# Madame Guillotine: A Southern Love Story by Thomas Paine

#### **Preface**

This violent, fast paced yarn is a sinister example of a "what if." That is, what if the Democrats, led by Albert Gore, had succeeded winning the White House in 2000? Not that there are any discernible differences between the two major parties within the United States; it simply seems the Republicans have more finesse when it comes to cunning political legerdemain. Due to this apparently inborn talent, they may entertain better success when it comes to staving off the inevitable, at least for a short time.

In other words, in the current governmental quest to enslave us, those calling themselves Republicans simply do a better job of disguising lies as truth and tyranny as freedom, coupled with clever distortions promulgated to keep the ignorant masses pacified. Like stupid lemmings, white citizens of this country ignore the current state of affairs, mindlessly consuming material and propaganda, continuing to vote for those seemingly hell bent on destroying them and their kind, instead of electing those capable of making real changes that could secure the continued existence of a White America.

These changes are truly needed, as most of my readers are probably unaware that although white people are a majority in the United States and Europe at this time, we are a small minority within the world population, comprising perhaps eight to ten percent of people on this Earth. Of this group two to five percent are fertile Caucasian females of childbearing age, capable of carrying on our collective genetic legacy. If you find this hard to believe, don't take my word for it; do research on your own and you will find what I write is true.

Regardless of this dubious fact, current events show plainly that the handwriting is on the wall – revolution – unless the traitors controlling this country today somehow manage to complete their designs of white genocide before the remaining white population wakes up and it is too late.

To further clarify my point, this genocidal plan is comprised of their odious tasks of first disarming the white citizenry of the US, then silencing them by passing unconstitutional laws governing "hate speech" and "hate thought."

This will occur together with corrupting their blood via breeding our white children with negroes, and afterward by controlling the stupid mulattos produced via a police state disguised as a politically correct "egalitarian democracy."

Finally they will betray our hard-won sovereignty paid for with the blood of our ancestors to a non-white "one world" government controlled by Jews – a group of deluded, parasitical triracial individuals having the unmitigated gall to state they are the "chosen people" of God.

What God?

I am certain if there is a God, a conjecture that I do not know the definitive answer to, it certainly did not choose a group of dirty, slovenly, hook-nosed, arrogant and amoral globetrotting gypsies to be its personal representatives upon this benighted and tormented globe.

What inane, superstitious sophistry. I submit the kikes deserve to be exterminated to the very last man, using machinguns, poison, drowning or whatever. I would applaud their total disappearance from the face of the Earth.

Further, these disgusting "people of the book" use such obtuse statements in attempt to disarm those who are superstitious regarding religious matters, to facilitate their goal of the destruction of the white race and any others who may be a threat to their hegemony.

Conversely, Jews, like most others, are a very shortsighted group of quasi-Caucasoids, for even if they do succeed in their elimination of the white race, they will still have to contend with over one billion racist Chinese – a group who couldn't care less about their god or their beliefs, and don't take kindly to being told what to do by the round eye anyway.

History has proven this fact with the Empire of Japan and China's Chairman Mao.

In other words, in the end, the Asians, led by the Chinese fed up with Kikes, will probably kill the last of the Jews off a few hundred years from now, giving them the fate that they have deserved all along.

Whom gods destroy they first make mad.

This scenario should be obvious to any Caucasian who has intelligence, opens his eyes and uses his own brain to determine whether I am telling the truth or am just another agitating loudmouth bent on causing trouble.

On the other hand, if the Jews do not succeed in their genocidal quest to "multiculturize" and therefore destroy white European-American culture, a vicious civil war and accompanying bloodbath will more than likely occur within the lifetimes of most of my readers.

For my part, I look forward to this time, as those in power care nothing about our collective future, and the current situation has become intolerable to any white man who wants to think our kind will not perish from this earth.

Wake up white man! Those in control of this planet are out to destroy you and your kind. United we must fight, and united we can win – forget about voting for race traitors and arm yourself, for the time has come – White revolution is the only solution.

Now, sit back and read of the consequences a Gore/Lieberman victory could have brought to this nation.

Not that Bush and his Zionist cronies are any better; look at how the feckless simpleton Bush has his nose stuck up Ariel Sharon's Jewish ass.

# In the Beginning

The early part of the 21st century was a tumultuous time in the United States, not to mention the rest of the world. Looking back, it was a sheer wonder that nuclear annihilation had not destroyed the entire planet, and it seemed that almost by the vicissitudes of luck such an event had not occurred, at least upon the white nations of the world.

In America, the beginning of the end was the incredible election of November 2000, the Democratic Presidential candidate blatantly cheating his way into office by legalistic machination. This was viewed by many with a resigned disgust, and by a smaller group of others with an even darker view, these later escalating their dissenting views into isolated acts of "terrorism" – due to their feeling of helplessness in the face of a now more overt tyranny.

As other politicians impotently wrung their hands over the media, the polarization of the population was becoming more obvious, entire sections of the country bitterly threatening to secede.

After four years of insanity from a man who would say or do anything to get elected, the reign of this whining, condescending fool was pathetically short. During the 2004 convention his own party tossed him out for renomination, as his inept policies and indecisiveness had ran the

economy into the ground and had once again made the United States of America a laughing stock to the rest of the world.

As the hopelessly divided Republican Party continued to fall apart from political infighting, yet another Democratic joker was fielded and sent to the White House – squeaking by in an election derided by most as being fixed anyway.

Thanks to his style of governing, record oil prices -- approaching \$100 a barrel – and the resultant stock market crash and resulting depression of April 2006 led to massive unemployment, homelessness and hunger. With a precipitous drop in the Dow of 8,000 points in one month, layoffs and bankruptcies soared, and in the fall riots broke out in many major cities. The once stable American dollar was rapidly becoming worthless as runaway inflation quickly reduced its value to practically nothing.

The Jew-controlled Federal Reserve Bank, drawing on past experiences, lowered interest rates in order to "jumpstart" the economy, which backfired as wealthy elite took advantage of the situation, buying up practically everything they could find in their unbridled greed. Finding this cure even worse than the disease, interest rates then soared to usurious levels, with ever more formally middle-class white Americans finding themselves destitute and out in the street, as hooknosed foreclosure personnel appropriated their domiciles.

All of this regrettable strife was occurring while idiotic politicians seemed preoccupied with nothing but unresolvable "social" issues and obtuse political correctness.

These obsessed fools were obviously powerless to cure the financial ills gripping the nation, and facing revolt, tried to justify themselves and their hold on power by attempting to enslave the nation's white majority with laws cunningly designed to keep them from exercising self-determination.

With unemployment at 28% and climbing, multiple assassinations carried out by white freedom fighters had become the rule of the game from 2006 onward. It had started with "terrorist" assassinations of civil rights defenders, together with horrific multiple truck bombings of federal buildings in various cities.

After a time, as this seemed to have no real effect, it escalated to the summary eliminations of various Senators, Representatives and Supreme Court judges who were not sympathetic to the cause of the white race. Later, it moved further up the rung with the attempted downing of Air Force One with Lawes rockets fired by unknown patriots as it flew over Utah.

These violent events caused a vicious backlash by the authorities. The remaining legislators were now surrounded by Secret Service, together with the arrest and harassment of high-profile dissident white citizens by the FBI and BATF.

Many of these individuals had been loudly voicing their disagreement with the government or had chosen to sequester themselves and only associate with their own kind. Neither of these actions were any sort of crime and were also guaranteed to be their God-given right to do, considered inviolable by any government under the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution.

Now, for "offenses" like this, they were arrested and had their homes and offices ransacked by the police and in some cases seized by the government as evidence of "racist racketeering."

Several separatist individuals were held without bond, denied legal counsel and in some instances even died under mysterious circumstances. Afterward, dubious governmental explanations were given by the media of them having had "heart attacks" or "strokes."

In grim reality many of these deaths had occurred by the arresting authorities ordering the deliberate placing of white separatists in cellblocks filled with racist niggers that hated whites.

Nature was allowed to take its inevitable course, which resulted in the white inmate's subsequent murder.

Utilizing this action silenced imprisoned dissident voices quite effectively.

Thus, the ridiculous notions of "freedom" and "created equality" were rapidly becoming a meaningless anachronistic folly, especially when many of the white citizenry in the country were being put in prison and killed for simply uttering their opinions, while many others had no jobs, no homes – and no food. Niggers still receiving preferential treatment by the authorities, ever more white people finally began to wake up and realize the time had come for vigorous action instead of wasting time voting for race traitors in rigged elections.

The secretive White Freedom Party, founded in the late 1950's by Klansmen and White separatists, came to the forefront at this dark time. Having only a few hundred members at any one time during its first 40 years of existence, their ranks began to swell as those in power tightened their grip on the nation's white majority. In late 2006, a militant branch of the WFP calling itself "Sons of Liberty" began claiming responsibility for many of the Congressional and Judicial killings via their trademark grisly communiqué – boxes of body parts. These notices were sent on by unwitting couriers charged with the mundane delivery of packages.

As the deliveries continued unabated over several months, none in the FBI or even the CIA had been able to identify even one of the assassins. Time after time, their infiltration operatives were found dead at the side of a deserted road, or in some instances simply disappeared without a trace. The only thing in common about the bodies recovered was one gruesome fact – all had been beheaded, accompanied by a Husqvarna chainsaw left at the scene.

