he repeated these words. These details had kept him up countless nights. Evan would have done almost anything to save his wife and children, but he thought if he were placed in a similar situation he would have up with a better means to an end. He definitely placed his immediate family above his extended family, but to lead his comrades to slaughter was a questionable act.

"Basically, Jeff had no choice but to come back. They gave him two extra weeks to live and spend time with his family and who knew if he was going to be killed in the way he was. Honestly, I can't say I blame the man for what he did. If someone threatened my wife and kids and knew where I lived and told me if I didn't comply they would kill my family, I would be pretty obedient myself. So anyway, Jeff was instructed to round up as many gun-owning, White radicals that could pose a threat to government entities and bring them in for incarceration or in our case, death," Evan's legs were completely numb by now. His back felt as if someone had kicked him in it from sitting on the metal plate. The shackles on his wrists were pressing against the bones and he tried to twist his hands in relief, but it was hopeless. He cringed for a second or two, but continued on.

"Then Royce gave me the same option. 'I'll let you have the same opportunity I gave your snitch friend. Go back to your little White neighborhood and get on your CB or contact your neighbors and

form a little posse. Get 'em all riled up and pissed off and convince them to come to the city to kill some White hatin' niggers. But if you decide to do it, you don't have long. The electricity will be back on soon. We have rid the country of enough of your kind. Operation Cleansing was almost complete,' he told me," the look on Evan's face was one of complete disgust.

"So it was a government conspiracy after all, wasn't it?" Mr. Immenger said intently, "The blackout, the assassination, the media portrayal of violence upon Whites, the gun ban, food shortages? It was all a plan to bring out non-submissive Whites that weren't going to lie down and die, who weren't going to stand for violence against their people, who weren't going to give up their guns! It was designed to eradicate the country of resistance, to make the transformation as easy as possible," Mr. Immenger inquisitively asked.

"Bingo," Evan replied, moving his head from side to side producing the popping of his neck. "It was all bullshit! The President was never assassinated. There were never any food shortages or massive rioting in the streets. I think after the media announced the initial assassination some of the blacks hit the streets, but after the blackouts, the powers that be put an end to that real quick and then waited for the Whites to show up. One by one they were either killed or thrown into prison without any hope of ever getting out. They were just left to rot," Evan said in full realization that he fit that aforementioned description.

"Often times, I wished I would have just been killed. Day to day life is monotonous. I am a caged soul with no substance. My life is irrelevant and frivolous. I sit here before you with the pulse of life, but if I were lifeless it would not matter. Conditions and life will never change from the humdrum essence of now. I am surprised they are even letting me tell you my story. I believe they are allowing me to tell my story only as a deterrent for others to not end up like me, propaganda showing consequence of action. The only reason they haven't killed me is because they know it's the easy way out. I have tried to get them bastards to kill me and they won't. They last time I

tried some crazy shit, they strapped me to a chair for a week. They know this is worse than death. They leave me in a small cage, hoping I go insane and start eating my own shit. They hope, I'll eventually become a shell of the man I was, then after they break me, they'll just take me out to pasture and shoot me," Evan exclaimed.

Mr. Immenger looked sadly at the shackled man sitting across from him in a metal box. He wished there was something more he could do for his friend. "Well, they know the actual support for people like you is so small it doesn't really matter anyway. Or at least that's what they think. Most of the patriots like you have been killed or imprisoned. There are still a few remaining and I know they will enjoy your story. You know in the minds of White Nationalists, the ones that are in the country and have formed their small little enclaves in the northwest, you are a martyr. People within the movement are always asking me about you and how they can help. Everybody knows you cannot receive money from supporters, but if you could you would have more money on your books then you could spend in this dump."

"Yeah, I am sure I would, but not a one of them would ever consider trading places with me. I can't say I blame them one bit because I wouldn't trade places with me either. I lost everything I had. EVERYTHING! That's the reason they are letting you write this book. I know people will read my tragic story and it will make them realize if they fight the system, this too will be their fate, or maybe even worse. I know that is why they let you write the book on Charlie White. The government wanted everyone to see how his wife and all six kids were killed because of his actions. You know I did about a year with Charlie when I was in prison in Oklahoma. He was a good guy," there was an obvious sense of aggravation in Evan's voice as he talked. He had met several good White men in prison, who just as he, had been wrongfully convicted, incarcerated, and murdered.

Mr. Immenger sat for a moment and reflected on Evan's words before responding, "A man couldn't lose everything unless he had

everything to lose. You had everything, and yes, you lost it, but you were gonna lose it anyway. You only get one chance at life and you had to do what you felt was right. You had to live with the decisions you made. You were put in a situation and you reacted the way that came natural to you, just like Charlie did. He's another martyr for our people. I know he lives everyday filled with anger about his family being killed like that, but he felt as a man he had no choice but to act as a man. You and Charlie were dealt a pair of aces and you both went all in. Y'all had the short stack and made the right call. I have the utmost respect for you Evan, and I hope my son grows up to be half the man you are."

Mr. Immenger stopped the recorder as he noticed Officer Long walking up. He knew the two men's time was up. Mr. Immenger nodded at Officer Long and she kindly nodded back. Mr. Immenger and Evan quickly exchanged farewells, and with the help of two other officers, Officer Long escorted Evan back to C-14. The nine by six foot cell that had been Evan's home for the last two years, and the place he will spend the remainder of his life.

Evan stepped into his cell and put his hands through the sally port to have his handcuffs removed. He turned around, rubbed his wrists and looked through the elongated six inch wide piece of glass, making eye-contact with Officer Long. She once again gave him a half-assed smile and Evan wasn't sure how he should take it. "Was she flirting with me?" he thought to himself in wonderment.

They had been exchanging looks for the past three months, yet never as much as spoke a full sentence to one another. Evan dropped to the floor and pumped out a hundred push-ups. His daily routine consisted of fifteen-hundred push-ups, one-thousand crunches, two-hundred pull-ups and various other bends and stretching exercises. He adopted this routine during his incarceration. His heavily tattooed body was ripped with muscle definition. The majority of inmates in prison who were locked down twenty-three hours a day developed a way of passing the time. Some slept, some read, some exercised and some went insane. Evan spent his time exercising his body and mind. He was always

reading, writing, sleeping or working out. Insanity came with the realization that you were isolated from human contact, in a small cell in the middle of a maximum-security prison, and the only way you were getting out was in a body bag. The way to avoid insanity was to develop a routine that was adaptable and allowed the mind to concentrate on small daily tasks. Keeping everything simple and making the best of what you had was the only way one could do time in a place like H.E.L.L. A conditioned inmate learned quickly to forget the outside world and to accept the life that had become. The same way a gorilla adapted to confinement in a zoo, man adapted to his confinement in prison, or else insanity was certain.

XI

The cell door to C-14 rolled open and Officer Long walked in unattended. Her dark brown, shoulder length hair and beautiful light brown eyes caught the light and Evan immediately perked up. He was lying on his bunk in his boxer shorts. Evan's heart began to pound as she approached him and the door slammed behind her. Officer Long unbuttoned her shirt and after she undid the strap of her bra, the perfectly shaped size C breasts were exposed.

“You like what you see Evan?” she asked in a seductive manner. Evan was awestruck and speechless. It had been so long since he had been with a woman, he didn't even know what to do or say.

“What's wrong Evan, a big strong man like you, scared of a couple of tits in your face?” she said in the same seductive voice.

“No ma'am, I'm not scared, I'm just shocked. What are you doing in here? What does the Captain think you're doing in my cell?” Evan said as he sat up in his bed admiring the beauty of the woman in front of him.

“Don't worry hon, I've got it all under control. The captain and I have our own little secret, but it was a small price to pay to get to fulfill my fantasy. So enough of this small talk, we don't have forever. I want you to fuck me like there is no tomorrow. We might never again have this opportunity and I didn't fuck that fat, ugly captain for the fun of it. So treat me like the dirty whore I am,” Officer Long said while pulling down her pants and bending over the bunk.

Evan got up off his bunk and pulled the boxers out over his large erect dick and dropped them to the floor. He stepped out of them one foot at a time and positioned himself behind the succulent round ass he spent many of his nights masturbating to the image of. Just then the door opened and the goon squad stormed the cell with nightsticks beating Evan profusely.

Evan sat up in his bed feverishly. He felt his heart pounding and wiped the sweat from his brow. It was at least ninety degrees in the non air-conditioned cell. The midsummer days and nights were spent constantly perspiring. He got out of his bed and went over to the sink-toilet combo and looked in the shiny metal plate that served as a mirror. He took a small drink and put some water on his face and on the back of his neck. "Man, I gotta quit having these wild ass dreams," he said to himself quietly. He had come to realize he could control his mind in a conditioned sense, but in the trance of sleep, it went where it wanted. The awakening dreams had become nightly as of recent. He no longer dreamt of the outside world or of Aryianna, Janelle and Owen.

For the first couple of years he had terrible dreams about his family. Now the dreams were usually sexual. He assumed it was directly related to his prolonged sexual deprivation, or it could have been the continued flirtatious eye contact with the beautiful correctional officer. He sat down at his small desk and grabbed a pencil and began writing.

He wrote for a few small publications periodically. He was not monetarily rewarded for the writings, due in part to the exemption of inmates to profit in any way during incarceration. This particular article he was writing was for a pro-White publication in West Virginia called *White Demise*. The articles, or essays, Evan wrote were just opinionated rants whose topics varied upon the mood and disposition of the moment. He was never requested to write on certain topics, but they were generally in regard to racial issues. He started the column he was writing last night before he fell asleep and he was going to put the finishing touches on the piece this morning, in efforts to try and get it out by mail time. He titled the writing "Pessimistically Optimistic," and closed the two-thousand word piece with the following paragraph:

"The sun radiates my face as the zephyr presses lightly against my back. I enter the labyrinth in search of tranquility. The strings from the zither produce sounds of vibrancy and promise of second's forthcoming. I close my eyes and my mind instinctively leads the way through the labyrinth and

to its exit. The smells, sounds, and emotions that accompany me during the various phases of the journey are enlightening, ordinary, and frightening all in perceptive harmony. I lie down for a pleasant afternoon nap and count the wether captured and devoured by the flourishing wolf pack. The welter, transpiring from Pandora's box, is caustic death for the mongrel. Perdition looms not the myrmidon, for the zenith awaits his climb. I walk down to the river and the mud overwhelms my feet and I begin to sink to my knees in its brown filth. Perfidy eludes my xenophobic ways and the sarcophagus awaits my narcissistic corpse. My hope of reincarnation to a stunning zeitgeist of days are gone. The awakening vision of white clouds and faces, blue skies and eyes, find me pessimistically optimistic."

Evan signed off and placed the piece in an envelope and left it unsealed. The inbound/outbound mail clerk censored all letters leaving or entering H.E.L.L. It was thirty minutes until chow and Evan didn't have the energy to do any crunches at the moment. He lied on his bunk and thought about catching a quick nap before lunch. It was Wednesday and Evan's favorite lunch would be served today. The routine was consistent to the "T." Two peanut butter and jelly sandwiches on wheat bread, four orange quarters, two sugar cookies, an apple and carrot sticks. The institution changed the menu every six months. They didn't change the meals; they just switched up the days of the week the meals were served. Such was life at Highland Eternal Life Lockup.

Lying on his bunk, Evan began to reminisce about previous times and events. He normally didn't just like to lie around and daydream because it could easily lead to a depressed state of mind. He preferred constructive activity, which eliminated the possibility of emotional change. He learned this the hard way and it was often difficult to train the mind to avoid natural occurrences that took place.

Before coming to H.E.L.L., he would sometimes allow thoughts to dictate actions, which inevitably lead him to his residence at H.E.L.L. He was extremely violent when first entering the system six years ago. Those violent actions resulted in recruitment and rapid promotion within the ranks of E.V.A., or Extremely Violent Aryans.

E.V.A. was a White prison gang for violence prone Whites, who were racially aware, adhered to strict bylaws, resistant to minority aggression, and predatory advancements. Race riots were a constant occurrence in the Oklahoma prison and Evan did more than his share of skull bashing on the yard and in the day rooms of the Oklahoma state prison he was housed at before his transfer to H.E.L.L. Evan had been accused and convicted of three murders since his incarceration. The baddest, most ruthless inmates were housed at H.E.L.L. and they all had committed murders since their imprisonment. None were more notorious than “Evil E,” the name given to Evan by his former comrades in E.V.A. Although Evan still pledged his allegiance to E.V.A., it was all for naught, since he was in prison at H.E.L.L.

There was no gang activity at the unit, because of the lack of inmate interaction. The only inmates that had the ability to interact with other inmates were the handful of trustees who worked in the kitchen. Every pod had a trustee that was a janitor and he worked alone cleaning up the pod while the other inmates were locked in their cells. The inmates awarded these privileges had been determined through an extensive evaluation process to be the “best of the worst.”

Evan remembered his first night in the prison system. He was thirty years old and had never done any time previously. He spent a night or two in the county jail in his younger days for public intoxication and disorderly conduct, but now he was a lifer, and green to prison politics. He remembered getting off the bus, being chained to another inmate and the “cat calling” that immediately took place by the inmates who were in the yard standing on the fence greeting the newcomers or “fresh meat,” as they referred to them. Evan spent the first fourteen months in the county jail, but due to his high profile case he was kept segregated from other inmates for his own safety.

He was lead into a large concrete room with five shower-heads and six correctional officers. Evan was on the chain with fifty other inmates arriving at the unit. They were told to strip, sprayed with lice

deterrent on their heads, underarms, and crotch. One minute to the second was given to each inmate to scrub under the cold shower and relieve the burning sensation from the anti-lice repellent. It was January in Eastern Oklahoma and the floor, water, and weather was bitterly cold. The cold shower in the cold room caused shrinkage in Evan's manhood, which would had normally been a non-issue until standing naked in a room with fifty other men, forty of them being black, with their long dongs dangling like an uncut umbilical cord. Hot showers in prison were like dinosaurs of today, extinct.

