

***Himmelfarb:***  
***A Southern Love Story***  
by Thomas Paine

Jews.

They permeate the society like malignant, metastasizing tumors, feeding like fetid vampires on the populace. Almost anything vile or evil usually has at its heart, Jews. Like modern day Shilocks or Svengalis, their evil contaminates everything that it touches.

Our story begins in prewar Germany in the year 1932. Rabbi Abraham Himmelfarb, "holy" man, stock speculator, and kike, decided it was time to leave the Fatherland, as a certain man by the name of Adolf Hitler was becoming ever popular, due to his gift of oratory and his intuitive knowledge of what the Jews really were.

Herr Himmelfarb had the strange feeling that with Hitler running Germany, pursuits such as business and even life itself would not be very pleasant in a nation freeing itself from the plague of Jews.

This premonition in mind, Rabbi Himmelfarb migrated to New York City with his wife Hannah, after having extracted 110% of his wealth from Germany.

Once settled in NYC, Herr Himmelfarb decided to prey on hapless American investors, and immediately began buying up depressed stocks from bankrupt Gentiles. He then sold them at inflated prices to other money hungry Hebes, building up his wealth further.

As Abraham fed on other people's misery in New York, he also resumed his rabbinical profession at Temple Beth Zion. This "holy" man was a typical Jew, he hated anything that wasn't Jewish, and used this creed to steal his favorite item, money, from Gentiles of various ethnicities. Abraham and his loving wife Hannah made literal mountains of money off of unfortunate Gentile investors, buying, stealing and suing their way into the wallets of people who were stupid enough to invest in the Jew-controlled Wall Street machine.

As Abraham stole Gentile's money, he piously ministered to his Jewish congregation at Temple Beth Zion, helping his fellow Hebes in their needs, and to show them how good he was, tithed openly and spectacularly like a latter-day Pharisee.

Abraham and Hannah felt blessed by their Hebrew God; they were rich, the wish of any Jew, and had four strong Jewish sons, Benjamin, Aaron, Joshua and Joel.

Benjamin, the focus of our story, was born in NYC in 1934. Benjamin was a "good" son; he had inherited his father's same callous propensity toward Gentiles and followed in his father's footsteps, not toward becoming a Rabbi, but in loving money.

Benjamin attended a Jewish school, received exemplary grades, and studied the Torah and Talmud with his father. At his Bar Mitzvah, when he became a "man", he announced his wish to become a medical doctor.

Abraham supported his son in his desire to become a physician and sent him to Johns Hopkins to pursue his studies. Benjamin as always was at the top of his class, a true genius, but unfortunately, like his father, was truly devoid of a conscience.

Benjamin graduated and completed his internship, but instead of practicing medicine to help people, he disregarded his Hippocratic oath and immediately began to perform abortions in the early 1960's, clandestinely and after hours, at the office of his practice.

Dr. Benjamin Himmelfarb, MD always did a good job, boasting among his colleagues that he never lost a patient, which he usually referred to as whores or cunts. Benjamin of course did not perform his services for free; he bilked women out of \$3,000 each -- in those days, cash only.

Benjamin "helped" hundreds of women over the next ten years, murdering their children quickly and efficiently while adding tremendous quantities of money to his bank accounts.

In 1973, when the Supreme Court made it's "landmark" decision stating it was perfectly acceptable to slaughter the unborn, Dr. Himmelfarb threw open his doors to all, opening Himmelfarb's discount abortion clinic, Visa and Mastercharge accepted.

No, Dr. Himmelfarb didn't take checks or American Express. Dr. Himmelfarb didn't really call his operation an abortion clinic either, instead having named it Himmelfarb's discount "Women's Clinic," this phrase a clever euphemism for a facility that was devoted in totality to the macabre craft of performing infanticide.

Dr. Himmelfarb eagerly performed his legal, grisly slaughters for the discount price of \$600 each, Medicaid, Visa or Mastercharge. If you brought cash, the price was \$540.00, reflecting a further 10% discount. Himmelfarb covered all facets of the abortion trade, first trimester, second trimester and yes, third trimester.

If you needed a late-term abortion, say, nine months, good Dr. Himmelfarb would still do them. Due to the risk involved, not to the patient but to him from possible legal repercussions (such as being charged with malpractice or murder) the discount price was ten thousand dollars, cash only.

Benjamin Himmelfarb would meet his third trimester patient, usually after midnight, and prepare to perform a third trimester pregnancy termination, to use his term for this monstrous procedure. He would first have the patient strip nude, put on a disposable gown, and have her sit in a gynecological examination chair. He would then sedate the patient, change into greens, and have his assistant put sterile latex gloves over his hands after he had scrubbed them with PhisoHex.

Inducing labor in any of a number of ways, depending on the infant's size and position, Himmelfarb would then deliver the usually alive, helpless infant and then kill it, sometimes by strangling or drowning it, or by shoving his forceps into the "soft spot" on the infant's skull.

On rare occasions, for no apparent reason other than abject insanity, he would swing the living infant by its feet like a baseball bat, and smash its head into a steel support pole in the center of his examination room, crushing its skull like an eggshell. Dripping blood, brains, and quivering, the warm corpse would be handed to his assistant, who would deal with the mangled remains of the baby by hacking it to pieces with a hatchet, or in later years with a Milwaukee Sawz-All.

Before Himmelfarb's sedated patient awoke, he would have his strange assistant "clean up the mess" which was accomplished by cleaning up the woman's urine or feces if it was present, along with blood, water, afterbirth, meconium, etc, in his assistant's usual efficient, obsessive, frenzied fashion.

The "patient" would awaken to an immaculate examination room, relieved of her human burden, and would be given some of Himmelfarb's potions or pills. She would be handed a gigantic Modess "sanitary" napkin, be told to dress, after which she would be advised that she might bleed for a while and should take it easy for a few weeks.

After listening to his injunctions, the woman would be helped by good Dr. Himmelfarb to a waiting car or cab, which would spirit her away.

Another woman thusly "helped," Dr. Himmelfarb would start counting his precious money and praise his devoted assistant for cleaning so well. Dr. Himmelfarb didn't care if a late term abortion was illegal in most states at the time, not to mention immoral. Of course, abortions themselves are immoral, but what did he care? Laws, ethics and morality didn't apply to the Jew Himmelfarb; all he wanted, like any Jew, was money, and this hook-nosed kike had found a veritable gold mine of easy money in the field of killing unborn children.

Years passed, and Himmelfarb had made so much money that he was able to open a chain of abortion clinics, literally from coast to coast, in the north of course. Down south, if you killed babies you usually didn't live very long, as the media always presented on TV. Many southern heroes had shot greedy Jews preying on young girls who had made the mistake of becoming pregnant, and then came to these Hebes so they could kill their unborn children.

Abortion clinics didn't last long down south due to their owners being killed, run out of town, or having their buildings burned down or blown up. It was a brave kike that set up an abortion operation, as good old boys would quickly dispatch any Hebe who wanted to kill unborn, white southern babies.

With no abortion clinics available, most girls would have their babies and either raise them or would adopt them out to families that couldn't conceive their own. This option had become a blessing to infertile couples who loved children, and many southern babes from such births were welcomed into these loving homes.

The greedy Jew Himmelfarb thought this was wrong, haranguing about "Reproductive Rights," the "Population Explosion," and "Freedom." This coming from the same Jew who referred to women as whores and cunts. He didn't care about their rights or the unenforced rights of the unborn; all he cared about was money, like any Jew.

Himmelfarb hated white southerners as well, and would delight in killing their children. Himmelfarb hated white southerners because they knew what a Jew was – a vicious opportunist, akin to a jackal, that would take advantage of almost any situation.

Himmelfarb had pondered this situation for months, and as he drove to his office he came to a momentous decision. He decided it was now time for Himmelfarb's, P.A., Incorporated, to expand once again. The time had come for this hook-nosed, slope-headed Jewish viper to prey on the south, by providing legal, sanitary abortions for the "unfortunate" girls down there.

Dr. Himmelfarb pulled his Jaguar Sovereign into the parking space at his office, anticipating the discussion he would have with Miriam Gottlieb, his financial advisor, lawyer, and wife. Benjamin and Miriam had a marriage of convenience, not for love, but for the love of money.

The two Jews had met at a meeting of the B'nai Brith organization, a group dedicated to the furtherance of Jewish control over Gentiles. Their partnership in life had added tremendous amounts of money to their bank accounts, and had subtracted tremendous amounts of children from the face of the earth.

Benjamin entered his office and began to inform a skeptical Miriam of his latest moneymaking plan, killing babies for fun and profit down south.

"How to you plan to expand into the south when others have failed?" asked Miriam, "It could be dangerous."

"It won't be easy I admit," replied Benjamin, "But there is an untapped reserve of money down there. Besides, those southern bumpkins are pretty stupid, it should be easy to outmaneuver them."

"True," said Miriam, "They're not very bright generally. We'll still have to be careful, but I do agree the money down there would be hard to pass up."

It seemed all these Jews could think about was money – an endless quest of acquiring it, investing it, pursuing it, stealing it, worshipping it, hoarding it and grabbing it to fill their dank vaults with gold, silver, and jewels, like human pack rats. It was an insane obsession that could only lead to their downfall, as it had to so many other greedy Jews in the past, from Shakespeare's mythical Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice," to the Jews disposed of by Hitler in Nazi Germany.

Benjamin proceeded to tell Miriam of the specifics of his plans for expansion. Himmelfarb's, P.A., Inc., would purchase several modified semi-trailers, complete with the necessary equipment to perform abortions. Tractors would be purchased for each, and the tractor-trailers would move around down south by appointment, providing abortions for the discount price of \$1,200 each, cash!

All forms of abortion "care" would be offered, including late term abortions.

Late term abortions would not be performed at the mobile facilities, however. To receive a third trimester pregnancy termination, as Himmelfarb liked to put it, the patient would be provided with round trip travel to Himmelfarb's home office in New York City, where their babies would be killed for the discount price of \$5,500 each, cash!

According to Himmelfarb, he, Miriam and a few others would make a trial run in the summer to see how it would work. Then he would create a subsidiary, Himmelfarb's Mobile Women's Clinics Incorporated, and Benjamin would turn it over to southern Jews he would employ.

As Himmelfarb spoke of his plan, his beady eyes were alight with the prospect of making hundreds of thousands of dollars, and perhaps even millions from the grisly slaughter of unborn children. The equally monstrous, greedy Jewess Miriam responded enthusiastically as Benjamin talked of the wonderful mountains of money they would make.

Their plans materializing, they discussed their next move, which was to arrange for the creation and delivery of the first tractor-trailer rig and to deal with the associated licensing and permit requirements for such an operation.