Once the body was found, a short time later the severed head would arrive, neatly boxed and wrapped, delivered by UPS or Federal Express to the past employer of the cranium, together with a note attached to the skull with 10-penny nail. In each instance, the typewritten note stated the true identity, SSN and employer of the head, together with a warning not to make any further attempts to infiltrate the WFP. As a further taunt to the authorities, on some negro skulls "White Power!" had been found carved or even branded on the foreheads.

Even after over 100 such mailings, the work of forensic pathologists at the FBI revealed nothing, several officials stating privately that the murders must have taken place in some sort of clean room, as no incriminating evidence, not even DNA other than that of the victim, was ever found on the macabre packages. All they could determine from the grisly finds was that someone was decapitating their employees with chainsaws, as their freezers were filling with bodies and severed heads.

As examples of additional evidence, they had amassed a large quantity of blood covered 16-inch Husky chainsaws which were piling up in a stench filled storeroom at the FBI. It had become clear to many that the WFP had apparently counter-infiltrated most, if not all of the government bodies, as the group was well organized, totally invisible and always seemed to be one step ahead of the government.

# **Down the Slope**

As millions of jobless white Americans began to starve, in early 2007 the specterlike WFP "Sons of Liberty" stepped up their "terrorism," after a Presidential Executive order stating "hate crimes," supposedly committed only by white people, were to be punishable by life in prison without parole.

The elected Congress had tried this maneuver but had been unable to pass such legislation, clearly showing the will of the people. So, becoming a despotic tyrant, the president simply took it upon himself to crush the freedom of the American citizenry.

As a result, even something as silly as calling a nigger a nigger, by white people that is, or of whites possessing items such as "hate literature," Confederate flags and the like made them subject to arrest by the FBI. This blatant tyranny occurred while black-on-white violence was excused by the liberal media as examples of "black rage" when the apelike creatures raped, murdered and plundered.

To add further insult to injury, yet another Presidential decree issued a month later made private ownership of all handguns and rifles illegal, naturally with the exception of the various police forces. The BATF was summoned by these tyrants to enforce this sinister directive, responding by incarcerating thousands of white citizens for simply possessing firearms.

With the vicious strokes of a fountain pen, the First and Second Amendments were swept away by an elected megalomaniac – whose actions led to his assassination by a determined member of the Sons of Liberty with an accurized Remington 700 sniper rifle. On a warm spring afternoon, standing before the cameras in the Rose Garden running his traitorous mouth, his head was literally blown off his shoulders with a full metal jacket hot load by an aging white Vietnam veteran from a distance of over 1000 meters.

The sharp, supersonic crack of a high-powered rifle split the air as his head exploded, blowing brains all over his wife and the Vice-President. The Presidential corpse careened wildly backwards, rolled off the podium and landed in a bloody heap among a group of brainwashed schoolchildren.

A fitting end for a man who had disregarded every premise the Founding Fathers had guaranteed in the U.S. Constitution, the only downside being the Vice-President was a nigger!

President Coon took the oath of office, only to be quickly cut down in similar fashion two weeks later by the same Remington sniper rifle fired by the same man. His job completed, the elusive sniper and his trusty rifle vanished from sight, the Speaker of the House now taking office and in his first act as President, doing something really stupid.

In a hysterical panic he responded to the events occurring with the draconian declaration of martial law and the suspension of the U.S. Constitution.

The state of South Carolina, as in 1861, responded by turning its back on Washington and seceded from the Union. Not to be outdone, North Carolina, Georgia, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and the Gulf States, with the exceptions of Florida and Alabama, followed the lead, with militias and loyal military officers being called up by the seceding states for possible border defense duty.

Federal authorities, always heavy-handed, attempted to seize Federal property in the rebelling states, shots were fired and within three days the United States of America descended into its second civil war, which quickly became a full-fledged revolution.

Virginia and West Virginia attempted to secede as well but were stopped by U.S. army troops summarily executing the legislatures of both states. After this brutal slaughter of unarmed American citizens, the government controlled media tried to cover this action up by clumsily disguising it as a "rebel terrorist attack," which even at that time was seen by many on both sides of the conflict as an outright lie.

In the meantime, perhaps out of sympathy, over the next months the remainder of the planet, from Britain to China, joined the U.S. citizenry in insurrection against blatant tyranny. The Jewish controlled United Nations, unable to do anything, fell apart after WFP militiamen firing bazookas during a rebel attack on New York City leveled their headquarters. A collective insanity

was overwhelming the world as the peasants rose against their masters in an incredible worldwide bloodbath the planet had never seen before. This time billions, not millions of people would pay with their lives, as those part of the enslavement were annihilated by those who had nothing to lose, and in desperation had chosen liberty or death.

In Europe, the EEC disintegrated, authoritarian regimes springing up in Germany and France, which summarily executed millions of foreigners, niggers and other trash with a vicious impunity akin to the Nazis. White self-determination began to reverse the evil, Jewish "Pax Americana" that had threatened to destroy the Caucasian race, with a new White European Union arising like a phoenix from the ashes.

The United States occupied with its own civil war and with no one left to stop them, the Arabs and Jews went into a massive conventional war. This conflict finally escalated into a limited nuclear exchange and ended with the prostitute nation of Israel being blown off the face of the earth as the victorious nation of Palestine and its allies celebrated the destruction of Zionism.

Russia joined in the worldwide revolt, led by a capable but brutal gentleman named Pavel Vladimirovich Romanov, chairman of the Russian Nationalist Party. A distant cousin of the original Romanov dynasty, after the overthrow of the decadent, capitalist regime set up by foreign Jews and other interlopers, he and his followers set up a bloodthirsty Nationalist regime that proceeded to slaughter Jews, gangsters, foreigners, and other malcontents.

A feeble resistance was offered, but within six months these determined patriots went on to recapture the entire territory of the former Soviet Union, many of the territories rejoining willingly. In Moscow, political parades were held featuring not only photographic icons of Romanov and Czar Nicholas II, but images of none other than Adolf Hitler, as white Russian patriots loudly shouted their version of "Sieg Heil!."

Even Canada experienced white insurrection, U.S. rebels supplying white patriotic Canadians fighting their cowardly, feminized government with arms and logistical support. Thusly, interloping gooks, wogs, niggers and other garbage were summarily eliminated, with the Canadian Governor General and Prime Minister slaughtered over CBC national television with shots to the temple, followed by his sycophantic, nigger loving underlings in rapid succession.

The only notable exceptions to this worldwide bloodbath, neither nation experiencing this upheaval, were Japan and Switzerland, both generally homogenous societies with a collective penchant for self-discipline and conservatism.

Back in the United States, the WFP had came out of hiding, sporting over twenty million members, headed by the more than able leader William K. Rockford, a former U.S. Senator from a Southern state. This man had been the highest level WFP counter-infiltrator, being a member of the Senate defense committee and on the President's board of militia investigation. Deftly and covertly, before the revolution he had been able to thwart any real penetration of the WFP or the Sons of Liberty and through his couriers had been able to expose any and all threats to the WFP.

Party chairman Rockford was a quiet, honorable and just man, but was also an individual fully capable of making the tough decisions that would save liberty, the Constitution and the white men who had founded the country.

Civil War II lasted 23 months, the various militia armies quickly routing the defending Federals, as they had never been trained to kill fellow Americans. Conversely, the rebels, who were fighting for their freedom, had no problem with killing the Federals with a vicious impunity. Indeed, many surviving members of the "Union" army noted that those who did kill rebel militiamen were usually killed and then torn to pieces by the rebels, their rag-tag armies flying the Stars and Bars, "Don't Tread on Me," and even the Swastika.

White-hot, bitter hatred was the order of the hour, a take no prisoners attitude exemplified by all sides. As one example, in the Union's immoral attempt to survive at all costs, in the states surrounding Washington D.C., peaceful white enclaves of old men, women and even children were imprisoned and then mercilessly slaughtered by the brutal Federals in a Shermanesque attempt to stop the fighting. This senseless carnage accomplished nothing, except to deepen the resolve of the bitter rebels, who this time had sworn to fight to the death to win.

At the start of the war, the rebels had respected the persons of noncombatants, but in response to the Union's actions, entire towns of niggers, spicks, gooks and Jews were exterminated by "Confederate" guerilla rebels in vicious reprisals.

U.S. Government propaganda, clumsily issuing from the controlled media, shrilly stated the rebels were killing women and children. This rhetoric fell on deaf ears, as many Federal conscripts knew their own troops were occupied doing the very same thing, attempting to win the war by any means necessary.

As the fall months approached, the states of Alabama and northern Florida were the focus of several battles, as well entrenched Federal troops stood determined to keep the rebels from cutting off Florida and reuniting the South. This was of paramount importance to the Federals, as they knew once this was accomplished, the rebels would turn on Washington.

During September, the bloody battles of Montgomery and I-10 were won by the rebels, who pressed on despite mounting casualties to capture the Florida panhandle and cut Federal troops in that state off from any assistance. After vicious but unsuccessful fighting, some of it hand to hand, the rebels lost the initiative, having to fall back and regroup for the next assault. This gave the Federals a needed respite and a chance to use cunning legerdemain in effort to annihilate the freedom fighters attempting to liberate Alabama and Florida.