They were led in a single file line down a hallway to a medical diagnostic area for a basic health screening to determine the area of housing for an inmate. If the inmate had medical conditions, then he would be housed with others who were of poor health. If the inmate was healthy, he was sent to general population or, "g-pop." Each inmate was given a mattress, green blanket, toothbrush, toothpaste, roll of toilet paper, two shirts, two pants, two pairs of once white underwear, a pair of blue slippers, a coffee cup, single blade razor, a bar of soap, a piece of paper with the prison's rules and regulations and a bible.

From there, the inmates were told to dress out, gather their belongings and prepare to be housed. The officer would call each name and the individual called would step into an office, get an I.D. bracelet and fall back in line with the others heading to the same housing unit. Evan found out he was heading to D block, which was a cell block for g-pop offenders. While in line, he was warned by another inmate that D block was a gladiator pod and he should be prepared to defend himself. "They checkin' White boys over der and if yous ain't down, you be ridin fo sho," Evan recalled the black inmate in line behind him saying. The black man was older and although his grammar wasn't correct his statement was. The convoy of inmates heading for D block emerged into the day room.

Inmates were everywhere and Evan couldn't help but notice the immense blackness. It was as if time stood still the second the twenty or so inmates came into the area. Every inmate that was in the day room stopped what they were doing and began sizing up

the “fresh meat” entering their territory. Of the twenty or so inmates Evan was coming into the g-pop pod with, only two others were White. Evan quickly found out being White in prison was not a glorious thing.

He felt as if all eyes were on him as he looked for his cell. The guard opened the door and allowed the inmates in the pod. As soon as the last inmate walked through the door, it was quickly closed. It was literally a dog eat dog world from there on out. Evan looked at his wristband to find out what cell he had been assigned. It was cell seven and he walked toward his cell and stepped inside. The cell measured nine feet in length, six feet wide and twelve feet tall. When he looked in, he saw two bunks attached to the sidewall, one on top of the other. A commode and sink on the opposite wall in the back corner of the cell. Nobody was in the cell when he walked in and he could tell the inmate who would be his eventual celly had occupied the bottom bunk. He had a sheet pinned up, covering the bottom bunk to create a “house.” Evan put his mattress on the top bunk and set his other belongings on top of the mattress.

“What the fuck you thank you doin’, puttin yo shit on my bunk?” Evan turned to see an enormous man standing behind him just inside the cell.

“This is cell seven isn’t it?” Evan asked.

“Yeah and?” the big black convict said.

“And....,” Evan said hesitantly, knowing talking wasn’t going to get him anywhere with the beast of a man. WHOP! WHOP! WHOP! WHOP! Evan hit the man four times in the face as fast and hard as he could. He connected with every punch squarely in the man’s face. It would have been more shocking if he missed with any of the punches, considering his head was as big as beach ball. The punches, however, didn’t seem to phase the giant and he moved toward him with his arms extended, attempting to grab Evan. WHOP! WHOP! WHOP! WHOP! WHOP! Evan continued to unload on the man as his back hit the wall and he realized there was

nowhere to go. The connecting punches sounded like firecrackers popping off.

He hit the man at least ten times, square in the face, with all the power he could muster, but the black beast still came forward. The man closed the gap, limiting the space Evan had to punch. Two enormous and strong hands gripped the neck of Evan and attempted to squeeze the life right of Evan's body. Evan immediately knew he must act and act quickly or his life could very well be over. The man's power was astounding and he was choking Evan with all his might. Evan's face was turning purple from lack of oxygen, but he grabbed the man's head with both hands and stuck his thumbs in his eyes. The beast didn't let go immediately, but loosened his grip. Evan kned the man in the groin three or four times, followed by two vicious head butts to the nose.

The pain from the eye-gouging was obviously gut-wrenchingly painful, and the inmate screamed and yelled that he couldn't see. Evan was trapped in the cell due to the size of the inmate and he couldn't get around him to get out. Even if he could have gotten out, where would he have gone? He knew he had to settle the issue right then and there. The wounded man threw a blinded wild punch connecting to the forehead of Evan and sent him crashing into the toilet, hitting his back hard on the seat. On the front of each bed, there was a small shelf used for the inmate's coffee cups and storage of other small sized items. While Evan was on the ground, dazed from the punch and winded from smashing his back into the toilet seat, in the corner of his eye he saw a brown coffee mug with a razor handle and pencil sticking up from it.

Evan grabbed the pencil and lunged upward toward the aggressive, yet still blinded and moaning man. The pencil pierced the throat at his Adam's apple. A gargling noise began to fill the small cell and the inmate was now holding his hands over his throat while blood sprayed from between his thick stubby fingers. His eyes were closed and signs of tears and snot were all over his face from the eye gouging. Foreshadowing his thoughts, as Evan always did, he knew if the mammoth lived he would seek revenge. He violently

poked the man several more times in the throat and chest area until the man fell to the floor with a hard thud and the remaining life was released with a large exhale. The final breath of air came out of the holes in his throat and chest in the form of oozing bloody bubbles.

The death of inmate Anthony resulted in several things transpiring. A tear-drop under his right eye to symbolize killing a minority, prospecting for E.V.A., respect from other inmates, and another death sentence. Such was life entering D block in Oklahoma's maximum-security penal system for White inmates. Looking back, Evan knew he made the right decision. His asshole maintained virginity and he had never scrubbed anyone's drawers or forfeited his tray of food as payment for protection.

XII

The lights began to dim in the small cell, as was common occurrence at 10:00 PM. He was doing some writing and every ten minutes or so would drop on the concrete floor and bust out a hundred push-ups. He often wondered to himself why he had such an intense attitude toward physical conditioning. Essentially, he was prolonging the earthly existence of life in hell, literally. When he was first incarcerated, maintaining tip-top physical condition was crucial to survival, due to the constant fighting.

The oddity of the situation was Evan found with every passing day he was pushing himself physically harder and harder. He often browsed his mind in search of an answer to these dialectical actions. The answer he consistently unearthed was, "it's not how you start, but how you finish." He always felt he finished strong in everything he attempted, which was the direct result of the successes he had experienced throughout life.

The sally port came open and a weathered voice came through the opening, "Mr. Roddenberry?" the voice said.

"Father Time, how are you doing sir?" Evan said answering the prison chaplain, known as Father Time to the inmates. Evan was not a religious man, but enjoyed speaking with the man of faith in his mid-sixties.

"Well, the Lord has blessed me with another day and I am relishing in his glory. Did you read the verses I asked you to?" the upbeat pastor asked.

"No father, I didn't. I have just been too busy lately. I have at least three books I am reading, I have written two articles for publication this week. Not to mention, I am working out harder than ever," the inmate said.

Father Time gave Evan a list of verses he felt pertinent to Evan's eternal fate. The verses were Matthew 6:14-15, 1st John 1:9, Isaiah 40:28-31, Jeremiah 29:13, 1st Peter 5:7-10, 2nd Corinthians 4:17-18 and Romans 8:18. Father Time again handed the list of bible verses to Evan and asked him if he would read them in his spare time. Evan assured him he would, but for him not to expect a religious transformation afterwards.

"I tell you what Father, I will read the verses and elaborate on them the next time we meet if you ponder a question that has been itching away at me," said Evan.

"Sure Evan, I will give it my best, what is it you would like me to give my thought to?"

"I want a believer of creation to tell me who created the creator?" Father Time looked at Evan with a smile

"Evan, I don't have all the answers. Some things we will never know, but if you read those verses, I will do my best to give you a better answer from a believer's point of view. I do know this son; a time will come for you to stand face to face with your Lord Jesus Christ. I hope when you meet him, you are prepared to walk with him. He is the truth, the light, and the way. God is good all the time and all the time God is good. Never underestimate his love for you. He loves you and is waiting for you to accept him into your heart," said the mild-mannered preacher.

"I respect your opinions Father, and I will do my best to read the verses you gave me," Evan said, shaking the father's hand before the closing of the sally port door.

The days turned to weeks at Highland Eternal Life Lockup and the only thing steadily changing was the time. The monotony of everyday life was incessant. Father Time had voluntarily suspended his visits with inmate Roddenberry. The prison chaplain had volunteered his time at the institution since it's inception. Part of his accepting the job was the ability to render hopelessness on those

deserving. A man had his own free will to pick and choose his destiny and if he opted for Hades then so be it. The chaplain's last words to an individual non-accepting of the lord's gift of eternal life were constructed in the following phrase, "I can lead a horse to water, but I can't make him drink."

The minister cited "irreconcilable differences," on his explanation to the warden for the refusal to stop at cell C-14 and preach the word of God. The final straw was the speech Evan gave the Father on his theory of relativity. The dark rant exposed the transparent soul of Evan and the emptiness within was apparent.

In Evan's file the Father noted the following: "For two years, I have been trying to convert Mr. Roddenberry to Christianity and I am not one step closer today than I was the day I met him. Some folks are just set in their ways. Evan was definitely set in his ways. He was a victim of his own thoughts. I like the man, but I am not here to like people. I am here to save their souls and bring them to God. Evan was of the belief God was no different from the tooth fairy or Santa Claus. A figment of man's imagination propagandized by those ignorant enough to believe in such lore was how he put it to me."

In his late sixties, the man of faith known as Father Time had learned when to throw in the towel on people who were closed minded. He chose to take his time and use it on people receptive and sincere on eternity. Evan's analytical personality and argumentative nature took their toll on the chaplain.

Evan knew the pastor could not match wits with him and the elder had no answers for his questions. He was of the belief prison officials encouraged religion to promote peaceful and morally sound behavior in the inmates resulting in a safer, healthier work environment for the prison employees. Neither Warden Myers, nor the greenest of staff lost one wink of sleep over the destination of an inmate's soul.

Staff noticed an overall better attitude and behavior from the men of faith. Therefore, religion was strongly encouraged by Warden Myer's upon the inmates. An inmate who spent all day reading his bible and praying to his god was a man staff deemed problem free. Evan knew this was the shadow of the tree that was Father Time on the tier.

Mr. Immenger pulled up to the prison in his late model luxury sedan and stopped at the entrance gate. Two guards met him, one who wanted his identification card and the name of the inmate he was there to see. Mr. Immenger was asked to step out of his vehicle and the other guard briefly searched the glove box and under the seats. He popped the trunk and hood and gave them both a quick look-see to make sure no contraband was being taken on prison grounds. This was standard procedure all visitors were subject too.

After an all clear was given, he got back in the vehicle and made the mile drive down to the prison. High fences topped with razor wire and several towers containing armed guards surrounded the prison. He exited his vehicle and walked to the guard shack just outside the fence and stepped inside. Once again he handed over his I.D. Card and stated who he was visiting. The guard confirmed Mr. Immenger was on Evan's visitation list and asked him to empty his pockets and step up on a wooden platform. He was then patted down and scanned with a hand held metal detector. Upon completion, and the determination there was no contraband on Mr. Immenger's person, he was allowed out of the guard shack and stepped up to the gate. He looked up at the guard tower and saw the guard holding a rifle of some sort, looking down at Mr. Immenger through his dark sunglasses. The guard received an O.K. and released the lever, allowing the first gate to be pulled open.

Mr. Immenger pulled the gate open and stepped in, closing the first gate behind him. He now stood in between two gates and once the first one closed he heard the click of the second gate and he pulled it open and walked up the sidewalk to enter into the prison. He pulled the glass door open and stepped inside. Another guard again asked to see his I.D. and the name of the inmate he was

visiting. She filled out a blue slip of paper and handed it to Mr. Immenger and instructed him to make his way over to the officer who was in charge of seating assignments and was monitoring the visitation room. The guard confirmed the validity of the visitor and pointed for Mr. Immenger to grab a seat in front of box A.

After sitting in the seat and staring at the wall for nearly thirty minutes, Mr. Immenger heard an opening of a door and the sound of rattling chains. Evan appeared and was shackled hand and foot while being escorted by three officers. Such was standard and after a five hour drive and an hour's worth of prison rules and regulations, Mr. Immenger came face to face with the motif of his current work.

“Mr. Roddenberry, a pleasure to make your acquaintance once again. I know you’re wondering, so I will go ahead and let you know. The book is coming along well, the world is still a shithole, I am still suffering from erectile dysfunction and every day that goes by, I am one day closer to dying. Now, you know the happenings in my life, shall I press record so we can hear about yours?” the sarcastic author said while looking into the cage at Evan.

Evan settled in on his unpadded metal plate that was to be his chair for the next two hours. He turned to admire the round ass walking away from him. He had repeatedly been dreaming of that ass day and night and was the object of his lustful reverie. Evan looked over at Mr. Immenger with the sly smile that was Evan Roddenberry’s trademark and said, “Glad to hear all is well. Let’s get down to business, shall we?”

Evan slowly began his descriptive story. “I believe I was in Royce’s barracks or office building, whatever you want to call it and he was letting me know Jeff was an informant and set up nine good White men and led them to their death, right?” Evan said, knowing that was where he left off but wanted the confirmation from his friend and biographer.

Mr. Immenger just looked at Evan with his elbow resting on the arm of the chair and his head leaning on his hand. He did not even

blink an eye, with the frustration of the day's events apparent in his actions. Evan picked up right where he left off a month ago to the day. He had the memory of an elephant and Mr. Immenger was well aware of it.

“So Royce sat me down and basically told me I could set up a small group of men and lead them to their death or I could be killed on the spot. He assured me my fate was no different from Jeff's, but by cooperatively seeking out gun owning White males who were resistant to change, negative in attitude towards minorities and government, and luring them to Royce, I could buy myself two extra weeks of life and could spend that time with my family. He told me I would be required to wear an ankle monitor that would track my every move and the censor in it would immediately set off an alarm if I left a five mile radius of my house or attempted to cut the device off. He told me that either one of those actions would result in forfeiture of the agreement and my children would be tortured and killed in front of my wife and I. My wife would then be sexually assaulted by groups of dark-skinned men, while I was forced to watch and then killed in front of my eyes. Then, my slow and painful death process would partake. He told me there would always be somebody watching, so not to try and outsmart him or his army and just be appreciative of the two weeks I got to spend with my family,” there was an obvious tone of anger in Evan's voice, not just the subtle undertone that he sometimes spoke with.

