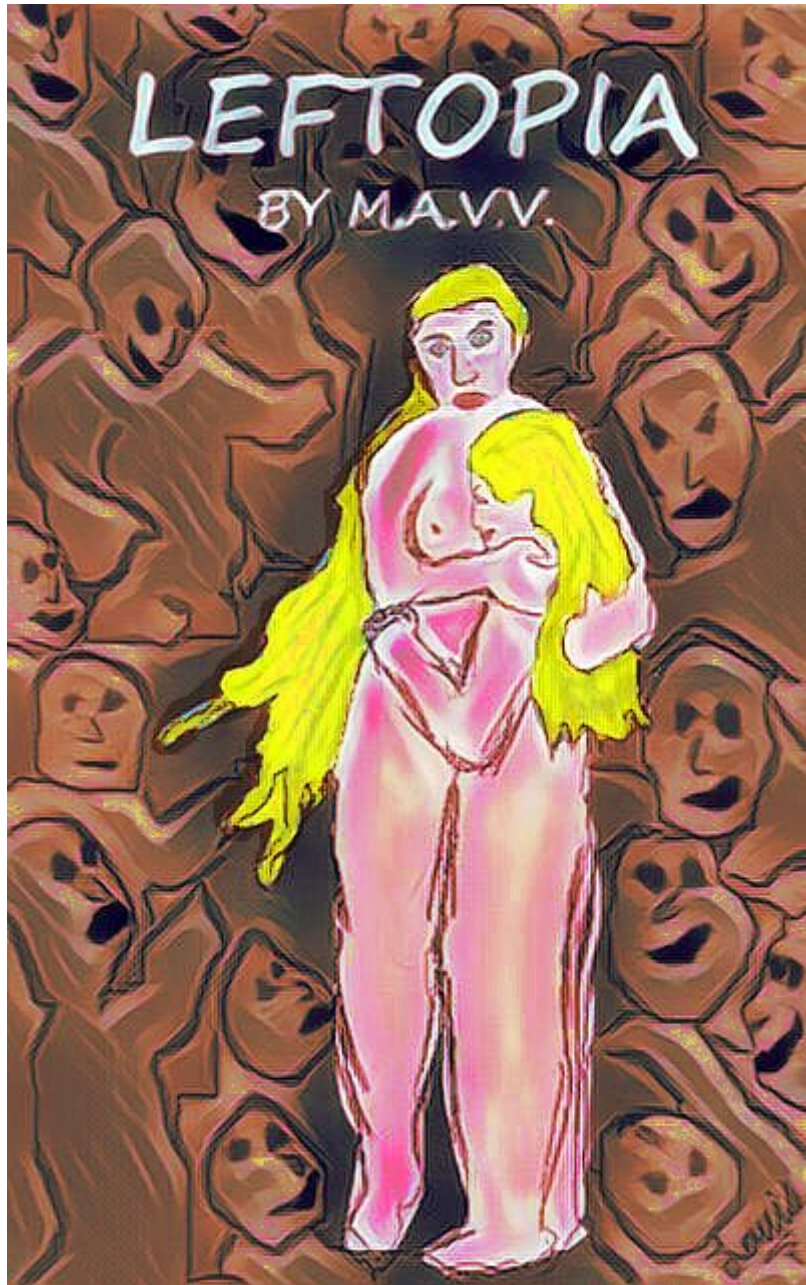


# LEFTOPIA

BY M.A.V.V.



# DEDICATION

To my fellow robots and NEETs from /r9k/,  
may God shine a ray of light upon you and ascend you to the heavens where you belong.

**FINAL REVISION**

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# PREFACE

I have submitted my manuscript to over twenty publishers, and those few responses I received were all negative. This is the email I sent:

*Most respectable publisher, Sir,*

*Attached to this email is the greatest short and sweet novella that you will read in your lifetime. It is a manuscript that will take you less than half an hour to read, but which will change your perspective on life and your vision of the world forever. My revolutionary masterpiece is absolutely certain to become a classic. Just consider for a minute that the works of Fyodor Dostoevsky, that imbecile hack, have attained such status, despite being very boring, long and stupid. How then, could my book fail to gain all the recognition it so rightfully deserves, when it includes all the best elements of this art? That is simply impossible.*

*Regards,  
M.A.V.V.*

To give you an idea, dear reader, of what those fools said about my masterpiece, let me give you as an example one of their replies:

*Dear XXXXXX,*

*It is not often that I read a manuscript from start to finish, but since yours was so short, I can unfortunately say that I've read the whole thing. Yours is the most disturbing and disgusting work I have EVER received. You have included racism, misogyny, homophobia, pedophilia, terrorism and mass murder, amongst other things. Your 'work' even includes a scene of very explicit child rape, written apparently with the intention of sexually arousing the reader, another scene where you describe with great detail the manufacture of an explosive substance and an explosive device, yet another where you describe mass murder with the clear intention of amusing the reader, and so on.*

*Let me tell you that you do not have any talent whatsoever for writing. Not only are you ignorant of the syntax of the english language, which could perhaps be excused since you are not a native english speaker, but you also do not have the faintest idea of what the structure of a 'short and sweet novella'(as you call your 'work') is like. Please, I do not know from where you are writing me, but I am sure that, wherever you are there must be psychologists and psychiatrists willing to help you with your multiple undiagnosed mental illnesses. But first, you must be able to look at yourself and say "Somewhere, something went wrong with my life. I am a danger to myself and to others, and I need professional help."*

*Very sincerely,*

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX, XXXXXXXXXXXX Publishing

All the other responses were of a similar nature. Indeed, one of them, a Jew, even threatened to call the police if I ever contacted him again.

Yes, this book may shock some readers to their very core. I will not deny that it includes some scenes of very questionable morality, including, yes it is true, a bit of explicit child rape. But let nobody accuse me of being evil's apologist, for this book is fiction only, and if one can't even enjoy a bit of fantasy child rape, then what has the world come to? But really, in this day and age, when degeneracy is the order of the day, and virtue a most rare and extraordinary thing, is it possible for the reader to be horrified by anything? It hardly seems likely. No, it is simply impossible for the reader to be astonished by anything anymore: he has heard it all, seen it all, in many cases done it all, and I for my part am ready to deny it all. Therefore, while the following *tour the force* which I've prepared was supposed to be somewhat shocking, alas, I'm afraid it may well prove to be underwhelming to the modern reader.

**M.A.V.V. ([leftopia.author@gmail.com](mailto:leftopia.author@gmail.com))**

**April 2018**

**Lost somewhere**

# LEFTOPIA

by M.A.V.V.(220ba3ceaa50fe388abfdd7503e27d8e)

## Chapter 1. THE BIRTH OF LEFTOPIA

It was on June 13, 2025 that the liberation of America took place. Millions were suddenly and inexplicably overtaken by a kind of frenzy, and their fury unleashed, it was at once cunningly redirected at their oppressors. Waves of violence quickly spread like fire throughout the country. Banks and churches were burned to the ground, stores were looted, and hundreds of thousands were brutally and mercilessly slaughtered on the streets or in their homes. Millions more fled the country in terror, fearing for their lives. Those who had not the means to escape, barricaded themselves in their homes. The furious mob exploded in an orgy of destruction, the likes of which had never been seen before in the history of America; and they smashed the prevailing system, which they had once believed in, as if with a single blow of their hammer. They spared nothing that had once been deemed of value. It was a truly beautiful spectacle: the glorious Day of Liberation had finally come.

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Not a week had gone by, when a new leader emerged from the ranks of the people. His name was Alexander Ray Steinberg. And this greatest of all men, this selfless hero of the Revolution, promised to rule for the benefit of the many and not for the few; and he swore he was to rain justice on the heads of the former oppressors of the people who had exploited them with such impunity for so long; and the people hailed him and accepted him, for they saw that there was truth in his words and a love of equality and justice in his heart of gold. And he declared that America was to be no more, that a new country had been born, and its name was to be 'The Revolutionary Republic of the Free Americas', and this too was accepted by everyone without hesitation. The people celebrated the death of America, and the creation of a new nation, a nation built up from new principles and ruled not by elites, but by the people and for the people.

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This was the distressing situation Louis found himself in when, to add insult to injury, his parents appeared unannounced at his house: they had just sold their home for peanuts and were leaving to Canada, fearing to become victims of the Revolution, and they did not want him to come with them, as they saw here a wonderful opportunity for him to abandon his days of worthless NEETdom. They had come with boxes and boxes of supplies that they were generously leaving for him. "Do not worry", they said, "we love you. We are doing this for your own good. The difficult times ahead will doubtless toughen you up and make a man out of you." Louis questioned them: Would they call him? Where would they live? Would they send him money? But their answers were evasive or entirely absent, and then they left, as suddenly as they had come, without so much as an adieu, abandoning poor Louis to his luck in that infernal new leftist nation.

Louis went over his supplies, counting them and categorizing them, and concluded that he had enough food and water to live for a little over two months. The cash they had left him was sure to lose its value in short order, but they had also given him some jewelry and other valuables that he could sell or trade should the need arise. And his father had even left him an AR-15 and a Glock 25, together with a few boxes of ammunition. When he checked the balance of his bank account, he found that his one thousand four hundred eighty-eight dollars had evaporated, sublimated, probably swallowed by the fire of the Revolution, or by God knows what else. His balance now stood at 0, zero, nil, naught, void. "Goddamned jewish parasites!" he shouted, "they've stolen my dignity and now they steal my wealth, the savings of a lifetime!" Parasites indeed, just like he had been a parasite upon his parents all his life. But his mind, his precious mind, had never been troubled by the flaw of consistency, and he could apply a criterion to others that he would never apply to himself, because he had trained himself since young to be able to hold mutually contradictory thoughts simultaneously, and it can't be denied that this had given his mind an almost superhuman flexibility.

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During the next two weeks the whole country celebrated their new gained freedom by throwing daily parties. Louis received an open invitation to one such party, and curious as to what such events were like, he showed up at one by himself. It was being celebrated in the mansion of some rich people, or perhaps it was one of the houses that had been 'reclaimed by the people'. As he walked in, the first thing he noticed was that at the center of the room they had improvised a catwalk. But soon his eyes wandered about the room, and he was shocked by what he saw: on a sofa two girls were making out, while at their feet a naked girl, this one clearly underaged, was masturbating in a drug induced delirium. At another sofa, three men and a woman were 'doing the train', in other words each one was sodomizing the one in front, with the woman being the head of the 'train'. Not far away from them, on another sofa, a black man was sitting, giving oral sex to a white woman standing in front of him, while a white man(a german or a swede) sucked him off. In one of the corners of the room, a gorgeous russian girl, fully naked, was squatting and pissing on the floor, a cigarette in one hand and a beer in the other. Other slavs, likely her friends, were taking pictures with their phones. By the catwalk there was a beautiful japanese girl, all naked, but, no, that was no girl at all, for though she was more feminine than many a girl, yet she had a little extra thing between her legs: it was small, yes, but it was up and straight as an arrow, pointing right at him. He looked up and locked eyes with her, she gave him a subtle smile and a wink, then he looked away in shame. Near the japanese tranny, an old man was lying on the floor, masturbating as he looked at 'her'. And to his left Louis could see that there was a bukkake going on, and the bukkakee was a young boy, a mere child. And these were but a few of the acts of Sodom that were taking place in front of Louis' burning eyes.

Disgusted, not wishing to partake in any further degeneracy, Louis was about to leave when something happened: a young boy, could not be older than 12, dressed as a drag queen, more specifically wearing a rainbow colored dress, made his appearance on the catwalk. The music stopped and everybody turned to him, quietly waiting to see what he(or she) had to say. Well, 'she' informed the audience that she was the hostess of the party, and that she

was to be addressed as 'Queen Lactatia'. At that moment everybody broke into cheers and applause, well, everyone but Louis, who was not so impressed. Now all this may sound very strange, and indeed it was, despite this being one of the mildest orgies that were held that day, but the things that Louis witnessed afterwards were so twisted and so degenerate, that to forget it all he thought it wise to mix his booze with xanax, and forget he did, for he woke up not knowing where or when or how or by what means, except he found himself in the embrace of the japanese tranny he had met last night, but he did not remember her or that he had lost his virginity to her, but he dared not ask, because he felt a mild pain in his behind.

## Chapter 2. THE RISE OF LEFTOPIA

Things calmed down pretty quickly, more or less. Currency controls were established to prevent capital flight, and people who wished to leave were free to do so, so long as they left their wealth behind; this did not stop many, as anybody with common sense could see where things were headed, and so long as there was a country that would take them in, they were happy to go, even if they would have to start a new life from nothing. The borders were opened for anybody that wanted to come in, and in they came in hordes: supporters of the Revolution, or those who thought they could benefit from it, started pouring in from all over the globe, hundreds of thousands each day. Mexicans, especially, came in like a swarm of locusts, a plague, walking over the remnants of Trump's partly demolished wall, ready to reconquer the land that had once belonged to them. And they came to enrich the new nation with the customs that they still practiced in their own beautiful Aztec nation, where one was a thousand times more likely to be beheaded or to have one's heart pulled out than to win the lottery. But the invaders were not limited to that country, they came from everywhere. Only God knows who, and by what means, was shipping so many people from places so far away.