They also had to recruit a driver for the tractor and arrange to find a custodian and an accountant, naturally, to tabulate Dr. Himmelfarb's earnings.

All were easy to find. Miriam's cousin, Israel Rosenstein was a CPA and a very good one, good being the euphemism for unscrupulous. Israel would prove valuable in keeping track of income, expenditures and commissions, watching every penny like a hawk, or in his case a vulture.

His accountant found, the other individuals needed could come from the dregs of society, off the streets of NYC. Benjamin had two people in mind, perfect for the jobs he had created.

For the truck driver, a depraved filthy nigger named Lorenzo Greene. Lorenzo's calling in life was to drive trucks, drink alcohol and avoid bathing as much as possible. He had worked off and on over the years for various trucking companies, but had been fired by each for being an alcoholic. His last and longest job had been driving NYC garbage trucks, but once again his love affair with booze had cost him yet another job. Lorenzo had come to work one fine morning, and made the feeble attempt to execute his duties as Lorenzo Greene, garbageman.

The only problem with this idea was that he was Lorenzo Greene, drunken garbageman. Somehow, in the course of his travels he had managed to overturn his garbage truck in the Holland Tunnel, wedging it in the tube, spilling garbage and filth for over 500 feet. Lorenzo and his fellow garbageman, a Nicaraguan half-breed named Raul, were found in the cab, unharmed but unconscious due to the massive quantities of Seagram's extra dry gin they had consumed as they drove around picking up garbage. It took over six hours to extricate the destroyed remains of Lorenzo's garbage truck from the Holland Tunnel, after which he was terminated. Only because of the fact that his arresting officer had been killed in a gun battle with crack dealers was Lorenzo able to keep his CDL, and would be able to be of use to Himmelfarb.

Himmelfarb knew if he kept that nigger in booze he'd do almost anything.

For several years Lorenzo had been paid to dispose of late term abortions for the doctor, his garbage truck doubling as a convenient hearse to carry them to their final resting place, a landfill.

Booze or a small amount of money was the usual currency, and in addition, as a fringe benefit for his services, Lorenzo had been given the privilege of ogling the nude crotches of unconscious white girls at Himmelfarb's abortion clinic.

Himmelfarb thought that a small price to pay for the service the nigger provided, some booze, a couple of bucks and a few cheap thrills. The only thing Lorenzo really knew how to do was drive a truck, and because he was so stupid he was easy to control. If he could be kept from his beloved alcohol, this truck-driving jig would prove very useful to the doctor.

The last thing Himmelfarb needed was a custodian, and thing was an apt description. He already had him in his employ, an incredibly stupid, crippled, mute Italian. Dr. Himmelfarb had found this unfortunate at the hospital, while making his rounds as an intern, years ago. Luigi Falconetti was his name and he had an IQ of 58. He was a perfect stooge for Himmelfarb, who used him as a janitor at his abortion clinic. Luigi may have been stupid but was so adept and thorough at cleaning that it was incredible; it was as if he were an idiot savant. In addition, regardless of his low IQ, he was easily trained to do "odd jobs" for the doctor, such as dismembering late term fetuses with a hatchet or Sawz-All and placing the parts in plastic garbage bags for later disposal by the "sanitary engineer" Mr. Greene.

Luigi also presided over the odious job of grinding up earlier term fetuses in a garbage disposal, once completed, he would flush the ground up remains into the NYC sewer system. These jobs were very important, so good Doctor Himmelfarb could save money on incineration fees at the hospital.

Luigi, as noted above, couldn't speak, as his tongue had been cut out when he witnessed his father's murder by fellow gangsters. At the time Luigi was a retarded teenager and probably wouldn't have remembered the gangsters anyway, but they cut out his tongue as a precaution. By their code it was immoral to kill a child, but following their strict morality it was totally ethical to cut one's tongue out.

As Luigi slipped into unconsciousness, bleeding from the mouth, the last things he saw the day his father was killed was his tongue lying on the floor and dear old dad staring at him, apparently with three eyes. The third eye was evidently bloodshot, and had been provided for his father courtesy of a Walther PPK with a silencer.

Usually, one would think that such an occurrence was horrible, but actually, for Luigi it had been fortunate for his father to have been killed. This man had constantly beaten his son mercilessly, with a belt, his fists, and even a baseball bat, for being too stupid to be a "made" man. Luigi had originally been borderline "normal" having had an IQ of 88, but this figure had been reduced to 58 by the severe beatings and consequent skull fracture his father had given him during one of his fits of rage. His cracked skull, due to his father applying discipline with a Louisville Slugger had placed him in critical condition, with a subdural hematoma, in the hospital. As a result, Luigi now had brain damage, epileptic seizures, the right side of his face was partially paralyzed, due to nerve damage, and he walked with a limp.

Over the years, thanks to the elder Falconetti, what was once a relatively normal child had been forcibly mutated by the time he was sixteen into a creature more like Quasimodo than human.

Himmelfarb found Luigi a few days after the murder in the hospital, as revealed earlier. He took Luigi "under his wing" so to speak, figuring he could use him in some fashion, and brought him home to an astonished and disgusted Miriam. Himmelfarb told Miriam he wanted to rehabilitate Luigi into the perfect stooge, in a bizarre experiment to see if he could use him as a custodian, to save money at what was then his practice. Miriam agreed, as saving money was

involved, and Luigi became a part of the triad of maniacs at Himmelfarb's clandestine abortion clinic.

Himmelfarb prescribed Dilantin and Phenobarbital for Luigi's seizures to keep them under control, and trained his retarded stooge to clean toilets, floors, dismember aborted babies and grind up fetuses in a garbage disposal.

Luigi, in gratitude, felt intensely loyal to Himmelfarb, and over the many years came to love him like a father. Himmelfarb on the other hand could barely tolerate his stooge, and constantly made fun of him even in his presence. He did this by grunting, contorting his face and pretending to walk with a limp, before bursting into riotous laughter in front of Luigi, who was oblivious he was being insulted, and would simply smile. This made it even funnier to the cruel Himmelfarb, and Miriam abused him almost as badly as his father had.

Still, Himmelfarb thought, that retarded wop has his uses, and he kept him around for such. As Benjamin continued in his conversation with Miriam, he told her Luigi would come in handy for the task of grinding up fetuses in his mobile abortion truck, considering that it was far too costly to pay hospitals to dispose of the Biohazardous waste Himmelfarb constantly generated. The ground up fetal material could easily be dumped down a storm drain, where it would feed rats and other vermin, saving the Jew Himmelfarb thousands of dollars.

They would make a killing, Benjamin told Miriam, in both dollars and lives.

Miriam eagerly listened, finding his plan both plausible and profitable, reflecting the Jew that she too was.

"Let's go ahead with this," Miriam agreed, and the two Jews proceeded to make their plan a reality.

In the following weeks, a custom semi-trailer was ordered, purchased and delivered, along with a Peterbilt tractor. The Fruehauf trailer was modified and fully equipped to perform abortions. Lettered on the side of the trailer was "Himmelfarb's Mobile Women's Clinical Care Unit," clinical care being a clever euphemism for abortions. Underneath this heading, in typical fashion, was Himmelfarb's WATS telephone number in New York City, 1-800-933-5455.

Benjamin and Miriam walked to their parking lot where the brand new tractor trailer rig was parked, glistening in the morning sun. Himmelfarb inspected the lettering on the sides of the trailer, custom painted by a fellow Jew named Marc Feldman, a partner of the Feldman and Morganstein Sign Company. Feldman had also ordered custom mud flaps for the tractor, printed with "Himmelfarb's, P.A., Incorporated", adding a more professional touch. The mud flaps on the semi-trailer were factory stock, labeled with "Fruehauf".

Arms folded across his chest, Benjamin's heart filled with pride, seeing "Himmelfarb's" stenciled on the sides of the gigantic Fruehauf. Not bad for the son of a humble Rabbi, he thought.

Glancing at the phone number painted on the trailer, Himmelfarb, monster that he was, chuckled. Benjamin had a strange sense of humor. When using digits, it was just another telephone number. However, when using letters, it spelled 1-800-WEE-KILL.

Miriam looked to Benjamin and remarked, "It's beautiful."

"You should look inside," replied Benjamin with a smile, "This unit is a complete mobile abortion care facility."

They walked up to custom folding steps at the rear of the trailer, Opening the door, he and Miriam then stepped inside. Miriam looked about, stunned, as a broad smile broke out on Himmelfarb's face.

"Fantastic!" Miriam exclaimed.

The inside of the trailer was constructed of stainless steel, divided into three rooms, with paneling, tiled floors, and recessed fluorescent lighting. The room at the rear of the trailer was equipped with a desk bolted to the floor, a computer terminal bolted to the desk, and a cell telephone-fax machine, also bolted to the desk.

This was to be Himmelfarb's "reception room", where the patient would enter, give her name, fill out forms, pay money and would afterward be escorted to the room in the center of the trailer, where the doctor would perform his "service".

After the abortion was completed, the patient would be discharged and exit from a side door of the trailer, and Himmelfarb would then proceed to the next "patient", like a macabre assembly line, or in his case, a disassembly line, or to be even more accurate, a fetal dismemberment line.

The third room, built in the front of the Fruehauf, was mainly for the disposal of waste, which in Himmelfarb's case would consist of slaughtered unborn infants in various stages of development. This room also contained an Onan 120-240 volt, 10,000-watt AC generator, and a Fedders heating-air conditioning system.

They moved from the small office at the rear to the treatment room in the center. A custom gurney with stirrups was bolted to the floor, and cabinets of sedatives, antiseptics and abortion inducing specifics lined the walls. A Hewlett-Packard portable vacuum D&C device was in a cabinet, along with speculums, cervical dilation probes, etc. A sterile scrub sink, a PhisoHex dispenser, autoclave and a cabinet for greens, latex gloves, and surgical masks was also there, and a fold down stainless steel counter was adjacent to the sink.

"It looks beautiful," exclaimed Miriam, "What's in the third room?"

"That room is for Lorenzo and Luigi, for the disposal of the fetal carcasses," explained Benjamin. "Take a look."

He opened the door and revealed his "disposal area", consisting of a stainless steel counter, a sink equipped with a General Electric garbage disposal, and a 100-gallon non-potable holding tank mounted underneath the sink. Also present under the counter was a custom 250-gallon stainless steel fresh water tank equipped with a high volume Flowtec pump, complete with a 30 gallon White-Westinghouse water heater. Benjamin opened a small access door and revealed a cabinet filled with plastic buckets, paper towels, wash cloths, two mops, disinfectants, and detergents. Miriam also noticed, bolted to the stainless counter next to the sink, another device, strange looking, defying identification. On the side of the device was a label, printed with the name "Hobart".

Miriam looked at it quizzically as the Onan quietly hummed in the background, and asked, "What's this?"