“I asked him about the fate of my family if I complied with his wishes and he assured me they would be unharmed and never told of my violent end. Basically, I would just go M.I.A. I sat there for a second or two and then told him I wasn't convinced he was a man of his word. He took his pistol out of the waistband holster and cocked it. He pointed it directly at my head and told me I had five seconds to accept or decline the offer. I looked in his eyes and I was convinced he was prepared to kill me. He had the eyes of a cold-blooded killer. I know that now more than I knew it then,” Evan's words slowed and the anger subsided to remorse.

“I have seen several cold-blooded killers since my incarceration , but had never seen any at that time, yet they all have those same eyes. Once you see them you know. You never forget the eyes of a killer,” Evan said, ironically pausing a few seconds to stare at Mr. Immenger in the eyes with the ever so slightest of grins.

“Anyway, he strapped the ankle monitor on, showed me on the tracker that it was working. He showed me what would happen if I tried to tinker with it and so on. He told me to take Jeff’s truck since it was still running and to dump the bodies somewhere in a field and burn them on my way home. He gave me a shovel, box of matches and a bottle of lighter fluid. He recited my address back to me and let me know they would be watching. A white van with dark tinted windows would be parked at the end of my street at all times. He stated to me at 6 PM, two weeks from the day, to round the corner onto Fifteenth, just as Jeff had and lead the men to their death. He instructed me to get out of the truck and walk up to him and take the bullet to the head like a man. 'Die with honor' was how he put it to me. He said he would do me a favor and shoot me in the forehead and then put another bullet or two in my heart to ensure a quick painless death,” the growl was back in Evan’s voice. Sadness and anger went in and out of his tone during his tale, and Mr. Immenger could see the range of emotion on his face.

“So I got in the truck and turned around and headed for home. I had five dead bodies in the back of the pickup and I proceeded to an area just south of town that had a stock pond I use to fish at. I was pretty paranoid about the fact I was driving through town with five dead bodies in the back of a truck not registered in my name. They were not even covered up or concealed in any way. If the police were patrolling and pulled me over, how in the hell would I have explained five dead bodies in the back of a dead man’s truck? I kept heading back down Lewis and I didn’t see any cops. I got to the old farm road the pond was on just south of town. I pulled up to the pond and drove the truck on a steep incline on the backside of the pond. I shifted the truck into four-wheel drive and set the emergency brake before getting out,” Evan was nearly emotionless as he relayed the gruesome details. Though the images in his mind

still haunted him, he had seen and been through much worse since that day.

“I went to the back of the truck and dropped the tailgate, trying not to eyeball the bodies of the murdered men. I got back in the truck and stepped on the gas and accelerated up the steep hill and the bodies slid out all at once in a heap because they were locked together with the stiffness that had set in after death. I had no desire to burn or bury the bodies, and just left them in the field for the scavengers to feed from,” Evan now had a slightly gazed look in his eye as Mr. Immenger observed him speaking.

Sitting tense and stiff, Evan seemed somewhat bothered as his story began to unravel, “With the sun setting, I arrived back at 113 Ruth. I was hoping I would awake from the nightmare, but I knew it was all too real to be a dream. I was so excited to see my wife and children I so loved and hadn’t given second thought about my impending death sentence just two weeks away. I walked into the house to an eerie silence. After being in the house for ten seconds, I knew either something was wrong or nobody was home.”

Evan's voice began to speed up, and his eyes stayed focused on his shackled hands. Mr. Immenger sensed a climax in his subject's story, by the anxiety Evan seemed to be overcome with. “I hurriedly walked to the back bedroom I shared with Aryianna and opened the door. I step inside and I saw my wife’s body lying across the bed. I cautiously walked toward her body, fearing the worst. Her body was already stiff and had a single gunshot wound to the head. The bed was soaked in blood and I cannot even describe to you the emotions I experienced in that moment. I instantly thought about Janelle and Owen. I jumped up from Aryianna and ran to the kid’s room. I stopped in front of the closed door and was hesitant about opening in fear of every parent’s worst nightmare. I turned the doorknob and was horrified. Both of my children were in the far corner of the room, huddled up and dead. From the way it appeared, Owen tried to take the bullet for his sister. Janelle was in the corner, squatted down and Owen was lying across the top of her. Both had been shot in the head more than once.

I stood in the doorway in total disbelief. I could not even begin to explain to you in any amount of time or words the emotions I felt at that time. I was in such disbelief. I was totally unstable. You would think I would have just fell to the floor and cried like an infant. But at that point, I was overcome with the most intense anger I had ever experienced. I knew right then and there I was going to find out who did this to my family and execute them in the most violent of ways. Death's angel was on my shoulder and was introducing me to an unknown," a tone of deep seeded anger was evident in the inmate's voice.

"I started searching the house to see if I could see motive for the deaths of my family. I looked to see if anything was stolen and if I could find the shotgun I left Aryianna. The bullet holes appeared to be from a pistol or rifle and not from the powerful shotgun slugs. Shotgun blasts at short range would have damn near ripped my kid's heads off and made them unrecognizable. I knew the shotgun had to be around. I also had the large boot knife Royce and his posse never found on me. I discovered the shotgun behind the front door, in the corner, and the box of shells sitting on the shelf right where I had left them earlier in the day. I went to the truck and searched the cab for anything of use and grabbed the shovel, lighter fluid, and matches. I found a small snub nose .38 revolver in the glove box; it was loaded and in a leather holster. I put it in my pants pocket and walked back toward the front door of my house.

I suddenly felt as if somebody was watching me and turned and scanned the area. In the midst of all the sudden death, I remembered Royce's henchmen had their eyes on me and my death was two weeks away. I also realized without my family, they had no pawns to play with me. I began to wonder if his men had already been to all of my fallen comrades homes and executed their families in cold blood? However, if that was the case, why even allow me to live? Why didn't he shoot me right there while he had the chance? I knew he didn't kill Jeff's family, because I saw them during my visits to his home," Evan's attitude seemed as cold as the hard steel that he sat upon.

“I went back inside and placed the lighter fluid and box of matches on the counter. Just then, I heard a noise coming from the backyard and peered through the blinds thinking it was one of my dogs. I saw both of my dogs lying in the middle of the yard. They were dead and positioned about five feet apart. Lucifer’s head was cut off and over in the corner of the yard. Rudolph’s body was literally twisted. His back had been broken. But what caught my attention was the source of the noise I heard that initiated me looking out the window. Rachele and a large black man were coming out of my shed with their arms full of some of my supplies. I could see the black guy had a pistol in his waistband and they were coming for the back door. I knew they didn’t know I was home and an indescribable, intense rage overcame me. I wanted to ambush them the same way they ambushed my family. I went into my garage and grabbed my hatchet. I decided instantly I wasn’t going to waste any of my bullets on these scumbags. Besides, I didn’t want to alarm any of the neighbors, or the eyes watching me, with the sound of gunshots,” Evan's facial features produced a fearful scowl and his eyes glowed with hatred. There was no doubt that Evil E had the eyes of a killer.

“I stepped back into the house and waited behind the door, so they wouldn’t see me once they came inside. The big black guy walked in first and as soon as he stepped inside, he turned toward me and caught a glimpse of me and his fuckin’ eyes got as big as silver dollars. He had the spooked-out, crack head look. The fuckin’ nigger had his hands full of food and right as he made eye contact with me, I swung that hatchet as hard as I could and implanted it right in between his god damn eyes. It stuck the same way it would if you swung it at a piece of wood you were chopping. He fell to the ground and I quickly turned my attention to Rachele. She followed her partner in crime in and after I stuck the hatchet in his head and he fell she turned to run and I grabbed her by the hair and pulled her back. I wanted to make sure I didn’t allow her to escape or draw attention to the justifiable murders about to ensue. I pulled the boot knife from its sheath and leaned her over the kitchen counter and put the knife point on the skin just below her left eye. I could see in her eyes she knew I was gonna kill her, but I had to refrain for my own piece of mind. I had to get some answers before I killed her,”

Mr. Immenger became enthralled with the story Evan was telling. He leaned forward and was attentively hanging on Evan's every word.

"I asked her why? I asked her why she had to kill my wife and kids? I asked her why she couldn't have just robbed us and went about her way? She could hardly speak. She was trembling in fear. Slobber was coming out of the side of her mouth and she was sobbing in a way that it was hard for her to catch her breath. All she kept saying was she was sorry. I told her I wanted to hear her story. I told her I wanted her sorry ass to explain to me why she would take my kindness as weakness! I told her I wanted her darky-lovin' ass to look into the eyes of her killer and speak like the dog she was. I told her that when a dog bites the hand that feeds it, it was taken to pasture and properly disposed of like the ungrateful mut it was.

The whore told me that after I left Aryianna came in and told her to leave. She said she left and went about a mile down the road to a guy's house she knew. Rachele told the guy there was some people about a mile away who had lots of food and water and the husband was going to be gone for the night and it would be an easy take. She said when they got here, her accomplice told her to wait outside and he would go in and take care of things, then come back out and get her. The cocksuckin' bitch said that her black piece of shit partner came in by himself, and she didn't know exactly what happened. She told me when he came back outside to get her, about five minutes later, that my wife, two kids, and two dogs had all been killed," Evan's face radiated with anger and disgust. He knew if he had just minded his own business and left the piece of trash in the dumpster where he found her, his family would most likely still be alive today.

"At that point the bitch said all I needed to hear and I cut her left eye out. She was screaming in pain and then I took the knife and cut her throat and sat back while she was lying on the floor flopping like a fish out of water. I grabbed her by her ankles and drug her into my garage. I then went up to the black guy with the hatchet sticking out of his skull. He wasn't dead yet. I could hear him quietly

moaning some shit like, 'help me Jesus.' The blade of the hatchet was sunk about four inches into his skull. I pulled him out into the garage as well. Rachelle was still flopping and the guy was mumbling a little. I stepped on his head and pulled out the hatchet from his forehead. It was hard as hell to pull out and when I pulled it out some of his brains came out too. I knew he was just about dead. I grabbed the lighter fluid and doused their faces with the liquid. I struck the first match and dropped it on the man and his face was instantly engulfed by flames. His body jerked once or twice, but I think the blow to the head pretty much paralyzed him. I then lit a match and set Rachelle's head on fire and watched it burn. She tried to get up, but I put my foot on her stomach to keep her from moving until she quit moving. Her pitiful life was now over," Evan sat completely still now.

Evan paused and just looked at Mr. Immenger with a blank stare. It appeared he was having a flashback and for the next ten to fifteen seconds the two men sat in silence.

"Evan?" Mr. Immenger said. "Are you alright?" Evan gradually snapped out of the trance he was in and just looked at Mr. Immenger.

"That's some fucked up shit, huh?" Evan said to Mr. Immenger while leaning forward in his cage with his elbows on his knees resting his head on his cuffed hands.

Shaking his head Mr. Immenger searched for the words to use describing what he had heard. Unable to respond, Mr. Immenger rubbed his head and muttered the word "damn," to himself four or five times.

"Evan, I know its been a long time since your loss, but before we go a second further I want to extend my sincerest of condolences to you for the losses you have endured," the respectful journalist stated.

“Thanks, its been a while but it was something I live with every second of every day. Finding your family murdered in your home was a tough pill to swallow,” just then, Officer Long walked up to inspect Evan, per routine. They both made eye contact and she gave Evan a smile. Mr. Immenger was mumbling something, but Evan didn’t hear a word he said. He was lusting over the woman of his dreams and nothing else was important at the moment.

“That is one fine woman,” Evan said looking back toward Mr. Immenger.

Mr. Immenger was leaning back in his chair and by this time realized every time Officer Long appeared within sight of Evan, it was break time. “Shall we?” Mr. Immenger said to Evan who was just sitting in his cage with a huge smile and eyes like that of a kid in a candy store. Evan cleared his throat, changed his facial expression back to one of seriousness and restarted his story.

“I sat on the couch and for the first time in my life I felt totally empty. I was lost in a jungle and didn’t have a compass, food or water. I was devastated beyond belief. There were five dead bodies in my home and three of the bodies were my wife and two children. The other two were the scum that killed them. My family was my purpose of existence. So I dropped on the couch, took the shotgun and pumped a shell into the chamber. I put my mouth over the barrel and my thumb on the trigger. I closed my eyes, bit down on the barrel and pushed the trigger with my thumb..... Nothing, I look down and the damn thing is on safety. I took it off of safety and started to repeat the same process. Before putting my mouth over the barrel again I began to think,” Evan's chains rattled as he itched the calf on his left leg.

“I took some deep breaths and began to consider my family. I start to ruminate over what they would want me to do. I concluded if I killed myself their deaths would be in vain. Their deaths were senseless as it was, but for me to kill myself seemed stupid. I was never one who contemplated suicide anyway. Hell, I was scared to die. Although I am not a man of religion, I do believe in fate and

destiny. I knew to believe in fate and not believe in the hands that determine it is semi-hypocritical, but I am a firm believer that everything happens for a reason. With that being said, everybody, and I do mean everybody, who was a part of my life for those few weeks were dead and I managed to survive amidst formidable odds. Maybe it was a sign? There had to be some reason I was still alive. Or, which I would concur today, I was one lucky motherfucker. To survive all of that and to end up like this wasn't my idea of divine purpose. Anyway, it's a complicated matter and hard to put into words the exact feelings going through my mind at that time. From the day the electricity went out, till this very second, has all been a traumatizing nightmare and the pinches are felt without producing awakening. But needless to say, I put the shotgun back in the closet and sat on the couch trying to figure out what the hell I was going to do. I damn sure wasn't going to sit in a house with five rotting corpses. I did the only thing I felt was an option. I got the fuck out of Dodge," Evan said with a wink of his right eye and that sly grin of his.