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It may seem strange and unlikely that a nation like America could have become communist. But such things can happen. All it takes is to plant the seeds, the ideas, in certain places, and to water them regularly. And the ideas will certainly take root, and they will grow, and they will spread, mind to mind, metastasizing everywhere. Slogans repeated ad nauseam, internalized, accepted first implicitly, then explicitly. The abstract becomes concrete, the idea takes on form, polymerizes. The thing has grown beyond control, it has become a trend. It can no longer be contained, cannot be uprooted, cannot be cured, it's too late. It has become accepted, the unpopular became popular, the unthinkable became thinkable, then possible, then probable, then it became certain. The necessary conditions have been met; certain shifts of consciousness have taken place. The nation has fallen into the trap, the population has been infected with the virus, the cancer of communism. Their patterns of thought have been changed: certain facts come to the front, others become hidden, yet others are distorted. Their minds have been irreversibly changed, they have become incapable of reasoning; the fight has to be fought some other way.

Louis understood this all too well, for he saw more clearly than others. He was an enlightened NEET, and he had spent all his free time, and he had had plenty, learning and thinking deep thoughts. But while he understood the rise of communism, the masses taken in by that ideology, what he could not figure out was why the resistance had been so weak and so pathetic, and had died so quickly. True, the second amendment had been repealed and the population had more or less been disarmed during the last president's mandate, not that he could blame her, with all those mass shootings and all. But it was unthinkable that the people of the 'land of the free' could have given up so easily, could have fallen into that nihilistic indifference that had swallowed them whole, nor could he understand why the government had surrendered to those rascals so quickly or how power had changed hands so smoothly. There was something decidedly abnormal about the whole thing.



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Three weeks after the ill-fated Day of Liberation, Louis decided to venture out again. He had not worked a single day in his 28 years of life, most of which he had spent as a stay-at-home son, before his parents bought him a luxury house and kicked him out. But now the prospect of certain death from starvation provided the necessary motivation for him to act: he knew he had no choice but to become a wage slave if he was to survive. But how? Could there possibly be any vacancies now that the economy was sure to be in ruins, if it was to even exist at all? He had to try anyway, and so, with his documents in his left hand and his Glock concealed in the right pocket of his jacket, he left his home, headed towards the nearest employment center.

The streets were overflowing with garbage, and ample evidence of the violence they had just witnessed still lay on the floor: spent cartridges, pieces of glass bottles that had been used as molotov cocktails, even traces of blood here and there. The walls were covered with holes and had been darkened in places by smoke or fire; everywhere one could see broken windows, half patched with cardboard or boarded up with wooden planks. Unknown people walked by him, not that he would have known them, as he rarely left his home, but judging by their features and skin color, many of them were new here, brought from some God-forsaken town in South America, Asia or Africa. He walked hurriedly, his head down, his hand grabbing his pistol, ready to draw it out at the slightest provocation.

He wasn't sure if one had to get an appointment. And it was late, there was probably a huge line of people looking for jobs, so that he would have to go back empty handed. He was determined not to get a job. All he had to do was try and fail, and his conscience would be clean. But when he arrived he noticed the place was nearly empty. He took his number and sat down on the chair farthest from anyone else. There were 14 people in all, himself included. He waited for two and a half hours until he was called in. A young blonde woman greeted him, then he took a seat. He informed her that he was looking for a job, any job, and showed her his high school diploma. She eyed him over for a moment. Then, miracle of miracles: she told him there was a vacancy, and he met all the requirements. It was in a place called 'Rodger's', where they manufactured furniture. What's best, the place was not far from his home, and the pay was as good as one could get in the current climate. She gave them a call, informed them that she had a good candidate, then gave him the address of the business. When he left he was having mixed feelings: on the one hand, here was his opportunity to get his first job, to mature, to grow spiritually, to contribute to society, to grow some balls. And yet he was filled with dread and uncertainty, his stomach in knots.

While going back home, he took a different route just to see how much things had changed, not in the last few weeks, but in the last decade since he had graduated highschool and become a shut-in. There was a magazine store and he decided to check it out. As he entered it, he saw Alessandra, that elementary school classmate of his, the girl of his dreams. She was now even more beautiful than before, and she had become a radiant woman, a peroxide blonde. He did not want her to see him in his current sorry state, or ask him about what he had done in all these years(absolutely nothing), but it was too late to

leave. He pretended to be looking at the mags in the direction opposite her, but then she got closer to him. He nervously grabbed the first magazine he could, and opened it at random, but as she passed him he felt her stop, then turn around: she had recognized him. "Oh my God, Louis, is that you?" His blood froze, his heart stopped, his face flushed. He turned to look at her, then saw her make a face. She was looking at the magazine in his hands. In his agitated state, he wasn't sure whether to put the mag back in its place, or whether to turn the page, hoping the next one would show a less explicit image. Instead he closed it and realized that such was his luck, that it was called 'Hot Boyz'. He hesitated for a second, then he ran out of the store. It was only when he heard some angry shouting from behind that he realized he had stolen the magazine, so he threw it behind him and kept running for a whole five minutes. Then he had to stop, because he was close to having a heart attack. His clothes were covered in sweat, his face was a bright red, his heartbeat still resonated in the palpitations of his brain. There were some food trucks nearby, and to recover his energies he decided to have a hotdog. He had not eaten one since his mom had made him one for dinner many years ago. He was young, in fact only 13, and just beginning to discover his body, but that importunate woman entered his room without knocking and saw him with half a sausage inserted in his behind. In a panic, he had quickly tried to explain to her how he had tripped and fallen on the hotdog, but this unlikely explanation did not satisfy her. Really, who was to blame here, innocent Louis or that malicious God that had put man's g-spot right inside his colon? Or what about that shameful day when his mom had stopped buying carrots altogether because....but I digress.

When he arrived at his home he was still suffering from a bad case of tachycardia, so he downed half a pill of propranolol with some mineral water and watched some TV. But he could not concentrate on what he was watching. He thought about women, those delicate and beautiful creatures that God had created for Man's amusement, and to carry and raise his children. Not only had the first woman caused the first man to be expelled from Paradise, but those foolish creatures were cruel too. They had never given Louis a chance, and he had tried, three times! The first, when he was only in first grade. He had given Stephanie, that pretty nymphette, a love letter. Then he had asked her in person what she had thought about it. And what did she respond? "Oh, but Louis, you are so UGLY! I am so SORRY!" But was she really? And then the second time, when he was in middle school, and he had listened to some fool who had told him that the sure way to a woman's heart was a box of chocolates and a rose. But what did that cytherean beauty Veronica say? "Oh, but Louis, don't you know I have a boyfriend?" But she did not! Lying cunt! And the third time lucky, when he was in highschool, and he had confessed his love for Alyssa, with a box of chocolates and a rose and a stuffed animal. What did that semen demon say? Nothing! She just made a face of disgust and threw everything in a trashcan as he watched. Evil witch! But then he went back home and performed an elaborate ritual to curse her. And the magic did its work. Within a year, she turned 18 and passed her shelf life, transformed into an old hag, expired!

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Louis got the job the next day. All he had to do was show up well dressed, and answer a few questions. The manager liked him and thought he would be perfect for the job. They showed him around and told him what he would be doing. All he had to do was learn how to operate

the machines, and in a few weeks, they had told him, he would get the hang of it, and then a little later he would be doing it without thinking, even asleep. It was an easy job, and he was happy with it. As for his colleagues, there were only 12 in the whole business: 9 male, 3 female, all friendly. Louis liked even his boss, the boss of everyone, the owner of the business, a jewish man named Isaac. Such a good man he was, that he even promised Louis that he would get a whole two weeks of paid vacations each year.

It was still early when he left, he had nothing to do back home, and there was something he had been postponing for a very long time. Life in America was becoming more dangerous by the minute. He had to do the deed before one of those dangerous immigrants attacked and killed him. So he went to a whorehouse. As he approached that disreputable establishment, he was greeted by the bouncer, a very big guy(for him). The pimpette was old, but refined. She called the girls, 4 came out. He was a nervous wreck; whether flushed or pale from fear he wasn't sure, but he was shaking. Louis was certain they could smell his virginity in the air. The first one was a blonde, maybe about 30. Had he not been as perceptive, he could easily have mistaken her for an aryan. She smiled at him, then posed. The second one was a short brunette, about the same age, with a nice body, face kinda busted. She looked disinterested. The third one was a young asian, pregnant, and although Louis had never had that kind of kink, she was rather beautiful. The fourth one was a great blubbery mass of a whale, and black to boot. Louis tried not to look at her, but it was hard, she covered such a great part of his field of vision. For five excessively long minutes he compared them, imagining himself mounting them, doing gestures with his hands as he pictured the different positions they would assume. And they waited, not very expectant, for his decision. Then he made his pronouncement: no, thanks. And then he exited that disgusting place.

Back home, he was feeling dirty, so he undressed, sterilized all his body with rubbing alcohol, and then he took a shower. But when he finished, he still felt insufficiently clean, and worried he had caught herpes, syphilis, AIDS, or some other disease from the air particles of that filthy place, he downed two pills of amoxicillin and one pill of the first random antiviral he could find. He started feeling better almost immediately. In order to release all the sexual tension that the episode had produced, he decided to watch some porn. It was HotKinkyJo he watched, spreading her asshole to an unprecedented diameter that even the legendary Goatse had never dreamt of. Once he was done, instead of the feeling of profound indifference that usually follows those sessions, or at worst of shame, depending on the material that has aided one's efforts, he felt, for whatever reason, a kind of anger. He went to a certain infamous imageboard, that the reader no doubt is acquainted with, and saw that it was filled, as it had been for years, with unholy images, with propaganda, you know of which kind. This internet warrior entered one of those threads, armed with nothing but his wit, and started pouring a rain of poison arrows on one of those sorry individuals; such was the power of his logos, such were the strong impressions and images that his words conjured up in the mind of the said individual, that it, already in a very vulnerable state of mind, and seeing itself attacked with vitriol like never before in its life, decided to jump out the window. Alas, falling from five stories high is not a reliable method of suicide, so that it ended up becoming a paralytic instead. Considering all the damage they had caused to the aforesaid imageboard, it was karma alright.

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Perhaps it is time that I paint a detailed portrait of Louis and, why not, of his parents too, so that the reader may better understand where our hero had come from. Let us start with his mother, Amanda. She had once been a true model of beauty: a tall, blonde, blue eyed woman to whom all eyes were directed at all times. It was as if her features had been traced from those of Aphrodite herself. Alas, she'd hit the wall full speed at 35. Afterwards, she had retained her elegance and refinement, but never again would she inspire desire in men of taste. It would seem Nature takes great pleasure in spoiling her best works early. In that respect, many of Her human masterpieces are like a lightbulb that shines too brightly, dazzling everyone for a brief instant, before burning out never to shine again. Such is the cruelty of our Mother, who always takes away that which She gives, when we least expect it. With regards to her character, she was a devout Christian, and, as often happens with women, she was full of love and understanding, but also very stupid. In fact, Louis found it very hard to believe that a genius such as himself could have been borne out of a woman as unintelligent as her, but of that there was no question.

His father, William, by contrast, had been an average looking guy, but, unlike his mom, he had not been ravaged by time. Time had done its work, to be sure, but in this case it had given his father an air of respectability and wisdom that corresponded in every way to his character. He was a man of average height, grey hair, brown eyes; and he had since young sported a full beard, now equal parts black and white. It was precisely this beard that gave him the appearance of intelligence and respectability which we have mentioned. And when it came to his mind, he was the direct opposite of Louis' mother: whereas she was stupid, superstitious and ignorant, he was one of those few men that seem to know all the ins and outs of every theoretical science and practical art. No matter what Louis asked him, this intelligent man always had a correct answer. His memory was almost perfect, so that he could quote with perfect accuracy every kind of fact and theory he had learned, or remember every event that had ever taken place. Nor was his knowledge limited to generalities, but he could go into particulars as well. One had but to ask, and this man could give you the exact formulae you required of him, say you asked him about differential equations, though he had not used them once in his life, he could give you the solution to Clairaut's or one of Euler's or any other you chanced to ask him about, however obscure. Very much unlike Louis' mom, who had the memory of a mosquito and could never remember her own name even if her life depended on it. And this man, who was so brilliant, although not a genius like Louis, had made a fortune from selling several companies which he had created, and from the stock market in which he had invested so much money without ever having made a single mistake.

Now, to give you an idea of what these genes combined had created, let me describe Louis in a few brushstrokes. He was, as we already know, 28 years of age. His hair was blondish, his eyes blue, his face that of a baby, his body was a bit 'plump'. Had he been smaller and clean shaven, you would have taken him for a middle school boy. As for his character, he was an irascible manchild and, according to him, a misunderstood genius. His memory seemed to be a combination of that of both of his parents, so that, for example, he had a near perfect recall when it came to certain important things, and had memorized the stats of hundreds of pokémons, and the titles and arguments of every movie, video game or book he

had ever watched, played or read (and he had enjoyed thousands of those things). But when it came to other things, the knowledge would go in one ear and come out the other, so that, for example, when his father explained to him how to repair an automobile or an electrical appliance, he knew full well that he would have to explain it again anew the next time, because nothing of that sort would stick to Louis' brain. And it was because of this flaw that Louis, since the beginning of high school, had taken up the habit of writing down on one of his notebooks anything that he considered of importance and which he knew he would forget. Periodically, he would go through all those notebooks, correcting mistakes, discarding those things which he no longer considered important, or those which had become obvious to him or which he had memorized. And every time he did that, he would discover new relationships between the data, so that he could rewrite everything much more concisely. After so many years, he had repeated that compression process over a dozen times, and the final result of that work had been a single notebook, exactly one hundred pages long, and filled with the most extraordinary facts and theories which the human mind had discovered. It was one of his most prized possessions, and of course he had made several copies of it.