"A sausage grinder," announced Benjamin.

"Why do we need that?" asked Miriam, "What possible use could you have for a sausage grinder? It must have cost a lot of money!"

"Well," replied Benjamin, "Sometimes, fetal bones from later second trimester abortions would jam the disposal, and I'd have to take time to clear it since Luigi is so stupid. One time if you remember Luigi burned out a garbage disposal when a fetal pelvis jammed the blades."

He smiled and continued, "We won't have that problem here Miriam, this Hobart sausage grinder can grind up a whole baby, bones and all in less than three minutes, saving money and time. Luigi won't have to dismember the larger fetal carcasses, so there's no need for a hatchet or Sawz-All. He or Lorenzo can simply feed them into the Hobart's hopper, switch it on, and it will quickly reduce the carcasses into a more manageable form for the garbage disposal."

Benjamin placed his hand on the sausage grinder and extolled, "I think this Hobart sausage grinder is a good investment, and it comes with a five-year warranty."

Benjamin announced these facts with the rank enthusiasm of a used car salesman, once again reflecting his Jewishness.

"Excellent," replied Miriam, "And very cost effective. All we need now is my cousin Israel, and that nigger Lorenzo and we're in business!"

"That's right," answered Benjamin, feeling quite pleased with himself, "I've already put the word out down south that we'll be rolling through Dixie, and my colleagues there have informed me they have many patients for us to help."

"How much do they want for referrals?" inquired Miriam, always thinking about money.

"Ten percent," replied Benjamin.

"Won't they go any cheaper?" Miriam asked, adding, "That's \$120.00 per abortion and we're doing all the work! Besides, we have overhead in fuel, supplies, paying my cousin, plus whatever you pay that nigger!"

"No," remarked Benjamin with a resigned look on his face, "That's the best I could bargain."

"Why?" asked Miriam, "Why won't they go any cheaper?"

"I suppose," replied Benjamin with a chuckle, "It's because they're Jews like we are," and the couple burst into laughter.

Later that day, Himmelfarb drove to Harlem and looked up his nigger garbageman, Lorenzo Greene. He explained that he needed a driver for his abortion truck and would pay him a good salary, along with his usual fringe benefits.

"Sounds pretty good," mumbled the fat, filthy, drunken nigger Lorenzo, "But down south dose white mavafuckas hates us niggas!"

"Well," replied Benjamin, trying to make his pitch sound like a golden opportunity for this coon, "I'll be paying you very well for the risk involved, and all I ask is that you remain sober when you drive and perhaps bathe once in a while."

"I takes a baph every momph or so," remarked Lorenzo, "Do you thinks I's stinks?"

"I don't really care one way or the other Lorenzo," said Himmelfarb as diplomatically as possible, "But Miriam becomes nauseous when you're near her and my customers may find your attire and odor uncomplimentary, so clean clothes and a bath would help."

"I guess I could cleans up a bit," conceded Lorenzo. "Now I knows why you Hymies gots such big noses," he added with a smile, revealing a mouth filled with decayed, green, rotted teeth.

"Why's that?" asked Benjamin.

"To smells us niggas wiph, I's suppose," observed Lorenzo.

"Well Lorenzo, do we have a deal?" pressed Benjamin, as even he was becoming quite queasy at Lorenzo's stench.

"Can I gets drunk when I'm nots drivin'?" asked Lorenzo.

"Sure," answered Benjamin, "I'll pick you up a case of 'Knottyhead' and you can get drunk anytime that you're not driving."

"I's can manage dat, but I's still thinks it's be risky. You knows, if I can, I'd likes to haves a few mo' of yo' "fringe benefits" if you knows whats I means, man, and den maybes we'll haves a deal."

"Good God Lorenzo," Benjamin replied sardonically, "You've already seen more naked white pussy than most white men have! I let you gawk at all of the unconscious ones, I even



suggest to them that they be sedated so that you can get a good look at their cunts! That black cock of yours must be so hard it could drill steel – what more could you want?"

"To fucks some of dem," announced Lorenzo.

Himmelfarb stood there, his mouth slightly agape at the realization of Lorenzo's request, and Lorenzo continued, "I's could do some of dem before, before you kills dere babies, and dey wouldn't knows da diff'rence. I'd likes to fuck some of dose white bitches, dey thinks dey so much, and dey looks down on us niggas."

His eyes narrowed and Lorenzo pleaded, "I gots to, Doctah Himmafahb – I's wants some white quim, I needs to fuck dere pussies!"

Himmelfarb thought long and hard about the ethical and moral implications of Lorenzo's request, for a grand total of perhaps 30 seconds. He needed this depraved, apelike truck driver; he'd do almost anything for Benjamin as long as he threw the nigger a few scraps.

"What the hell," remarked Benjamin, "How many, and what kind of girl do you want to screw?"

"Small blue eyed blondes," the depraved nigger replied, "Maybes a couple a day."

Himmelfarb looked at Lorenzo with an incredulous expression on his face.

"They'll be unconscious you fucking idiot, what does the color of their eyes matter if they're closed?"

"You prob'ly right," skulked Lorenzo, "Just makes it small blonde pussy! I'll drives good, and cums real hard in dem bitches!"

Himmelfarb raised his eyebrows and said, "You got it."

With that the two depraved, amoral, barely human monsters shook hands and closed their deal.

Dr. Benjamin Himmelfarb, MD drove his Jaguar back to his office and told Miriam of the deal he had made with Lorenzo. What did it matter if a few white whores were screwed by Lorenzo, he related, they wouldn't know the difference, Lorenzo would relieve his sexual urges, keeping him under control, and they were paying the stupid, filthy nigger pennies in reality. Miriam agreed, as long as Lorenzo would not be allowed to rape any Jewish girls, if they encountered any.

"Of course Miriam, I'd never allow that, they're our own people and he's a goddamned nigger!" the bigoted, vicious, money hungry kike exclaimed.

"Good," replied Miriam, "Did you tell that gorilla to bathe? Smelling that nigger bastard makes me want to vomit!"

"Yes, but who knows if he will, he was so fucking drunk at the time I wonder if he'll even remember I talked to him, let alone remember I asked him to bathe," said Benjamin as he stared at the ceiling.

"I certainly hope he will," remarked a skeptical Miriam, "It's disgusting enough having to look at him, smelling him makes it even worse!"

"Yeah," retorted Benjamin, "But that nigger comes in handy, he's gotten rid of over 250 late term abortions for me. It's good I have that coon in my back pocket."

"I suppose," replied a cynical Miriam, "Now all we have to do is pack up Luigi and we'll be ready to go. Israel said he can be ready any time you are."

"Good," said a satisfied Benjamin, "Tell him we'll be ready in a couple of days."

A few days passed, and on a bright Sunday morning, Dr. Himmelfarb, Miriam, her cousin Israel and the nigger Lorenzo, along with the stooge Luigi, prepared to embark on their sinister entrepreneurial venture.

Dr. Himmelfarb, Miriam and Israel would travel in the doctor's Winnebago motorhome, while Lorenzo and Luigi would ride in the semi.

Lorenzo Greene, nigger, drunk and aspiring rapist pulled up to Himmelfarb's parking lot and parked his beat up, rusted out Buick Electra 225 four-door sedan. He exited the junk Buick, after having to push the door open with his foot due to a crushed fender that jammed the door. With difficulty he kicked the door closed and made certain that his precious wreck was locked so that no one could steal such a valuable car.

He walked up to Himmelfarb and asked, "What up boss?"

"Good morning Lorenzo," Himmelfarb said dryly, half expecting his nigger to be drunk. To his surprise Lorenzo was totally sober and eager to start his job, along with looking forward to collecting some "fringe benefits." Lorenzo, as usual, was filthy, unshaven and his clothing was the same attire that he had been wearing when he had closed his deal with Benjamin. What was different this time was that he literally reeked with the scent of Fabergé Brut 33 splash-on lotion.

"I smells like a man!" Lorenzo exclaimed, smiling with his mouthful of green, corroding, rotten teeth as Benjamin observed the caked dirt and sweat on Lorenzo's neck and forearms.

"Very good," remarked Himmelfarb sarcastically, "Did you take a bath too?"

"I didn't needs one," replied Lorenzo, "I cleans up some and den I puts on my Brut, so I smells good."

"That's nice," monotoned a still sarcastic Himmelfarb, almost choking from the scent of Brut, mixed with body odor, laced with halitosis from rotted dentition.

It was pointless, Himmelfarb thought, to tell this half-wit nigger that he smelled like a filthy French whore, and looked as if he had slept in his clothes in a dumpster. It was a total waste of time trying to reason about hygiene with this pickled-brained ape, so Himmelfarb produced a Rand-McNally road atlas and began to show Lorenzo the route they would follow.

"We'll take I-95 south to I-22 and head west, right through the heart of the south," intoned Benjamin, "Follow the map, you stay out front and I'll follow. Our first stop is Hainesville, off Interstate 22."

"I gots it boss," replied the nigger Lorenzo, and started toward the Peterbilt.

"Lorenzo," Himmelfarb called, "Do you have money for the tolls on the New Jersey Turnpike and the JFK?"

"I ain't gots no money," Lorenzo replied, "I needs you to gimme some."

Himmelfarb produced his wallet and handed Lorenzo a 100-dollar bill, remarking in typical Jewish fashion, "Keep all the receipts and give me back the change."

"Right boss," Lorenzo said, and he and Luigi climbed into the rig. Lorenzo sat in the driver's seat, adjusted the eight way seat controls and checked his rear view mirrors, to be certain that he could see properly.

He inserted the key in the ignition and started the Cat 425 diesel. The brand new, powerful turbocharged diesel idled smoothly, and Lorenzo maneuvered the Peterbilt tractor and Fruehauf trailer off Himmelfarb's parking lot and toward Interstate 95 as the doctor followed in his Winnebago.

They proceeded to the entrance ramp leading to I-95 south and approached the freeway. Lorenzo, an experienced truck driver, held the shifter in sixth to gain speed as he floored the Cat 425. A high pitched mechanical whine emanated from the Peterbilt's air intake as the Air Research turbocharger kicked in.

The semi accelerated rapidly, Lorenzo shifting to seventh, then to eighth, and the vehicles entered the freeway. Their speed was 65 mph, the speed limit on this section of I-95. Lorenzo

shifted the Eaton Roadranger two-speed drivetrain to "High", the equivalent of "Overdrive" in a car.

"That nigger sure knows how to drive a truck!" snapped Benjamin, and Israel and Miriam laughed.

Miriam inquired, "Is Fruehauf Jewish?"

"No," Benjamin replied, "They were damn Nazi krauts."

As you read on dear reader, you will find that Jews, Niggers and other non-white individuals are more intolerant and bigoted than Whites are even capable of.