"I packed up the necessary belongings essential to my survival and loaded them in Ariyanna's sedan parked in the garage. I cracked the garage door about twelve inches and started the car. It hadn't been started or driven in over two weeks. I checked the fluids and topped off the gas tank. I loaded all the food and water I could fit in the trunk. I packed my tent and other camping gear in case I needed to brave the elements. I put one of the five-gallon cans of gas in the car and the other one had about two gallons left in it," Evan was sure to be detailed in his account of the story. He wanted the translation into typed word to be accurate.

"I climbed up in the attic and soaked the insulation and paper items with gasoline. I ran a trail of gasoline down the ladder and through the house. I took all the remaining flammable liquids I had and spread them throughout the house. I closed my eyes before entering the rooms with my dead family members and went in the rooms and blindly poured the flammable liquids over there lifeless bodies. A proper burial wasn't of importance to me. They were dead. Even if there was an afterlife, their souls were lifted from the

hardened blue bodies and were long gone. All that was left was flesh and bone awaiting rigor mortis to set in. I ran a trail out to the garage and emptied the rest of the lighter fluid on Rachele and the burnt faced baboon that killed my family,” Mr. Immenger had a bit of a coughing attack and Evan paused. The sound of rattling chains informed Evan another inmate was entering the visitation area.

“Even though the hatred I had towards them filled my heart, the sight of them was hard to stomach. The flesh and skin of their faces was burnt completely off and all that was left was their skulls. It was a strange sight to say the least. The bottom portions of their bodies were intact and their heads were just skulls. It was weird, but anyway I left a trail from the inside of the house and out into the garage and pulled Rachele on top of the guy and emptied the rest of the flammable fluids on them. I took out my boot knife and bent over and cut off the ankle monitor, opened the garage, tossed a match on the lovebirds and got in the car and sped off. I had the pistol in my lap in case Royce and his posse pursued me. If they killed me then I really wouldn’t have given a shit, but I wasn’t going to just pull over and be killed. I was going to go down fighting. I got out to I-44 and headed south towards Oklahoma City. I never saw any signs of being tailgated or even had the impression I was being followed,” the chained inmate was placed in a box, two boxes down from Evan. Evan turned his head to look at the convict. He was a White man who Evan did not recognize. The two exchanged nods and Evan continued with his story.

“I noticed the further away from Tulsa I got, the more cars I saw on the highway. Don’t get me wrong, it wasn’t bumper to bumper but there was traffic on the interstate. It was almost as if things were normal. By the time I reached Oklahoma City it was dark and I’ll be damned if the city wasn’t lit up like a fuckin’ Christmas tree. They had electricity! I pulled on to Interstate thirty-five as I came into town and stores were open, signs were on, and cars were everywhere. It was just as it was the last time I had been there. I didn’t know what to think. I had a buddy who lived on the south side of town and I thought maybe I would stop by and see him. I wanted to try and get a feel for what was going on in OKC. I wanted to watch T.V. and see

what the news was saying with regard to what the hell was happening in Tulsa,” Evan shifted his weight and noticed Mr. Immenger glancing down at the visitor of the inmate. She was an attractive woman who appeared to be visiting her husband.

“I pulled up to my buddies house, who I hadn’t seen in about three years and got out and went up to the door. I knocked and he answered and let me right in. He told me I looked like shit and asked what the hell had happened to me. I told him he didn’t want to know. He gave me a beer and I went in and sat down on the couch. He was watching some movie on TV., and I asked him what had been going on and he was just like 'same ole same ole.' I asked him if his power had been off and he just kind of looked at me funny. So I began to get the impression the power outages only affected Tulsa. He told me he had heard Tulsa was without power for a couple of weeks due to some strong storms up in that part of the state. He said bits and pieces had been on the news, but he thought the power was supposed to be back on by now. I asked him what else they were saying on the news about Tulsa. He said he read something in the paper that citizens were encouraged to stay away from Tulsa because of looting and lack of power and the National Guard had been called in and was patrolling the streets. I then asked if he had seen or heard news reports of people being attacked in the streets or anything about massive riots and looting. He said he saw a day or two of it but nothing recently and he didn’t think much of it. He told me he knew what to expect from those kinds of people when shit hit the fan. I just looked at him and nodded in agreement,” Evan licked his dry lips and wished he had a glass of water to quench his thirst caused by the excessive amount of talking.

Officer Long walked up to Evan’s cage and visually inspected his cuffs. After looking at the cuffs, she appeared to eyeball his crotch. “Everything O.K.?” she said in a friendly tone. Evan glanced down to see if something was on his pants and looked back up and said he was fine. The two continued gawking at each other for at least five seconds before Officer Long walked away giving Evan a libidinous smile. As usual, he admired her ass until she rounded the corner.

He never noticed a panty-line in the tight black pants and knew she was either going commando or even better yet wearing a thong. He would masturbate to the thought of her juicy ass in a black string thong. Just the thought aroused him.

Mr. Immenger giggled to himself and shook his head. He leaned up as close to the cage as he could get and told Evan, "I think she likes ya, E," Mr. Immenger leaned back in his chair and in the process gave Evan a wink and a smile.

Evan was grinning as well and said to Mr. Immenger, "Told ya." Mr. Immenger looked at his watch and told Evan they had thirty minutes left in the visit and since he would not be back for a month, he wanted to press on in hopes of finishing. He told Evan he hoped his next visit would be one of mutual conversation and not one of business. He knew the story's ending was near and encouraged Evan to continue.

Evan nodded and began to speak again, "I was at my buddy Rase's house and he was half-ass drunk by this time. He started asking me things about Aryianna and the kids. He wanted to know where they were and how they were doing. I was hesitant in answering him and finally just told him they were at home and were doing fine. I told Rase, Aryianna and I were having a fight and I decided to get out-of-town for a day or two and maybe go do some camping. We stayed up till the early morning just bullshitting about old times and drinking beer. I passed out on his couch and woke up the next morning and he was getting ready to leave for work. He told me to make myself at home, get me something to eat and shower up and just be sure to lock up when I left. I told him that was cool and I would be gone in an hour or two and might stop back by later that night.

After Rase left, I got on his computer and was browsing websites, looking for anything I could find about the blackout in Tulsa. I wanted to see if there were any articles about the looting and rioting in the streets that had been broadcast over the T.V. for the first couple of days after the assassination. I knew there were fires and

such, we could smell the smoke and see the ash in the air. There had to be some reports or posts of the fires and lawlessness that took place. As I browsed the net I found some small articles about minor disturbances and some reported looting in the downtown area. The information I read said the National Guard had been called in to keep the peace and everything was under control. There was a curfew put in effect and power was to be restored promptly. Then I found another article stating some violent storms swept across Northeastern Oklahoma leaving a quarter of the state without running water, electricity and phone service,” Evan began to reminisce on the warm Oklahoma day when the shit hit the fan.

“The odd thing about it, when the power went out it was clear and sunny. I remember it clear as day and there sure weren’t any tornadoes or storms around at the time. I didn’t find any breaking news about the deaths of my nine friends, the massive shootout on Fifteenth and Lewis or the burnt down house with five bodies inside. Nothing made sense. Life as I had known it for the first thirty years of my life was changing on the fly,” Evan suddenly let out a roaring belch.

“I took a shower at Rase’s house, ate some breakfast, and got back in the car. I had my tent and fishing equipment and decided I would go to Thunderbird Lake and camp and fish for a few days. I needed some time away from everything and hoped to gain back my mental stability that was all but lost. I camped at the lake several years ago and even though the water was dirty, it was pleasant and peaceful. It was early November and the weather was perfect for camping. I got down there and set up camp. I had a nice fire and a spot on the southeast side of the lake away from everything and everybody. Summer was past and winter was coming soon, making the lake desolate. Those first couple of days at the lake were the toughest of my life. I cried more in those two or three days than I had my entire life combined. I tried to drink away the horrific thoughts, but all I could think about was walking into those rooms and finding my family murdered. It was tough! I didn’t eat and drank just enough water to replenish the tears I had cried away. I was dehydrated from all the alcohol I drank those few days and the vivid

images of my family haunted my every passing second. I am not even gonna sit here and lie about wishing I had died. I knew death would have been better than the hell that had become my life,” there were still times that Evan believed death would have been better, but he had come to accept his fate.

“Everything took a turn on day three. I decided to move camp and wanted to find a place I could wash up. I headed further east and came to a campground area that had showers. I pulled in and got me a shower and decided I would set up camp. I went to the most remote area of the campground and staked my tent. I was a good fifty feet away from the area where you are supposed to camp and heard these strange noises. I thought maybe some wild animal was in the woods or maybe some ducks were at the water’s edge feeding. I passed it off and didn’t think anything of it. I saw one other car in the campground area a mile or so back. A couple of minutes passed by and I kept hearing the noises of what sounded like people rustling around and I thought I heard voices. I decided to investigate what it was I was hearing,” Evan again scratched at the itchy spot on his calf. He quickly glanced over at his fellow inmate before regaining his thought and continuing with his story.

“The tree line and brush was pretty thick where I was camping. To get to the direction of the sound, I had to go into some thick brush towards the water. There was an inlet of water that ran from the lake about thirty or forty yards from where I was camping. I come through the trees and I catch a glimpse of some people. The vegetation was thick so I couldn’t really tell what was going on and figured I would just go back to my campsite and leave them be. I was sure they were just fishing or maybe smoking a joint and drinking some beer,” Mr. Immenger was tuned into Evan’s voice with extreme interest.

“As I turned to walk back to camp I heard a muffled scream and what sounded like a groan. It dawned on me that was the noise I had been hearing all along. I crept up further and took out my pistol from my coat pocket. I slowly made my way towards the people. The trees, brush and thickets became less and less dense. There was a good size clearing where they were and also a picnic table.

There was a roundabout way to get to where they were at and I just didn't realize it. I came up behind a large pine tree and I could see one of the men clearly. He had his back to me and was drinking some liquor and smoking a cigarette. He was looking around a lot and I couldn't see exactly what was going on with the other people. I just kept hearing the moaning sound about every thirty seconds. I went around to the other side of the tree and much to my horror; I realized the source of the sound," a fly landed on Evan's leg and he tried to catch it to no avail not skipping a beat on his story.

"A large black man was holding down a woman and raping her on a picnic table. She had something in her mouth or some tape over it that was preventing her from screaming. Her hands were duct taped in front of her and she was on her back with her legs straight up in the air, one on each side of the massive man. This was the source of the odd sound I was hearing from fifty or so yards away. Her shirt was ripped open, exposing her small breasts and she didn't have any pants on. Her shoes were still on and her pants and underwear were lying on the ground beside the table," Mr. Immenger could hear the repulsion in Evan's voice.

"Just at that moment the man stood up and pulled his dick out of her and slapped her across the face. He was much larger than the woman and the sound was of a thud more than a slapping sound. He put his cock back in his pants and zipped and buttoned them up. The other man proceeded to take down his pants and rape her. He grabbed a hold of her hair with both hands and began to have sex with her. She was a White girl with brown hair. I say girl because she didn't look to be much older than fifteen or sixteen. The two men were both black and looked to be in there thirties. When the other man started having sex with her the moaning started again. I couldn't see where the other one went from the viewpoint I had from behind the tree. He then came back into sight and had his back to me and was apparently putting his penis on her face," Mr. Immenger sat back in his chair rubbing his fingers through his graying hair. He didn't care much for the graphic images now present in his mind, but knew the story was pertinent to making the book as factual as possible.

“I was in somewhat of a state of shock as I sat and watched this action-taking place. I went to the lake to get away from the violence and insanity that had suddenly taken over my life and here I am witnessing two thugs raping a teenage girl. I remember thinking about my daughter and if that was her being raped by these opprobrious punks and I was instantly filled with rage. I weighed my options of going for the park ranger or just going and handling the situation, vigilante style. I knew by the time I reached the ranger station at the entrance of the campground they could be long gone and the girl could be dead. If that were Janelle and somebody was witnessing what I was witnessing, I would sure hope they would take the law into their own hands. At least stop the rape and scare the men off. The girl was clearly in agonizing pain and every second of torment that went by was unnecessary. If I continued to witness this atrocity without stopping it, I was just as guilty as them for allowing it,” Evan straightened his back and again tried to catch the nagging fly.

“Just then, I instinctively came from behind the tree with my small revolver drawn. They never even saw me and I walked right up behind them and hit the one in the back of the head with the butt of my pistol. The two men were startled and the one having sex with the girl went for his gun. I shot and hit him in the upper arm. It didn't knock him back like a shotgun blast, but he grabbed his arm and ran behind a nearby tree. I looked back to my right where the other man was and he grabbed the girl off the table by the hair and had a knife to her throat. He was much larger than the other man and was three times the size of the small girl. She was nude except for her white sneakers and purple ankle high socks. Tears were running down her face and I realized her hands and mouth was duct taped. I was in a bad situation because I had one on each side of me with a weapon. I backed up and just told the big guy to let the girl go. Right after I said that a shot rang out and I began to run back towards the pine tree. I was worried I had been shot again. I was still recovering from the flesh wound I received a few days earlier and was lucky to have survived it. I started back into the woods and substantiated the bullet missed me. I looked back to see if they were following me and I noticed they were not. I stopped and saw the two men were

arguing with each other. The smaller, lighter skinned of the two that I shot was motioning for the bigger one to come on,” Evan caught the fly and was crushing the pest in his hand before dropping the dead remains to the floor and wiping his hand on his pant leg.

“Just when I thought I hadn’t witnessed enough death, the gorilla of a man begins stabbing the girl over and over again in the chest and neck areas. I yelled and ran back towards them. The girl just dropped like a sack of potatoes. They both began to run and I ran after them. I shot the big one twice in the back and he continued to run. I shot him again and he stopped and turned around and faced me. We were about ten yards apart and I stopped running as well. He had this crazy ass look on his face. He was literally foaming at the mouth and then he charged me. I aimed at his heart and shot and hit him but it still didn’t drop him. I aimed and fired, hitting him right in the top of the head. He ducked like a bull when he ran for me and the bullet went right in the top of his bald head,” Mr. Immenger listened to the traumatic details of Evan’s tale, in awe of the many near death experiences Evan had faced and conquered in such a short time period. His story was fit for a movie screen.