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And I shall here describe Steinberg too, because I'm sure that the reader is very impatient to know more about that great leader of progressive humanity, that wise genius, the builder of socialism, the liberator of nations, the architect of human souls, so beloved of everyone, the new guiding star and life and sun of every American. Ah, true it is that his past was shrouded in an impenetrable cloud of mystery, but since I do know a few facts, I will now share them with you, my dear reader. Alexander was a man of about 40 years of age. Physically, he was unimposing, nay, a little manlet barely 5 feet 3 inches tall (or 1 meter 60 centimeters for those who live in more civilized nations that use the metric system). He combed his abundant black hair backwards, which made his high hairline all the more evident, and his hair bulged on both sides of his big head. He had a prominent nose, no need to spell out of which kind, and he sported a moustache and a goatee. Overall, his face gave one the impression of being that of the devil himself. He was smart, cunning, witty, ambitious, vain, boastful, had a voice that could seduce anybody; a man of strong opinions and very unyielding; an atheist, a liar, a drunk, a traitor, a womanizer; very entered in vice, and with a heart of stone and a soul the color of ebonite. Like many other great socialists, this man had started out in life as a thief, but, not content with robbing banks and stores, his ambition had led him to set his eyes on the treasury of the state; we have already seen how well he succeeded. Alexander had a younger brother, called Raoul, who was his shadow, and although he does not play any role in what follows, I think I would do well to describe him anyway, in order to contrast their very different characters.

Raoul was 5 years younger than his brother. Since he had not played an important role during the Revolution, and because moreover he was universally disliked, he had been relegated to a very unimportant government post. He was even shorter than Alexander; weak, and effeminate. He had short black hair and sported a mustache on his young looking face. His voice was so faint it could sometimes scarcely be heard. He had no hobbies or interests of any kind, and no personality of his own, instead copying that of others around him, mainly that of his brother: if Alexander liked something, he liked it too, if he didn't, then

he didn't either. As he had never shown any interest in women, there were some rumours, but nothing had been confirmed. His soul was as evil as that of his brother, and it appears that the only activity he enjoyed was that of watching videos of people or animals being tortured to death. Both he and his brother had been abandoned by their abusive father when Raoul turned 7. Their mother had been a very religious, very kind woman, but had died a few years after being abandoned; their father had been a drunkard and the very image of vice and crime. It was then, when they found themselves all alone in this world, that they had turned towards crime, forming a gang of which Alexander was the chief.

Now, to add some piquancy to the story, let me narrate the following episode, which had taken place some years before, and which will also shed some light on the nature of these criminals, mainly that of Alexander. The gang of five, of which Alexander was chief, as we have remarked, arrives late at night at the drug store which they've chosen as their target. Three of them, namely Alexander, whose *nom de guerre* was Golem, and his two comrades, Mammon and Moloch, put on their ski masks, get out of the car and enter the building. Meanwhile Raoul, alias Andromeda, waits in the car with the engine running, together with Lilith, Golem's girlfriend, a pretty seventeen year old girl that had just taken the first few steps down that road that leads to nothing good. The store is closing, and there are only two employees, both female: a pretty blonde pharmacist and a brunette cashier. "Everybody calm down" says Golem, "we're just here for the money and the drugs. Do what we say and no one will be hurt." Mammon spray paints over the lenses of the security cameras, while Moloch takes the drugs they want and Golem takes the cash. Now they take the employees to the back of the store, to a storage area and bend them over a table. Golem takes the brunette, the two others the blonde. Mammon lowers the pants of his victim. "Golem!" quoth he, "look, this bitch is on the rag! Gross, I can smell it from here!" "What!" replies Golem, "you mean to tell me there are people on this cursed Earth who do not share my predilection? 'tis impossible! Here here, take the other one." And having said this, he goes towards the blonde, kneels behind her, and the hummingbird starts noisily sucking out the bloody nectar of his favourite flower. Mammon and Moloch are absolutely disgusted by this; they take the brunette and start raping her, the one in the mouth, the other in the cunt. "It is so delicious!" says Golem, standing up and licking his lips clean, "by Lucifer, I do not know how it is possible for someone not to enjoy this elixir of life. Take a good look at me, comrades. Do you fancy that it is by drinking any other thing that I keep myself so young? Why, 'tis only rarely that I enjoy a woman unless she is in this particular part of her cycle. Jesus Christ and his whore of a mother Mary! I feel like Dracula, and I'm afraid that I, too, would like to impale my victim!" Now he unzips his pants and fucks her full force in her vagina, mouth and anus. But meanwhile Andromeda and Lilith are getting worried, so Lilith decides to check out what's taking them so long. She goes inside, barges into the storage room and finds the others having fun with the employees. Furious that her loved one is fucking this woman, his mouth covered in blood, she tells them the police are on their way. The mere sound of this word causes them to panic, so they quickly go back to the car, where Andromeda is at the wheel, ready to get them out of there.

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The transformation of society began almost immediately. But how would they succeed where so many others had failed? The first thing they did was enlist the help of intellectuals. Now,

leftist intellectuals may be a dime a dozen, but these were not just any intellectuals, but men of the highest calibre, many with doctorates from the most prestigious universities. In particular, one of them was a german that had popped out of nowhere and who was, so he said, a direct descendant of Karl Marx via the bastard daughter of the bastard daughter of the bastard son of the bastard daughter of the bastard son of the bastard son that Karl Marx had injected into his maid's womb. How anybody could shamelessly proclaim such a skewed, disgraceful and unlikely line of ascendancy is something that lies beyond my powers of understanding. I am talking here about the learned Dr. Ernst Theodor Konrad. According to him, wages and prices should be set in accordance with his interpretation of Marx's theory of value, which he called the 'energetic interpretation'. According to this sublime theory, the value of things is equal to the labour embodied in the object, in other words, to the intensity of labour power and the time required for its production, and since  $\text{power} \times \text{time} = \text{energy}$ , what could be clearer to anybody who had even the most rudimentary understanding of the theories of thermodynamics and marxism than that the value of things should be measured in units of energy, viz., calories or joules? Therefore, so went the theory, wages ought to be proportional to the amount of calories consumed by workers as they performed their labour, so that if the average worker of a first kind burned twice as many calories per unit time than the average worker of a second kind, irrespective of whether those calories were consumed in the brain or in the muscles or in any other part of his body, the first should earn twice the money per unit time than the second. What could be more fair than that? And the prices of commodities should also be directly proportional to their caloric requirements, viz., to the amount of calories consumed by man and machine alike during their production, and also taking into account, of course, the caloric value of the inputs and the wear of the machines, so that if a soda required twice as many calories to produce than a chocolate bar, the first should obviously cost twice as much as the second. Ultimately, the theory was very simple, and where there is simplicity there is sure to be truth. It was now just a matter of developing a new kind of accounting methodology, so that the said amounts of heat could be measured. But did his theories make any sense? It was hard to tell, but since nobody in the entire fucking universe had a damn idea just what exactly Karl Marx had meant, and since this man had a sociology degree from the University of Munich, and his knowledge was not limited to marxian economics but extended even into the very sublime and difficult science of Energetics, and since moreover he had proven his worth by producing a tremendous output of books, papers and essays, for all these reasons, I say, they thought to give him the benefit of the doubt and appointed him president of the Working Group for the Transitional Economy. He promised that very soon, America would enter an era of unprecedented economic progress, the state would wither away, classes and private property would disappear, the division of labour and the alienation resulting from specialization would be a thing of the past; instead of the blind and impersonal forces of supply and demand, which were outside human control, everything would be produced according to a rational, global plan in order to satisfy the needs of the whole society, and all the workers would inhabit a paradise in which they would do whatever they wanted at any time of day, taking from the common stock of goods whatever they needed and contributing whatever they felt they could. Now, this may appear like some childish delusion, but, according to the theory of some very illustrious jews, within 20 years, viz., in 2045 plus/minus 5 years for a confidence level of 95%, a great event known as the Technological Singularity would take place, and the machines would take over, so that as a matter of fact, nobody

would actually have to work in order to contribute to this common stock. In fact, one of the reasons that previous attempts at implementing communism had failed, was that they did not possess a rigorous mathematical theory of the laws of motion of technological progress, and therefore they could not predict when exactly this alleged paradise was to become a reality, so that people ended up losing faith in communism, seeing that nothing of the sort was taking place. I will not go here into details regarding Dr. Ernst's ideas for how the whole productive forces of society would be coordinated once everything was in the hands of the state, but suffice to say that, while they were quite innovative with respect to soviet-style central planning, these ideas were about as retarded as the others. Well, so much for the theory, but how things were to play out in practice is a story that may be all too familiar to the reader. Nevertheless, let us proceed.

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It was Wednesday, August 20. Only two months had passed since the liberation of America, but those leftists had not waited a minute to start ruining everything. Already all sorts of government ministries had sprung forth as if from the void: the Ministry of Production, the Ministry of Distribution, which had then merged into the Ministry of Production and Distribution; the Ministry of This and the Ministry of That... There was no limit to the number of absurd ideas that these people could come up with, and already all sorts of rules and regulations had been imposed. But chiefly amongst these were price controls and subsidies; and of course, the fixing of the exchange rates. And now the worst, the lowest kind of people, the most stupid and ignorant, mainly imbeciles belonging to the lower classes, found themselves as the heads of committees and communes and all sorts of organizations. But while the scum of society had been allowed to rise to the top, yet the best people, the ones who were truly above all the rest, had been stripped of all their wealth, and their businesses were being expropriated one after another. But this inversion of the Natural Order, the rising of the inferior and the fall of the superior, is a crime against Mother Nature that is sure never to go unpunished, for She is infinitely wise and just, and gives to each exactly what they deserve: americans would pay for having let this happen. Indeed, the first signs of decay were already starting to show, and in time the ship would sink and everything and everyone would be consumed by an ocean of chaos.

After work, Louis went to a supermarket, now property of the government. The general deterioration of everything was clearly evident: many of the shelves were empty, and what little goods were on sale were now carelessly piled on the floor. Customer satisfaction was now totally disregarded, and clerks would routinely ignore the customers, until someone threatened them with violence, and then they would get to work in the worst mood possible. Louis closed his eyes and remembered the last time he had come here, a few years back, with his mommy. He was transported back to that day. What a difference! All the shelves were full, everything was cleaner, the people were more courteous; and at suitable intervals, there were beautiful girls, like angels come down from Heaven, offering samples of the best products the market had to offer. Louis would always graciously accept their offers, often coming back for more. The first product they offered him was an organic yoghurt. So delicious! But what is the difference between organic and inorganic yoghurt? Well, on to the next one! Ah, this second one was so tasty! Of course, a discerning individual like Louis



could immediately tell that this was some sort of animal by-product. But it had been salted, condimented and fried in such a way that there was no telling this was anything other than the finest meat. Louis did not have any complaints about it, other than the price, which really was quite excessive for something that normally would have been fed back to the animals themselves. Oh well, time to move on! The third product was a zero-calorie, sugar-free, healthy 'snack' with lots of fiber. They were crunchy, and the taste was not unpleasant at first, but after a few of those, you would be left with a somewhat gross aftertaste. The snacks did not have any nutritional value because they were little more than flavoured cellulose, which would go in one end, and come out the other undigested. Really, there is nothing wrong with eating cardboard, but it hardly qualifies as food. But what could they be giving out over there? Let's check it out! Ah, this one was not so good. Indeed, the only good thing that could be said about it, was that it had a nice texture. But the marketers have come upon a scam that is sure to work every time in those cases where the taste does not work in one's favor, and it is this: to sell it as a healthy alternative to something else. And since people are used to 'healthy' things tasting disgusting, it had been an immediate success. But those days were over. No more pretty girls, no more free samples. Sad! Louis decided to lighten the gloomy atmosphere by playing a harmless prank. First he went to get what he needed from the cleaning supplies section of the store. Then he went to the bathroom, and, after having opened all the bottles, quickly dumped all the bleach and ammonia in a toilet; then the absolute madman ran like hell out of there before anybody even knew what had happened. Of course, he felt a bit bad about what he'd done, at least at first. But, oh well, morality is for idiots: there being no God, there can be no right and wrong, and whatever we do is ultimately irrelevant.

When he got back home he wasn't sure what to do. For 20 minutes he meditated on that question, wondering whether it would be best to mindlessly consume some media, or if he should instead release his creative spirit and write some poetry. In the end, however, he decided to play 'Call of Duty: Future Warfare 2'. For 45 minutes he played, but then something unexpected happened and his jaw dropped as he saw a message on the screen: he had been banned from the game. It was surely that goddamned lag that his connection had been suffering from, it must have been misinterpreted as an attempt at cheating! But were those people retarded? Couldn't they see that he had played with the hand-eye coordination and skill of a 5 year old, losing every game, ending always in the last place? He quickly got on his computer and started composing an email. He was careful not to use any swear words, but he could not contain his witty tongue and dispensed a few subtle backhanded insults. Of course he could not help but mention his displeasure at the majority of the campaign characters being black, while simultaneously showering them with praises for the realism of such a thing. Finally, he told them that they should probably lower the difficulty of the tutorial, then he clicked on the 'Send' button. Afterwards he tried to cook something, but with his skill, it was a disaster, so instead he went to sleep early.