Perhaps they are jealous of white people, considering that Caucasians have invented practically everything that exists, regardless of whatever propaganda they may utter, and have made the world what it is, both good and bad, from telephones, light bulbs and space shuttles, to tanks, poison gas and hydrogen bombs.

In all fairness, it is conceded that the only truly notable exception to the above observation may be the case of Albert Einstein, a German-Jewish mathematician who allegedly deduced the general and special theories of relativity, the condensed example being  $E=MC$  squared. This equation, simply put, means that matter and energy are the same thing and are convertible to each other. For this, Einstein may deserve credit, provided he didn't plagiarize his work from others, as is charged by some historians.

However, in some circles, he has also been erroneously labeled as the father of the atomic bomb, which is a farce, since Enrico Fermi, an Italian physicist, was the first man to achieve a sustained nuclear chain reaction in a graphite moderated atomic pile located at the University of Chicago, in December 1942. If you don't believe this, and wish further proof, study history as the author has. Enough diatribe, now back to our story.

The first leg of their trip proceeded uneventfully, with the usual truck and restaurant stops, during which Benjamin, Miriam and Israel talked about how much money they would make, how much of a filthy, smelly, drunken depraved nigger Lorenzo was, and how stupid, ugly and pathetic Luigi was. All these conversations were punctuated by vicious, confident laughter, reflecting their delusional Jewish superiority over all others. They also talked about how stupid southerners were, how silly their beliefs were, and of how they would make money off of stupid southern whores.

Meanwhile, as they rode in the Peterbilt, Lorenzo had given up trying to converse with Luigi about anything, as Luigi could only utter blah-blah and didn't seem to understand much anyway. Occasionally Luigi would twitch, grunt or utter other strange noises, but that was the extent of it, so Lorenzo talked over the CB.

After almost 800 miles of continuous driving, they reached the interchange for Interstate 22 west and exited to that freeway. Leaving the on ramp, a road sign stated: Hainesville – 39 miles. As all looked at the sign each individual had interesting thoughts. Dr. Himmelfarb thought about money. Miriam thought about money. Israel thought about counting money. Lorenzo thought about naked white pussy and Luigi -- if he could think about anything at all, it would have been incomprehensible anyway.

They approached a rest stop 10 miles outside Hainesville, and Himmelfarb called Lorenzo over the CB and told him to pull in and stop. They exited the freeway, pulled into the rest stop and parked. Himmelfarb stepped from the Winnebago and walked to the rig. Lorenzo rolled down the power window, and Benjamin told him to get some sleep, as they had to be in Hainesville by 9:00 AM for his first appointments.

"You got it boss," replied Lorenzo, and with that our horde of ghouls, rapists and butchers closed their eyes, settled in, and dreamt of money, vaginas and garbage disposals.

Dr. Himmelfarb woke early, money and murder on his mind. He woke Miriam and Israel, and then woke the nigger Lorenzo, and Luigi too, as if it mattered.

They proceeded toward Hainesville, where Himmelfarb's first appointments were. As Lorenzo led in the semi, the Jew Himmelfarb sat behind the wheel of the Winnebago, still dreaming of the money he was going to make.

"As I see it," announced Miriam, "At this one stop alone we'll make \$4,800, minus 10% referral commission, which will leave us with \$4,320, minus whatever you pay the nigger."

"And that's only four abortions, all first trimester," replied Benjamin, "They're easy to do and don't take much time."

"Good," remarked Miriam, "Maybe we'll be able to make it to Leesburg today, that would be \$3,600 more, minus 10% of course."

They exited I-22 at the Hainesville interchange and Himmelfarb called to Lorenzo over his Cobra SSB CB radio.

"Lorenzo," Himmelfarb said into the mike.

"Yeah boss," responded Lorenzo.

"Pull into the McDonald's and I'll get something to eat for us. What do you want for breakfast?"

"A bigs breakfast, hots cakes, and coffee," replied the nigger, Lorenzo.

"You got it," said Himmelfarb, hanging up the mike.

"Good God Ben, you're starting to talk like that nigger," remarked Israel.

"Not really Izzy, it's just you have to speak to that jig in words that are two syllables or less," replied Benjamin. "By the way, what do you want for breakfast?"

"An Egg McMuffin and a coffee, black," requested Israel.

"Miriam?" asked Benjamin.

"I'll have a ham and egg biscuit and coffee, cream and sugar," replied Miriam.

"I love ham and egg biscuits," exclaimed Himmelfarb, "I'm going to get two myself!"

"What are you going to get for Luigi?" asked Miriam.

"Just two hash browns and a large water," replied Himmelfarb, with a chuckle, "That stupid wop can't taste anything anyway, so why waste good money on him, since he hasn't even got a fucking tongue!"

The three Jews burst into laughter.

Himmelfarb walked into McDonald's, Israel asking of Miriam, "How can you and Ben eat pork? It's disgusting, and isn't kosher."

"I don't care," replied Miriam, "It tastes good, and I'm not orthodox anyway, and Benjamin's an atheist. Also, ham and egg biscuits are cheap."

"Whatever," remarked an incredulous Israel, "One day you'll probably get trichinosis from eating pig meat. Rabbi Rothchild said God will punish those who don't abide by the scriptures of Leviticus."

"That's not true Izzy," explained Miriam, "They've had trichinosis under control for years, hell, Ben and I eat pork all the time. We even have Smithfield ham on New Year's day."

"I'll bet you eat oysters and crabs too, not to mention shrimp," sighed Israel.

"Of course," replied Miriam, "They're tasty."

"I won't eat pork or that other disgusting garbage. You may as well be eating insects or garden slugs. The Torah says that you can't eat certain animals, and I abide by Jewish law."

"Benjamin says the Torah and the Talmud are a bunch of shit, and that there is no God, and I tend to agree with him," said Miriam.

"Whatever," said a resigned Israel once again, staring out a window.

Himmelfarb returned with the food, passing a bag and beverage to Lorenzo and another to Luigi. He then entered his motorhome and handed Israel and Miriam their orders.

Himmelfarb opened his ham and egg biscuits, washing them down with McDonald's Florida orange juice, and then relaxed with his morning coffee and a cigarette.

"Miriam says you don't believe in God," spoke up Israel as he drank his coffee.

"What God?" asked a sardonic Benjamin, leaning back in his swivel leather seat.

"Our God," replied Israel, "The God of Abraham."

"God is dead," retorted Benjamin, "Haven't you read Friedrich Nietzsche? Don't tell me you really believe in that crap – my stupid father did, but not me."

"Why?" asked Israel.

Because it's patently ridiculous that's why," Benjamin replied, "An idiotic bunch of conjecture written by deluded fools who wished there was a God who cared so they could live forever."

Israel was truly shocked at Himmelfarb's blasphemous indictment of the Jewish faith.

Benjamin continued, "If there is a God, which I don't know truly, it doesn't care, it's too busy being God whatever that is. It doesn't care about us and I don't care about it."

"Really?" asked Israel, "What do you think happens when you die?"

"You rot in a box, unless you're cremated, like Himmler did with the ovens," replied Benjamin, "No harps, no pitchforks, just nothing, the end, period."

"I hope you're wrong," remarked a shaken Israel.

"I'm not," said a confident Benjamin.

Himmelfarb turned to his CB radio, cutting off Israel, lifted the mike and asked Lorenzo, "Have you finished breakfast?"

"Yeah boss," responded Lorenzo.

"Good," replied Himmelfarb, "Let's go, we have to be at the Hainesville Professional Center at 9:00 AM and it's 8:35 now. I don't want to be late!"

"I got it boss," said Lorenzo as Himmelfarb hung up the mike. Lorenzo started the Peterbilt, Himmelfarb watching black smoke issuing from the rig's twin exhaust stacks as Lorenzo pulled the semi out of McDonald's and onto State Route 77. In minutes they turned into the Hainesville Professional Center and arrived at the practice of Dr. Shimon Goldberg, MD.

Dr. Goldberg walked from his office wearing his yarmulke to greet his Jewish colleague, as the morning sun glistened off of the gigantic Fruehauf trailer. He felt jealous as he admired the shiny white paint, "Himmelfarb's" stenciled in two-foot letters down the side.

Himmelfarb walked up to Goldberg and said, "Good morning, I'm Dr. Himmelfarb, I assume you're Dr. Goldberg," offering his hand to him.

Goldberg shook hands and replied, "Yes, we have four patients for you today, you pay your commissions in cash don't you?"

"Of course," answered Himmelfarb, not offended at all by the blunt question from his fellow greedy Jew. "We can get started immediately."

They entered Dr. Goldberg's office. In his waiting room were seated four girls, all white teenagers who wanted to kill the babies they were carrying.

Himmelfarb immediately noticed one of them was a petite, pretty, blue eyed blonde that wasn't even showing.

Lorenzo will get a "fringe benefit" this morning, the evil, amoral Jew thought.

One at a time they entered the rear of his trailer, gave their names to Miriam, filled out forms, paid money, and Himmelfarb killed their unborn children for them.

Himmelfarb quickly and efficiently removed what he referred to variously as fetal material, blobs or Jell-O, depending on his mood, unceremoniously dumping the remains in covered plastic buckets in his disposal room.

Finally he came upon his fourth patient, or victim, depending on your point of view. She was the blonde girl and her name was Jessica. She was very nervous, and obviously didn't want to be there.

"I don't really want to do this," Jessica said, "We only did it once and this happened."

"How far are you along?" asked the evil Jew doctor.

"Three months," Jessica replied, "If I don't do this my daddy will kill Billy Joe."

"I understand," said the evil, vicious kike as he examined her.

"Do y'all think Jesus will forgive me?" asked Jessica, holding back tears.

"Pastor Jones said abortion is murder, and that murderers go to hell with Satan."

"I'm sure Jesus will forgive you," remarked Himmelfarb dryly. What a stupid cunt, he thought.

He added, "This won't take long, but you're rather small down there. I believe I should administer a sedative. It will relieve you of any pain," the monstrous, frankensteinesque Jew lied.

Himmelfarb injected Jessica with normalized sodium pentothal and she became unconscious. Himmelfarb walked to the intercom, and looked at the helpless, 15 year-old Jessica laying unconscious on the gurney. He paused a moment, closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He regained his composure, pressed the button and called to Miriam.

"Send in Lorenzo," said a distant Himmelfarb.

"I figured that's why you saved her for last," replied Miriam sarcastically, "Tell that boot to make it quick."

In seconds, the depraved filthy nigger Lorenzo entered the treatment room, Himmelfarb exclaiming, "Have a look at this!" as he removed the sheet from Jessica's waist.

The helpless, unconscious blonde teenager was nude from the waist down, legs spread apart, as the apelike nigger ogled the sparse blonde pubic hair and the opening of Jessica's vagina.