“It was the last bullet in my six shot revolver and the next thing I knew I was on the ground wrestling with a man who was at least three hundred pounds and had five bullet holes in his body. He was strong as an ox and I couldn’t get him off of me. He was breathing heavily and I heard the other man yelling for him to come on. I was blinded by the blood running out of his head on onto my face and into my eyes. I kept hearing the other one yelling 'Hurry up!' over and over again and his voice was getting closer and closer. All of a sudden his body went limp. He stopped breathing and I pushed him off of me. I took my shirt and wiped the blood from my eyes and noticed the man running away from me. If that big son of a bitch hadn’t died when he did I would have never seen the bullet hit my head. I know for sure he was gonna walk up and shoot me while that big bastard was holding me down,” Mr. Immenger couldn’t help but put himself in Evan’s shoes and wonder if he would have had the same courage and valor as the man sitting across from him.

One thing for sure, he knew if that girl was his daughter he would be forever grateful to Evan for his actions.

“Like a dumb ass I took my knife out of my boot and ran after the other one. I knew he was wounded because he was holding his arm limp at his side. I just sensed he was the follower of the two men and the dead one was the “shot-caller.” I knew he just wanted to get out of there and get home before the police were everywhere. He never even looked back to see if I was chasing him. He slowed down about twenty yards ahead. I wasn’t sure where their vehicle was, but I didn’t see one up ahead of him. I quietly jogged up behind him and grabbed him, without him even knowing what got him. He let out a high-pitched squeal when I got a hold of him,” as Evan spoke, Mr. Immenger envisioned the tale in his mind like an action movie. Evan's attention to detail was magnificent and Mr. Immenger was impressed by his story telling ability.

“He was significantly smaller than the mammoth beast I had just wrestled with, but by no means was a small or weak man. I had my knife out and was trying to cut his throat with it while he was holding my arm with both hands trying to get me to drop the knife. We fell to the ground and continued to wrestle and he was able to get on top of me. I was making sure I kept control of my knife. I wanted to make certain he didn’t wrestle it away from me and stab me with it. He kept one hand on my wrist that held the knife and then started punching me in the face with his other hand. I guess when you’re in a life and death situation you forget about your injury. The brute had just wrestled me with all his might until his heart just stopped and he was strong as an ox till the very end. The same was true for this guy. I just saw him with his arm limp from a gunshot wound and now he was landing powerful shots to my face with it.

I knew a couple of things right then and there. One, he still had a gun and if he got the chance to get to it he would shoot me without any hesitation. Secondly, he was repeatedly punching me in the face and I was becoming more and more lethargic with every blow. If I didn’t act soon he would knock me out and take my knife or draw his gun and kill me. In a last ditch effort I tried a move I saw on a

mixed martial arts match and hoped like hell it worked. I was on my back and he had me in a mounted position. I raised my legs up behind him and pulled my legs forward and wrapped them around his upper body. I had my ankles interlocked around his head and pushed down with all the force I had and flipped positions with him. I now sat up on my butt with my legs on the ground and he was on his back with his legs in the air. He still had his hand tightly locked around my wrist preventing me from stabbing him. The punches had taken their toll and I was woozy, trying my best to snap out of it. He took full advantage of my weakened state and rolled over and got up and ran. He headed towards the water and I gave chase,” Mr. Immenger noticed the visitor sitting two chairs down from him was trying to get a glimpse of Evan. Evan was forced to speak loud and clear so that the recorded audio was easily deciphered by Mr. Immenger.

“I chased him down and tackled him at the edge of the water. We fell and I stabbed him in the back. He squirmed further into the water and I stabbed him two or three more times in the back. I stabbed him hard in the upper back and left the knife lodged while I took both hands and grabbed his head and shoulder and forced him under water. After about a minute, he quit struggling and I realized I had drowned him. As soon as I released my grip and his limp body floated to the surface, WHAM!” Evan grimaced and rolled his neck in a complete three-hundred and sixty degree circle before settling back in on the event.

“The next thing I remember was waking up in a hospital bed, handcuffed to the bed rails and two cops standing in the room. The first thing I heard was 'beep-beep-beep-beep.' My pulse was echoing through the room. I tried to move, but due to my feet being cuffed to the bed and the intense pain in my back I couldn't. One of the guards stepped from the room and came back in with the doctor. He informed me I had been shot in the back and after a four-hour surgery the bullet was removed and I would make a full recovery. He then told me I was cuffed to the bed at the request of law enforcement and they would be in momentarily to inform me of my impending situation. About that time a large man with a huge

cowboy hat and even larger stomach walked in the room and introduced himself at Sheriff Lynch and told me I was under arrest and would be charged with murder. He advised me of my rights and said we could speak now or wait until I was released from the hospital and we could talk at the jail. Either which way, I was going to jail and there was no hope of getting out, was how it was put to me by the sheriff. I declined to speak at that time and told him I might speak to him at the jail,” the convict and visitor remained silent and it appeared they were eavesdropping on Evan, certainly enamored by his story's drama.

“I spent the next couple of days as doped up as possible on morphine and other painkillers to pass the time. The wound on my shoulder that I sustained in the Fifteenth Street shootout developed an infection. The doctor treated that injury and said it would have gotten much worse if I had not had it tended to. I was surrounded by several armed guards during my entire stay at the hospital. Even when I went to take a shit, a guard went into the bathroom with me and watched. I was released into police custody and taken to the Cleveland County Detention Center. Upon my arrival at the jail, a media circus ensued and I became the infamous 'Evil' Evan Roddenberry. Reporters were camped out in front of the jail entrance waiting to get a glimpse of the racist serial killer from Oklahoma. During my hospital stay, me and my crimes made front-page news. When I got to the jail, I was booked in and officially charged with nine counts of murder, arson, illegal possession of a firearm and various hate crimes,” Evan chuckled after recalling the list of his charges.

“After being booked, I was placed in an isolated cell for my own protection and a couple hours later the O.S.B.I. showed up to talk to me. Two men were in suit and ties and walked in and introduced themselves as detectives for the O.S.B.I. (Oklahoma State Bureau of Investigation). One detective was Hispanic and the other one was black. Right then I knew I was screwed. The Hispanic informed me of my rights and asked me if I wanted to talk or “lawyer-up.” He then proceeded to make sure I was aware it didn't matter to him either way. He told me they had all the evidence they needed to throw

away the key. He assured me they were going to seek the death penalty and I would be lucky to see forty,” Mr. Immenger excused himself to go get a refill on his coffee and encouraged Evan to go on without him.

“I told him I didn’t kill my wife and kids, but the two men at the lake and the man and woman at my house were killed in self-defense. They both looked at each other and snickered. He then let me in on his little secret. He said burying a hatchet in a man’s face and setting him on fire did not justify self-defense. Stabbing a man three times in the back and drowning him with a park ranger witnessing the event didn’t count as self-defense either. He told me the O.S.B.I. had been watching me as ‘a person of interest’ because of my activity on pro-White websites. The black one then looked at me with a crazy look in his eyes and told me he didn’t believe it was coincidence five of the nine victims happened to be black,” Evan bent his head over as far as he could and raised his hands to pick his nose. Mr. Immenger sat back down and steam rose from the white styrofoam cup.

“That’s when I asked him who the other two victims were. I told them I understood the five bodies in my house and the two men at the lake, but I didn’t understand who the other two victims were. Once again, they looked at each other acting as if they had just heard a joke. Sarcasm was splattered all over their faces and it was evident they were disgusted by my presence. ‘Mr. Johnson and Mr. Jackson ring any bells,’ the Hispanic detective asked me. I told them the names didn’t ring a bell. The black man then pulled out some photos from a manila folder he had with him and slammed them on the table in front of me. He started screaming at me and told me to look at the pictures. He started calling me names and told me I’m gonna get what I deserve when I go to prison. He said he had some brotha’s up at Big Mac that owed him a favor or two and he was going to personally see to it that they put a big black cock up my White ass. Until I was executed, I was going to spend the rest of my life as some ‘nigga’s bitch’ was how he put it,” Evan and Mr. Immenger both laughed.

After regaining his composure, Evan coughed to clear his throat and resumed where he left off. “I looked at the pictures, one of them was of a man whose face looked like it had been run through a meat grinder. The other picture was of a man who had a hole blown out of his face the size of a baseball. They were certainly pictures of the most graphic variety, but I had never seen those men in my life. I asked him what happened. Instantly, they gave each other that same look of sarcasm, like I was full of shit and knew exactly what they were talking about. He said I had blown a hole through Mr. Jackson’s head with my twelve gauge shotgun and shot Mr. Johnson in the back with the same twelve gauge shotgun and proceeded to run over his head at least a dozen times till it was smashed into the pavement like a pancake. I told them that was bullshit and I had nothing else to say without a lawyer present. They laughed and said they didn’t want to waste their time on some ignorant piece White trash like me anyway. As the black one was walking out the door, he looked back at me and winked and said ‘sure hope you like black cock.’ I heard him and his Hispanic partner laughing until the door closed,” Mr. Immenger sat in silence and shook his head in a disgusted way.

“After a short trial, I was found guilty on all counts. The jury was all-White and I could see the hatred in every last one of their eyes. They deliberated for less than thirty minutes before reaching a verdict. They didn’t give a shit what I had to say. When I was testifying on my own behalf, I could see them looking at me with total disgust. I bet in the jurors room a couple of them made the comment that they would do the state a favor and execute me themselves. Needless to say, I was sentenced to death and hear I am. I’m a dead man walking. Since the laws were changed, once they cut off my meals, forty-eight hours later I’ll be dead and gone. Valhalla awaits!” Evan said raising his voice and then chuckling afterwards.

Officer Long unlocked the cage door and informed Evan visitation was over. Evan’s eyes remained fixated on Mr. Immenger. He looked at Mr. Immenger with an instinctual feeling this would be the last time the two met face to face. He calmly told Mr. Immenger, “tell

the tale as told, for now the bell has tolled,” Evan winked at Mr. Immenger and was escorted back to his home in cell block C. Mr. Immenger pressed stop on the recording device and put it in his coat pocket. He now had the material needed to finish the book he started three months earlier. He was saddened by the random turn of events, which overcame Mr. Roddenberry’s life. He knew any man could be standing in Evan’s size twelve blue slippers awaiting the reapers call. Life was funny like that.

XIII

Evan lied awake in his cell, with his thoughts consuming him. Two weeks had gone by since Mr. Immenger visited. He had lost his motivation to read, write or exercise. He found himself absorbed by these moods periodically. He evaluated his life and the twists and turns it had took, resulting in his current dilemma. Different mood swings brought about different thought patterns in relation to his present funk. Sometimes he could shake them in a few hours, other times they would last a couple of days. Many times he indulged in complex thought, bringing about a state of temporary insanity. Issues like life, death, creation, purpose, love, hate, free-will, race, race traitors and ideology all had the common factor of uncertainty without a definite answer. A zombie like mental and physical state transpired during these time periods, resulting in a hypnotic trance. The physical being of Evan at this time was hibernation, yet his brain was running a hundred meter sprint over and over without exhausting. His mind's stamina was relentless and he continued like a mathematician persistent on solving an equation.

The marathon of thought that caused the blank stare at the ceiling was one of death. He developed the mind-set that his actions were not crimes at all. He knew some criminals deserved incarceration, and even death for their violent, premeditated acts. Yes, he had killed at least seven people, he didn't know for sure if he took anyone's life in the Fifteenth Street shootout, but all seven killings were crucial to his own survival. He stood firm behind his actions, never once wavering in doubt. A man of motto's, he believed his instincts were usually correct and he never instinctively felt remorse. Did he regret? Of course! He wished he were having one of his dreams, awakened to Aryianna's pleasant voice and soft touch, telling him everything was okay. As the years had passed, he knew this was not a bad dream awaiting an awakening.

Yet if he had it all to do over again he would not change a thing. He was just a sadistic, racist killer in the eyes of the flock. He had a small band of sympathizers who wrote with their support. Those

were the people who had long ago turned off the television sets and developed independent thought. They knew the facts about his crimes and if they were in his situation, they would have done the same thing. Even those most critical of him would be forced to act in the same way as he.

It all boiled down to race and Evan knew it. Evan's racist background was well documented in the court system and media outlets. He was a proud White man who had killed six black men and a race-traitor. He often wondered if the people he had killed were White, would he be sitting in a cell lost in transcendent thought awaiting execution. If he hadn't spent so much time on his computer, expressing his pro-White beliefs and his disdain for traitors and the government, would they have been able to establish motive? They were already watching him and Evan knew he was an incarcerated man temporarily living in the free world. His day was coming. With the election of Amohal and the oppressive majority becoming the enabling minority, the recipe was written. However, this menu didn't include hamburgers and French fries, hot dogs and baked beans or steak and potatoes. The current menu was one of chitterlings and turnip greens, egg rolls and sushi or pasoli and menudo.

One of the two overhead fluorescent lights went out in Evan's cell. It was 10:00 PM and the time most inmates hit the bunk for some shut-eye. He was still lying in his bunk consumed by his death thought. He was attempting to figure out why so many people viewed him as a monster for his killings, yet he felt absolutely no remorse. Was he really a monster? The only sleep he ever lost over any of the killings wasn't from remorseful feelings, but rather from trying to understand his lack of remorse. Maybe he was the heartless, racist killer who was a remorseless monster.

Maybe he didn't have any regards for human life? What disturbed him was the fact he knew this was false. He had been a kind, loving and giving man his entire life. He loved his wife and kids more than life itself. He was charitable, respectful and sympathetic to the less fortunate. He was law-abiding, taxpaying and always exercised his

right to vote. He was a proud American who believed mind corruption was the root of the problem and not vice versa. His kindheartedness was actually the flame set to the fuse that got him incarcerated in the first place. If he hadn't been so kind in the first place, he wouldn't have opened his door to his family's killer.