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Louis woke up early the next day. He saw on his phone that he had received an email: those efficient japanese slaves from customer support had already responded to his amusing diatribe, and they had told him that if he ever contacted them again they would request that

his console be permanently banned from the whole network. Those soulless japs! How dare they! He showered, ate some breakfast and prepared for work.

At 12 o'clock, three inspectors from the Ministry of Production and Distribution showed up. They looked around, asked questions, scribbled some things on their notepads, and finally they addressed themselves to the manager: half the furniture produced would be requisitioned by the government, with no direct compensation, to be distributed for free amongst the poor. In exchange, the government would provide them with raw materials at 'low prices', or so they said anyway. The government had fucked them over and nothing could be done: the conditions were accepted. "Fuck them", thought Louis, not that he cared one iota for the business, but if it failed, he would find himself without a job; hell, even a downsizing would mean he would be the first to go, and his jewish boss was sure to find a way to fire him without paying him a dime.

Back home, Louis watched the news. A young man had carried out a 'mass shooting', in which he'd killed 3 and wounded 2 more. He had written the greek letter beta on his shirt, hoping to inspire copycats, and believe it or not, 3 days later another enterprising insurrectionist would carry out a similar attack, beta shirt and all, but much more successful, killing 13 and wounding 25. Of course, all this would produce much excitement on a certain imageboard that shall not be named, where pitiable disturbed young men fantasized about the supposed thing that was going to happen any day now. Such is the contemptible state to which our youth is being reduced by the demonic influence of the internet, which really ought to be much more heavily policed so that their minds may be kept pure. But let us move on. Women would no longer be required to pay alimony or child support. The government promised that the right of inheritance would not be abolished, but certain kinds of property, like financial assets(money in the bank, stocks, bonds) would be heavily taxed after death, according to a 'progressive' scheme, i.e. the more you had, the greater the percentage that the government would steal from you after you died. A plane had crashed and sunk near the North Pole, from China and en route to America. He would later learn that it had carried a shipment of 120 sex robots, bought by the U.S. government, even though they had been banned in order to appease obsolete biocunts and their enablers. Africa was more fertile than ever, and their population was expected to surpass three billion by 2030. Curiously, not long ago they had been starving, their nutrition consisting mostly of literal 'mud cakes' and filthy water. NASA had given up on the effort for a space colony altogether, after having previously postponed it indefinitely. Instead, they would focus on educating the public on the importance of protecting our planet. Bill Gates was carrying out yet another vaccination campaign in Africa. Louis wasn't sure whether he was trying to sterilize niggers or just save them; if the former, then he would be a hero, if the latter, the world's greatest villain. This was followed by lots of absurdly irrelevant or outright fake news. The iranian government had claimed that a group of scientists had found the cure for homosexuality, and a wave of worldwide protests had followed. There was a brief segment in which they showed a new species that had been discovered in the Amazon; it was a bizarre little aquatic creature, completely alien looking, measuring about 3 mm long, and which were parasites of a certain species of fish. Mother Nature is so amazing yet so utterly detestable. Louis turned off the TV and decided instead to read something. Did you know that cat penises are barbed, so that sex for the females is always incredibly painful, and amounts pretty much to rape? Or

that female ducks have evolved incredibly long and spirally shaped vaginas, and the males have evolved correspondingly long corkscrew shaped penises that can go erect in less than a second? Or that the anglerfish male attaches to the female, becoming a parasite of it, and then after it has fused with the female, it atrophies until it becomes just a pair of gonads? All those interesting things Louis learned about in 'Bizarre Animal Facts', a little booklet that he had stolen from the local bookstore.

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On September 21, Louis woke up at 9 am. It was Sunday, and Sundays were confession days. He headed towards the local 'House of Truth'. Of course, he had his car, but there were gas shortages, and besides he preferred walking. Taking the bus was of course a no-no. As he walked down the street, he saw a signboard that said 'THE ESSENCE OF SOCIALISM IS SELF-CRITICISM', and below it was another that read 'TAKE IT EASY'. Actually, there were now heavy restrictions on advertising and marketing, and most ads had been replaced by the much more unpleasant government propaganda, many accompanied by the likeness of the Great Leader. Nevertheless, he could see that a little further, there was a large billboard advertising 'BLACKED.COM'. Those jewish PsyOps weren't even subtle anymore, or were they ever? He arrived five minutes before 10. The building was right next to an old church that had been repurposed as a 'Community Center', populated with vagrants that were rumoured to hold orgies there every night. He greeted everyone with his usual enthusiasm, then sat down at his usual place. Louis did not resent the self-criticism sessions, as they were called, however transparent their malicious purpose, rather he enjoyed them thoroughly. In fact, they were the highlight of his week. The confessions of the members of his group had been turning more disturbing and amusing with each passing week.

There were 4 rows of chairs, one against each of the 4 walls of the room, each row comprising 8 chairs which faced the empty center of the room, making a total of 32 chairs which was the number of members of his confession group. Each member had to speak for 3 minutes, confessing all the crimes he had committed, or thoughtcrimes that had crossed his mind, during the week. The first turn was for a black man, who confessed to having stolen all sorts of goods from a variety of stores. When he finished speaking, there was some minor clapping, although it was against the rules. The next to confess was a stupid woman, an overweight beast whose inane blabber bored the whole group. While she confessed, Louis felt the piercing eyes of the woman in front of him. She had bright red hair and problem glasses, and she was staring at him as though he were a criminal himself, while he had not yet confessed to any crimes. Why, in all the sessions there had been so far, he had never so much as confessed that he had thought about committing any crimes more serious than stealing some clothes or running over a pedestrian. He got increasingly uncomfortable, but his nervous writhing did not seem to deter her evil stare.

Then came the turn of the man sitting to the right of Louis. He was tall, thin, had a beard and a mustache, and was wearing black rimmed glasses. In short: he was a nu-male. He confessed he had fantasized about being sodomized by transexuals. But it got worse: he had actually committed the crime just last night, having hired a shemale prostitute who had

penetrated him in the car he used to drive his children to school every day! What filth! Louis felt sick to his stomach, he wanted to punch him, to murder him! But he didn't do any such thing, rather he pretended to understand him and uttered some friendly words, just like the others did. Finally, it was Louis' turn to speak. He was already nervous and sweating, his face flushed. The anger and disgust he felt, for some strange reason, became bravery, and not to be outdone by this insane degenerate, he at once declared himself a pedophile. The room went silent, everybody turned to stare at him, the atmosphere seemed about ready to ignite. The woman in front, the bright-red-headed feminist bitch, stood up and walked towards him, a look of seriousness on her face. He recoiled and closed his legs instinctively to protect his genitals. But, would you believe it? She didn't hit him, she hugged him! "What a brave man you are" she said. The tension in the room immediately dissipated, and some even started clapping. Soon he was being met with words of support, and even encouragement. Two more men came out as pedophiles that day, and three others would come out during the next few weeks. At the end of the session, the woman who had hugged him even gave a little speech on the evils of chrononormative oppression. It was a good day for Louis; for once, he felt tolerated, even accepted, and he left in a good mood, as happy as a man can be.

Louis was feeling hungry, so he went to a McDonald's. He ordered a combo of chicken tendies, large fries and diet coke. He hated the taste of sugar substitutes and, despite being a bit on the heavy side, would never have drunk diet willingly had he had a choice, but sugary drinks were no longer available due to the sugar shortage. Indeed, almost the whole population was being subjected to a forced diet, perhaps for the better. Fortunately, the average american had stored so much energy in his body in the form of fat, that they could survive for years on little more than water and vitamins. He paid, got his order, then sat next to a couple and their child. The woman was a blonde, blue eyed beauty; the man was about as beautiful as an australian aborigine: a brute the color of petroleum. Their little mongrel, a girl of about 3, was decidedly ugly, and she contrasted badly with her mother's beauty. Her features seemed to have been chosen at random: blue eyes, dark skin, curly short hair of a color somewhere between brown and yellow, a flat nose with large nostrils, too round a head, large pointy ears, thick lips(especially the lower one), and a neck covered with folds. Perhaps she would outgrow her ugliness, but she would certainly never be as beautiful as her coalburning mother.

Back home, Louis found himself thinking deep thoughts, as usual. He was faced with a difficult moral dilemma, and since he had always been greatly concerned with morality, he wanted to know just what the right thing to do was. On the one hand, from the point of view of the freedom of the children, and naturally this is the view he favoured, the age of consent ought to be significantly lowered. Louis thought that perhaps in this respect, the West should follow the example of that exemplary and most perfect of all men, Prophet Muhammad. But on the other hand, focusing on the aspect of mental maturity, and if one was to consider the fact that half of all humans are female, then he had no choice but to conclude that the age of consent ought to be infinite, because all women are retarded and remain forever mental children. Finally, from the point of view of infinitely wise and all-knowing Mother Nature, and really who was he or anyone else to contradict Her, the age of consent ought to be around 13: if it bleeds, it breeds.

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Next day, Monday, Louis arrived to find the three 'inspectors' in a heated argument with the manager about 'production quotas' or something or other. Having all those government 'inspectors' come over every day to 'monitor' and 'quantify production' was getting fucking annoying, and Louis had already added them to his shitlist. He was checking the bulletin board while thinking about doing something to get back at those fuckers, when he noticed something new and disturbing had been posted: an announcement, coming from some 'omnisexual organization', that all employees were to undergo obligatory 'LGGBDTTIIQQAAPP inclusiveness training'. That ungodly acronym apparently stood for 'Lesbian, Gay, Genderqueer, Bisexual, Demisexual, Transgender, Transsexual, Twospirit, Intersex, Queer, Questioning, Asexual, Allies, Pansexual and Polyamorous'. Louis was feeling devilish, so he changed the 'QQ' to 'BR', and now it was spelled 'LGGBDTTIBRAAPP', where the 'BR' now stood for 'Brosexual' and 'Resexual'; and finally, he made it so that the last P stood for 'Pedosexual'. He smiled, filled with satisfaction. Naturally, he would find an excuse not to attend the event; he didn't want to be lectured on the evils of 'toxic masculinity' and 'homophobia', or about neopronouns like 'xe/xir/xirself/ze/zir/zerself/ey/em/emself/ne/ner/nerself/shi/hir/hirself', or whatever the fuck they were going to talk about.

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I know some will criticize me for not including more details about what Louis did at his place of employment, and for not describing all his coworkers. No doubt some will say that the reason thereof is that I am ignorant about such matters. Nothing could be further from the truth: I am familiar, to be sure, with the process of manufacturing furniture, and I know all there's to be known about the kinds of things that go on in such workplaces; but the fact is that all that is rather boring and, while the people who work 'in the trades' may spend their lives laughing, making jokes and drinking beer, they are rather dull. Therefore I am going to skip all this garbage and go straight to the action.

One of Louis' coworkers, a beautiful redhead named Georgia, appeared to show some interest in him. She was an accountant, although she was employed more as a secretary. She was 25 years old; a pretty thing. The way she smiled and played with her hair, and all the things she said to him were enough to let him know there was some chemistry between the two. Louis really could not understand how she could be attracted to him. True, he was not grotesquely deformed, but he wasn't handsome either. As for his personality, well, he wasn't socially awkward, just a bit shy, but he could hold a conversation alright, and was funny and smart. Not to mention his sophisticated and curiously unique fashion sense. Yet, it was clear to everyone else that he was a total loser. But she kept throwing hints at him, and this time he decided for the first time ever not to let the opportunity pass. He responded accordingly, and finally they arranged to go out on a date on Friday.

First they went to the movies and watched some romantic trash. Afterwards, they went to a restaurant to have dinner. After he made a comment that could, very liberally, be interpreted as racist, they had the following conversation.

“Oh Louis, you are not prejudiced, are you?”

“Not at all. Why do you say that?”

“I must tell you, I may be white outside, but my soul is of a very different color. I am black.”

“You have a black soul?”

“Oh, don’t say it like that! But yes, Louis, I am african-american. I may be physically caucasian, but I identify as transnigger.”

Louis was taken aback by this statement.

“Why would you use that word?”

“I have the privilege to say that because I am not white mentally. I am reappropriating the word as a symbol of empowerment. I am simply amazing.”

Louis did not find any words with which to respond to this, and since he was not interested in her mental disturbances, he simply changed the subject.

After dinner, they went to her place. A black cat came to greet them, all lethargic. It appeared to be in a pretty bad shape, and it collapsed midway while going back to its litter box. She told him the cat was vegetarian, and that she never let it out, out of fear of it running away like the last one. No wonder the thing looked so thin and ill: it was suffering from acute starvation. Louis decided not to argue with her, after all, the way things were going, everybody would soon starve to death anyway, and he did not see why the cat had to be an exception.