"I'd likes to see dose tits," the nigger rapist declared, his erection clearly visible under his filthy trousers.

Himmelfarb raised his eyebrows and replied, "Open her blouse pal, she isn't wearing a bra, I'll wait in the office, give you fifteen minutes to do your thing, and then I have to abort her."

"I's gots it boss," said Lorenzo as he unbuckled his belt and unzipped his filthy pants, "I's be done shortly."

"Oh Lorenzo, one other thing," Himmelfarb added, "Be sure to wipe out her twat when you're done, it's messy enough without that!"

Himmelfarb closed the door, and the helpless Jessica was alone with Lorenzo.

What that monstrous nigger rapist did to the unconscious Jessica doesn't need to be described, except for the fact that he raped her thoroughly.

When Lorenzo was finished raping Jessica, he called Himmelfarb over the intercom, and the evil Jew doctor stepped back into his treatment room.

"Man, dat bitch was tight," remarked Lorenzo as he pulled up his filthy pants, "You should try some."

Even the amoral Himmelfarb was sickened by this odious suggestion. He sat in the chair facing the gurney, looked at Jessica's crotch and replied, "I have to finish up, Lorenzo. I'm glad to see that you wiped out her cunt."

"I's trys to do da right thing boss, I wipes out her mauph too, cause I puts my dick in it."

Himmelfarb shuddered at the thought of the sodomizing of his patient by this talking orangutan, but again regained his composure and replied sarcastically, "Thank you for being so fastidious Lorenzo."

"What?" asked Lorenzo.

"Never mind," replied an exasperated Himmelfarb, raising his hands in protest and shaking his head.

"Okay boss, and thanks for da pussy," said Lorenzo.

"No problem," remarked Himmelfarb as Lorenzo left.

Himmelfarb resumed his gruesome task, killing Jessica's baby. She was quickly relieved of her human burden by the doctor, and for some reason, perhaps guilt, but more than likely to protect himself from a lawsuit or prison, he applied a topical antiseptic douche to Jessica's vulval area. Then he irrigated her oral cavity with carbamide peroxide USP and injected her with intravenous tetracycline and penicillin to protect her from VD, such as gonorrhea, or syphilis.

Hopefully, mused a detached Himmelfarb, Lorenzo doesn't have "AIDS."

Later, an unsteady, weary, pretty Jessica was helped by the kindly Dr. Himmelfarb down the stairs of his trailer-clinic, totally unaware that her second sex partner had been a filthy nigger, old enough to have been her father had he been white.

Their work completed, they paid their kike colleague, Dr. Shimon Goldberg, MD, \$480, cash of course, and proceeded to roll toward Leesburg. As they drove down I-22 toward their next destination, Himmelfarb, out of concern for himself, advised Miriam to make certain that she asked all patients verbally if they had any drug allergies, or if they were taking any medications.

"Why?" asked Miriam, adding in her best lawyerese, "I'll do it if you want Ben, but they have to fill in that information on the inquiry forms. That relieves us of any malpractice liability; there are boxes they are supposed to check off, plus an addendum section when they give us informed consent."

"I know that Miriam, but I'm just trying to protect our asses from a lawsuit," Himmelfarb replied. "I'm going to be giving antibiotic injections to the blonde sluts that Lorenzo fucks so they don't get the clap or something else from that filthy jig. I don't want one of those stupid bitches to go into anaphylactic shock from an allergic reaction."

"You're right," conceded Miriam, "I'll be sure to get verbal consent from the patients as well from now on."

"What if he has AIDS?" voiced up Israel.

"Oh well," remarked the monstrous Himmelfarb, "If he does, that won't show up for years, and I don't really care about that."

The Leesburg exit approached, the semi signaled right and pulled onto the exit, followed by the Winnebago.

They accomplished three abortions and one rape at Leesburg, and over the next four days, continued through various towns, killing and raping. Luckily, one young blonde girl named Alicia, who considered herself pagan, had dyed her hair black and was thus spared from the nauseating amorous advances of Lorenzo Greene, rapist nigger.

On the way to Clearwater, the doctor again called Lorenzo over the CB and they pulled into a rest stop.

Himmelfarb stepped out of his Winnebago, and walked up to the idling Peterbilt.

Lorenzo moved down the power window and asked, "What up boss?"

"You and Luigi have to take out the garbage," replied Himmelfarb, garbage being his euphemism for dead fetuses.

"Okay boss," acknowledged Lorenzo as he shut down the diesel and stepped from the tractor, along with the disfigured, Quasimodoesque Luigi.

They entered the trailer and Himmelfarb continued, "We have 42 fetuses in buckets in the disposal room. Try to be done in two hours, we still have to get to Clearwater today." Himmelfarb unlocked the door of his "disposal room," and switched on the Onan generator.

"You'll probably need the Hobart to grind up some of these larger brats," remarked Himmelfarb blithely, "Incidentally Lorenzo, did you read the Operator's Manual?"

"I cant's read," replied an unabashed Lorenzo.

Himmelfarb paused a moment and muttered, "Figures."

Undeterred by Lorenzo's ludicrous admission of blatant stupidity, he proceeded to demonstrate the operation of the Hobart model 4146 sausage grinder to Lorenzo and Luigi, who watched intently.

After he finished his demonstration, which consisted of grinding up an entire late second trimester fetus in the machine, the remains exuding from the unit and dropping en masse to the counter, the good doctor asked his students if they understood the operation of the device.

"Yeah boss," Lorenzo replied, and Luigi rolled his eyes and grunted a squeaking noise signifying the affirmative.

After he was satisfied that his employees understood the fetal disposal procedures, Himmelfarb walked to the door of the disposal room.

He stopped and turned.

"Be careful with that machine you two," Himmelfarb intoned, but not out of concern for them. "That Hobart cost me \$4,400!"

"Right boss," replied the nigger Lorenzo, "I'll gets 'em ground up good."

Luigi nodded and grunted, signifying he understood Himmelfarb's requests.

Lorenzo and Luigi put on rubberized chain mail gloves, donned plastic face shields, and the next noises emanating from the disposal room were the sounds of a General Electric garbage disposal and occasionally, a Hobart sausage grinder.

The monstrous Himmelfarb had devised this ingenious method of disposing of "fetal carcasses," and as he took inventory in his treatment room of the specifics he would need to continue their operation, Lorenzo and Luigi converted murdered unborn children into a material not unlike hamburger.

This hamburger-like material, after it was created from the slaughtered fetuses would be mixed with brewer's yeast and Rid-X, and would be formed into "human meatloaves" before being fed into the garbage disposal.

As Lorenzo fed the "meatloaves" into the garbage disposal, Luigi would pour in hot water to convert them to an easily biodegradable slush or slurry, or "soup", as Himmelfarb liked to put it.

Once the "soup" was created, it would be stored in the non-potable holding tank underneath the disposal sink to await convenient disposal in any available storm sewer.

Soon, disposal technicians Lorenzo and Luigi completed their processing, and Luigi, stupid though he was, sanitized the disposal area with the efficiency of a registered nurse.

First, he washed the gloves, face shields, sausage grinder, and stainless steel counters with a solution of sodium hypochlorite disinfectant, along with the stainless steel sink. Then, he and



Lorenzo wiped down the equipment with iodine USP, and a mild solution of carbolic acid. The buckets were considered disposable, along with the used hypodermic needles, rubber gloves, surgical masks, greens, etc, which Lorenzo carried to a convenient dumpster and threw them in. It didn't matter to Himmelfarb that this waste was also considered a biohazard to both humans and animals, as the saving of precious money was involved.

A few minutes later, Lorenzo walked to Himmelfarb's Winnebago where the doctor had returned to relax, reading an issue of the "Journal of the American Medical Association."

"We be done boss," announced Lorenzo, "We grounds up da dead babies and gots dem in da tank. I throws out all da trash too."

"Did Luigi disinfect the disposal area?" asked Benjamin.

"Yeah boss," answered Lorenzo, "Luigi might be stupid and nots talk, but he be's real good at's cleanin'."

"I know, that's why we keep him around," replied Himmelfarb they walked to the trailer.

Himmelfarb inspected his "disposal room", which Luigi had cleaned so well, one could have eaten off the floors.

"Very good Luigi," Himmelfarb remarked, and Luigi smiled and grunted.

He turned to Lorenzo and said, "Pull the rig over to the storm drain and we'll pump out the tank."

"Right boss," replied Lorenzo, and in a few minutes the Peterbilt was idling beside a storm drain.

Himmelfarb, with Lorenzo and Luigi following, then walked to the side of the Fruehauf facing the sewer, and the doctor opened an access door.

"Watch what I do Lorenzo, this will be your job next time," said Benjamin, as Lorenzo watched intently.

He pulled out a two-inch flexible rubber hose and unceremoniously placed the free end into the opening of a storm drain. Himmelfarb pushed a green button marked "start", and with that, a Dayton impeller pump quickly expelled the ground up remains of 42 human lives into the sewer. Himmelfarb pushed a blue button marked "backflush", and quickly filled the non-potable holding tank with fresh water. He again pressed the green button and pumped the system dry, and then pressed a red button labeled "stop".

"Put the hose away Lorenzo, and then we'll head to Clearwater," Himmelfarb said.

"I gots it boss," replied Lorenzo, adding, "Dat pump sure gots rid of doze dead babies fast!"

"Shut up you stupid nigger!" Himmelfarb thundered, "I don't want these yokels knowing what were doing!"

"Sorry boss," Lorenzo apologized, "I's wasn't thinkin'."

"You never do," remarked a disgusted Himmelfarb, shaking his head as he walked to his Winnebago.

Lorenzo, like Luigi was too ignorant to be insulted, and simply rolled up the disposal hose, placing it in the access box. He closed the door, and he and Luigi climbed into the rig.

Himmelfarb entered the Winnebago, remarking once again of how stupid and disgusting Lorenzo was.

Israel, CPA Jew, was entering his figures into an IBM laptop computer, and had calculated that Dr. Himmelfarb had saved \$2,100 in fetal disposal fees by using his wonderful method of grinding up babies and pumping their disassociated remains into the sewer.

Benjamin blithely remarked to Miriam that the purchase of the Hobart sausage grinder would be amortized by the end of the trip.

Miriam, convinced of the usefulness of the Hobart, smiled and nodded, afterward suggesting that all their future trucks should be equipped with this indispensable unit. After all, the Hobart sausage grinder was a labor, and therefore, money saving device.

Himmelfarb, greedy Jew, concurred.

Israel, using a Quickbooks program, calculated Himmelfarb had earned \$50,400 from the abortions and paid out \$5,040 in commissions. He also calculated expenses for overhead, fuel, and miscellaneous, reflecting a typical Jewish fascination for numbers, especially when it came to "accounts receivable." He then quoted the figures to Dr. Himmelfarb, who eagerly listened to his Jewish accountant.