He heard other killers talk about nightmares and the images of the victims persistently present in the dreams. Why did he not see these same horrific images? In the six hours since chow, Evan laid motionless on the metal-framed bunk. He had reviewed the killings in his head over and over again; the burning deaths of Rachelle and her accomplice, the killing of DaShawn McGregor and Theotis Young for brutally sexually assaulting and killing a sixteen-year old White girl, the beast of a man he stabbed in the neck with a pencil his first night in the system and then there was Tyrell, the sixth man he killed.

After the killing of Torrance Williams, the big black man Evan killed his first day in prison, Evan was moved to a high security wing of the Oklahoma State Prison. The inmates were locked down twenty hours a day in the maximum-security wing. They were allowed out of their two man cells for chow, day room time and yard time. Black inmates made up the majority on the wing. In M block, where Evan was housed, there were sixty cells with two inmates per cell. Of the one hundred and twenty inmates in M block, only about fifteen were White. After about six months in M block he began to have problems with inmate Tyrell Maxwell.

Tyrell was a large black man in his mid-forties. He stood six foot five and weighed every bit of two hundred and fifty pounds. He was in prison on rape charges and was doing twenty years, with five years already served. Every time Evan looked in Tyrell's direction, he was staring at Evan. In prison when someone was constantly "muggin'," someone, negative consequences were sure to follow. Tyrell never approached Evan, or said anything out of the ordinary, but Evan sensed something wasn't right.

Then it all started happening. Tyrell started propositioning Evan about sexual favors. He told him a lot of the blacks in the pod knew who Evan was and it was just a matter of time before they got to him. Tyrell told Evan if he were to “ride” with him, he would take care of all of it and everything would be just fine for Evan. Of course, Evan knew this meant Tyrell wanted him to be his bitch.

A couple of weeks went by and the harassment continued. It was never physical, just a lot of talk that was annoying to Evan. Evan was able to come across an extra toothbrush and razor blade and made himself a “cutter.” A cutter was a two-sided weapon made out of a toothbrush. One end was rubbed on the concrete floor forcibly with repetition making a sharp pointed shank. The other side was heated up and a razor blade was inserted into the soft plastic, forming a cutter (When the plastic got hot it became soft, and could be molded or bent to one's liking. A razor blade would be placed in the hot plastic and when it cooled off it will hold the blade in place firmly, essentially a poor man's weld).

On the morning of March 5th, Evan awoke and was in a foul, no nonsense mood. On his way to chow, Tyrell made a mistake, which ended up costing him his life. In line for chow, Tyrell, who was in line right behind Evan, rubbed on Evan's ass and started whispering in his ear. Tyrell had done a lot of cat calling and “mean muggin',” but had never touched Evan. This enraged Evan, but he played it cool. He knew he should have just fought the man as soon as he started testing Evan and the problem would have been resolved long ago. It was too late to worry about that now, but he would definitely store it in his memory as a learning tool for future reference. Tyrell was going to learn his lesson the hard way.

Evan, in a calm demeanor, looked at Tyrell and told him he had succumb to his advances and wanted Tyrell to meet him in his cell after chow. Tyrell smiled and said, “I knew you'd come around.” Evan hurriedly ate his food and went to his cell and laid the trap for Tyrell. He retrieved his cutter from a hiding spot in a hollowed section of the cell wall. The cell doors rolled every hour on the hour in maximum security until 10:00 PM.

Just seconds before the doors were to roll, Tyrell stepped into the cell. Evan immediately put on his act. He told Tyrell they only had an hour and they needed to get busy. Tyrell said he could see it in his eyes that it was just a matter of time before he gave in. Tyrell said the eyes never lied and remarked that Evan wasn't the first, "punk that played hard to get." Tyrell said he had been waiting for this day for a long time. Evan with a look of submission looked at him and replied, "me too."

Evan told Tyrell to take down his pants; lie back on the bed, close his eyes and he would take care of the rest. Evan bent down onto his knees next to the bed and gripped the black penis in his hand. It was only half hard and Evan played it off perfectly by saying "You're not going to tell anybody about this, right?" Tyrell quickly said, "Hell na baby, it's our little secret."

With his right hand, Evan took the cutter from his waistband, gripped the half-limp dick with his left hand and pulled it tight. Tyrell moaned and said, "Gentle, I ain't into that there kinky shit, you here?" With the cutter in hand, and penis stretched firmly, Evan severed the penis at its base with one quick slash.

Instantaneously, Evan jumped on him stabbing him over and over with the sharpened end of the cutter. The man had his pants around his knees and blood was shooting from his mid-section like water from a hose. He was shielding his face with his arms, trying valiantly to block the stabs from hitting his face and neck area. Evan stabbed Tyrell over sixty times and didn't quit until the man laid lifeless on the bunk. There was a large amount of blood all over the cell. They were locked in the cell, but thanks to Tyrell's shrill screams that echoed throughout the pod, the guards were alerted to the situation.

After attacking Tyrell, Evan picked up the severed black penis and stuck it in Tyrell's mouth. He took the shank and lodged it in the man's eye socket. When the guards rolled the cell door, the image was something out of a horror movie. Evan was standing in the doorway soaked in blood. Tyrell had a shank protruding from his eye and his own dick hanging out of his mouth. The gruesome sight

caused several of the guards on duty that day to quit and pursue other careers. A few even had mental breakdowns and became burdens of the state's psychiatric department from viewing the traumatic event.

Evan despised homosexuals, but even more than that he despised black homosexuals who tried to force their will upon non-violent, straight White inmates. Their genetics allowed them to sense weakness and fear. Once determining fear and weakness, they were just like any other predator and became relentless in their pursuit. They would keep up their hunt until their prey gave into whatever advances they were proposing or they proved they would fight.

When Evan was detained, he told the questioning officer Tyrell came into his cell at roll time and attempted to assault him both sexually and physically. This resulted in a manslaughter charge, rather than murder to avoid court proceedings, the victim's family involvement and media attention to the tragedy. Everyone knew the manslaughter charge wouldn't affect his time. He was a dead man walking with nothing to lose. This was kill number six, and in Evan's opinion the sixth time he made the world, or at least cell block M in this case, a better place to live. He was given a ten-year sentence to run concurrent with his other sentences. It was all irrelevant to him. His wife and children were dead and he was serving five other death sentences, ten extra years meant nothing to him.

Evan had nothing to lose, and wanted to make sure that all the predators on the cell-block knew it. Evan noticed the majority of black inmates were perverse in their behavior. Evan didn't view them as homosexual per se, rather sexually indifferent. The majority of the black inmates who partook in homosexual relations claimed to be straight. Homosexuality was defined as sexual relations between members of the same sex. Nowhere in the definition was there an exclusion for prison inmates. Zookeepers often talked of bizarre sexual acts between confined animals. Their hormones raged and they were unable to act upon them due to confinement. So they

acted on their desires with whom or whatever was caged with them. Being logically inferior resulted in illogical, bizarre actions.

Evan associated this behavior with the black inmates he had encountered since incarceration. Their aggressive, yet queer, sexual and predatory behavior was not an isolated occasion, rather quite the contrary. To Evan there was no doubt of the genetic evolution from jungle primates.

The sally port came open and a small stack of mail was pushed through. The port was then closed and the officer continued down the tier. When an inmate received mail, the officer made the rounds, opened the sally ports, dropped the pre-examined mail into the cell, and moved on. Evan finished his set of push-ups and retrieved the mail from the floor in front of the door. A magazine, news publication, and two letters made up the four pieces of mail. Evan normally got mail a couple of times per week. The majority of mail Evan received was either from women who had a thing for convicts, especially high profile inmates or hate mail, which was far more common. He read them all nonetheless. He viewed any mail better than no mail. The first letter he opened and read was from a woman in Australia who had been writing Evan for the last six months. The usual wishy-washy, lovey-dovey words filled up the space on the three pages. Knowing nothing more than pen pals could become of the correspondence he limited himself in flattery.

Evan took the written page from the already opened envelope of the second piece of mail. He didn't recognize the name or address printed neatly in the front left hand corner of the envelope.

Mr. Roddenberry,

I am so grateful President Amohal enacted "Operation Cleansing" to rid our great nation of scum such as yourself. Never have we experienced such togetherness and respect for humanity since the cleansing has been deemed a success. I was never more proud to be an American than the day that President Amohal was elected and during his inauguration proclaimed victory for his people. The oppression introduced to American

society via the White male is now something only known through memory and history books. Never again shall we hear the terrible racial epithet that has plagued African Americans and caused them mental torment every time the word is uttered. Never again will Jews be subjected to anti-Semitism at the hands of some blue-eyed devil. Never again will Hispanics, Asians, homosexuals or feminists suffer discrimination in our great country.

Thanks to our great leader and his appointees, racist behavior of any kind will NOT be tolerated. The fact that thousands of racists just like you are rotting in a jail cell saddens me in only one way. That you're suffering is only temporary in comparison to the suffering caused by you and people like you. Our country can now stand hand in hand with hopes of a better tomorrow without the fear of White supremacy. Now that "operation cleansing" is complete, the good-hearted White people (such as myself) can begin the mending process for all the suffering our race has caused to others. I would wish the lords mercy on your soul, but I know it will be a wasted wish.

Proud American Woman

This letter was relatively pleasant in comparison to the average hate mail he received. He was no longer amazed or in awe when a letter like this arrived. When he first started getting letters like that, he would always figure they were from minorities, but soon realized they were almost always from his own people. It was shocking at first, but just as he adapted to life in a cell, he adapted to his people's abandonment. In a way, he was glad his children didn't have to endure the suffering of living in such a country. He would never wish death upon them, but since they were dead and there was no changing it, it was probably for the best. His children would either be stringed puppets or incarcerated. Neither was a life a father envisioned for his children.

Only small clusters of patriots were left in America. The ones who got out and de-Americanized themselves were the only true Americans left. Sure there were closet patriots, but they didn't dare mention a word for fear of repercussion. Evan gets occasional

letters from supporters, but they never had return addresses and always wrote under a pseudonym.

The lunch squad was making the rounds through cell block C and when they passed in front of Evan's cell without stopping, he knew his time had come. In forty-eight hours, he would be a dead man. At Highland Eternal Life Lockup, an inmate was stripped of all privileges forty-eight hours before an execution. The only rights they were given were the option of choosing between firing squad or noose. They were allowed to write as many as five letters to be sent out the day following execution. Finally, they received sixty seconds to make a final statement. The execution would be carried out and the body cremated immediately afterwards.

Evan wondered how he would react when this day finally arrived. Oddly enough, after all the anxious nights unable to sleep worrying about death, he suddenly felt at peace. Not knowing was worse than knowing. No longer would he sit on his bunk in anticipated fear. His time had come and nothing would change the forthcoming event.

There were no appeals, last minute stays by a governor or pardons by a president. A death sentence was a death sentence and justice would be served! How did a man confined to a small concrete cell spend the last forty-eight hours of his life? Exercising was pointless; it always was for a man awaiting execution. He had nobody to write (his entire family was deceased). He couldn't eat because of the elimination of chow. Sleeping seemed ridiculous (he could sleep for an eternity when he was dead). He already wrote his biography, with the help of Mr. Immenger, so his story had been told. He wrote several articles for publication expressing his views. Maybe the time was right. After all, Evan believed everything happened for a reason and this event qualified in the "everything" category.

He decided to enjoy the one thing they could never take from him, his mind. They could take every humane privilege and confine it to the maximum extent, but they could never enslave or reprogram the

most powerful entity on earth, the human mind. The mind was the creator of existence, the inventor of all, the traveler to paradise, the flames of damnation, the wings of the angels and the pitchfork of Lucifer. The mind was a formidable foe, which determined character, good or evil, weak or strong and racist or traitor.

Evan had long since replayed several determining events in his life. With the amount of time he had to think, he had come to terms with the mistakes of his life, as well as his accomplishments. More importantly, he knew life was an ending journey for all. None take the journey and succeed thoroughly. Mistakes are elementary and binding. Regret was worthless emotion. One could learn and repent in desperate hopes of correction, but once the eye was blind it would never see again. Within seconds of appearing from the womb, the journey of life was as much predestined as fate. The environment determined the character that was the individual.

A silver spoon resulted in brightness, as did parental failure producing darkness. Of course, there were exceptions to certain rules where variables were present. Self-determination, teamed with superior drive and genetics, produced achievement, as the latter generally conceived the opposite. Did a conditioned stray mutt eventually become a reconditioned pet? Did a transplanted tribesman become a productive civilian in a concrete jungle? Did establishment create epidemics to assure dependence? Were delusions fantasies that created dementia or was dementia a fantasizer of delusions? These were all questions Evan would never have the answer for. He had learned not all things in life had a definite answer. The logical selection of answer C on a test for one taker could just as easily be an obvious answer of B for another taker. The variable of opinion confirmed the constant of fact.

As Evan lied on his bunk in his prison issued boxer shorts, he did all a man could do in his situation; become entrenched in thought. He could not help to overlook the demise of the country he was born and raised in. Up until the nineties, it was a prosperous country, founded upon ideals, rights and freedoms. Third world immigration rapidly changed the face of America, shortly followed by the North

American Alliance. Obviously the formation of a new nation adhered to change. Freedom of speech still technically existed, but was earmarked with limitations. A gun ban was enacted even before the alliance. Evan believed the alliance was already in place and the gun ban was to eliminate resistance from American patriots. Universal health care was adopted; assuring governmental control over the health care system and denying capitalistic opportunity to health care agencies and insurance companies. Any medical procedure had to be approved by the government and all prison inmates were denied medical treatment for chronic illnesses and conditions. The government also had the right to search and seize without explanation. If they suspected any kind of wrongdoing, law enforcement was allowed to exhaust all necessary avenues, including, but not limited to, force. National I.D. System was a law requiring every N. A. A. citizen to carry a fingerprinted I.D. card at all times. Failure to do so, resulted in deportation.