That day Louis lost his virginity for the second time, because his first time he could not remember(or tried not to remember). And here, in order to paint a more accurate picture of what follows, let me just remark that she could have been a twin sister of porn star Elle Alexandra. Doubtless the reader has familiarized himself with her work, but I have included a photo of her(see next page), for the benefit of those who may be unable to associate the name with the idol. The thing happened more or less as follows: they made out, he came in his pants. Then they took a shower together. Then she gave him oral sex, but he couldn’t get it up. Then he ate her box, and it finally got hard. He attempted the good ol’ ‘duos in rosea, unus in fetere’, or as they say in english, ‘two in the pink, one in the stink’ a.k.a. ‘the shocker’. Though she did not complain, things didn’t go as well as he had expected, and he had to clean his pinkie. Then he encunted her and came in exactly one minute and twenty seconds. As the reader may well imagine, on Monday all talk about the shameful episode was avoided. Indeed, after that weekend, never again would they speak to each other unless strictly necessary. But the memory of his atrocious performance would come back to haunt him for months to come. Well, at least he had come inside her, he would think, although she had warned him explicitly not to do that.

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Thanks go to nubile.net for this picture of Elle Alexandra, which they have very kindly allowed me to use, but only on condition that I preserve the watermark which I have in fact removed.

The second week of October, namely from Monday 6 to Friday 10, was declared 'Tolerance Week'. Monday was to be Autism Day; Tuesday would be LGBT+ Day; Wednesday, Immigrants Day; Thursday, Diversity Day; and Friday would be Differently-abled Day. Nevermind that some of those already existed. How far some are willing to take their insanity and impose it on others, because believe it or not, on Tuesday, which might've been called 'Drag Queen Day', all schoolchildren would be forcefully required to dress as members of the opposite sex. But what really ground Louis' gears, was that he would be forced to attend a talk a day. I'm not going to give here a summary of each talk, but will limit myself to describing the first one.

Louis arrived at 6:30 pm minus 5 to the school he had been assigned. He and the other members of his confession group were taken to a classroom, where the livestream was to be projected on a screen. The talk began fifteen minutes later. The speaker was an autism girl, about 15 years old. She was skinny, had short red-dyed hair and wore glasses. Her outfit was ridiculous. Like the great majority of autists, this one had no special talents whatsoever. And yet she had the nerve to proclaim that, because of her condition, she was more creative than normal people. How could somebody confuse their inability to talk, gesticulate and move like a normal person, or even their embarrassing and bizarre fashion sense, for a form of creativity? True it is that her defective brain caused her speech to change pitch at random, that her hands seemed to move erratically while she gesticulated, that her gait looked funny and was anything but feminine, that all her motions gave the general impression of mild incoordination, and that her dress gave one the idea of the style of a five year old. But she was sorely mistaken in thinking that just being different is a form of creativity, uniqueness and originality. Do drooling retards claim that they are more unique because their defective brains make them unable to keep their mouths shut? Do schizophrenics assert that they are more original just because their brains make their eyelids open a little bit more, thus producing what is known as the 'crazy stare'? Do OCD sufferers proclaim that they are better than neurotypicals just because they have to perform those unsettling and annoying nervous tics with the strangest and most irrational of justifications? Do marijuana users fancy that they are more creative just because their speech sounds slow and slurred? Well, they do, but that's just because potheads are insufferable retards that ought to be put down for the benefit of the rest of us. Louis was furious when he left, and he felt the need to take out his anger on someone or something. But, how? Well, on his way back he saw a nigger park his car and leave, so Louis slashed two of his tires with his pocket knife.

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By the end of October, a deep transformation of society had already taken place. First of all, the government no longer viewed so favourably the exodus of 'unbelievers in socialism', and in order to try and stop this massive outflux of people, had made it a crime punishable by imprisonment or even death to try to leave the workers' paradise. As for education, all schools had been nationalized and tuition fees had been abolished. Entrance exams, too, had been eliminated, even for universities, so that now everybody could get an education. It was called the 'revolutionary democratization of education'. In every school, classrooms were terribly cramped and some students now had to sit on the floor because there weren't enough desks and chairs for everyone. Ah, the wonders of socialism, where everything is



free and infinitely abundant. But standards had fallen so low, quality had decreased so much, that there was no point in going to college anymore; a degree would now be worth nothing at all, and the diplomas might as well have been printed on toilet paper, assuming they still had some.

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It was now November 28. That Friday, Louis left his home at 9:30 am, and started walking, his mind deep in thought. But quickly his attention drifted towards his surroundings, and he realized what a goddamned ghetto his formerly beautiful neighbourhood had become. A dramatic demographic shift had taken place in the space of just a few months. Just going from one place to another a few miles away would give one the impression of going through different countries or even continents. Indeed, as Louis walked towards his place of employment, he saw a sudden change in his environs and found himself walking into a chinatown. Dogs were on display, still alive and hanging by their paws, ready to be cooked. He was surrounded by chinese people selling all sorts of wares. He ignored their offers, and a little later he had to cover his nose, because he was now going through a government designated shitting street, where indians were openly defecating. He kept walking and no sooner had he left that smelly street, when he found himself in an african market, his nose bombarded by the smell of watermelon and fried chicken and africans. In the middle of the market, there was a misplaced brazilian food truck, called 'UMA DELICIA', where some cannibals were selling macaque soup; the cranium of a little monkey could be seen inside a boiling pot. Fearing for his safety(he had learned the hard way never to trust a dark-skinned 'person', when he was in grade school and discovered that an ugly mulatto had stolen his lunch), he quickened his pace and found himself in a mexican settlement, adorned by figures of La Santa Muerte and taco stands. He was hungry and approached one. "How much for a taco?", he asked. The man pointed towards a sign that indicated the price of each kind of taco in different currencies. But for whatever strange reason, no price was listed in US dollars, although the last entry for every item was in grams of gold! That was the absolute state of America: how bad things had gotten, that people now had to carry gold dust in their pockets, just to buy a goddamned rat meat taco! Disappointed, Louis left.

As Louis neared his place of employment, he started hearing some noises. He got closer and saw that there was some kind of a commotion going on outside. He approached discreetly, not wishing to draw attention to himself. He was shocked to see that his boss had been hanged from a lamppost. Lots of people were congregated outside the building. A small group wore uniforms, and one of them was announcing through a speaker that the business had been expropriated by the Revolution. The man gave a short speech, and when he finished, there was some cheering and chanting of slogans. The entry to the building was being guarded by two men and a woman, armed with rifles. They looked like mock soldiers, and there was no telling whether their guns were real or fake, but Louis dared not approach. Instead he hurriedly left, never to come back. Louis had been right after all: even beyond the grave, his jewish boss had found a way to fire him without paying him a dime.

On his way back home, he paid attention to the people around him, especially to the poor. Now that he was poor like them, he understood their plight. For the first time ever, he saw

them, not as mindless animals or garbage to be rid of, but as real human beings, with feelings, dreams and aspirations. True, they were ugly and dirty (or was it their skin pigmentation?), but that didn't give him the right to hate them. Many had come a long way, just looking for an opportunity to have a better life. He thought about helping them, but how? He could give them some food, but then he would run out of it himself, and then what? Could he find a more long-term solution to their poverty?

He was back at his home at 11:35 am. Now that he was jobless, he started thinking about what he would do. He didn't have much money or food left, and he doubted he could get another job. It was time to start selling or trading all his stuff, there was no other way. Or was there? Perhaps he could apply for neetbux. Surely now that the country was to turn into a communist utopia, money itself would become free. Then Louis thought about calling up some of his old friends and starting a commune or cooperative. All you had to do was make up some 'business plan' and register it, and you would get some government funding. Of course, depending on how much you asked for, you might be required to actually produce something; but it was no problem, you didn't even have to economize, your product didn't have to be cost effective, and in any case, you could always go bankrupt after wasting the government's money, with little to no consequences. And if you asked for little money, all you had to do was fabricate some evidence, then offer the government inspectors a cut of the funds in exchange for their cooperation, and no product or service had to be produced or offered. It was easy money. In the end, however, he decided that it was below him, that he didn't want to have anything to do with the government's scam, and that if it came to that he would rather starve.

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On November 30, Louis received an open invitation to submit works of art for an exhibition that would be held to celebrate the New Year. It was sponsored by the Ministry of Education, Culture and the Arts. In fact, there would be one exhibit in each state, and the works were to be displayed for a whole week. Louis had never possessed much skill in the visual arts, but with great difficulty, and after many tries during many sleepless nights, this modern Michelangelo managed to create an amazing work of art: a beautiful aryan woman and her lovely prepubescent daughter, both naked and embracing, a look of terror in their bright blue eyes, being encircled by a horde of dark-skinned subhumans who fast approached them. This work he titled 'The Rape of Beauty'. Then, not satisfied with one, he readily produced a second one: in this new painting, admittedly not very skillfully done, he represented that famous caricature of a Jew, the 'happy merchant', rubbing his hands and looking down on a great mass of indistinct people rushing towards a precipice. This one he called 'The Fall of Man'. Needless to say, both masterpieces were rejected: Louis was a Unique One, and his singular and individual genius could no longer shine in this collectivist hellhole.

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'The Fall of Man', a modern masterpiece by Louis.

On the 24th of December, Louis didn't leave his home. He logged in on his computer, with the password written on a post-it above his screen: '7503E27D8E'. His wallpaper was an animated version of Joi, that beautiful blue-haired, pink-skinned holographic waifu from 'Blade Runner 2049'. He idled on the internet, browsing aimlessly, his soul filled with melancholy. He learned an interesting factoid: in Unicode, the number 1488 encoded the hebrew letter aleph. At 9 pm, at last his parents' call arrived. They wished him a merry Christmas. He spent the rest of that cold and heartless winter night, lonely, giftless, smoking menthol cigarettes and drinking diet Dr. Pepper, while watching all the episodes of 'Welcome to the N.H.K.'. Those were to be his last cigarettes, because they were now so heavily taxed, so expensive, that it wasn't worth it anymore. Some were now resorting to growing their own tobacco and would soon roll their own cigs, while others bought those black market counterfeits that were rumoured to contain heavy metals. He had bought a bottle of absinthe, captivated by the pretty green faerie depicted on the label, but he gave up after a few sips of that revolting liquid poison.

It was a sad Christmas Eve, and it was very late on that awful night that Louis dreamt that there was a window into another world, and he could just walk into it. But he didn't. He waited to see what it was like. And he watched, and then he realized that that world was perfect. Everyone was happy and there was no suffering, and animals didn't need to eat each other to survive because they fed on inorganic matter, and they needn't compete because everything was infinitely plentiful. It was perfect, oh so PERFECT that he realized that it couldn't possibly be true, it couldn't be real, and yet he tried to cross over to that world, but before he could reach the window, he woke up.

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On the next day, December 25, Louis decided to visit the art gallery. Although his works had been rejected, nevertheless he saw here an opportunity to gain a glimpse into the aberrated minds of those kinds of people. He arrived at the gallery at 7:30 pm. The exhibition was called 'Expression and Desire'. There was a section for paintings and drawings, another one for photography, yet another for sculpture and the plastic arts, and a final one for 'miscellanea'. As for the paintings, they were mostly what one would call 'abstract'. Only a few of them had required any talent at all. The rest could have been produced by anyone, indeed, most of them could have been created with more skill by non-human animals. In any case, Louis studied each one, carefully analyzing all their details; he thought he could perceive in the patterns of each painting the traces of the particular mental disorder that affected the artist(if one could call them that). Indeed, here he saw the full spectrum of mental illness, from homosexuality to schizophrenia, through pathological self-hatred and autism. But not all the paintings were abstract, some actually sort of made sense, although most were horribly distorted and seemed to project a sense of insanity. One piece in particular was a red painting of a nude woman, sitting down, with her legs open, and looking down at her menstruating vagina. The sign below it indicated that it had been painted by an aberree called Leslie Gyllenhaal using her own menstrual blood. As for the photographs, well, one of them was an ugly picture of an anus, hair and all, and it was called, appropriately enough, 'The Anus'. Another one was called 'The Void', and it was absolutely nothing at all, no paper, no frame, no picture, just the empty wall. As for the sculptures, one

could say that they were the only good thing in the exhibit, although none were remarkable. Many of the pieces, in fact, represented Steinberg in different poses. As for the plastic arts, many were just shapeless forms made of clay or similarly absurd and pointless things. The room dedicated to 'miscellanea' was the most disturbing of all: here were displayed used menstrual pads or tampons, a mock toilet filled with real excrement and piss, a puke on the floor (very creatively called 'The Puke'), and similarly grotesque abominations. But the best of all, of course, and the one Louis was most excited about, was the live performance art piece that was to be performed at 8 o'clock. It could only be seen live today, over the next few days it was to be shown on video.