The major figures were as follows:

Gallons of Diesel fuel – 217.5 @ \$1.05.9 per gallon – \$228.37

Gallons of Gasoline – 200 @ \$ 0.99.9 per gallon – \$ 176.00

Food, tolls, miscellaneous – \$ 425.32

Disposable Supplies:

Buckets – \$16.35

Hypodermic syringes – \$18.60

Surgical masks – \$ 12.40

Rubber Gloves – \$ 4.25

Greens – \$86.50

Antiseptics – \$ 16.70

Sedatives, Antibiotics, etc. – \$93.58

The Jew Himmelfarb listened with satisfaction as Israel voiced the figures with the efficiency of a calculating machine, then started his Winnebago and proceeded with his macabre crew to the town of Clearwater.

"There's a lot of work to do down here," Himmelfarb remarked to his cohorts with a smile.

"Yes," replied Miriam, "This has turned out to be a great idea, we've made \$45,360 in five days, according to Israel."

"Once we open up completely we'll make millions!" Benjamin exclaimed, and the evil, murderous Jew laughed, joined by Miriam and Israel.

Israel turned off his laptop, and asked Benjamin in a subdued tone, "How many girls has that nigger of yours raped?"

"He said he wanted a couple a day, and so far it's been ten. I guess that proves he can count, even though he can't read!"

Himmelfarb, amoral Jew doctor, burst into riotous laughter.

He composed himself, and continued, "Incidentally, one blonde slut had dyed her hair black, so I gave her a break from that nigger. He said he wanted blondes, so I figured top and bottom should match. That stupid filthy coon didn't crank into her box, even though her pubic hair was blonde!" He again laughed, adding, "I give him 15 minutes with each girl, but he's usually done in five, so we know what that means!"

Miriam, amoral Jewess lawyer, burst into laughter.

"If they only knew," remarked a shaken Israel, who, unlike Benjamin and Miriam, at least seemed to have the semblance of a conscience, although it would fail to help him in the end.

"They're nothing but stupid southern whores; who gives a shit!" replied Benjamin with a laugh, "They deserve it, for thinking they're so much better than us."

Israel became strangely quiet, reflecting on the ethical and moral implications of the last part of their conversation, which conflicted with his beliefs, and stared blankly out a window.

The Peterbilt and Winnebago reached the Clearwater interchange; they exited the freeway, and approached the town. They drove into Clearwater and arrived at the practice of Dr. Solomon Wiesenthal, MD.

As he parked the Winnebago Himmelfarb noticed it was different here in Clearwater. There was a pro-life protest going on.

Good old boys had gotten wind of this Jew and were protesting his actions.

He stepped from the motorhome and was accosted by a man who asked, "How can you murder babies, they're a gift from God!"

"Get out of my way you stupid religious fanatic!" yelled Benjamin, and swaggered into Dr. Wiesenthal's office.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," said Solomon, shaking Himmelfarb's hand, "I have eight girls here who need abortions."

"Good," replied Benjamin, "We'll get started immediately."

He walked to the waiting room and saw the usual array of women he referred to as whores, twats, or cunts.

"I'm sorry about the protesters," Solomon remarked, "Those assholes arrived this morning. The police are keeping them 200 feet from my practice and have assured me that we will receive no interference with regard to enforcing the women's reproductive rights."

What an asshole, thought Benjamin, this man should have been a lawyer.

Himmelfarb didn't care about whore's rights or whatever, he only wanted their money, and they gave it to him so he would kill their children.

That was Himmelfarb's job, killing babies and making money, as simple as that.

"Excellent," replied Benjamin, and one by one they entered "Himmelfarb's Mobile Women's Clinical Care Unit." Miriam interviewed each, they filled out forms, paid money, and Himmelfarb killed their unborn children for them, quickly and efficiently.

Lorenzo was called in twice so he could rape two of them -- they were small, pretty, and blonde as usual.

Each was cleansed, douched, irrigated and inoculated, after which they were helped from the trailer by the kindly Dr. Himmelfarb, each girl totally unaware a filthy black monster had "mades love" with their unconscious bodies.

Dr. Solomon Wiesenthal, MD, received \$960, cash of course, from good Dr. Himmelfarb, greedily pocketed his commission and gave Himmelfarb the usual superficial courtesies, after which Benjamin closed up his custom Fruehauf trailer and walked toward the Winnebago.

One of the protesters turned ugly, broke through the police blockade and ran toward Himmelfarb. To robot-like police officers, each with IQs comparable to Luigi, ran after him, and tackled him within ten feet of Himmelfarb.

As they beat him with nightsticks, the white, Anglo-Saxon man screamed out, "We'll get ya, you fuckin' Jew!"

"Kiss my ass you fanatic," replied Dr. Benjamin Himmelfarb, MD, F.A.C.S., as he entered his Winnebago.

He started the vehicle, pulled out, and the evil, murderous Jew remarked to Miriam, "It's a good thing the police were here and held those religious assholes back, we have the right to do this!"

"We've made \$9,600, minus \$960 in commissions," answered Miriam, glancing at Israel's IBM laptop.

"Christ Miriam, all you do is think about money!" exclaimed an exasperated Himmelfarb, as he maneuvered the motorhome onto the interstate behind Lorenzo and Luigi.

Fuck, I may as well have married an ATM, Himmelfarb thought.

Miriam and Israel continued to add figures, make projections of future earnings and subtract overhead costs, like a pair of obsessed calculating machines. All that Miriam and Israel cared about was money, much to Himmelfarb's chagrin.

As he drove down I-22 west, Himmelfarb was beginning to feel uneasy. That bumpkin back there had murderous fury in his eyes, he thought. Shit! I can't have this on my mind, he thought. He had eight more towns to visit, and he was pleased his idea was a total success. Who would think that killing babies for fun and profit down south could be so lucrative?

Himmelfarb.

His mind kept returning to the good old boy, screaming, "We'll get ya, you fuckin' Jew!"

Somebody always has to piss on your parade, don't they?

Those fanatics back there were just a bunch of stupid assholes, he thought as the sun slipped below the horizon.

Later they stopped at a Denny's and ordered meals. Benjamin was very sullen and quiet as they waited for their orders.

"What's wrong Ben?" asked Miriam.

"Nothing," replied Benjamin, "I just hate religious assholes who interfere with my work. Somebody should take those loonies to the goddam funny farm. They don't realize those bitches don't want their brats anyway. I'm doing those kids a favor, if I had a mother like them I'd rather be dead! They're just stupid sluts who like to fuck but don't want kids, and if I didn't kill their brats for them someone else would!"

"Who cares, don't let it bother you," observed Miriam, "You'll never see those hicks again anyway."

"You're right," Benjamin replied as their orders arrived.

Himmelfarb was very nervous and quiet as he ate, thinking about the good old boy that screamed, "We'll get ya, you fuckin' Jew!"

Miriam and Israel made small talk about money as usual, covering the spectrum about tax shelters, gold futures, mutual funds, the IRS and the Dow-Jones Industrial average. This conversation was also sprinkled with observations about NASDAQ, Nikkei, Republicans, Democrats, Israel (the country), Saddam Hussein, Benjamin Netanyahu, and other subjects that generally obsess Jews.

Lorenzo quietly ate a T-bone steak and potatoes, and Luigi ate like a pig while twitching, grunting and even farting, which made Lorenzo, of all people, nauseous, he observing the tongueless monster consuming a huge plate of undercooked hash browns with his bare hands, and washing them down with copious amounts of water.

At the adjacent table, Benjamin became even more nervous.

"Calm down Benjamin!" exclaimed Miriam after he spilled his coffee.

"I'm alright, it just slipped out of my hand," he lied.

Benjamin had been startled. What startled him was in the parking lot. It couldn't be, he thought. Clearwater's 200 miles back and an old junker like that couldn't make it this far. It must be a different car. That fanatic had one just like it though.

What the Jew Himmelfarb saw in the parking lot was a silver 1978 Mercury Marquis coupe.

Couldn't be, the kike thought as he finished his second cup of coffee. He dismissed it from his mind, paid the cashier for their dinner, and walked to the Winnebago, Miriam and Israel, still talking about money, following.

Lorenzo and Luigi climbed into the semi, and both vehicles proceeded to Interstate 22 west toward their next destination. The Peterbilt reached 70, and entered the freeway with Himmelfarb following.

Himmelfarb heard the Cobra crackle with Lorenzo's voice.

"Hey boss," radioed Lorenzo.

"Yes Lorenzo," acknowledged Himmelfarb.

"We gots to get some diesel," replied Lorenzo.

"Oh?" remarked Himmelfarb sarcastically, "I gots to gets some gasoline too!"

"You do?" asked Lorenzo, not realizing he was being insulted.

"Yeah," replied Himmelfarb disgustedly, "Pull the rig into the Pilot at exit 56."

"You gots it boss," answered Lorenzo, signaling for exit 56. Lorenzo maneuvered the Peterbilt into the Pilot Southland Travel Plaza, the Jew Himmelfarb following. He pulled up to the diesel pumps, exited the cab, and quickly fueled the rig with eighty gallons of diesel. He then walked up to Himmelfarb, who was still pumping gasoline into the Winnebago.

"What up boss?" asked Lorenzo.

"I'm pumping gas you fool," replied a sullen Himmelfarb, "This 454 eats gas like a hog!"

"Dat Peterbilt don't do's bad, fo' a semi," Lorenzo remarked.

"That's because it's a diesel," replied Himmelfarb.

"I gots to take a piss," announced Lorenzo.

"Why are you telling me?" asked an exasperated Himmelfarb.

"Don't know," replied Lorenzo, walking toward the Travel Plaza.

Jesus Christ, what a stupid nigger, Himmelfarb thought.

He finished fueling the motorhome and replaced the nozzle while glancing about the parking lot. No Mercurys. Miriam was right, just a dumb hick.

Himmelfarb walked into the Travel Plaza, in time to hear Lorenzo ask the clerk, "You gots any smokers in yo' video stand, oh's any Playboys?"

"No," answered the clerk disgustedly.

"How 'bouts any ho's or lot lizards – I needs some pussy."

"No," again answered the clerk, a young white woman.

"Lorenzo, go back to the truck," ordered Himmelfarb.

"Okay boss," answered Lorenzo.

Lorenzo walked to the Peterbilt, oblivious to the fact that he was probably the most disgusting creature to ever pull into a Pilot station.

"Who was that nigger?" asked the woman.

"Just a nigger," answered Himmelfarb, paying her with his Discover card for the fuel.