As another example of Union treachery, in late September a crisis occurred necessitating the calling of a temporary truce in central part of the war-ravaged state of Florida. The International Space Station, staffed by eight people from the U.S. and other countries was rapidly running out of food and other supplies, having no way to return home. After three weeks of intensive talks, both sides finally agreed to allow a rescue mission to be launched from Cape Canaveral.

After a hasty two-week preparation, commandeered shuttle OV-104, on a mission designated as STS-137-R was scheduled for liftoff at 12:42 AM, EDT. The great ship had been readied to the best of the technician's abilities and rolled out to the launch pad, but time constraints prevented any further testing. Redundant safety systems were bypassed, as time was of the essence, and useless shutdowns from software errors had to be avoided if the lives aboard the space station were to be saved.

Since this unusual rescue mission was a one-off wartime launch, for security purposes the Kennedy Space Center in Florida was in full control of the mission, rebel-controlled Johnson Space Center in Houston Texas on standby if needed.

In the middle of a moonless night, only two hours after fueling, jury-rigged Space Shuttle Atlantis fired her main engines and SRMS and roared off launch pad 39-A, manned by a skeleton crew of three volunteers. For a few moments men from both sides watched in awe as the powerful machine, built during a peaceful past, climbed into the heavens on its errand of mercy, her course set for the stricken space station.

Unfortunately, the truce barely held long enough for the shuttle to reach the stratosphere, the Federals beginning a sneak attack barely seconds after Atlantis had cleared the tower. Just before the shuttle roll maneuver, eight seconds into the launch, two Federal battalions crossed Interstate 95 and attacked as a surprised rebel battalion retreated toward the NASA facilities.

A miss-aimed mortar barrage meant for the rebels began to hit in the vicinity of the John F. Kennedy Space Center as the shuttle commander requested, "Kennedy, run Atlantis roll program."

"Roger, roll Atlantis," came the reply from Kennedy as the barrage continued, men and women in mission control watching windows break and ceiling tiles drop to the floor as the explosions drew nearer.

As the KSC shuddered from the onslaught, the mission control specialist reported to Atlantis, "Trajectory nominal, altitude 11,000 feet, speed Mach .52."

Other specialists bravely stayed at their posts in the shaking building, tracking trajectory and keeping Atlantis on programmed course as her speed increased steadily toward Mach 1.

"Altitude 19,500, speed Mach 1.1," came the relay from Kennedy as Atlantis climbed higher.

After a gigantic blast and shudder, AC power to the building failed, automatic generators cutting in as the mission control specialist ordered Atlantis to throttle back to 65% after the roll maneuver.

Computers informed the flight specialist on board Atlantis of this anomalous reading, who asked Kennedy, "Com 2 reports 1.8 second telemetry data feed interrupt at T+41.07, update coming through; any problems?"

"Negative Atlantis, temporary power reduction; trajectory nominal," replied the mission specialist as another blast shook the building.

"Copy."

"Sounded like they were under attack," remarked the commander to the pilot of Atlantis as the ship entered the stratosphere.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised," replied the pilot.

Desperate satellite telephone calls made during the next thirty seconds to Goddard in Maryland and Johnson Space Center in Texas, informed both that KSC was under attack and that they may have to take over the shuttle's flight control.

Moments later the miss-aimed mortar shells finally found their hapless mark, as the senior mission specialist calmly relayed, "Atlantis, go with throttle up." None at mission control heard the reply: "Roger, go with throttle up," as by that time the Kennedy Space Center had been completely destroyed in an ironic twist harkening back to the Challenger disaster twenty years earlier.

Automatic satellite relays shunted control of the mission to computers at JSC, safely in rebel control. Houston reported to Atlantis there had been a "data reduction" at KSC, and that Johnson Space Center was now in control of the mission.

"That's a roger Houston," the commander remarked, and Atlantis climbed rapidly out of sight, full-throttled at 104%, later shedding her SRMS, safely making it to orbit and on to the space station where it docked the next day.

A vicious battle then ensued in Florida, the attacking Federal army quickly retreating back across I-95 from the rebel counterattack, heading toward the empty town of Orlando. Unknown to them, allied rebel reinforcements from Georgia had arrived north of the city, and they were surrounded, routed and annihilated by Georgian army tanks, together with rebel 8th Air Force stealth bombers called in by the battalion attacked at NASA.

During this brilliant pincers maneuver, the rebels managed to destroy most of Orlando and surrounding environs. Unfortunately, during the battle the remainder of the NASA facilities had been severely damaged too, including the last intact shuttle return runway.

Adding insult to injury, Edwards Air Force Base, together with Vandenburg in California had both been destroyed two months earlier during strategic rebel attacks. White Sands, New

Mexico was also out of commission, and with South Africa in complete anarchy it seemed there was no friendly place on Earth the Space Shuttle could return to. A three-day mission turned into a weeklong mission, the Atlantis crew wondering if they wouldn't be marooned in orbit forever.

Luckily for the occupants of Atlantis, all of Texas and Oklahoma were controlled by the rebels, who quickly made a makeshift runway available. A table-flat, twenty-mile stretch of now mostly unused highway in northeastern Texas was closed off and prepared for a use it had never even been designed for.

As Florida and Alabama finally fell to the rebels, on a sunny fall afternoon, Atlantis, with eleven passengers crammed inside, touched down to a picture perfect landing on the concrete pavement of Interstate 40 West, safely coming to a stop on the freeway next to a grain elevator. After the passengers disembarked the undamaged shuttle was moved off of the road into an adjacent field and remained parked there until the end of the war.

Rebel ingenuity had saved the lives of the shuttle passengers, which were welcomed home with great fanfare by the citizens of Texas. This event scored a propaganda coup that plainly showed the Federals to be nothing but unprincipled barbarians who would do anything to win, not caring if their own citizens, or anyone else for that matter, were killed in the process.

As the war raged on, morale in the "Union" army was sinking fast, as politically installed nigger commanders placed above white troops lost ground, retreated, and were easily outmaneuvered and annihilated by competent white rebel generals. Thousands of white Federal prisoners, after being disarmed and swearing an oath to the rebels, were then allowed to join "Confederate" troops, and many bravely died fighting against the Union as it was once again called.

In a last effort the Federals attempted to rally, but entire battalions began to surrender and even join the rebels. Toward the end, during one of the coldest winters on record, major battles were fought in California, Kansas, Michigan, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and finally the three-week siege of Washington, DC, one-half of which was destroyed by artillery fire.

Miraculously, most of the historic structures in DC escaped unscathed, with the strange exceptions of the Lincoln Memorial and the "Holocaust" museum – both of which were deliberately leveled by 105-mm howitzers stationed on U.S. Route 50 during the last days of the war. On the bright side, the preservation of the remaining governmental buildings helped to facilitate a smooth transition for the new government.

As most of the battles fought during the war were land battles, only the opposing Armies and Air Forces were of any consequence during the revolution. At the outset both sides were equipped with superior arms, as many white U.S. officers and regulars had joined in the Southern rebellion against blatant Federal tyranny. During the first dark months of the war it seemed to many that the Federals would win once again, but this time the rebels were the more determined and they finally won by sheer force of will.

In a controversial action, the U.S. Navy, only days after the revolt had been charged with basic defense of the continent from any possible interference by foreign powers. Over the President's angry protests, all sea forces were duly ordered by the Joint Chiefs to "stand down" with regard to the internecine conflict. Thus, for the duration of the war, the Navy was strangely considered "neutral" by both sides, only protecting the combatants and seaboards from foreign invasion, and did not participate in any battles.

In other words, for the first time in the history of any country, the U.S. Navy simply defended the borders while a civil war raged within the United States.

Compared to all the atrocities that occurred during the revolution, this was the only sensible thing the Federals seemed to do, and many of those who supported this action were pardoned by the WFP revolutionary government after the war.

Finally, the incumbent government fell in the spring with the capture of DC, and those charged with the defense of the continent recognized the WFP as the new leaders of the nation.

Now venting pent-up hatred, on Capitol Hill white rebel guerilla forces burst in, disarmed the defending troops and hacked them to death with swords in the Rotunda in front of horrified legislators just before regular troops arrived. Had they not arrived and restored some semblance of order, more than likely, the "legislators" would have suffered the same fate at their hands.

The vengeful guerilla warriors disappeared, after which the entire Congress was arrested and the acting President and cabinet were charged with treason against the U.S. Constitution and taken into custody.

Trials were also pending against various Congressmen and Governors, with the exception of Hawaii, which had not even participated in the conflict, and were granted independence as a protectorate of the United States. Major figures of the media and other organizations were also rounded up and arrested – charged with "Crimes against the Constitution and liberty," for better or ill.

After a bloody civil war, the divided states were again reunited, but the internal conflict was far from over. Within six months the Reign of Terror would begin, and it was long overdue.

#### Reconstruction

The war won by the rebels, the American nation had to be secured by the new government, led by Party Chairman William Rockford. This was quickly done as the old American flag was pulled down and replaced by a modernized Stars and Bars containing 49 stars. Limited civil rights were granted during the reconstruction period to the white citizens of the nation, with the promise of the restoration of full civil rights after reconstruction.