It was a big room, and it was full. As there were no chairs for the public, some sat on the floor, others remained standing. There was a woman there sitting on a chair, her hair covering her face. There was some object between her legs, covered with a towel. Everyone went silent, phones or cameras in their hands, recording. She stood up, careful not to disturb the covered object she left on the chair. She looked around, as if she was lost, made some circles around the chair. She seemed to be out of her mind. Finally, she took the object with her hands, still covered. Everybody looked at her, at it, with expectation. What was it? She uncovered it, revealing a fetus in a jar. Everyone held their breath, not a sound could be heard. She looked at the audience. "This is my baby" she said. "I had her aborted, 16 weeks. She's a could've been, but was not". Even the hipsters were shocked, but not a sound came out of their mouths, which they covered with their hands. She looks at the jar, tilting her head one way, then the other, clearly insane. Then she puts it on the floor. She gets completely naked, puts her clothes on the chair, and then she squats above the jar and starts pissing on it. Now you could hear some gasps from the audience. But that wasn't all, oh no, now another woman comes in, with bright blue hair, also naked, and joins her in on the pissing action. When they're done, they start masturbating. But the blue haired woman is menstruating, her blood oozing out. She dips her finger in, then offers it to the audience. Nobody dares. Then she licks it. Now the other one takes her baby out of the jar, filling the room with the smell of formaldehyde, and gets closer to the audience, to show it to them. She goes back, and puts it on the floor, then starts crushing it against the floor with her naked foot. "What the fuck" Louis says. Everyone turns to look at him, some even point their cameras at him for a moment. But then they turn their attention back to the crazy batshit insane whores. They are taking turns dismembering what remains of the little fetus, or masturbating. Finally, they put the pieces back into the jar and clean up. "That's it" the mum says. But nobody says anything, nobody applauds. "Thank you for coming" she says. Everybody leaves, confused and disgusted. Louis goes back home in a state of shock, not exactly sure what he had just witnessed. What a tremendous performance! Thoroughly avant-garde.

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He woke up early the next day. He drove for over an hour, then parked his car and started walking. His backpack felt heavy on his shoulders. He walked for about 20 minutes. Then he saw a woman with her child, begging for money. He kneeled in front of her, then took out two sandwiches from his backpack and gave it to them. One for her, one for her little girl. The woman made the sign of the cross, and then they thanked him in whatever tongue they



spoke. He started walking again, then saw an african who also asked him for money. He gave him a sandwich. The man spit on the floor and didn't even thank him. For about 2 hours, Louis went around distributing food to people in need, mostly immigrants. All that food had cost him a pretty penny, but their smiles and their words of thanks had made it all worth it. By the time he had ran out of food, his feet and back hurt. He walked back to his car, and saw that the window on the passenger side of the car had been smashed, and the speakers and radio had been stolen. The risks of being a good samaritan: no good deed goes unpunished. But no matter, it would only make his virtue all the greater. He went back home, and once there, he lay on his bed and closed his eyes. He remembered the faces of all those people he had helped. They looked so happy. It was the first time Louis had done something good, and he congratulated himself for his philanthropy. Ah, yes: well over a hundred people had been poisoned with jequirity beans, which he had dehulled, mashed and mixed in with the food. He imagined their souls leaving their bodies and going straight into Heaven, where they would meet their Creator and live in happiness forever after.

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On January 1st, 2026, Louis woke up at around 2 pm. He had been alternating erratically between wanting things to get better, and wanting them to get much worse: sometimes a man just wants to see the whole world burn. Well, the New Year brought promises of everything getting much, much worse. He could not gather the strength necessary to leave his bed, so instead he pissed in a jug he kept near for such occasions. Then he retrieved his laptop from under his bed and tried to watch some porn, but the connection was too unreliable and slow for that. He put the laptop back in its place and decided instead to use his imagination. He remembered Georgia: the smell of her red hair, her heavenly pale skin, her pretty freckled face, her gorgeous green eyes, her cute small nose, her sweet smile, her lovely soft small breasts, her graceful hands, her sensual navel, her perfectly round ass, her luscious long legs, her delicate feet, and then finally he thought about her hot cunt. She was the only (biological) woman he had ever cum inside of, even if only once, and he felt damn proud of himself, though he had ruined everything by doing that; but he could not blame himself for having heard the call of his biological imperative. It had taken him 28 years of his life, but at last he had managed to lose his purity and become an unvirgin. He came on his hand and then rubbed the cum on his sheets. Although he was feeling extremely comfy and did not wish to move, finally at around 6 pm his violent hunger impelled him towards the kitchen, where he ingested some instant noodles, and a sandwich without bread, in other words just ham and cheese. Then he tried to play a first person shooter on his PS5, which had been warning him for weeks of an overvoltage condition, but this time it proved fatal: his PS5 died that day, he could smell the burnt circuitry. The government was apparently too incompetent to even keep the voltage level constant throughout the day. Louis thought about all those millions of solar panels they had covered every other building with, and those gigantic fields of wind turbines that the chinese bug people had so admirably and efficiently installed in a matter of weeks. The blame probably lay squarely on those things, which had made the electrical grid highly unstable.

## Chapter 3. THE RAGE OF A ROBOT

Louis had been dreaming pleasant dreams. He had won the lottery, and was wandering the corridors of some giant mall, thinking about all the things he would buy. But he woke up suddenly, and the reality of the situation rapidly seeped in as he regained consciousness. He was not in a mall, but in a horrible dystopia from which there was no escape, for it was not confined to his country but extended in every direction: the whole universe was a nightmarish dystopia from which not even death could save him.

As he entered the bathroom, he hit his pinkie toe against the door frame. "Fucking kikes!" he shouted, "fucking filthy, greedy kikes!" While he took a shower, he looked down at his dick and saw how small it was. "Fucking kikes" he said again, "it's their fault, they put estrogen in the water supply." Perhaps he was right about that. When he came out of the shower and looked at himself in the mirror, he was met with the unmistakable fact that not only was his penis shrinking, and that at a rate of perhaps a millimeter per week, but there was also no denying now that he was growing breasts. And how could that be, given that he was losing weight due to his involuntary calorie restriction? And what about the increasing homosexual fantasies he was being tormented with every night? Here was the undeniable evidence he was being estrogenized. Indeed, was it not strange that there was never any shortage of soy milk, when regular milk could no longer be found anywhere? How indeed, could it be that there was always a surplus of soybean oil, when other oils were in such short supply? No, that was no coincidence, no coincidence at all. And was it not true that the water had lately taken on a strange flavour? Could it not perhaps be caused by all the fluoride that was turning everybody's teeth so yellow and the estrogen that was causing a radical feminization of almost the whole population? That appeared to be the most rational explanation available.

Life had become unbearable for Louis, indeed for all americans, for there were now thousands of daily suicides. He felt his life was just an endless loop of suffering, repeating again and again, forever. He thought about ending it all, and grabbed his Glock. He put it in his mouth and felt the trigger with his finger. Then he had a vision. It was a vision of death; but it was not his death that he visualized, but the death of the kikes that had turned America into a hellish shithole, and of their leftist puppets that had followed behind them. Until now, he had been a man without a purpose, but now he had found one: Louis was going to murder them, to make them pay for their unspeakable crimes. They had starved him, feminized him, bombarded him with interracial propaganda, forced him to become a wagecuck, to confess thoughtcrimes, to live and walk amongst subhuman animals, to live in darkness. He was filled with rage, his face red and swollen with anger, his fists clenched, and he started punching the pillows on his bed with all his might. He was determined to get his revenge even if it meant he would die; he was going to become a martyr, he was going to send those communists to the flaming depths of hell!

That very day Louis started working on his Manifesto, which he was sure was to be so densely filled with the wisdom of almost three decades of intense and concentrated thought, that every paragraph, nay, every sentence, would be saturated with meaning, and every one of its pages would contain a wisdom greater than the whole works of Aristotle. The pen is mightier than the sword, and there was not the shadow of a doubt in the mind of this modern

Shakespeare that his words and thoughts would resonate throughout time and space, changing the course of human history for all eternity. He worked until 12 midnight, and then he went to sleep.

And during that night Louis had another one of his deeply meaningful yet terrifying nightmares. He was walking through a field covered with tall, green grass. Then he found a clearing and there was a huge tree there. It had beautiful fruits that looked similar to peaches. He took one and ate it, and suddenly he knew that it was from the Tree of Knowledge, and that the fruit he had eaten had opened up his Third Eye. He looked around and saw everything as it truly was: saturated with a wide array of colors, some of which he had never seen before. It was almost psychedelic. And as he looked closer at things, he could perceive the underlying fractal patterns of which they were composed. He kept walking, until he found a lake and decided to quench his thirst with its water. But as he was drinking from it, he noticed that there were three men dressed in HazMat suits, dumping two liquids into the water, one pink and the other yellow, from hoses attached to the tanks of two large trucks. He approached them to see what it was that they were discharging into the water, and he saw that one of the tanks was labelled 'ESTROGEN' and the other one said 'FLUORIDE SALTS'. Louis could feel the fluoride crystallizing inside his pineal gland, filling it with sand, destroying his Third Eye, returning his vision to normal. And his penis and testicles were getting smaller inside his pants, and he was becoming a woman. Angry, he went towards those evil men, ready to fight them to death, but the closer he got to them, the slower he moved, until finally he could not move at all. But now he was close enough to see through the transparent polycarbonate of their respirators, and he saw that those men weren't men at all, but shapeshifting reptilian jews, and they were now pointing at him and laughing. And then he woke up. His sheets were covered in sweat.

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"Make things happen" somebody had once told him, and now he was going to make things happen. He was going to kill that fucking jew who was responsible for everything bad that had ever happened in his life: Alexander Raymond Steinberg. He wasn't yet sure how exactly he would rid the world of him, but that he was going to do it, in his mind was certain. During the next few days he considered the possible methods he could use, but no clear path to his goal would reveal itself to him. Not wishing to waste any time, he concluded he had to begin manufacturing explosives as soon as possible, since using a drone bomb attack seemed about the best alternative. He settled on acetone peroxide as the best and easiest to produce explosive. Although the media had embarked on a disinformation campaign, making it seem more unstable than it really was, which is not to say that it was stable, he was sure that there was no danger to himself if he was careful.

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First he made a small batch: wearing safety goggles and gloves, he mixed 30 ml of acetone with 50 ml of 6% hydrogen peroxide ( $H_2O_2$ ) in a tall, thin glass container. Naturally, acetone can dissolve plastic, so it had to be glass. The ingredients had been cooled in the refrigerator. He put the container into another larger container which had ice, salt and water.



Then, he added 2.5 ml of concentrated sulfuric acid(90+%, drain opener), dropwise with a glass eyedropper. The addition was done slowly and with stirring, and he monitored the temperature with a glass thermometer(no plastic or metal) to make sure it remained below 5°C. The addition of the acid released heat, so he would have to stir and wait for the mixture to cool down. A higher temperature would have produced the more unstable dimeric form of acetone peroxide, or, in the worst case, a runaway reaction that could end up in an explosion. Once he was done, he let it cool in the ice bath for another 20 minutes, then put the mixture in the fridge and waited 24 hours for the crystals to precipitate. Then he filtered the crystals and washed them with some water to remove the traces of acid, then he spread them thin over a piece of newspaper to dry. He flushed them remaining liquids down the toilet, praying no explosive would deposit in the lines, and disposed of the coffee filter he had used. Then he washed everything thoroughly. He got about 4 dry grams of explosive. Then he tested it. It was a powerful explosive, and easy to detonate, but not as sensitive as they had made it out to be. When unconfined, less than two grams of the powder would deflagrate(rapidly burn) instead of detonate. He produced more and carried out extensive tests on it, to see how sensitive it was to friction, static electricity and pressure; and to see how sensitive it was when damp or dry. Some of these tests he had to carry out away from his house because they were noisy, although he only detonated small amounts. It was somewhat dangerous, but easy to make, easy to use: the good stuff.

Louis obtained 30% h<sub>2</sub>o<sub>2</sub>, much more caustic, and since it was 5 times more concentrated, he had to use only one fifth the amount, i.e. 10 ml of h<sub>2</sub>o<sub>2</sub>. With a higher concentration of h<sub>2</sub>o<sub>2</sub> the yields were higher. Concentrating the h<sub>2</sub>o<sub>2</sub> could be done by boiling, which was dangerous as it could explode, and some brands had inhibitors in them which would cause the heating to destroy the hydrogen peroxide, precisely to prevent concentration by boiling. There was another method, called 'freeze distillation', which involved freezing the h<sub>2</sub>o<sub>2</sub>, and right as it was freezing, discarding the ice and keeping the remaining liquid which would have less water and therefore a higher concentration of hydrogen peroxide. The procedure could be repeated to obtain higher concentrations. But Louis decided not to bother, since 30% h<sub>2</sub>o<sub>2</sub> was good enough, and he had already obtained enough of it, careful to protect his identity, because ordering large quantities of that chemical, especially of high concentration, could rise suspicions.

Since acetone vapours are very flammable, Louis would work in a well ventilated area, careful about flames or possible sources of sparks, like running motors or light switches when turned on or off. He also switched to 35% muriatic acid(HCl) instead of 90+% sulfuric acid(H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>), because it released less heat and produced a purer product. That meant he had to use a little above 3 times the amount of acid previously used, i.e. instead of 2.5 ml of H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>, he would use 8 ml of HCl. And to ensure there were no traces of acid in the crystals, he would wash them with a solution of sodium bicarbonate, until the pH was neutral, then wash again with water.

Unsure about the shelf life of the product, he decided to wait until a few weeks before his Day of Retribution to produce his final, heavier batches. He would have to gear up production. Just by doubling or tripling the quantities involved, he could double or triple his yield, but he had to be careful not to scale up the reaction too much, because the surface

area through which the heat escapes does not grow linearly with the volumes of the reactants, rather it grows much more slowly, so that a batch too big could mean that the heat could not escape fast enough, and the temperature could rise too much. Therefore, instead of one big batch, Louis decided he was going to work several batches in parallel. And he was going to use some heavy protection for his body, just in case things went wrong. The stuff would be stored in sealed zip bags, because acetone peroxide evaporates, or rather, sublimates.