Himmelfarb walked to the Winnebago as Lorenzo started the Peterbilt, and maneuvered the rig in front of the motorhome.

Himmelfarb entered the Winnebago, settled in behind the wheel, and started it.

"Would you believe that nigger asked the clerk if there were any whores available?"

Himmelfarb asked no one in particular.

"Really?" asked Israel.

"I suppose those sluts aren't enough for that ape's libido," Miriam volunteered.

"I don't know," replied Himmelfarb, "But if all niggers are like him, then Hitler killed the wrong people! He should have went after them, hell, I would have helped him!"

"I think that's what Mussolini was trying to do in Ethiopia," remarked Israel with a laugh.

"Yeah," replied Himmelfarb as he started out of the parking lot, "I swear Izzy, that nigger is the most vile piece of shit I have ever encountered."

"I told you that years ago," remarked a deadpan Miriam.

It was hard to believe that pieces of shit such as Himmelfarb and crew were referring to a nigger like Lorenzo as a piece of shit – like the pot calling the kettle black.

The Peterbilt and Winnebago pulled out of the Pilot's parking lot and entered the on ramp for Interstate 22 west, toward Davistown, their next destination. At 9:00 AM the next morning, the doctor had eight more abortions to do at the practice of Dr. Goyam Abramowitz, MD.

At the opposite end of the Travel Plaza, a silver 1978 Mercury in immaculate condition pulled out from behind a Ford 9000 Cab-over with a Challenger lowboy on, carrying a Caterpillar 955L trackloader.

As Himmelfarb and his cohorts entered I-22 west, the old Mercury drifted past the pumps, where minutes before Himmelfarb had been. The car looked unusual for it's age and size. As noted before, it was in immaculate condition, with modified suspension, Centerline mag wheels, Goodyear Eagle high speed radial tires, and was issuing a throaty rumble from it's Flowmaster mufflers, tied to two-inch dual exhausts. The Mercury pulled out of the Pilot and headed toward Interstate 22 west.

"Lorenzo," Himmelfarb called over the CB.

"Yeah boss," acknowledged Lorenzo.

"When you see the first rest stop, we'll pull in and sleep."

"Right boss," replied Lorenzo.

Rest area: 52 miles, stated the road sign on Interstate 22. Benjamin, for some reason kept checking the rearview mirror.

"Why are you so uptight Ben?" asked Miriam, "That asshole back there was just a stupid hick, fuck him."

"I know that," replied Benjamin, "I'm just tired; I've got to get some sleep, I have twelve more abortions to do tomorrow."

"The rest stop is only 40 miles away," Miriam remarked, "We'll be there soon."

With those words, Miriam began to doze off, Israel was asleep, and Himmelfarb kept checking his rearview mirror. As cars passed him, he kept looking for a 1978 Mercury. He saw Chevys, Chryslers, Fords, even an ancient Studebaker Golden Hawk, but no Mercurys.

Just a coincidence, he thought, as Lorenzo signaled, and they exited into the remote, empty rest stop.

"Get some sleep Lorenzo, and lock your doors," Himmelfarb said over the CB.

"Right boss," replied Lorenzo, and Himmelfarb hung up the mike.

Turning off the Cobra, Himmelfarb noticed he was shaking. The words of the good old boy kept repeating in his mind – "We'll get ya, you fuckin' Jew!"

Stupid fanatic, he thought, I'm just doing my job.

Himmelfarb didn't bother to realize the thought he just had was an echo of what the Nazi "war criminals" had used to justify their actions, who at least slaughtered greedy Jews who could have run, and not innocent, unborn children.

The Jew was shaking and knew he couldn't sleep, so he decided to take something that would put him out, as he needed to be alert for his work the next day. He dropped one of Luigi's Spastrin tabs, became drowsy, and settled into sleep.

All the Jews were dreaming of money in the various ways described earlier. Lorenzo was once again dreaming of raping more unconscious, small, blue eyed blonde girls, and Luigi, if he was even capable of dreaming, probably dreamt of Hobart sausage grinders, human meatloaves, and General Electric garbage disposals.

All of these monsters were in peaceful, blissful sleep, and didn't hear the sound of a 460-4V 1978 Mercury Marquis coupe, silver in color, as it pulled up slowly toward Himmelfarb and his merchants of death and rape. The headlights shut off and the old Mercury drifted to a stop, sporting the Stars and Bars as a front license plate, about 200 feet from Himmelfarb's Winnebago.

Inside the Mercury were four good old boys, by the names of Henry Williams, Frank Butler, Robert Morgan, and Peter Leseur, whose nickname was Froggy. All were packing guns and hunting for Jews. Not just any Jews, but Jews who killed babies. They were also hunting for niggers that raped white girls. It was only a rumor, but he was a nigger, nevertheless. They weren't really hunting for retarded Italians, but Luigi had always been a victim of circumstance.

The Mercury's doors opened up and our heroes quietly exited their vehicle.

"Where's Jed?" whispered Frank to Henry, "He said he'd be here."

"Probably got delayed," Henry whispered back, "He'll be along soon. Let's wake these bastards up."

Our heroes walked toward the Jew's vehicles, two by two. Henry and Pete to the Winnebago, Bob and Frank to the Peterbilt. The doors were opened, the Winnebago's by force and the Peterbilt by simply pulling the latch, as Lorenzo had been too stupid to lock it.

The next things Lorenzo Greene, and Dr. Benjamin Himmelfarb, MD saw were the blued barrels of Smith and Wesson .44 Magnum revolvers pointed directly at them.

"I told ya we'd get ya Jew!" yelled Henry, and Himmelfarb saw the battered face of the man he had so blithely said "Kiss my ass" to.

"I'm a fanatic huh, you kike?" asked Henry, staring at Himmelfarb through bloodshot, blackened eyes and sporting a broken nose that the pigs had given him.

Miriam and Israel were wide awake, covered by Pete with his .44.

"Move once and I'll blow holes in you Jews!" yelled Pete, "Just one muscle."

Miriam and Israel seemed to be paralyzed by the words of Peter Leseur, Cajun good old boy.

"Y'all are gonna get out of this here motorhome Jews, now!" yelled Henry, and the three kikes moved single file out of the Winnebago.

Once outside, Himmelfarb and crew saw Lorenzo and Luigi outside the Peterbilt, covered by Bob and Frank. He then spied his nemesis, the old silver Mercury in the distance, shining like brand new, parked underneath a sodium vapor streetlamp.

"I told you to lock that door you dumb nigger!" exclaimed Benjamin.

"Lockin' dat do' didn't seems to help you much," replied Lorenzo, which was probably the most intelligent observation he had ever made.

"All of ya shut up or I'll kill ya, right now!" yelled Henry.

"What are we gonna do with these sons of bitches?" asked Frank.

"What we do with all murderers," replied Henry.

"Yessuh," agreed Pete, "Especially kikes that kill babies."

"I've got a sure fire way to make these bastards pay," said Henry, "In the trunk of my Merc."

Luigi, standing beside Lorenzo, became more empty-eyed than usual and started to make grunting noises, and began to twitch.

"Shut up you freak!" yelled Bob.

"He's an epileptic, he can't help it," remarked Benjamin, trying to evoke sympathy from our heroes.

"Holy Christ," chuckled Henry, "He looks like Egor; are you Frankenstein?" All of the good old boys laughed at the murderous Jew.

"You have no compassion," replied Himmelfarb, "And you call yourselves Christians!"

Henry looked at Himmelfarb with a disgusted smirk.

He then said, "I can't speak for the others here, but I'm an agnostic you stupid Jew. Don't fuck with me! I reckon y'all think that all pro-life people are Christians or fanatics of some sort. I'm not, but I just don't cotton to slaughtering unborn children you Jew. They deserve a chance at this life too like everyone else!"

Himmelfarb was shocked his stereotypical observation regarding pro-life protesters was inaccurate, and was momentarily stunned at the seemingly contradictory statements he was hearing.

Henry asked, "Did you have any compassion for the babies you killed?"

"They were simply fetuses," answered the amoral, greedy Jew. "Unviable, pre-human growths."

"They were human beings you kike, like your freak here!" yelled Pete, who along with being a Louisiana Cajun was also a Roman Catholic.

Henry stared at Himmelfarb with total hatred in his eyes as he beheld the perverted physician who had sworn when he received his doctorate to "above all, do no harm." Henry was a country boy, but a college educated one, and was just shy of his Master's degree in the discipline of biology, graduating at the end of the semester.

"Do y'all speak Latin, Jew boy?" he asked. "You should, considerin' y'all hold a Ph.D. in medicine."

"Yes," replied Himmelfarb with trepidation, staring at the enigmatic Henry, not understanding where the conversation was going.

"I do," retorted Henry, "I've had two years of college Latin. I may talk with a drawl kike, but I'm not stupid like y'all figured. What does "fetus" mean, then?"

"Baby," replied Himmelfarb absentmindedly, and realized he was burying himself.

"That's right, Jew, and –"

Luigi fell to the ground, collapsed into a Grand-mal seizure and began convulsing and frothing at the mouth.

Frank looked at Henry, his Smith and Wesson trained on the epileptic, opened his mouth, but no words came. He had never seen such a thing and looked helplessly to Henry.

"Put that freak out of his misery," yelled Henry, "He's as guilty as this Jew and his nigger; they say they he ground up dead babies!"

"Who are 'they,' you stupid redneck?" retorted Himmelfarb, trying to find any solid ground to argue from.

"The same ones that say your nigger raped your patients!" snapped Henry, looking him straight in the eye.

"What are we going to do with this thing?" Pete asked, Luigi heaving and convulsing on the pavement.



"That there boy ain't got the spells, he looks like he's got the rabies," observed Bob. "I had a dog once and he did the same things this here boys doin' 'fore he croaked."

Himmelfarb looked exasperated while he listened to the ignorant Robert making his observation regarding Luigi's epilepsy. He looked to Henry instinctively as a kindred intellect, who shook his head violently. He understood the symptoms of Luigi's condition, but would do nothing to help the evil Himmelfarb.

Frank stood there, staring, his .44 still trained on the convulsing Luigi, and asked, "What are we gonna do Henry?"

"Shoot that freak!" thundered Henry through gritted teeth, and Frank dropped the hammer on his .44, sending a slug into Luigi's tormented brain, killing him instantly.

Luigi lay there, still and quiet, blood pouring from a hole in his head.

Frank recocked his single action revolver and looked to Henry. He smiled and remarked, "He ain't got the rabies no more!"

"You murdered him," said Himmelfarb coldly, "He didn't have rabies you ignorant fool, he was an epileptic! Your friend Henry knows that, the rotten bastard, you killed him you hick, you'll pay for your crimes!"

Henry smiled at Himmelfarb knowingly, and said, "No Jew boy, we just gave him a post-birth abortion, a lot more merciful than rippin' out pieces of babies. How would you like it if ya were torn limb from limb?"