William Rockford was sworn in as acting President for a four-year term, and the people elected a new Congress the following month, composed mainly of WFP members. Both the Democratic and Republican parties were declared illegal, as no representation tied the old regime was tolerated. Curiously, other minor parties like Libertarians, Socialists, Communists and Nazis were declared to be legitimate parties and their candidates were placed on the ballots in all 49 states. Few made it to office, but this was an example of the tolerance policy of Rockford's regime. These 49 states were soon to be joined by the freed provinces of Canada, French Quebec being the only exception, once they were formally admitted to the Union.

We will now join our heroes who saved America from the Jews and mud people.

"Good morning Bill," said Acting Attorney General Steven Basil as President Rockford strolled toward the Oval Office.

"Hi Steve," replied Rockford, "What's on the agenda today?"

"We're still having problems in the inner cities controlling the rioting niggers, and the treason trials are scheduled to begin this week. We just signed the broadcast contracts, C-SPAN and FOX are going to provide full coverage."

"Okay," acknowledged Rockford, "Hasn't Defense Secretary Johnson got those goddamned jigs under control yet?"

"Yes, but some of those bastards are still trying to march and other such nonsense, they still think they have civil rights," replied Basil.

"Really? Tell Sam to have the police kill them all if they don't disperse, I'm sick of this shit, this is white country now," remarked the President tersely, "What about the prosecution of the trials?"

"They're basically no-brainers," replied the chief lawyer for the reborn United States, "Most of those charged are obviously guilty of treason, and the death penalty is the preferred method used in such cases, unless you pardon them."

"That won't happen on my watch," Rockford answered, "I intend to see justice served in these cases; incidentally, has Congress voted on the bill for the adoption of the instrument to be used for carrying out the sentences?"

"Yes," stated Basil, "In memory of the "Husky boys" – you know, the folks who used the chainsaws before the revolution, they've decided to borrow a device from history. Congress voted to adopt it as our chief method of public execution, to set an example for the rest of the nation."

"What device is that?" the President asked.

"The guillotine," answered Basil.

"Madame guillotine, good idea," the President replied. "Bring the bill to me and I'll sign it as soon as I receive it."

"Yes sir," replied Basil, the President continuing toward the Oval Office.

"Bill, hold on a second," Basil called.

"Yes?" asked the President, turning.

"FOX news offered a billion new issue dollars for an exclusive covering the executions, they put an addendum stating that in their contract, subject to your approval."

"Give it to them, I don't think C-SPAN would want to televise that anyway," the President replied, walking into his office and closing the door for a private meeting with acting Vice-President Dennis Marshall.

Later in the day, a cabinet meeting was called by Rockford to plan for the trials and the rebuilding of the economy, as the war economy of "guns and butter" was defunct. Plans for the repair and rejuvenation of major cities were also discussed.

A new dollar currency was slated to be issued that week, based on a gold standard set at \$200 per troy ounce, and plans for the retention of certain social programs enacted by the past government were discussed. This lively debate covered many topics, such as how to honor the original Social Security and the Savings Bond programs, along with the implementation of a fair and quality national healthcare system for qualified American citizens. A flat rate income tax was discussed, as a fair method of assuring "liberty, equality, and fraternity" among the citizenry, as was a limit on the amount of interest charged for loans. A nationwide public works program was also planned, as there was more than enough work available due to the destruction and depredations of the war.

In a draft prepared by the "Revolutionary Cabinet" as Rockford's group was affectionately called by the media, Congress had been charged to prepare legislation that would facilitate the implementation of the various programs within 100 days. The measures introduced were debated by both houses and passed by both overwhelmingly during the following week.

Returning to the meeting, after the group discussed the implementation of the agendas listed above, the conversation moved once again to the trials and the inevitable executions.

"I signed the guillotine bill this afternoon gentlemen," Rockford announced, sipping a cup of coffee.

"Very good," remarked Special Prosecutor George Danton with a sinister smile, "After the trials, heads will truly roll, I promise you – using my guillotines."

Defense Secretary Samuel Johnson quipped with a smirk, "When you run out of them George, I'll send you some more – we're locking up niggers, Jews and other troublemakers by the trainload."

"They deserve it," added Interior Secretary Marie Hodges, "The kikes and their niggers are responsible for the deaths of most of my family, including my sister. She and my father, an old man, were killed when the Air Force firebombed Richmond."

"The former President is the first one scheduled to go on trial," remarked Attorney General Basil to the group, "He authorized that action via executive order along with the carpet bombings of Galveston, Denver and Sacramento."

"He authorized a lot more than that Steve – the goddam war criminal, he should be left to rot in Lorton," Presidential Advisor Henry Roarke spat.

"Okay people," President Rockford retorted, "We're the victors, and to the victors go the spoils, but I don't want to hear that war crimes blather. There's no such thing; you fight a war to win, they lost and they're being tried as traitors to America, her people and her Constitution, nothing more."

"Correct," agreed General Charles Stratton, Commander of the WFP Army and member of the Joint Chiefs. "We did some rather nasty things during the war and I'm not any sort of criminal, thank you. I hold others to the same standards I hold myself, and will never agree to prosecuting others for the same actions my troops and I committed, like when we used the artillery barrages at the siege of New York. We practically leveled the city; we did it to destroy the enemy and nothing more."

"I agree," replied Rockford, "To make it official, I intend to grant full war crimes pardons to all regular participants in the war regardless of the side. Federal and Rebel guerillas will also be considered for pardons, after inquiry on a case by case basis."

"Will these pardons cover brigandage and piracy?" asked Special Prosecutor Danton indignantly.

"Of course not," answered Rockford, "Brigands and pirates from either side, if caught, will go straight to the guillotines."

"What about the guerillas that chopped up the defenders of Capitol Hill?" Danton asked, "I don't think they should be tried either, they were just pissed off at the snipers who wouldn't surrender after the government fell."

"Have no fear good Danton, I'll grant any of them a pardon when the time comes," Rockford replied.

"Excellent," gloated a satisfied Prosecutor Danton with another sadistic smile, seemingly not able to wait for the chance to see one of his many defendants, well over 1,000 actually, get the death penalty and go to the guillotine for their crimes.

Rockford returned a warm smile to his friend George Danton and remarked to he and the others, "Don't worry people, we'll clean this country up fast!"

#### The Trials

The former legislators and their Chief Executive had been housed in solitary confinement at the dilapidated Federal Correctional Facility in Lorton Virginia since their arrest three months earlier – this closed prison specially reopened by order of President Rockford to contain the traitors.

None in custody knew the new Congress had already sealed their fates – to die a bloody death on an American guillotine, as most were so ignorant to the fact they were traitors it was beyond belief.

Toward the end of the week, the former president was drug from his cell at 8:00 AM and ordered to shower and dress. He was then brought before a United States Federal Magistrate and formally charged.

The charging document read as follows:

Special Prosecutor's Case Number One

The People of the United States vs. Harold N. Robinson, et al.

Office of the Special Prosecutor

Washington, D.C., 20016

Plaintiff: The People of the United States of America.

Prosecutor: The Honorable George J. Danton, J.D.

Presiding Judge: The Honorable Paul B. Donovan, Jr., J.D., United States Federal Judge, 12th circuit court, Washington, D.C.

Defendant: Harold N. Robinson, former President of the United States.

Defense Counsel: The Honorable Randolph C. Bennett, J.D.

To wit: The above named defendant, Harold N. Robinson, is hereby charged with the following crimes, all of which are felonies, and upon conviction are punishable by death:

- 1. High Treason against the United States of America.
- 2. Treasonous activities toward the Constitution and people of the United States of America.
- 3. Collusion with a foreign power, i.e., the defunct United Nations, in order to subvert and/or destroy the sovereignty of said country.
- 4. Unlawful suspension of the Constitution of the United States of America.
- 5. Ordering the arrest and detainment of American citizens without a warrant.
- 6. Ordering the holding of political prisoners.
- 7. Ordering the capital murder of U.S. citizens.
- 8. Violations of the civil rights of the above citizens.
- 9. Conspiracy to commit murder, e.g., sanctioned brigandage.
- 10. Fraud committed by using the office of the presidency for the purposes of currency speculation, and the promulgation of propaganda designed to discredit the WFP.
- 11. Racketeering, in order to maintain illegal power over the American citizenry.
- 12. Willful perjury, e.g., the denial of the slaughtering of unarmed American citizens in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and Pennsylvania.
- 13. Treason committed against Caucasian Americans in particular.
- 14. Other crimes as not yet specified by the Special Prosecutor.

Sworn and witnessed on this date: 7/4/09

Dennis L. Chadwick, Federal Magistrate, United States of America.

Kimberly A. Burns, Assistant Federal Magistrate, United States of America.

By order of Judge Henry M. Stanton, U.S. 12th Circuit Court.

The last two charges were simply thrown in for good measure at the suggestion of the Special Prosecutor.

When shown the charging document, Robinson turned pale and fainted.

He came to in an armored prisoner transport, being driven to Capitol Hill for his trial before the free people of the United States in the Senate chamber.

As Federal police dragged him up the steps he noticed an incredible sight, a black guillotine in front of the Capitol Building perched atop a platform, finishing touches being put on the device.

A crowd was gathered around the infernal machine, shouting "Death to the traitorous bastards!" and "You'll get yours Mr. Robinson!"