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But there was something else he had to do. He had always thought about it, of course, but until now it had remained only a fantasy. Now that his death was almost certain, he decided it was time to do it, so he started planning it and preparing everything so that it would go smoothly and without trouble. After a few days he had chosen his target and everything was ready.

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Louis woke up at 4pm that Saturday. He sat at his desk and contemplated a pile of papers on it: the numerous symphonies he had composed during his unlimited free time back in his days of stress-free glorious NEETdom. Although he had gone back to being a NEET, no longer could he do such a thing; Steinberg had robbed him of that, because he had lost his inspiration, his brain turned to mush. Near the beautifully written symphonies lay an encrypted hard drive with 100 terabytes of child pornography. It was good that he had saved so much material, because the internet was now too heavily monitored for him to download that kind of stuff safely.

He waited anxiously, watching animes. Finally the hour arrived. It was dark outside. As he was leaving, he went past a poster of Adolf Hitler. "Heil" he said, and made a slight bow. Hitler's beautiful blue eyes stared at him. He got in his car, the one his mom had given him. He checked his watch: 9:40 pm, just in time. He went to the place, waiting for her. He waited for five minutes, then he saw her come out. She was beautiful, blonde, nay, aryan. Reminded him of Jordyn Jones. She was twelve years old, although she looked thirteen: another victim of xenoestrogen poisoning. He followed her.

He was driving dangerously slow. She made a turn, he went after her, then he parked, and got out of the car, engine still running. She glanced back, then quickened her pace. He followed her, moving quickly. He prepared, put his dart inside the blowgun. If she glanced back again she would start running. His heartbeat pounded on his ears. He aimed at her back. It hit her, she turned around. They locked eyes, then she fell, paralysed. He hesitated. He hadn't expected her to get so far away from the car. He went towards her and removed the dart, then went back to the car, brought it closer and carefully put her in the trunk, then drove away. He prayed to Satan nobody had looked out the window and seen him.



“Damn,” Louis would’ve thought, “the girl I just kidnapped looks like THAT?” And she sure did, she looked EXACTLY like that. Photo of herself very generously provided by Jordyn Jones for the benefit of the reader, so that he may picture the ensuing events more clearly in his mind's eye.

He took her body to the soundproofed basement. Was this real life? He cuffed her to the bed and put a ball gag on her. Then he injected the antidote; she recovered immediately. She had been conscious the whole time and she was terrified. She started crying. "I won't hurt you" he told her, "we're just gonna have some fun." Somehow, this remark did not calm her down.

He took off her shoes, then sniffed their insides, they smelled faintly of sweat. Then he pressed his nose against her white, somewhat dirty socks, which were damp with perspiration, and he inhaled their scent. Then he took off her socks. Her soles were slightly yellow, somewhat sweaty, a bit dirty. She had very nice arches. He kissed her soles, then the bottom of her toes. He looked at the top of her feet, kissed them there. Her toenails were natural, not painted. He kissed each one.

He grabbed some scissors. "I will cut your clothes off" he informed her, "don't worry, I won't hurt you." She was trembling. He cut off her white shirt first. She was wearing a blue bra. He kissed her navel. Then he cut off the bra, revealing her beautiful small breasts. He squeezed them, then he kneeled and started sucking on her right nipple. He removed his belt and unzipped his pants as he did this. Then he sucked on the other nipple while he took his dick out. It was hard. He stood up and removed his clothes. She felt somewhat relieved when she saw his cock was rather small. Now he went for her jean shorts, cutting them off with difficulty.

She was wearing blue panties, the outline of her pussy clearly visible. She was wet. He made a cut on each side, then removed them. Threads of lubrication formed. He smelled her panties, then licked their delicious viscous wetness. His dick was throbbing, precum oozing out of its tip, forming a small puddle on the floor. Her pubic hair was only just beginning to grow. He stuck his nose down there, then inhaled deeply. The smell was incredible. He opened her lips and saw that her virginity was intact, his to take. He uncuffed her ankles, spread her legs and started licking her wet cunny. It tasted salty, slightly metallic. He sucked on her small pink pussy lips, and then he moved on to her clitoris. She made some slight moans. Then, suddenly, he ejaculated. He picked up his cum with a piece of paper. She tried to move her head away, but there was nowhere to go, he grabbed her by her hair then rubbed it all over her angelic, blushing face. He had not lost his erection.

He cuffed her ankles together, then he lifted her legs and she kicked him. He grabbed his gun and pointed it at her. "You do that again, I shoot you." She gave up. He put the gun away, then positioned himself, her feet resting on his shoulder, his dick against her virgin pussy. He put it in, it hurt her. He was gentle at first, then he thrust harder and faster, not caring about her pain. Her chest was covered in sweat, her eyes were teary, her pussy bleeding. He fucked her savagely, holding her legs against him. Then he came inside her. He stood up, licked the tears off her cheeks, then rubbed his bloody dick against her face.

He lay down next to her. Her body and even her hair were soaking wet. He rested for a few minutes, then his erection came back. He licked the sweat off her chest, then smelled her armpits. They did not smell like an adult's, as she had not yet gone through puberty. He licked them. Then he put her on her side and cuffed her hands behind her back. He kneeled

by her ass and spread her ass cheeks. He smelled her asshole, it smelled like sweat, with a hint of shit. He licked it. Then he snuggled against her, from behind, and tried to put his dick in her ass. But she resisted, pressed her ass cheeks together as hard as she could.

He lubed his index finger with saliva, then put it inside her asshole. It hurt. He fingered her for a few moments, then took it out and smelled it. It was clean but it smelled faintly of shit. He put the finger against her nose; there was no reaction from her. Then he lubed a second finger, the middle one, and up they went. More pain. She relaxed her asshole, realizing her resistance was only making it more painful. Then he lubed his dick and slowly penetrated her. She let out a whimper. He began thrusting, gently. He could not feel any turds in her colon. "You belong to me" he told her, "your ass is my property, I can do with it as I wish." Then he thrust harder. In vain she tried not to cry, not to make a sound, not to give him the pleasure of seeing her suffer. He did not last more than three minutes, but it felt like an eternity to her. He came inside her asshole, his semen just as copious as the first time, and then he took out his cock and the cum oozed out, of a slightly brownish color. He kissed her on the cheek, "thank you" he said, another kiss, "I love you", a third kiss, "I love you so much baby", then a fourth on her shoulder.

He stood up and went towards her feet, then kneeled down, uncuffed her ankles. "I saved the best for last" he said, and then he started sucking on the toes of her right foot, one by one, savouring their salty taste, while sticking his nose between the toes of her left foot, inhaling their faint cheesy smell. Then he did the same with the other foot. He licked her soles, which had now taken a reddish color. He jerked off while he did this. When he felt he was coming, he got up and ejaculated on her face. He was done.

Now he chained her from the neck to the wall. He brought her two dog bowls, one for the water and another for the food. It was an asshole thing to do, but misery loves company, and besides, his misogyny had reached such heights that he could do just about anything to any woman except perhaps his mom. He also brought her a toothbrush, as well as a potty and some plastic jugs and plastic bags so she could piss and poop, and some toilet paper and baby wipes so she could clean herself up. Finally, he told her that he would connect a live wire to the metal door after he left, and that if she touched it she would die a very painful death.

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He brought down a tub and would give Jessie a sponge bath every three days, not because he was lazy, but because he enjoyed her smell. Did she enjoy reading? No, she did not. Video games? Nein. Movies? Of course, who doesn't? Well, that was too bad because he was certainly not going to give her a TV. She would have to make do with books. And he gave her plenty of books to read: H.P. Lovecraft's Collected Works, and a copy he had printed himself of the Supreme Gentleman's 'My Twisted World', and Orwell's '1984', and Huxley's 'Brave New World', and the Unabomber's 'Industrial Society and Its Future', and Stirner's 'The Ego and Its Own', and the full works of the Marquis de Sade, and Ragnar Redbeard's 'Might is Right'. But did he ever ponder if those books were appropriate for a

child? Perhaps he had her read those books precisely because they were not. Perhaps he wanted to corrupt her innocent mind, or challenge her basic assumptions about the world.

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By the end of January, Louis had already sold or traded most of his belongings. Furniture, books, comic books, toys, video games, collectibles, medicines, jewelry, and other stuff he had acquired over the years: most of it gone. The rooms of his house were now nearly empty, a reminder of a past life of luxury he had enjoyed but would never see again. Alas, it had not been easy for him, and he had cried tears of blood over his loss, especially since he had discovered that the things that he had considered so valuable, that had cost his parents so much, were now nearly worthless. But desperate times call for desperate measures, and there was really no reason for him to be attached to them anymore: soon his Day of Reckoning would come, and on that fateful yet glorious day those material objects would stay in this world, whereas he would go into the next one to deliver his soul to the devil. It was thanks to those sales that Louis had managed to stockpile everything he would need, including the chemicals he required for manufacturing the explosives, lots of ammunition, and enough food and other necessities to cover them(him and Jessie) for the next four and a half months, that is to say, until mid June.

Obviously, he had started by selling the things which were the least valuable to him, like the math book collection his father had gifted him: Louis had never possessed that particular brain abnormality which caused one to enjoy mathematics. Of course, he had learned his algebra and trigonometry, but his understanding of that science did not go much further than that. In highschool he had attempted a course on calculus, but for the first time his understanding had been challenged and, being a pussy, he had quickly withdrawn and made up his mind not to try again. It was his opinion, and so far nobody had ever been able to prove him wrong on this, that one could get by in life with just knowing arithmetic, the theory of proportion and some geometry, and that the rest of mathematics was 'abstracte bullshite' of very limited applicability that was in any case best left to autists and to those slaves that were okay with torturing their brains with those hellish symbols for the benefit of a disgusting society that would hardly thank them. Louis was an aristocrat, and he had, naturally, cultivated his mind, but only in the direction where he had found joy and never in the one that would have led him towards pain and suffering.

Whereas other teenagers would have taken up a healthier hobby, like stamp collecting, Louis had instead taken up drug collecting: antibiotics, antivirals, antifungals, antiparasitics, antidepressants, antipsychotics, antiemetics, antitussives, analgesics, anxiolytics, stimulants, alpha blockers, beta blockers, 'nootropics', birth control(don't ask), vitamins, supplements, etc. Of course, with the exception of Ritalin, he did not take those drugs often, mind you; in fact, he had never even tried most of them, but it was necessary that they be in his possession. And since there was a severe shortage of drugs, and because some people's lives depended on them, the price of some drugs had increased more than tenfold, thus turning Louis' collection into a small goldmine.

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On February 1st, Louis awoke feeling a sharp pain in both his kidneys. The whole day he couldn't stop thinking about it. He was consumed by worry, but it was pointless to go to a doctor: most had already left the country, and the remaining ones worked for the government, and had long waiting lists; and what's worse, since there was a shortage of medicines, the government had decided to invest into producing an array of harmless little homeopathic medicines that they would distribute for free amongst the patients. Whatever you had, you would almost surely get a placebo, unless you had connections, and Louis had none. So he decided to man up and ignore the pain until it went away, and it eventually did. He watched the news and learned that the government was now debating whether to ban cigarettes altogether. Fucking kikes, Louis thought, one day they'll ban everything: violence on TV, and pornography and masturbation. But of course, he didn't actually believe they would go so far, and if they did, so much the worse for them, because it would be their undoing. Man needs his harmless little vices and fantasies and simulacra, and without them, without a way for his desires to be sublimated, everyone would go mad and there's just no telling what they would do. But the heavy taxation had already put legal cigs out of reach for most americans, so why even bother?

At around 1 pm, he went down to the basement and had lunch with Jessie. They talked: about their lives, their families, the state of the world, philosophy. They played a couple of chess games; he won every single one, of course. Then he gave her a sponge bath; and her pretty, wet and shiny body aroused him, so he could not help but molest her a bit. She did not seem to mind.