Himmelfarb, unfeeling as always, replied, "They don't feel anything, their nervous systems are not totally developed, I should know, I'm a physician!"

"Really?" answered Henry, "Then how do y'all account for the established fact that a simple, one celled creature like an amoeba will withdraw from stimuli it finds uncomfortable, kike? Answer me that!"

Himmelfarb winced, as Henry Williams, educated good old boy and future biologist, was evidently more than a match for him.

"How the fuck do ya really know you butchering kike, they're people!" yelled Frank, who may have been a high school dropout but understood the value of human life.

"They're not human," replied the macabre Himmelfarb.

"What are they then?" asked Pete, "Horses? Dogs? Martians?"

Himmelfarb stood there, making no reply.

"This is a waste of time, tryin' to reason with a greedy Jew," remarked Henry, "All they care about is money. Let's get it over with."

With those words a State Police Ford Crown Victoria entered the rest stop, parked, and Officer Jediah Morgan exited his cruiser.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Miriam, "Arrest these men now, they murdered Luigi and they want to kill us!"

Himmelfarb, Miriam, Israel, and the nigger rapist Lorenzo collectively breathed a sigh of relief at seeing the sight of a duly sworn State Police officer.

That is until they heard him say, "How ya doin' Bob, sorry I'm late."

"Hi Jed," replied Robert, "Hank said they'd be comin' to our county."

"It would figure," said the officer, "They were headed west."

Jed looked down at the corpse of Luigi, lying in a pool of blood. Ironically, Luigi's blood was trickling into a storm sewer.

"Y'all weren't supposed to shoot 'em Bob," remarked Jed, a stern look on his face.

Himmelfarb, Miriam, Israel and the nigger Lorenzo got their hopes up, if only slightly.

Jed then added, "You were supposed to hang 'em!"

"Frank shot the freak," confessed Robert, "He kept jumpin' around all over the place like a horny toad on a hot stove, and makin' crazy sounds."

"Henry told me to do it," protested Frank, "I'm sorry."

Himmelfarb and crew stood there incredulous as they listened to the conversation.

"Henry," observed Jed, "y'all weren't supposed to shoot any of 'em; any time I'm not around you fly off the handle! You've got to learn to control your temper."

"I had to shut that convulsing freak up somehow," replied Henry, "The others might have tried to make a run for it."

Jed paused, reflecting a moment, and said, "I get your point Henry, you're probably right. Anyway, dead is dead, whether by shootin' or hangin'. Now let's get this here job done, so y'all can get home."

Henry walked to his Mercury, opened the trunk and produced 100 feet of top grade hemp rope and a well sharpened buck knife.

"Your neck's gonna be stretched Jew Boy," intoned Officer Jediah Morgan to Himmelfarb, "For killin' babies, and this nigger here is gonna be hung for rapin' white girls."

"What about us?" asked Miriam and Israel in unison, pointing out that they didn't rape or kill anyone.

"Abandoning ship, eh Miriam?" observed the Jew Himmelfarb.

"I didn't do anything," pleaded Miriam, "I want to live!"

"Neither did I," added Israel, "Let us go. You can hang the doctor and the nigger; we won't say anything, we promise."

Oh brother, thought a strangely calm Himmelfarb, who even though was a Jew, couldn't stand the idea of cowardice and understood the concept of bravery before one's enemies, never once letting them break his spirit. So did, surprisingly, the nigger Lorenzo, and they faced their end like men instead of cowards. This proved in a strange way that they both had some kind of principles, warped though they may have been.

"Y'all didn't let me finish," retorted Jed in a perturbed tone. "Down here, we don't care for your kind at all. We usually tolerate the greedy Hebes who were born here, but only barely, as they're always after money too, just like you. Such must be in your natures. But if they get out of line, good old boys make sure they wind up in a swamp somewhere, and the same goes for any niggers that cross us."

"Now, kikes," he added, "Will y'all kindly let me finish?"

Miriam and Israel were silent, and Jediah was allowed to finish.

"Were gonna hang you two for being Jews! How do you like those apples, Jews?"

"We're not going to get out of this, any of us, are we?" asked Israel.

"Nope," replied Jed, "Y'all let that hook-nosed kike kill babies who wanted to live too, and ya let that there nigger of yours rape white girls; for that, you're gonna hang! You're as guilty as the other two; you condoned what they did, and ya profited from it. That's the way we do things down here. Y'all should've stayed up in Yankeeland, where they like you Jews and like to kill babies, for whatever reason. Oh well, I reckon that's the way it goes, you Jews come down here, bring niggers and kill babies, and we hang your asses!"

Like Nuremburg, Himmelfarb thought; now I know what Hermann Goering must have felt like.

Himmelfarb thought he had one last ace in the hole, which could buy him out of this predicament. He looked to Jed and said, "I have \$54,000 in my Winnebago, take it and let us go. We won't say anything and you can keep the money!"

"Boy, you hook-nosed Jews think you can buy anything," remarked Henry as he and Frank fashioned the nooses. "We're gonna take your money and hang ya anyway, whether ya like it or not!"

With those words, the five good old boys laughed at the Jew Yankees and their apeliike nigger.

Himmelfarb knew he had lost, spending the remainder of his time reflecting on his insatiable greed that had finally become his undoing.

"The hangin' ropes are all done," announced Robert with a smile, after he finished the last of the nooses.

"Good," replied Jed, "Let's hang this Yankee trash and get it over with."

Our heroes marched Benjamin, Miriam, Israel and the nigger rapist, Lorenzo, over to a strong, stout live oak tree. Frank placed the four nooses over a large branch and tied the free ends to it.

Henry pulled his Mercury up to the tree, and ordered, "Okay Jews, stand on my car. You too nigger!"

Five guns, four Smith and Wesson .44s, and one 9mm Beretta automatic, were trained on the Jews and their nigger. They obediently stood on the deck lid of Henry's old Mercury, as Pete put the nooses around their necks and tied their hands behind them.

"Y'all got any last words?" asked Jed, "Like repentin' what y'all did?"

"We did no wrong," replied the Jew Himmelfarb, evil to the end, while Miriam and Israel said nothing.

The nigger Lorenzo said angrily, "I's didn't do's nothin' wrong, dose white ho's loved my black dick! I done gots dere pussies wiph my johnson, and you cant's change dat! Fuck you, you white redneck mavafuckers!"

"I reckon that's their last words," remarked Jed quietly, "Let's send 'em to Hell where they belong."

Henry nodded and stepped into his Mercury. He inserted the key in the column, and began to crank the old 460 V8. The engine caught and assumed a rough idle due to the long duration, high lift camshaft contained in this high horsepower, hand built racing engine.

He then placed the C-6 automatic in "Drive".

Jed and the three other good old boys took a last look at the nigger rapist, and the three evil, murderous Jews. The four monstrous, barely human monsters glared back at our heroes, and the last words they heard was "Floor it!" uttered by Jed.

Henry pressed the accelerator, and the old Merc's Holley four barrel opened and the 460 roared, flashing the C-6s B&M "Super Holeshoot" torque converter. The 9-inch Detroit locker differential gripped and the Mercury pulled away.

Three Jews and a nigger swung from their ropes, paying the price for the evil they did. The Jew's necks snapped like dried out twigs, their end coming quickly. The nigger Lorenzo as it turned out, couldn't even die properly and instead slowly strangled at the end of his rope. A fair price to pay for the murder of white southern babes and the rape of white southern girls.

Justice done, our heroes then decided what to do with the Peterbilt, the Winnebago, and the money.

"Pete can drive a semi and Robert can handle the Winnebago," remarked Henry, "I'll drive my Merc."

"Hot rod Lincoln right Henry?" laughed Jed.

"No, hot rod Mercury," replied Henry with a chuckle.

"Those bastards scratched my paint," Henry added, looking at the Mercury's deck lid.

"I think with all this loot we can get her painted up nice," remarked Jed.

"Yeah," replied Henry, turning to other, more pressing matters. He looked to Jed and said, "We gotta figure out where to take the semi and that there motorhome to, so we can get rid of 'em."

Jed, a good old boy, knew exactly where the Peterbilt tractor, Fruehauf semi-trailer, and Winnebago motorhome could be safely disposed of, without any possibility of complications.

"Take 'em to Billy Smith's wrecking," remarked Jed. "He'll cut 'em up, sell the parts and give the money to the church and the orphanage. I'm sure Pastor Stewart and those kids can make use of the funds. As for the money, we got posse fees comin', for trackin' these here Jews and their nigger."

Robert walked up, carrying Himmelfarb's precious moneybox, containing \$54,000. As the Jews hung dead in the background, Jed and the others decided on how to dispose of Himmelfarb's ill-gotten cash.

"I think splittin' this here money five ways is fair," remarked Jed, "We'll split \$53,000, five ways, give Henry \$1,000 extra so he can paint his Merc, and that'll leave us with \$13,250 each.

The good old boys smiled and nodded in agreement. Jed counted out five stacks of cash as the nigger Lorenzo hung in the background in his death throes, his face turning a purplish black.

Jed gave each man his share, and handed Himmelfarb's empty moneybox back to Robert.

He added, "I reckon we should get the hell out of here now, they're gonna find those Jews and their nigger come sunup, not to mention that thing over there with a hole in it's head. Remember, y'all keep your mouths shut and we'll get away with this like we have before."

"Right," replied Henry, the other good old boys nodding and pocketing their cash.

Pete climbed in the semi and Bob entered the Winnebago. Henry got into his Mercury with his friend Frank. Jed stepped into his Crown Victoria police cruiser and yelled, "See y'all in town," sounded his horn, and sped off.

He turned the key in the Peterbilt and started the Cat 425 diesel. The brand new, powerful turbocharged diesel idled smoothly, and Pete maneuvered the Peterbilt tractor and Fruehauf trailer out of the rest stop and toward Interstate 22 west, the Winnebago and 78 Mercury following behind.

They proceeded to the entrance ramp leading to I-22 and began to approach the freeway. Pete, an experienced truck driver, held the shifter in sixth to gain speed as he floored the Cat 425. A high pitched mechanical whine emanated from the Peterbilt's air intake as the Air Research turbocharger kicked in.

The semi accelerated rapidly, Pete shifting to seventh, then to eighth, and the vehicles entered the freeway. Their speed was 70 mph, the speed limit on I-22. Pete shifted the Eaton Roadranger two-speed drivetrain to "High", the equivalent of "Overdrive" in a car.

"That Froggy sure knows how to drive a truck!" snapped Henry, and the two friends laughed.

With that, our heroes drove into history, justice having been done, and the south once again was safe from Jews and Niggers.

**THOMAS PAINE**

**THE END**

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