Entering the Senate chamber, he noticed the new President, his wife and most of his staff were present, with Rockford quietly conversing with Special Prosecutor George Danton.

He was sat in a chair on the defense's side and met his attorney for the first, and what he felt was probably the last time, which unfortunately for him turned out to be true.

"What's going on?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"They're trying you on the charges specified," came the reply.

"Uh, what are my chances?"

"Honestly, none in my opinion, but I shall do my best. I'm appointed and sworn to jealously defend you before the jury," replied Bennett.

"Do you think me guilty?"

Bennett looked at him sternly and asked, "What do you think bloody Harold Robinson, how would you vote?"

Before he could answer the bailiff called out, "Hear ye, Hear ye, all present witness the convening of this trial of Harold N. Robinson, et al, before the free people of the United States of America, on charges of treason, murder, and other counts too numerous to mention!"

Judge Paul B. Donovan, a 67-year-old Caucasian man of Irish descent came out of his chamber as the bailiff added, "All rise."

The judge cut him off as he took his chair, declaring, "Stay in your seats, I'm a judge, not a god – long live the revolution!"

The assemblage cheered wildly.

"Order please!" he shouted, the court falling silent.

He put on his reading glasses and perused the charges specified for a few moments.

"The charging document states this man is suspected of treason and murder among other things," the judge remarked to Prosecutor Danton.

"That is correct your honor," replied Danton, as he walked to the State's side.

Judge Donovan looked to the Prosecutor darkly and retorted, "I've always hated that term counselor. Call me judge, sir or something like that, but not "your honor," okay?"

"Yes sir," replied Danton with a deferential nod.

The judge again looked at the charging document, then to the former president and said,

"Now, as to the proceedings, Harold N. Robinson, how do you plead to these charges?"

"Not guilty," came the response from Randolph Bennett.

"Very well, we will begin the case," stated the judge.

The prosecutor made a scathing indictment of the former president before the jury in this quasi-kangaroo court, the defense attorney making a feeble defense of Robinson's actions, which to all were clearly inexcusable.

After the opening arguments, Bennett asked his client if he wished to testify.

It was not compulsory, but in Robinson's case he figured an explanation of his acts might be the only method of obtaining any leniency from the jury.

Harold Robinson composed himself and took the stand in his own defense, after which the prosecutor proceeded to tear his testimony to shreds.

As to the count of treason, Danton clearly proved his case, showing the former president to be a traitor, over the various objections of Bennett, all of which were overruled by the judge.

The all white jury was looking at the former president as if he were a monster, as Danton moved to the counts of murder, and was clearly badgering the witness.

Bennett voiced an objection to this as well but was again overruled by Judge Donovan.

Finally, in a clear breach of the rules of jurisprudence, a zealous, hateful George Danton, frothing at the mouth, called Robinson "nothing but a sickening nigger lover." He then asked angrily how it felt to be a race traitor, and how he thought his many victims may have felt as to their own deaths.

"Objection! Counsel is leading the witness, badgering him and asking him to draw a conclusion regarding an irrelevant, completely subjective situation," Bennett cried out.

"Sustained," remarked the judge. "Mr. Danton please control yourself and keep your questions pertinent to the areas of this case."

"I asked them in order to establish Robinson's criminal intent judge," Danton replied breathlessly.

"I see. Well, that may be true, so with regard Mr. Bennett's last objection, this witness is obviously guilty anyway, so I will now over – "

"Objection! I move for a mistrial, as the jury has been prejudiced by your last statement," Bennett admonished.

The judge shook his head and smiled. "Overruled," Donovan replied, "Mr. Bennett, you are obviously an excellent trial lawyer, but I don't think you realize that this trial is only a formality, for the sake of keeping all of this legal so to speak. We're going to kill them all anyway, because they're nothing but a pack of fucking traitors. I really don't give a good goddamn what the mob out there does with this bastard and neither do you, admit it!"

Randolph Bennett stood silent as Donovan continued, "I can't speak for you sir, but as far as I'm concerned they can roast this niggerloving clown on a spit for all I care! However, you have done a fine job with your defense Mr. Bennett, thank you. Now you can go home, or if you like you can stay and watch the other trials. Incidentally, you do think he's guilty don't you counsel?"

"I cannot answer that question on grounds I could be disbarred," replied Bennett contritely.

"Okay, that makes sense. Nevertheless, I'll take it as an affirmative; you can go," observed the judge. Turning to the jury, he asked the foreman, "This guy Robinson, you all think he's guilty as charged, right?"

"Yes," answered the foreman, as other jury members nodded.

"Jesus Christ, this is unbelievable!" Robinson cried as Bennett left the courtroom.

"Shut up you traitorous bastard!" yelled Donovan, looking to Robinson sternly.

"Mr. Foreman, the sentence?" asked the judge calmly, again turning to the foreman.

"Death of course," replied the foreman with a smile, after which the crowd cheered, led by William Rockford and wife.

After the cheers died down the judge remarked, "Good, this trial is over, prepare to execute the prisoner."

"This is illegal!" protested Robinson, being forcibly removed from the defendant's table by guards.

"No it's not, because I and these folks here just said so; didn't you know an "ill eagle" is a sick bird Mr. Robinson?" Donovan asked sarcastically, the audience roaring with laughter.

"Jesus Christ Almighty, what about an appeal?" Robinson yelled over the laughter, as guards chained the former President and prepared to remove him from the court.

"No appeals are being accepted by this court today traitor, or any other day," retorted Donovan with a smirk as the laughter was dying down. "Send in the next case bailiff."

"Yes sir," answered the bailiff as the former president was showed to an escapeproof steel holding cell hastily constructed by certified welders in an adjoining room. Then, as crowds cheered

outside at the news of the first conviction, the former vice-president was drug in kicking and screaming.

"Bailiff, silence that loudmouthed asshole!" ordered the judge sharply.

"Fuck you Donovan!" yelled the former vice-president as the guards were gagging him.

"Same to you," the judge retorted, taking a drink of water from a nearby pitcher.

"Where is his attorney?" Donovan asked, looking about the Senate chamber.

George Danton shrugged.

The judge looked at Special Prosecutor Danton and motioned him to the bench. They conferred quietly for a few moments, with the Prosecutor nodding. Afterward, a smiling George Danton walked to the State's table.

Judge Donovan paused and looked at the former vice-president with a vicious hatred in his eyes. "Take that goddamned son of a bitch out and kill him, he's guilty like they all are!" spat the judge hotly to the bailiff.

"We can't kill him yet judge, we have to try the other 28 traitors first," remarked Special Prosecutor Danton.

"Alright, but since he's convicted, throw that niggerloving bastard in the cell with the other prisoner until we're done," the judge conceded.

"We should ask the jury for their opinion, just for good measure judge," Danton added.

Donovan nodded and turned to the jury.

"How do you vote on this case?"

"Guilty as charged," the jury responded unanimously.

"Very well, case closed," declared the judge, two guards chaining and preparing to remove the former vice-president.

At that moment the attorney for the former vice-president arrived and approached the defense table, out of breath.

"Sorry I'm late your honor; I thought the former President's trial would at least last through the afternoon."

Donovan paused, clearly angry at being called "your honor," but let it pass, replying, "These trials are moving rapidly counselor, as an example, you don't even have a client anymore; I and the jury have already convicted him."

"Oh really," remarked the defense attorney quietly.

"You may leave now if you wish," said the judge.

"Thank you your honor," the attorney replied, fearing for his life and quickly leaving the Senate chamber.

"Send in the next case," requested the judge, and in case after case convictions were quickly obtained, often within five minutes or less.

Much seemed to depend on the judge's mood at the time. In the late afternoon, after listening to an obscene twenty minute sparring match between a former Senator and Danton, five defendants in a row, two female, were simply drug in and pronounced guilty by the judge and jury before the cases even had a chance to be heard. Each was conducted to the holding cell, rapidly becoming packed with the condemned.

With each conviction, cheers would come up from the crowd, after which Judge Donovan would again have to call for quiet in the court.

These events were shown over the airwaves by various networks and by C-SPAN over cable and satellite television, punctuated by solemn commentators giving brief histories of each defendant's criminal activities for their viewers.

At 4:00 PM the same day, the thirtieth conviction was obtained and the thirtieth death sentence handed down. Special Prosecutor Danton shook the judge's hand and handed the death warrants to the bailiff, who delivered them to the executioner who had been called into the chamber by the judge.

"These proceedings are going well," remarked Danton to President Rockford.

"They are indeed," replied the smiling President, he and Danton walking outside, surrounded by Secret Service.

"Donovan wants 50 more convictions tomorrow," added Danton.

"I'm sure he'll get them," answered Rockford with a chuckle. "Between you and Paul Donovan these bastards haven't got a chance."

#### The Kiss of the Blade

Outside the Capitol Building a gigantic crowd was gathered, as the executions were scheduled to begin a 4:30 PM Eastern Daylight Time, 1:30 Pacific Daylight Time. No niggers were present in the assemblage, nor were any Jews or spicks to be seen, only a gathering of vengeful white people smelling blood.

FOX news personnel were busy setting up cameras, microphones and satellite uplinks, assuring full coverage of the event from coast to coast. A Bell helicopter hovered in the distance, as wide-angle camera shots of the crowd and the guillotine was displayed over FOX news.