Finally, racist behavior or actions was prohibited. Incarceration was a mandatory minimum for violators convicted of discriminating against a person or group of people because of race, religion, sexual orientation or gender. This included both verbal and written ideology or expression with negative connotations. Being convicted of using the word “nigger,” (or any other non-White epithet) carried an automatic one-year prison sentence. The prison system also changed. Dead men, like Evan were sentenced to “death houses,” and confined to cells the majority of the day. Offenders of lesser crimes, such as hate speech crimes, were sentenced to hard labor camps. If an offender was convicted and given two years at a labor camp, the offender was immediately sent to a labor camp the day following conviction and began working seven days a week, fourteen hours a day. All infractions, such as refusal to work or rules violations resulted in extended time to the sentence. All sentences were day for day. There was no more getting a twenty-year sentence and being paroled after seven years. Many of the labor camps were predominately White. Black and Hispanic inmates were sent to more traditional prisons. The government viewed this as a way of curbing racial violence within the institutions. Everyone understood this as punishment inflicted upon Whites. The stories of

trepidation were prevalent throughout the White community. Everyone who had spent time in a labor camp had disturbing stories of mistreatment, torture and even murder. The camps were often referred to as slave camps. Free labor for the government at the expense of public enemy number one -the White male.

Evan was enlightened to the facts about the assassination and the media persuasion that followed the alleged event. His lawyer informed him of the actions that answered the questions Evan pondered while still a free man. President Amohal immediately sat out to end anti-government radicals who could possibly pose any threat to the establishment. He knew an alleged assassination would draw rioters to the streets of the inner cities. This would infuriate White patriots who were already fed up with the demise of their race, particularly the ones who had yet to surrender their guns. Selecting one metropolis at a time and controlling the media coverage viewed and heard by the people. The plan was successful.

In every major city across the country, a four-week blackout took place. A total lack of all forms of media, no sources of food, and no lines of communication were put into effect. By doing this, Amohal and his advisors knew the non-threats would flee and the threats would bunker down and eventually take a stand. Broadcasting violence against Whites by minorities would enrage gun-toting Whites. In every major city in the country, bands of armed Whites merged on the inner city to make a stand for their people, only to be met by deadly force of an overpowering army.

Evan was a lucky one. The majority were killed. An estimated thirty-thousand White men were killed in the yearlong operation, later known as Operation Cleansing. The wounded or captured were imprisoned and given death sentences for gun violations, crimes against humanity, hate crimes and murder. An estimated five-thousand men sat in "death houses," awaiting execution. Thousands of other Whites had been sentenced to hard time at labor camps and several had mysteriously disappeared. They were referred to, as ghosts because when family members inquired to

their whereabouts, there was no record of their existence in the system. As of today, an estimated forty-thousand had lost their lives and five-hundred thousand were incarcerated at various levels of institutions within the system.

The ultimate goal of President Amohal and his regime was world domination. His rise to the most powerful man in the world came rapidly and the details of his early life were unknown to most. One thing was for sure, he was backed by some of the most powerful people and organizations in the world. Jewish extremists accounted for over eighty percent of the funding for his presidential campaign. Several conservative news syndicates reported this, only to be brushed off by the majority of White America as negative campaigning. In debate, Amohal would be asked about his ties to Jewish extremists and other radical organizations, which he was linked to. He repeatedly answered the same way, with denial. If the questioning perused and factual evidence was added to the accusations, Amohal would immediately become defensive and begin to attack one's character. "Always trying keep the black man down with your racism," was a quote he became fond of.

Considering racists in America were viewed in the same context as pedophiles, every time this quote was levied against a fellow debater or reporter, the topic immediately swung from Amohal defending his actions, acquaintances and supporters, to the questioner defending his character. Amohal's campaign exceeded the previous high in spending by over fifty-million dollars. Money was power and President Amohal definitely had the power.

Within days following President Amohal's victorious election Operation Cleansing was put into effect, stealthily of course. After the cleansing was declared a success, the unification amongst the three nations of the North American Continent was established, resulting in the formation of The North American Alliance. With Israeli money, African resources and the oil from the Middle East, the plan for world domination was not a matter of "if," but, "when". One nation at a time would be conquered and merged with the

North American Alliance. The unalterable conquest would continue until a New World Order was in power.

XIV

The years had succumbed to weeks, the weeks to days and now the days had dwindled to hours for the physically fit, and boiling minded intellect that was a prisoner of race. He sent a kite under the door to be picked up by a passing officer. The officers would not verbally respond in any way to Evan. They refused to even put him on deathwatch. If he chose to take his own life, then he made their job easier. Total isolation would occur until the death squad came for him. Once they arrived, they would escort him to the killing field. The killing field was a small area, enclosed by fifteen foot high concrete walls. On one side of the killing field was the gallows. The other was a dirt mound strategically placed to catch bullets that passed through the body. Evan would stand in front of the mound and be put to death by five gunmen. This was declared in the passing kite he slid under the door.

At Highland Eternal Life Lockup, along with a bed sheet, toothbrush, mattress, bible and other prison issued necessities, an inmate was given a death-slip. When your time had come, evident by the stoppage of chow, you had forty-eight hours to fill out your death-slip to choose between hanging or death by firing squad. If you didn't choose, the warden would make the decision for you. Evan believed the firing squad would be quick and painless. He also liked the idea of dying with his head held high and still standing on his feet to the end.

He didn't plan to write a final statement, but would assert his mind in the presence of his killers. He spoke from the heart and did not need a rehearsal. There would be no audience or recording. The only ears his words would enter would be those of his executioners. He had a unique ability to improv and was looking forward to his final sixty seconds.

Evan decided to sit down and write one final piece of literature before his death sentence was carried out. At first, he contemplated sending the letter to his buddy Mr. Immenger, but had a change of

heart and decided to pen his final thoughts and send them to *White Demise* with the hope of publication.

Readers

I, Evan Roddenberry, write to you from a small jail cell awaiting death by firing squad. This is not a day of sadness for me, for I am being released from hell. Whether my soul has wings and flies onto the next life I shall know soon enough. My concern is not for the destination of my rotting corpse, but the destination of my dying people. Through our own neglect and ignorance we have been overthrown. I say we, because WE are all in this together. Sure the traitors and sheeple did more of their fair share of allowing the crumbling of the empire. However, just as you fail in disowning your child when they break a rule or let you down, we should not disown the ignorant for they know not what they do. Those whom have sinned against nature, the cord must be cut. Those who have been programmed by the enemy must be reprogrammed. Strength is in numbers and we are at our weakest in recorded time.

We have been infiltrated repeatedly mentally, physically and genetically. A man who dies a coward is nothing more than a dead coward. One who wars for right is and will always be a warrior. I send this letter a man who killed seven people in his life. Do I deserve death by firing squad? That question is unimportant. Deserve has nothing to do with it. My sentence will be carried out even if I were innocent. Were my killings justifiable? In my mind the question goes without answering. One thing I have learned in the last few years is the fact that all minds do not think alike. The obvious is only obvious to the obvious. I killed two people who murdered my family in cold blood. One I opened my home to and fed, clothed and sheltered in a time of need. She in turn brought a killer to my home and allowed my family to be heinously executed, undeservedly so. Did they deserve to die? As I stated before, deserve had nothing to do with it. I killed two men who were sexually breaking the laws of nature. I witnessed this and thought of my own daughter being tortured by two nefarious thugs. I killed three men for violating my civil rights since my incarceration. Once again, the laws of nature set precedence to the matter. Prison is all about survival of the fittest. Sure the weak can survive, but only in a compromising manner. In some situations in life, death before dishonor is not only relevant, but also

mandatory. Breaking the laws of nature in not only one way, but two ways is intolerable and unforgivable.

All races exhibit pride in their ancestry. My grudge and disdain is not directed at others. All they can do is be whom their genetics dictate. Do I embrace other culture with jealousy or envy? Of course not. Do I hate others because they are different than I? Of course not. Am I a proponent of violence against one for their race? Of course not. Do I believe one should be proud of their heritage? Of course. I ask all these questions, and answer them, in respects to all of humanity. To be non-discriminatory and have equal rights should be attainable by all. Whites are ostracized for pro beliefs. Brown, black, yellow and native pride is cultural promotion and acceptance. White pride is racism?

I will close with this to the members of my once-great race. Respect is not given it is earned. Never take your race for granted. Spread the word of unity to others. If violence strikes, STIKE BACK! Things are going to get worse before they get better, so get ready. Eventually things will get so bad, action will be forced. The White race is the greatest race to ever walk the earth. The genetics will take over once allowed. We have conquered all and are responsible for the foundation of civilization. In the bloodline is the answer. The flame of nationalism is still strong, as long as it burns in the heart of one. If you see a flame burnt out, re-light it.

Evan Roddenberry

He placed the letter in an envelope and addressed the front of it. There was no reason in sealing it, due to the fact it would be read before being sent from the prison, if they even send it. He placed the piece of mail on his small desk beside his bed and began to wait. Thirty-eight hours had passed and he figured he had ten hours left to live. Boredom was overwhelming in a time when Evan figured anxiety would be his culprit. It was comparable to the times when he would get in trouble at school and have to wait until his father got home to receive his ultimate punishment. Evan always hated those hours of not knowing and wanted to get it over with. He found himself in that exact situation now. Deep inside he was still that scared little boy awaiting the outcome of his mistakes. Just as there

was no escaping the wrath of his father when trouble arrived, there would be no escaping the long arm of the law in the hours to come. He was at peace with himself and the decisions he made in his life. Even if he were not, troubling himself over his wrongdoings weren't going to do him any good now. Five bullets were going to pierce his heart in a matter of hours and he was ready to get it over with.

Having not slept since the chow cart passed his door, he lied down on his bunk. His body and mind were tired. While resting on his bunk, he nodded effortlessly off to sleep for the last time. The dream began with his mother sitting him down on the couch and she turned on the television. She pressed play on the VCR and his life story was played out before his mind. Images of him as a little kid, so happy and exuberant flashed across the screen. His days as an athlete and pictures of him at his high school prom highlight the film. Evan was filled with joy and could not seem to wipe away the smile from his face. The graduation of high school and the meeting of Aryianna in college take center stage in early adulthood. Again, at this portion of his life, happiness was the best word he could come up with to describe this time in his life. However, the word failed to do justice to the elated emotions of this time period.

Parenthood, mortgages and married life consumed the next years. They were all glorious. The smile on Evan's face couldn't be beaten away with a bat as he sat on the couch, watching the years go by. Then the bat hit him in the face and the smile disappears. He took the wrong path when he came to the "Y".

He went right, and although he knew it was the right way to go, it didn't produce the desired results. On the screen the vivid images of his family brutally murdered were displayed. His stomach was knotted by the senselessness of the crime. Tears came down his cheek, one after another. He saw the burnt faces of the thugs that took his family away. Then across the screen was the faces, predeceased, of everybody whose life he took. He could not understand why instead of seven, there were ten people whose faces flashed before him. He had only killed seven people. On the

screen with the other seven were his wife Arianna, daughter Janelle, and son Owen.

Evan got emotional and jumped off the couch and kicked the TV. Strangely it didn't move. He kicked it again and the steadiness of the set was like a brick wall. He looked over at his mother standing with her arms crossed. She had a look of sadness on her face. Evan just screamed, "WHAT!" at her. Her expression didn't change. Neither did Evan's confusion. "Calm down honey and sit down and finish watching your show," his mother told him, eerily similar to the same way she would have told him as a kid during a rambunctious bout.

Evan sat back down on the couch and the video resumed. A picture of him, taken in his twenties came up on the color television set. It was a picture of him at the beach. His favorite place in the world was the ocean and all its tranquility. He was shirtless and in a pair of shorts. He was smiling, obviously happy. The screen splits and the present day Evan came up on the other half of the screen. He was standing in his prison cell, wearing stained underwear. He was defined, muscular and heavily tattooed. He had teardrops tattooed on his face, EVA in big Old English letters across his stomach, spider webs on his elbows, WHITE PRIDE across the top of his back and several tattoos down both arms and legs. The two images looked like two completely different people.

Evan studied the picture of the man in the prison cell. He was having a hard time adjusting the focus of his eyes. He could not believe this was what he had become. A true example of an environmental product, he thought to himself. Prison had made him the intimidating man he was today. A man with teardrops on his face, symbolizing kills that he was responsible for since his prison arrival. Spider webs on his elbows for violent acts committed for his gang. His gang's patch in huge letters across his stomach. A suburbanite, a dedicated family man, a non-violent man whose violent encounters before prison were limited to a bar fight and a couple of scuffles in school.

He looked up at his mother and asked her to turn the TV off. She complied and turned to look at Evan. He stood up and the two embraced. Tears ran down both of their faces, as they both realized this was the end. She walked off, oddly disappearing and Evan was left standing alone. The dream locale was no longer the comfort of his mother's living room, but back in the confinement of his cell. He stood in his cell and looked down at his bunk. He saw himself sleeping. He was quiet, not wanting to awake from the dream. He tried hard to escape the confines of the cell and back to a happier time, but there was no way out. He was trapped in a cell with the most notorious killer at Highland Eternal Life Lockup, a man who had killed three inmates since being incarcerated, a man known as Evil E, who had killed the leader of the Murder Squad for attempting to extort his breakfast tray.

“Killer Mike,” was the leader of the Murder Squad and feared by all, even his own gang. He told Evan one morning his breakfast tray better be on his table or he was going to get smashed. The two fell out around the corner and only Evil E emerged afterward. It was reported Evan knocked out Killer Mike with one punch before choking the life out of him. Evan was back at his table eating his breakfast, and Killer Mikes' within five minutes. That was the last time Evil E had inmate contact and was soon transferred to Highland Eternal Life Lockup.

The sally port came open and a stern voice of an officer from the goon squad told Evan to strip to his underwear and come cuff up. Evan awoke from his final dream, arose off of his bunk, and walked to the door. He turned and placed his hands behind his back and through the small sally port hole as he had done countless times before. After being cuffed, the door opened and his feet were shackled and a chain was ran to connect his feet and hands, minimizing movement. As Evan looked around, he subconsciously wondered if he was dreaming or if this was the end. He counted six officers in his presence. It was hard for him to identify if he recognized any. They all had on helmets with tinted shields covering their faces. He knew one thing for sure, they were all men and the lovely Officer Long was not present.