President Rockford and a smiling Special Prosecutor Danton stood next to the platform, looking up at the guillotine as a portable Peavey public address system on the platform was hooked up and tested by a technician. A few minutes later, the executioner and Judge Donovan walked out, the former president behind them in chains, carried by two guards. The still gagged vice-president also appeared in chains, drug out by two more guards.

The judge walked to Rockford and shook his hand warmly as the executioner nodded to the president and mounted the platform. The former president was drug up the stairs and unshackled.

Judge Donovan stepped up to the microphone and began to read death sentence order number one.

"Upon your conviction, Harold N. Robinson, former President of the United States, I now sentence you, the accused, to death upon the guillotine, to be carried out immediately. Do you have any last words?"

Robinson glared at the judge and President Rockford. "You're nothing but a bunch of goddam bloodthirsty barbarians!" he yelled angrily.

"That may or may not be true Mr. Robinson," Rockford replied coldly, stepping to the platform, "But I assure you, you niggerloving traitor, your kind will never run this country again!"

Rockford looked to the judge, who nodded and remarked, "Carry out the sentence Mr. Executioner."

The former president's head was placed in the stocks below the blade and the smiling executioner pulled the rope. In one seventieth of a second, Robinson's head was severed and dropped in the basket lifeless, as the crowd broke into riotous cheering and whistling. Hot blood flooded from the arteries in the severed neck, squirting gore over the platform, dripping to the pavement below.

Rockford was overcome with the revelry and walked to the basket containing Robinson's head. He pulled the severed head from the basket and held it by the hair, dripping blood before the cheering crowd.

"Here's the head of the traitorous niggerloving bastard who tried to destroy our race, just as I promised you!" Rockford yelled into the mike above thunderous applause, as FOX cameras moved in for a better angle. He threw the head into the crowd, which exploded into more cheering.

The lifeless body was dumped over the side of the platform in a heap, as Donovan formally condemned the former vice-president to death; the traitor placed on the guillotine, gagged, still in chains, and quickly beheaded.

After being guillotined his corpse was dumped over the side on top of the former president's body, his still gagged head thrown by Judge Donovan into the screaming crowd.

The guillotine quickly executed 28 more traitors, most of them former Congressmen. The practice of throwing the severed heads into the crowd had died down after the first six decapitations, as concerns of personal injury or the possibility of AIDS being carried by some of the executed became apparent, for some of the condemned had been openly homosexual.

The crowd dispersed toward dusk, the now brilliantly lit execution platform, surrounded by headless bodies and two oil drums filled with heads was being hosed down by a Seagrave pumper owned by the DC Fire Department. Stray dogs were seen lapping up the bloody water as it coursed toward open storm drains.

Later, a garbage truck came by. The day's corpses were loaded on and the severed heads were dumped from the drums by garbagemen. Once loaded, the truck pulled away and left the vicinity via Maryland Avenue, after which the grisly cargo was driven to Virginia, unceremoniously dumped at a local landfill and buried.

Interesting commentary was seen that evening over the airwaves, as news programs filled with smiling faces proclaimed justice was being served, and observing that the guillotine would be a good deterrent to any enemies of the revolution. Schedules of trials and execution times were also broadcast during commercial breaks.

On the next day fifty more traitors, including the former President and Vice President's wives were guillotined in front of cheering crowds, and fifty more the day after that. Donovan and Danton were clearly enjoying their vengeful bloodbath, and in the next few weeks their private carnage had reached well over 1,000 executions, with thousands more planned by Special Prosecutor Danton.

Over the next weeks the area in front of Capitol Hill assumed a carnivallike atmosphere, complete with corporate fast food stands and souvenir vendors hawking everything from miniature Jefferson Memorials to toy guillotines for the kids. It seemed each day ever more people arrived to view the executions; the grass had been trampled to death, and crowd control and cleanup were becoming a problem.

To counter possible trouble, the DC police cordoned off the immediate area in front of Capitol Hill and limited the crowds to a maximum of 75,000 a day.

The Seagrave pumper had become a fixture at the event, together with an empty garbage truck. An independent janitorial contractor accomplished cleanup after the day's beheadings, and each morning the area was spotless for the next round of executions.

President Rockford, tiring of the spectacle and being informed by Secret Service that such exposure could be dangerous, had stayed at the White House after the third day. As the slaughter continued unabated, more pressing matters concerned him and the Congress – appropriation of funds for the reconstruction of cratered and bombed out U.S. route 50, I-95, I-66 and I-495, the rebuilding of New York, not to mention DC, and other public works programs that would provide needed jobs for the population.

For the next month everything proceeded as planned, various bills being passed and the guillotines now excising those of the liberal media and other subversive organizations like the NEA, ADL, The Urban League, NAACP and ACLU. Lesser groups allied with such as above either went underground or disappeared entirely.

After running out of those they turned to violent felonious prisoners that had been housed in overcrowded local correctional institutions. This problem was quickly solved with portable guillotines being set up within the prison yards, the populations halved within weeks.

Then suddenly in late summer a nigger mammy killed Special Prosecutor George Danton with a sub-machine gun, and Judge Donovan was severely wounded.

President Rockford proclaimed a national day of mourning, and his friend George Danton was buried with full honors at Arlington cemetery. In his remembrance, the Stars and Bars were lowered to half-staff for the following 30 days. Before Danton was buried, an enraged President Rockford ordered the nigger woman summarily guillotined on Capitol Hill along with three suspected accomplices. No one questioned the legality of this order, so they were drug to the platform, the steel blade dropped and the vengeful crowd tore their headless carcasses to pieces.

During the funeral, as Danton's family wept next to his coffin, a paranoid Rockford was talking with Johnson as to how to prevent further acts of subversion toward their lawful government. The once peaceful man, now the most powerful man in the world, was beginning to change, and to some observers it seemed to be a change for the worse.

"Those crazy niggers are getting more brazen each day," Defense Secretary Johnson remarked, standing under the funeral tent with the President. "First George Danton, then a pack of those coons shot the acting governor of New Jersey to death yesterday."

"I know," spat Rockford tersely, "I'm having them all guillotined tomorrow. That'll teach those black bastards a lesson!"

"Maybe so, but we have yet another problem Bill. More nigger riots are starting up in the cities; it looks to me if they need another taste of what we did last May," Johnson added bluntly.

"You know Sam," Rockford observed, "The goddam Jews are agitating those shitskins to riot, I want Congress to authorize a bill to deport all of those bastards within a year."

"To where?" Johnson asked, "Israel's gone!"

"To fucking hell for all I care," Rockford answered angrily, "If we keep those goddam kikes in our country, the same damn thing will inevitably happen again and I'm not going to put up with this!"

"We could run the Jews and niggers into Mexico; the spicks have already left for friendlier pastures after I started rounding them up and bumping their asses off," remarked Johnson candidly.

"Do whatever you have to, you can even kill them all if you want, I don't care," Rockford retorted, "Inform the rest of the cabinet that I want a special meeting called for tomorrow."

"Consider it done," Johnson answered thoughtfully, rubbing his beard as the eulogy began.

# The Reign of Terror

At 3:00 PM the same day, Defense Secretary Johnson, working with the FBI and CIA, issued WFP emergency directive 10 – authorizing the police to use deadly force to break up the riots, presently occurring in over 100 cities, from Boston, Massachusetts to San Francisco, California.

Quickly following Defense Secretary Johnson's orders, during the early evening police "death squads" – equipped with Kevlar body armor, armored vehicles and light machine guns --

moved into the problem areas. At first they ordered the niggers to disperse over their P.A. systems, but to no avail. The deranged apelike creatures ignored all warnings and ran wildly about shouting, looting, pillaging and plundering.

Since their negro assailants failed to obey their lawful directives, the police proceeded to exterminate the rioting niggers only hours after Prosecutor Danton's funeral, the more timid among them quickly vanishing into the shadows like so many rats.

Within four hours riot police had coldly mowed down thousands of rioters, using Browning Automatic Rifles, M-16s, Thompson submachine guns and Kalashnikov rifles. Finally, some semblance of order was restored, as later, convoys of stake-bodied heavy-duty trucks piled high with bullet-riddled nigger bodies moved from the cities, heading toward suburban landfills.

Word of this blood-drenched slaughter spread rapidly across the country, with surviving agitators such as "Reverend" Rufus Jones, who like "Doctor" King decades before him had decided to attempt "civil disobedience," "passive resistance" and other quaint euphemisms for "rioting" to protest against the lawful Rockford regime.

Sensing that times had changed after the police rolled in and exterminated their followers, they changed their minds, admitted total defeat, and laid plans to move south into Mexico where at least they had some chance of remaining alive.

The cabinet meeting held the following afternoon was a relatively subdued affair, all present missing the firebrand George Danton, known by his fellows as a staunch defender of the revolution. Judge Paul Donovan clung to life in critical condition at Walter Reed Hospital but was expected to recover, much to the relief of the members of the Rockford administration.

On the previous evening, President Rockford and Defense Secretary Johnson had devised a plan, to which all present listened to intently.

"Borrowing from history again," Johnson began, "Bill and I talked last night, and at this time it seems the only option left is to get rid of the remaining niggers and Jews in any way we can. They present a very real danger; therefore, after the adjournment of this meeting the president is going to ask Congress to authorize funds for the creation of the United States Committee of Public Safety, in order to defend our revolution, secure the existence of our people and create a future for white children. Our Committee will assure the Jews and mud people are either removed or neutralized, and will also prevent counterrevolution, sedition or subversion."

Rockford smiled knowingly and remarked, "David Lane's 14 words seem to be the best way to put it; even though we have secured our country and are in full control, the threat posed by the Kikes and niggers could endanger the revolution. Therefore, once Congress passes the bill I intend to make the Committee of Public Safety a cabinet level organization, and will authorize them to use the services of the FBI, the CIA, and NSA to enforce its legal directives."

"It's good those organizations were thoroughly cleansed of traitors by Mr. Danton after he killed all the BATF," added Interior Secretary Marie Hodges. "By the way Mr. President, I know it's not related to this discussion, but I need you to ramrod the funds for the repair of Hoover Dam through the Senate appropriation committee. Senator Wright is a friend of yours, and if I don't get the funds soon the dam could collapse. The contractors are ready to begin repairs but the money hasn't come through."

"How bad is the damage caused from that Federal missile attack?" Rockford asked. "I never got a good briefing on that, you know, with all these executions."

"I've seen it, and it's bad enough that the dam is at half capacity with the spillways three-quarters open," Marie answered. "The upper part of the dam is badly damaged, the power station is destroyed and one intake tower has been toppled."

"Christ," muttered Johnson, "Robinson must have figured if he couldn't have it nobody could."

"He ordered that attack during the siege of Los Angeles, probably to cut the city's power," observed General Stratton, "But I still can't see the reasoning behind the destruction of the dam itself. What could it have possibly accomplished?"

"Who knows," replied Rockford, "That destructive bastard was crazier than a shithouse rat."

He turned to the Interior Secretary and remarked, "You'll get the funds Marie, I'll talk to Dave myself. Meanwhile, we have to set up the Committee of Public Safety and prepare for the vote this week on the admissions of Alberta, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan."

"They're in, but we do have a full agenda this week," observed Vice-President Marshall, "British Columbia, Ontario and New Brunswick are next, and you are going to have to prepare your speech to Congress on the recognition of the United States of China."

"Almost done," replied Rockford, "The guy you got me from the Washington Times is one hell of a speechwriter."

"He's practically a Nazi; have you ever read what he has written before?" Marie asked sarcastically, "Christ, his rhetoric reminds me of Joseph Goebbels!"

"I don't care, at least he isn't a Democrat," Rockford remarked with a cynical laugh that was joined by the others.

# **Donovan's Revenge**

The following week, three Canadian provinces were admitted to the Union and a new 52 star variant of the Stars and Bars hoisted the next day. The United States Committee of Public Safety was swiftly organized, with full police powers granted to it by Congress. The FBI, CIA, and NSA were made subordinate to this all-powerful organization, which was headed by none other than President Rockford, Defense Secretary Samuel Johnson as deputy chief. A total of fifty-three new Special Prosecutors, all Committee deputies, were appointed by Attorney General Basil, assigning one prosecutor for DC and one to each state over the now-expanded country.

As niggers, muds and Jews had no rights at all under the current regime, the job of the Committee, or CPS for short was a relatively easy task, their black uniformed officers quickly ferreting out niggers, Jews, subversives, enemies of the revolution and other dangerous individuals during the following months. These people were arrested, tried and guillotined by the thousands. Liberal white sympathizers of such undesirables were also rounded up and charged with crimes as "fomenting illegal dissent and counterrevolution," meeting their ends on the guillotine.

Honorable US Justice Paul B. Donovan, thanks to the skillful care of doctors at Walter Reed, miraculously made a full recovery and returned to his job on the bench, his role now as a CPS Judge – only six weeks after having been shot by the nigger mammy.

A changed man, he discarded what he felt were his silly robes and exchanged them for a more practical tie and sport jacket. Sitting at his bench, the judge was a leaner, meaner, practically maniacal adjudicator now and enjoyed the full support of the President, the Defense Secretary and the Attorney General. He had also found a friend in the new District of Columbia Special Prosecutor, Theodore S. Morel, a young man whose hatred for Jews, blacks and other enemies of the revolution even surpassed that of the late George J. Danton.

The guillotines were working overtime in a crimson orgy of death, thanks to brutally efficient prosecution of the various cases by those like Morel and Donovan, and the next wave of executions were drowning the nation in an ocean of blood.

In Donovan's "American People's Court," temporarily convening at a Greenbelt courthouse, most people were simply pronounced guilty as they were brought in the door, then drug out and guillotined. The aging judge had grown tired of the heavy caseload, and since he enjoyed the support of the administration he took a free hand in administering justice. Further, defense attorneys were not needed anymore, as everyone sent into his court was always found guilty.

One sunny afternoon as various niggers, muds and Jews were scheduled to be tried, the judge walked in from a leisurely lunch and sat down at his bench.

"Please send in the next case bailiff," Donovan remarked.

"Yes judge," the bailiff replied, and a nigger in chains, covered in bruises from a severe beating, was ushered into the courtroom from the holding cell.

"What is this?" asked Donovan, looking at the disheveled creature standing before him.

"This nigger was found with a machine gun and several five pound bricks of C-4 plastic explosives that were stored in the shack he lived in," Special Prosecutor Theodore Morel replied, glancing at the charging document.

"Really? Well then, I say he's guilty, so take him out and kill him bailiff," Donovan ordered sternly.

"Yes sir," the bailiff replied, a pair of CPS guards dragging the struggling, screaming coon to the guillotine and dropping the blade.

"Next case," Donovan remarked.

A nigger wino was brought in, wearing tattered filthy clothes and reeking of liquor.

"What's the story on this one?" Donovan asked, frowning at the pungent stench of the defendant.

Morel looked through his casebook. Finding nothing, he looked at the nigger and then to the judge.

"We really don't know as there's no charging document. When they brought him in, the arresting CPS officer stated he was drunk and possibly leering at white girls at the time."

"Very interesting; from that testimony I believe he could be a rapist," a smirking Donovan remarked, "What do you think Ted?"

"He could be, and aside from that I don't like his looks anyway. He's rather slovenly, I'd just bump him off if I were you judge," Morel answered bluntly.

"I agree counselor; you're guilty nigger. Take him out and kill him bailiff," ordered Donovan.

"Why's be you killin' me?" the nigger asked, being drug by two CPS guards from the courtroom.

"Oh brother, it talks," Donovan remarked sarcastically.

"Why man – I's ain't guilty of nothin'!" the nigger yelled.

"Because you're guilty of being a goddam nigger that's why!" Donovan shouted as the door closed.

As he was dragged to the bloody guillotine, guards removed the carcass and severed head of the other nigger from the machine, heaving the remains in an adjacent dumpster half-filled with rotting bodies and severed heads from the morning's round of executions. Brightly colored blowfiles were laying eggs on the bodies, flying off as the latest nigger carcass landed with a muffled thud.

The condemned nigger was kicking and screaming; loudly complaining he was not guilty of anything.

"You racist muthafuckas!" the nigger yelled as his head was forcibly placed in the stocks below the blade.

Before the blade dropped, a CPS guard observed spitefully, "This is much better than you black bastards deserve – being quickly and mercifully executed by an efficient white man's machine."

"Whats you mean by dat mafucka?" the nigger asked, another guard moving to the release mechanism and preparing to drop the blade.

With a sadistic smile the guard replied, "Look at it this way nigger, at least we're not dragging your black asses to death behind pickup trucks!"

"You honky muthafu – "

"Next case," Donovan remarked as the blade fell.

Another nigger in chains was brought in.

The judge sighed. "When are we going to run out of these niggers, this is getting boring," Donovan declared.

"Really," Morel replied, "We ought to get a conveyor belt installed for these clowns, it'll save time."

Donovan and the observers in the courtroom laughed.

"Bailiff, how many more jigs are out there?" the judge asked, yawning and resting his head on an arm.

"Twelve more," came the reply.

"Well, just take them out to the guillotine and kill them, I don't want to fool with any more of these niggers today," ordered the judge.

"Yes sir," answered the bailiff, and thirteen chained coons were marched to the courtyard by submachine gun equipped CPS guards and quickly executed.

"What to you want to say that they were guilty of today?" Prosecutor Morel asked detachedly.

"Hell Ted, I don't know, nor do I care, uh – being niggers on a sunny day I guess," Donovan answered, shrugging.

"That'll work," Morel observed, making a note of Donovan's suggestion in his casebook. After a few minutes of making notations regarding the day's convictions, Donovan looked up and remarked, "Send in the next case bailiff."

A gagged Jew in chains was drug in.

"What did this Hebe do?" a frowning Donovan asked.

"He's accused of the forcible rape of a woman, and a white woman at that."

"At least he didn't rape a man, that would be really twisted," Donovan remarked with a laugh.

The assembled audience joined in the laughter.

"Did he commit this crime prosecutor?" Donovan asked, resting his chin on his right hand.

"He did indeed, according to the statement from the assaulted white woman, she is presently residing in a hospital over in College Park Maryland, recuperating from the Jew's depraved, unprovoked brutal attack upon her person," answered Morel.

"Really?" asked Donovan.