The heavily tattooed convict made the short walk toward the death yard. Evan felt at peace on his final walk and was beginning to wonder if he would feel any pain or if death would be instantaneous. He was curious if he was right about the afterlife? Two guards lead the way, one on each arm, with two following closely behind as they entered the small execution yard. He was positioned in front of the dirt mound that served as the bullet catcher. Five of the six guards then went and toed the white line that was ten feet in front of the white square Evan was standing in. The officers grab their rifles and readily await further instruction. The sixth guard informs Evan he had sixty seconds, starting when he quit talking to make any last statements. After the sixty seconds were up, five shots would be fired into his chest. He was forewarned that ducking or moving would only prolong the agony and force head shots.

“This is the end of the line Inmate Roddenberry. You have always acted and prided yourself as a man since your arriving here. I expect you to die like a man too. Your sixty seconds begin now,” the guard quit talking and looked at his watch. Evan noticed all five rifles aimed directly at him and thought of something to say. He started to think about the countless men who had stood where he was standing. He wondered what they said and if anybody listened. He wondered if they were as ready to die as he was. He heard the officer say, “Thirty seconds! Lock and load!”

Did his final words matter? He questioned if he should die in silence without captivating the killers with his words. He wanted to make a statement that would induce thought. Maybe just one of the guards was a sympathizer, and would one day relay his message to the people. Suddenly, with time ticking away, he spouted the words he chose to be remembered by, in a stern, proud voice, “With honor, I tell each person. Reward is death’s epiphany. One Life! One People! One Goal!”

Simultaneously five shots rang out, sounding as one. Evan fell to his knees. Shackled, he smiled with teardrops tattooed on his face. His chained hands were clinched as fists except for the one index

finger that was extended on his right hand. His face then hit the ground, displaying the large, blood oozing exit wounds on his back, the direct result from the five hollow point bullets that entered his chest. His body was immediately checked for a pulse, there was none. After death was verified, he was put on a gurney and taken to the incinerator for disposal.

Epilogue

Two weeks after the execution of Evan Roddenberry, Mr. Immenger submitted his completed manuscript for publication. Being a politically incorrect author with racial tones partial to Whites, all of Mr. Immenger's books were self-published through an online print-on-demand service. Typical publishing companies avoided publishing material (and authors), which could in turn draw criticism, lawsuits or boycotts. Though his financial gain was minimal at best, his reward came from the small, devoted reader base he had attained through the years. His newest book titled, **Evan Roddenberry: Guilty of Martyrdom** was ironically concluded on the same day an unexpected envelope arrived in Mr. Immenger's mailbox. The upper left hand corner of the envelope was stamped: Highland Eternal Life Lockup, Laramie, Wyoming. The contents of the envelope read as followed:

Mr. Immenger,

Greetings comrade, how is life treating you these days? I hope all is well with you and yours. It's mind-boggling writing a letter to someone, knowing it won't be read until after my worldly departure. I wanted to thank you for telling my story, and being a good friend to me over the years. I was skeptical of you at first, but I now know your heart is in the right place. A true leader, leads by example and lets his actions convey the message. You're a man among boys in the pro-White movement, and I hope you take the initiative to set into motion that "Utopian dream" you envisioned. Remember, accomplishment is only achieved through action. Those who transfer worlds in thought are but minuscule peasants in comparison to actors who mold the future as they might. Even the biggest of plans begin with the smallest of ideas. Our future depends upon the action of those in the present, those who have overcome the disease inflicted upon the mind of so many, only to stand stronger in the face of extermination. Fear conquers the coward, yet inspires the warrior. Be the one, for our

flame is dim, our path is narrow, and our people sickened. Be the fuel, the guide, and the cure we so desperately need. Those before, but more importantly, those yet to come, are counting on you. We need a hero! No pressure, brother. You can handle it!

On a lighter note, I know you are unaware of my poetic ability. I wanted to share some of my prison poetry, which I have written throughout the years. If you deem it garbage, dispose of it appropriately. If you can find some use for it, by all means use it in whatever way you can. Being a caged entity, all I have to inspire with is my written word. And my only outlet is you. You're the best!

One life, One people, One goal...

Evan Roddenberry

Our Skin is Our Uniform

*Our skin is our uniform
Our race is our team
We brave the long storm
For victory is our dream*

*Victory from those
Who seek our destruction
The one's God chose
To have their own nation*

*Through greed and disgrace
Their goal is but one
Destroy the White race
And their plan will be done*

Triumphant

*Triumphant waves of happiness suppress the emotional bliss
Defeat salutes our sorrows encouraging physical duress
Challenged to find a cause, to devote the hands of time
Simply at a loss for effect, uncommitted to foot our climb
Upward we continue, yet still at the base of the mountain
At the bottom I stop, deep in the bowels of the canyon*

*To know the mission is to know the enemy
To play a game is to play with infamy
Choose your battles and remember history
Confirm it is yours, and not just his story
Ducks don't bark, and dogs don't quack
Blacks aren't White, and Whites aren't black*

*The sheep has wool as white as the snow on the window sill
With eyes peering into the black starry night of winter's still
Slight chills of the cold night wind ever so lightly move the long blond hair
Of the girl with blue eyes gazing in wonderment of the world out there
Entrapped in thought, the homes warmth ensures protection
From the bitter cold air and all of life's deception
The family forms the bond of security and love
The little girl smiles looking at the twinkling stars up above*

14 Words

*We control our thoughts, actions, hopes, and desires; and
Must display a lighted path for the future to follow.
Secure in our ways, our life, and our culture. But more importantly,
The existence of our folk whom have become a byproduct
Of a schematically ingenious, self-inflicted genocide, undoubtedly enacted by
Our enemies but made possible by our own. Our
People have betrayed our trust by their despicable actions
And character. How can a tribal member deny
A future to their kinsmen. And the ancestors who died
For the ungrateful future. It is what we are, and what we are is proudly
White. The guilt doesn't apply for those of good stock. Besides, we do this for the
Children, not for ourselves. It's our way of life, for them it must prevail.*

White Pride

*W*ithin the mind creeps, the fears of our thought
*H*ere we are today asleep, walking in our thought
*I*s 6 million dead what we know, or what we're taught?
*T*ell it like we think, or tell it like we're taught?
*E*xistence is but one, of the **14 Words**.

*P*eople equals two, do you know the rest of the **14 words**?
*R*acial pride for all, Whites who walk this earth
*I*t's down to just ten percent, of us on this earth
*D*estroyed all to soon, those egos lacking white pride
*E*ach yell is for forever, the words are **White Pride!**

What's left?

As a memorable trilogy contorts the masses of systematical errors of one's way

A foul stench consumes more than the nostrils, and its sense

But our memories of a time when a war was waged and people had to pay

With what did they pay, and whom did they fight? Dollars and cents?

A plethora of death mocking the shadows

Eager at life and entrenched in the shallows

Borders are invisible ideas, not boundaries

Keeping those out? Or locking inside the mysteries?

What are the secrets that bear the fruit of wealth?

Knowledge, ideas, weapons, fortune, or Stealth?

A community in turmoil often unseen

The media doesn't care. Or so it seems

Of those of us whom long for the days of before

Our retched, guilty people who have wronged those of lore

We continue to pay dearly as our people repetitively crumble

Today is with a foot, now limited to a limping, cane supported stumble

Tomorrow it's with a life, hopefully this will replace

All the bad we have done, for all that's left is our race.

Hate-Crime

*A crime is committed with devastating results
A strong-armed robbery followed by an assault
An innocent victim just on her way home
Beaten and stabbed over \$20 and a phone
Now in the hospital her condition is critical
A family in tears and hoping for a miracle
The police got a description on the ride in the ambulance
A tall black male with braided hair and baggy pants
Detectives scour the area looking for a witness
“A woman has been stabbed and robbed while totally defenseless”
The responses from the locals are always the same
“Didn’t do it” “I want a lawyer” “Didn’t see a thang”
The nightly news may report it, but leave out the fact
Another hate-crime committed on a White by a black*

Despair

*A dismantled clock is but pieces of time
No rest for the wicked who preach the divine
Our earned money spent turns a cent to a dime
An unplugged TV is a turned on mind*

*An unanswered prayer is the desire of fate
Interest in material for 21% the going rate
Love of a race is a heart full of hate
Accepting the hand of a genocidal date*

*Deceit is but one-way to gain back the trust
An ingeniously concocted plan lacking any rust
A highly contagious meme desirable as lust
Slippery as a snake turning culture into dust*

*From the cradle to the grave in the blink of an eye
Fair? Who cares, we all have to die
Tomorrow may come; if it does we must try
To live for a day, all heads are held high*

*Our future is bleak, but hope is still there
The flock is befuddled with wolves everywhere
We wait for our shepherd whose shoulders must bare
The weight of a race in a time of despair*

Pain-Love-Hate

*Pain insights the ritualistic branches of freedom
A congregation of many with few a heathen
Is time standing still or is the clock not working
Never in mind the spirit is lurking*

*Leaching the blood of a salt filled wound
Over cooked noodles dangle from a rusted spoon
Vengeance is mercy for all to see
Every passing day grows a new tree*

*Hail to the widow of the black spider
Angel of death stalking the white tiger
Tear away a heart and the blood with pour
Enjoy a soul so rotten is its core*

Why are we hated for the love in our hearts?

*Why are we hated for the love in our hearts?
Is my soul wicked from its vileness?
A time has elapsed from eternity's presence
I seek not what I'm told but what I know
Via experimental process and informative control
A villain is present and awaits detection
My crooked finger points, but in which direction*

*Why are we hated for the love in our hearts?
A handout is taken along with the jewelry
From one who is so giving and lacking in cruelty
An upside down smile while standing on head
The wooden wind chime hanging by a thread
Melodious indeed, the wind's fingers will play
Nature's intention, she meant it that way*

*Why are we hated for the love in our hearts?
A people divided and lost in a storm
The waves are larger than ever before
Some cling with their might, while others lack strength
A child won't let go while watching his mother sink
A traumatic occasion locked inside the mind
No escape, no key, no forgetting that time*

*Why are we hated for the love in our hearts?
We have said it before, and we will say it again
What is such the sin about loving one's kin?
Jealousy I suppose would be a viable verdict*

*The gavel slams down, "Next on the docket!"
Dismissal of guilt, yet far from acquittal
Please, just one chance at a rebuttal*

*Why are we hated for the love in our hearts?
The answer is simple, yet complex in nature
Reign supreme in time, most dominant of creature
Modern innovators of civilized society
Did it all without boasting; keep the notoriety
Beautiful women, strong men, smart children
United as one, the haters forbidden*

Love-Hate

*Love
Familial bond
White winged dove
Wish from the wand
Fond memories forever mentally frozen
Racially united from ocean to ocean
Christmas Day every day of the year
No food, but dad has his beer
Troops in foreign land at war
Government encouragement to be poor
Industrial created environmental destruction
Media controlled fate
Child molestation
Hate*

The Cub is a Lion

*Misguided trust falls into place
My hopes were shattered like glass
A dream of going to outer space
Awaken sitting at the back of the class
A troubled teen in troubled times
Asking myself the “how’s” and “why’s?”*

*What went wrong, what turn did I miss?
From birth I felt a curse from the start
A failed success of a couple’s bliss
A symbolized token of a time drawn heart
More than a memory so easily forgotten
Just like a war that some nobody fought in*

*One way to grow and that way was up
Hear me roar now the cub is a lion
There is more than one way to sip from a cup
Pinned to my chest is a valor medallion
Lesson to all whom ever felt empty
Be who you are, not who you can’t be*

Duties

*An artist paints a picture from imaginary places
Vivid spectacles of all living faces
The colors blend and combine the races
Oops, there's a white spot best color all those spaces*

*A writer is translating his thoughts into words
Sometimes serious, sometimes poems about birds
Either which way, opinions become blurs
After all, someone has to inform the herds*

*A musician transforms a melody to song
Picking a string and singing along
Inspiring people to take hits from the bong
Nodding in verse, whether right or wrong*

*An actor portrays a character on screen
Sometimes nice, sometimes mean
Look for a hidden message in every scene
Actors sell folk out to live out their dream*

*A politician runs for office courting your vote
A promise of change under the context of hope
Vision, future, and dreams are all words in the speech that is wrote
Lies, deception, and corruption often not mentioned on the same note*

*Bankers hold your money promising a return rate
They acquire extreme wealth by an inherited greedy trait
Making money off the working class members of the state
If you read the Elders you might understand their hate*

Who Cares?

Death consumes a thought

Who cares, cremate my remains

Extension on time cannot be bought

Living longer presents no gains

A day awake is a day of hell

A race of traitors, fuck em all

The cows are coming, hear the bell?

Two kicks bring down the rotten wall

Johnny is all out of seeds

He was robbed going through the city

Trees are fallen and now but weeds

It's our fault, why such pity?

Ignorance breeds like rabbits

Falling off the cliff, I'm awake

A life of words and tablets

What's a birthday without the cake?

Arise

Trapped in a sleepless silence

The faucet drips a tune

A people without defiance

Will perish all to soon

Walk across the sea

Shallow is the mind

To be or not to be

Seek and ye shall find

Awakened, yet still asleep

Leary of the jade

Blood of slaughtered sheep

Dripping from the blade

Speeding through the night

Majestic is the view

All things anti-White

A courtesy of the Jew

Snow angels in the sand

Melting with the tide

Arise and take a stand

Never hide your pride!

Goodbye!

Trapped in a cell, place called hell

No repentance, just a sentence

Concrete walls, full of balls

Judge and jury, reap societal fury

Awaiting fate, filled with hate

No time for fear, the end is near

War within mind, heartless yet kind

Skies of blue, eyes are too

Clouds so white, skin of might

Questions remain, am I insane?

All for my race, spit on my face

Imprisoned violence, trapped in silence

The poem said, written in lead

Time to die -to all- goodbye!