"Yes judge, as she is a relatively young woman, he may have even violated her sacred virtue," answered an embellishing Morel with a smile, simply looking for a chance to kill another Jew.

"Sacred virtue – what the fuck is that?" asked Donovan sarcastically, looking to the kike.

"Well, he may have taken her virginity."

"So Ted, how old is this broad?" asked the smirking judge, looking to his prosecutor, fully intending to send the swarthy, hook-nosed Jew to the guillotine regardless of any testimony, as Paul Donovan hated Jews and wanted them all dead, be they innocent or guilty.

"The victim was twenty-four at the time of her uh," replied Morel, stammering for words.

"Oh really," replied Donovan.

"Yes judge," answered Morel.

"If she was a virgin at that advanced age I'm the pope at Saint Peters," a laughing Donovan retorted, looking to the accused Jew.

"It does sound kind of ridiculous," a shrugging Theodore Morel conceded.

"You're the one who suggested it Ted, regardless of that I say he's guilty as charged, so take him out and kill him bailiff," ordered the smiling judge with a wave of a hand, taking a drink of water.

"Yes judge," replied the nodding bailiff as two CPS guards appeared, marched the gagged Jew out to the bloody guillotine and dropped the blade.

"Next case."

Another gagged Jew, severely beaten and dazed was brought in, sporting two black eyes and a broken nose.

"What's the story on this one?" Donovan asked with a groan, resting his head on an arm.

"He's accused of comparing President Rockford with Adolf Hitler."

"Well, I don't know if that is a crime really, and it may even be the truth, so we'll simply say he's guilty of sedition, does that sound reasonable?" Donovan asked politely.

"Sure," replied Prosecutor Morel.

"Very well, he's guilty, take him out and kill him bailiff," ordered the judge.

"Yes judge," answered the bailiff, CPS guards appearing to usher the latest convicted Jew to the courtyard for final punishment.

As the Jew was removed from the courtroom, Donovan asked, "Bailiff – how many more defendants are out there?"

"Two more Jews and a weird looking retarded gook."

"A retarded gook huh?" asked Donovan blithely, "Where did they drag him up, and what has he been charged with?"

"Indecent exposure," Morel replied, glancing at his casebook, "That is, public masturbation, having been seen in this act on a street near I-95 and in a McDonald's restaurant. Rumor has it he may have jerked off in front of some girls at a Wendy's too, adjacent to a dumpster filled with rotting garbage."

"I see, nobody'll miss him will they?" remarked the judge in disgust, pulling a sterling silver hip flask filled with liquor from a pocket and taking a deep drink from it.

"I seriously doubt it," replied Morel.

"What have the remaining Jews been charged with?" asked the judge, replacing the cap on his hip flask.

"One kike is charged with fomenting illegal dissent and counterrevolution, the other is charged with failure to leave the United States of America," remarked Morel, glancing at his casebook.

"He had been so ordered to do so by the CPS?"

"Yes," replied Morel.

Donovan paused, reflecting a moment, remarking to Morel, "After reviewing the charges I believe they're all guilty, I don't see any point in trying these cases either – do you Ted?"

"No, they all seem guilty to me too, I think it would be a waste of our time to try them," replied Prosecutor Morel.

"I agree with you," remarked the judge.

Turning to the bailiff, Donovan ordered resignedly, "Very well bailiff, since they're all guilty, take those bastards out there and kill them too."

The bailiff nodded, armed CPS guards retrieved the remaining defendants from their holding cell and marched them to the courtyard for final disposal.

Looking to Morel, Judge Donovan explained, "I'm too tired to screw around with any more of this crap today, and don't worry Ted, we'll say they were all guilty of murder."

"Right judge," Morel replied, closing his casebook.

With that a weary Judge Donovan left his courtroom and drove home.

This unbelievable scene was becoming the norm throughout the country, as the remaining white population "went off" after decades of brutal oppression from the former government.

Was it appalling?

Possibly, but no more appalling than having niggers, kikes, homos and other garbage shoved down your throat constantly by the government, media, churches, ad infinitum.

Over the next months, Defense Secretary Johnson's plan of orderly "ethnic cleansing" by the Committee of Public Safety worked perfectly, as the more intelligent among those singled out for extermination left the country for parts unknown. Many went to Mexico for refuge, while during a summit the Mexican junta leader complained to President Rockford in broken English about the illegal aliens swarming over the border into Sonora and Chihuahua.

Rockford responded by saying angrily, "Isn't that just tough shit Mr. Spick – how does it feel to have the shoe on the other foot for a goddam change?" The astonished junta leader looked at him in disbelief.

The terror continued throughout the winter, and the US population declined by several millions due to the tremendous numbers of executions coupled with hundreds of thousands of fleeing refugees.

Rockford and his revolutionary cabinet were gleefully presiding over one of the worst bloodthirsty excesses that had ever taken place on the entire planet, and their actions were now making others look like rank amateurs by comparison. This occurred as Paul Donovan and Theodore Morel clones, aided by the Committee of Public Safety, began a pogrom to "legally" exterminate Jews, niggers, homosexuals, malcontents and anyone else suspected of being an enemy of the revolution.

# The President's Soliloquy

One example of this phenomenon occurred in the Oval Office the following spring, when a junior presidential advisor named James Norton unsuccessfully tried to point out that the slaughter might have been going too far, and that he could no longer serve the Rockford administration due to ethical concerns.

"What can you possibly mean by that Mr. Norton?" Rockford asked sharply, looking at his advisor strangely.

"I simply mean people in this country are being executed without due process, legal counsel or even trials. We're doing the exact same things we accused the former government of doing!"

"It's not happening to white people, Mr. Norton, so I don't care about that," the President responded blithely, propping his feet on the desk.

"It is to some, and I feel the practice is unethical and unprincipled. Christ, this situation reminds me of the French Revolution, only worse – people in this nation are supposed to have rights," Norton remarked.

"Oh really – where did you get that kind of an idea? The only rights people have ever had anywhere are the kind they take, and that's exactly what we're doing. You sir are skating on very thin ice, and white people who are race traitors deserve the same goddam thing that's happening to all other enemies of the revolution. Tell me Mr. Conscience, what the hell are ethics, morals or any of that other semantical shit?" Rockford thundered angrily, dropping his feet to the floor and rising from his chair.

"I don't follow you," Norton answered, looking to Rockford as if he were a time bomb about to explode.

"You don't?" Rockford asked sarcastically through gritted teeth. "Let me put it to you this way Mr. Norton, was it "ethical" in any way to favor niggers, spicks, gooks and Jews over white people, or was it "moral" to slaughter almost 70 million unborn children via abortion, most of them white? Was it fair to be told by the goddam government who you could fucking hire or serve at your own business that you owned? The former government seemed to think so, and to them those acts were totally acceptable!"

"I know that, but it doesn't mean – "

Further, was it good to let cocksucking queers walk the streets, claiming their behavior was normal, and have those fairies teach our kids that dicksucking and assfucking was acceptable while they led the goddam boy scouts? Was it fair at all to ostracize those who disagreed with those dogood bastards that used to run this place in the name of political correctness, just like a bunch of goddam communists?"

Rockford's voice rose in anger and he yelled, "Was it fucking ethical for those bastards to kill white separatists? Was it moral to imprison white people on phony horseshit charges like "discrimination" and "racketeering," for simply wanting to be left alone and be with their own fucking kind?"

"Of course n – "

Rockford continued, frothing at the mouth, "Was it ethical for some hook-nosed Jew to sue white organizations out of business simply because he disagreed with their point of view? Was it fair at all to jail whites for fucking "hate crimes," when niggers that did the same goddam things were allowed to walk the streets unchallenged? Tell me you silly bastard – you're nothing but a utopian dreamer!"

"Not really sir, but – "

"There's no buts about it buster, their actions just like ours were simply subjective, arbitrary determinations. You whine about morals? Ethics? Right? Wrong? You must be kidding – there are no such things; they're nothing but an invention of the mind like God or something. Why the hell don't you wake up and smell what you're shoveling – throughout history, man has simply come to "think" that something is right or wrong, good or bad, truth or lie, and then acts accordingly. Therefore, I arbitrarily think it is totally acceptable to get rid of those verminous bastards in any way we can, even by killing them all if we have to, and so does the rest of my cabinet!"

"Perhaps so, but I still think it doesn't make it right sir," Norton observed plainly, standing his ground and starting for the door.

"That's a matter of opinion Mr. Norton, and you should rethink your goddam attitude!" the President retorted as Norton left.

Rockford angrily picked up the telephone and called over to Defense Secretary Johnson's office.

Johnson's secretary answered and called him to the phone, telling him the President was on the line.

Taking the handset, he replied, "Sam Johnson here, what can I do for you Bill?"

"Tell the FBI to pick that simple asshole Norton up and have him guillotined," Rockford ordered.

"Right," Johnson replied, hanging up the phone.

Mr. James Norton, junior presidential advisor, was never seen again.

In the meantime, as the carnage waxed and waned over the next few years. Those considered legitimate members of the new society began to prosper, as cities were rebuilt and jobs were created, a general feeling of well being felt by these members of the population.

Yes, the country had indeed become barbaric, but in reality no more barbaric than the past regime had been – it was simply out in the open for all to see.

# THOMAS PAINE

THE END

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