Back upstairs, he saw on his phone he had received some mail: some unwanted and unsolicited pictures of a certain 'woman' from his confession group who wanted to meet him. How 'she' had obtained his email address, he wasn't sure. Perhaps the organizer of the group had given it to 'her' or leaked it. As he clicked on the delete button, he had a flashback of that time when he had been confronted by his mom about certain things she had found in his computer. Of course, by then he rarely felt the need to justify himself to others; just feeling an impulse to do something being enough of a reason for him to do it, all his actions being as essentially unexplainable and arbitrary as those of the Unmoved Mover, the First Cause. But he had decided to indulge her, and he had explained to her that those pictures didn't mean that he was gay, that women can have penises just as much as men, albeit they have to be 'feminine penises'. But she didn't understand; she had always had a thick skull. He had then attempted one of his classic tricks, and had told her that to criticize him was to criticize the work of the Creator. Such were the sophistries with which Louis always tried to justify his behaviour, but somehow he never fooled anyone (of course, he had since corrected his degenerate ways, except for that little slip that had taken place not long ago during a moment of weakness, and which he could barely remember in fragments, and which in any case didn't count because it had happened without his consent while he was under the influence). But, in fact, his mom did not care much about those pictures, which she considered a mere extravagance of Louis, very common amongst our modern youth; she was much more concerned about material she had discovered, of a very different nature, and which indeed was much more difficult to explain. But Louis, this modern Cicero, had already prepared a speech for such an occasion. With tremendous eloquence, this master of



rhetoric exposed his views on the matter. He explained to her that those very recent prejudices of certain societies were in no way universal. And that those laws that man had so ignorantly adopted had absolutely no counterpart in the laws of Nature; that there could not possibly be any rational justification, in any reasonable system of Morality, for those prejudices; and that those men that were closer to Mother Nature, and therefore could hear Her message more clearly, although foolishly branded by many as 'primitive' or even 'savage' peoples, had some very correct ideas when it came to the subject, and, at least in this respect, were much more enlightened than so-called 'civilized' and 'modern' societies. He then proceeded to enumerate a large number of customs of those so-called 'primitive peoples' all over the world. But his grand elucubrations did not produce the desired effect on her, so that the more he spoke, the angrier she became. It was simply impossible for him to convince an irrational woman like her of the correctness of his opinions, hard as he tried to demonstrate that love knows no age. Finally, she snapped. Her face turned red, she started foaming at the mouth, her eyes aflame, she started vociferating imprecations against him, then slapping his innocent baby face; then she tried to grab his computer, no doubt to smash it against the floor or throw it out the window, but he was fast and strong enough to stop her. Then he ejected her from his room, told her to calm down, to take a pill for her menstrual hysteria, to learn some manners, and that he would not speak to her again until she apologized. And then he slammed the door on her face. The reader will be surprised to learn that she, reasonable as a woman could possibly be, did indeed apologize. Apology accepted. But then she started voicing her own thoughts on the matter, which he certainly didn't care about, the opinions of a human condom being about as relevant to him as those of a dog. Further, she started making some not-so-reasonable requests that he visit a psychiatrist or psychologist, and since he was having none of that, he was forced to eject her from his room again. Such is the nature of women: all heart, no brains. Really, who was she to criticize him, when she had had him sexually tortured and mutilated as a child? He had certainly never consented to being circumcised. In fact, he did not even remember the event, but that it had caused some deep psychological scarring in his brain was almost certain. (For years now, he had been procrastinating on the task of restoring his foreskin to its original condition). And Louis was an extension of his parents, his failures were theirs too, the blame laying equally on both sides. And if he had become a shut-in and a NEET, it was them who had enabled him. If he had become fat, it was them who had fed him. And if he had turned out a total degenerate, it was them who had allowed him to read those books and watch those movies and browse those websites, and who had never done anything to correct his behaviour. As a matter of fact, no part of the blame lay on Louis' side, for he was only a product of his genes and his environment, and of these two factors he certainly had no control whatsoever, so that nobody could ever justifiably point an accusing finger at him for anything he had ever done.

But, coming back to the present, he had also received a response he was expecting: he had submitted an essay to one of the government magazines. It was a much censored publication, but he had written it in the mildest, most reasonable tone possible, making sure his arguments were incredibly subtle. Yet here came the negative reply. They objected to his use of punctuation and capitalization, but above all, they complained about certain 'offensive' and 'problematic' words, like 'beauty', 'beautiful', 'objective', 'inferior', 'female', 'dysfunction',



'better' and 'absolute'. He had also submitted a haiku to another mag, a poetry one, about two months ago, but they had not bothered to respond.

Later, he watched 'eXistenZ', a very kino movie by that talented kike director, David Cronenberg. And then he went back to Jessie and had dinner with her. About an hour later, at 9 pm, he kissed her goodnight, told her how much he loved her, and went upstairs. His mind was occupied with the following thoughts: for the love of everything that is good and pure in this world, why didn't the Supreme Gentleman rape a blonde before going on his rampage? Why not knock down the door of the sorority house and rape all those sluts before vanishing them to another realm of existence? Evidently, sometimes the apparently insurmountable barriers that stand between us and our objectives are merely mental. But does it really matter what one did, or did not do, before dissolving back into the inert matter from which one was formed? Such was the deeply philosophical question with which he set out to work on his Manifesto. He went to sleep at around 12 midnight.

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On February 23, Louis woke up with a thought on his head: that the whole ideology of leftism is based chiefly on two principles; first, the denial of the difference between the superior and the inferior, and second, that where such a denial could not take place, say because one was dealing with a category which had an objective existence, in those cases then the difference had to be eliminated by force, by bringing down the superior to the level of the inferior. Thus the hatred of the leftist for standards of beauty, intelligence, and any other subjective measure of human worth, and to an even greater degree, of objective categories like monies that put some individuals above the rest. However, and this must be stated very clearly, although Louis was concerned with leftism, because he had become a victim of it, nevertheless the political was but one of many dimensions which he was set to explore in his Manifesto, so that the analysis along that axis would be but a tiny, almost insignificant part of the whole work. Not wishing to lose these thoughts, he set out to write them down immediately.

Then, at around 1 pm, he went down to have lunch with Jessie. Ah, poor girl. He had talked to her daily, and although he found her quite an uninteresting person, the more they spoke, the more empathy he felt for her. Such a sweet little angel had certainly not deserved all the abuse she had suffered at the hands of a monster such as himself. At last he had come to regret the whole thing, but, alas, there was no way to unrape her. As soon as he entered, he saw that she was masturbating on the bed while reading a book: it was *The Crimes of Love*, by the Divine Marquis. She was hardly in a state to be described to the upright reader, but let me try: she was completely naked, her pupils were dilated, her face flushed, her hair in disarray, her breathing accelerated; she was covered in sweat, her nipples erect, her labia(both majora and minora) were engorged, her little clitoris erect, her vagina lubricated. "Look what you've done to me! You have corrupted my soul!"  
"What are you reading?"  
"Eugénie de Franval."  
"Oh, that's a good one."

“Do you think it’s appropriate for a child to do this, to read these books, to think such thoughts?”

“I see nothing wrong with that, and you are hardly a child anymore.”

“You want to damn my soul.”

“There is no soul, sweetheart. Do what you will and be happy.”

“Be happy? How could I be happy?”

“Is my love not enough?”

“You mean to tell me that you expect me to believe that you love me? How can you say you love me, when you have me here, caged like an animal? You don’t love me Louis. I want to be free. If you really love me, you will let me go.”

“Ah, cruel nymph!” said Louis. And here, the vile animal kneels before her ridiculously, starts kissing her feet and legs, then continues:

“I adore you, my princess. You are my everything; my Sun, my Moon and my Stars! For you alone I would sacrifice not only myself, but this entire Universe and all its wretched inhabitants! Yes, I have caged and bound you. But is it my fault that you are so beautiful? You are my most prized possession, how could I let you go? O Jessie, I am the true victim here, don’t you see? I have chained you with a steel chain, but you have chained my heart to yours with an adamantine chain! Yours is a physical chain, mine is spiritual! But you shall have your revenge.”

“What revenge, Louis? Who will avenge me!”

“I will avenge us both, princess. I will kill that fucking jew whose fault it is that you are here. Be certain that had his goddamned revolution never taken place, you would be free. Blame him, not me.”

“You asshole! You, and you alone are responsible for what happened to me! How dare you!”

“Be happy then, my death will avenge you. Be certain of that. And I give you my word, my princess, that you will be free when that happens. On the anniversary of the Day of Liberation, the kike and I will both die! And I will make sure you are rescued, Jessie; the police will be notified of your location. And I will give you everything I own, I will write it in my will. This house, too.”

“You are not lying, are you?”

“It’s nothing but the truth.”

“Do you promise?”

“I would swear it on my mother’s tomb, alas, she’s still alive.”

“Oh, Louis, I don’t know what to say. I don’t want you to die, believe me, I don’t hate you, but I want to go back to my family.”

“Even I am not so evil as to let a beautiful flower like you wither and die here. You need fresh air and sunlight.”

And here, the scoundrel starts kissing her legs and then spreads them wide open and starts kissing her at that Temple of Venus, which really ought to have remained intact until her wedding night, or at least until she reached that age at which it is said that a girl can consent. She leaned back on the bed and closed her eyes. Then she started moaning. Whether she felt pleasure or just feigned it, I do not know, but several moralists with whom I have conversed have assured me that that is quite beside the point, and that this act alone was a severe crime against the laws of God, Nature and Mankind. Be that as it may, for about 10 or 15 minutes, Louis worked with his tongue on her, until at last her contractions and moans appeared to indicate that she had reached her climax. Then he mounted her and

started making love to her. He could feel her breath on his face. She stuck out her tongue, as she usually did, and he started sucking on it. Then he started licking her neck. He did not last long: he took out his cock and ejaculated in her mouth. She swallowed, with a face of clear disgust. They cuddled for half an hour, ate their lunch, and then he left her.

"Far be from me to put a whore on a pedestal" he had once declared; but now he was ready to put this one on a pedestal made of gold and the size of a mountain. How quickly a misogynist abandons his principles once a woman is made available.

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Most americans had by now abandoned Christianity and instead adopted scientism. Some had gone so far as to try to replace the ritual of attending church with 'science courses', by which I mean that every Sunday morning, right before they went to their 'Self-criticism Session', they would congregate somewhere to listen to some fool who tried to awe the audience by reciting random factoids, or talking about the stars or some such pop science garbage. And such irrelevant gibberish was supposed to replace religion, but of course, such empty things could not really fill the vacuum left in their minds by religion, so that instead they ended up adopting other more fulfilling ideologies that nourished their ailing souls. On the other hand, most immigrants kept their own religions, so that mexicans kept their Catholicism, and iranians their Islam, and indians their Hinduism, and chinese their atheism, and so on and so forth. Louis himself had watched one of those 'LED Talks' that had become so popular, where LED did not stand for Light Emitting Diode, although the logo was a pair of red and green LEDs, but rather for 'Learning, Equality and Democracy'. The title of the talk was 'Living in a Changing World'. Such a generic name was a good indication of the kind of 'content' that was covered. What the talk was about was not important, yet the speaker was so smug, going on and on about how he was going to change the world with his 'Big Ideas', that Louis got so disgusted, he almost felt like puking. That pretentious fool threw around as many of the buzzwords those kind of people love so much as he possibly could: exponential, dynamic, paradigm, reason, science, humanism, progress, education, empowerment, holistic, democratization, post-scarcity, singularity... It's as if this fucktard was blind to what was going on all around him, and not just in America, but all over the world.

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On March 8, the world celebrated the International Women's Day with a big march, where you could see great masses of women and 'men' with their pussyhats. Why is it that there is no similar celebration for men? Let me tell you why, dear reader: because only the weak need to bitch for recognition. The superior get that recognition automatically by virtue of what they are and what they do.

Now, today, misogyny, that is to say, the hatred of Women, has become rather fashionable. I hope the reader will not be one of those fools who follow such trends. True it is that Women have smaller brains, even with respect to their smaller bodies, and that theirs have less convolutions than those of men. Nor would anybody deny that they have less strength,

creativity, valor and initiative than men, nor that they are much more shallow and incapable of independent thought, nor even, as has been made abundantly clear in recent times, that they have a tendency towards whoredom. And they are, despite their recent claims to equality or even superiority, still little more than a womb and its accompanying support system. But, be that as it may, I urge the reader who has ever spoken ill of the inferior sex, to wash his mouth with soap, for there is no man in this world, however great he may be, that has ever been borne out of anything but a Woman. And never has there been, there is not today, and until I see it, never shall I believe that there can be, a sex robot or artificial womb capable of replacing the better half of Humanity. And if Nature has designed creatures so mentally and physically inferior, yet I dare anybody to be stupid enough to contradict me when I proclaim that She has, as She is often wont of doing, compensated those innumerable flaws with much higher virtues; for it is undeniable that She has given Women a sublime beauty, and moreover, a much greater capacity for love and, in general, for emotion. So, imbecile misogynist, drop this book right now and go hug your mom, and if you chance have one or more, your sisters too.

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On march 24, a Tuesday, Louis woke up ecstatic. In his dreams, he had visited Heaven and drank tasty cunnyade straight from his favourite cunnyfu. The fading memory of the taste of the c-juice provided the inspiration he had been lacking, and he immediately got to work on his Manifesto, which had now expanded into a whole 25 pages of pure genius, in which he exposed profound and shocking truths and challenged the reader with novel and unconventional ideas; truly they were paradigm changers. His prose was fluid, his wit unmatched. For 35 continuous minutes he typed frantically on his computer, editing and re-editing every paragraph until it was just right. Then he took a snack break. When he came back, however, he was feeling too tired to keep going, so instead he browsed an imageboard he frequented, where he participated in an interesting and heated argument. One of his numerous opponents had called him out on his shit, and then started calling him names. As Louis realized he could not outwit him, he resorted instead to submitting an anonymous internet tip to the FBI, accusing him of terrorism and pedophilia.

Ah, what sublime transformation Louis' mind had experienced! He had never held philosophers in high esteem and, for the longest time, he had considered that Philosophy was not even a proper field of study, and that philosophical questions were precisely those that were unanswerable; and whatever answers one could try to give to them were either wrong, unverifiable, meaningless or irrelevant. But now he thought that every question had, at least in principle, an answer, and while he may have been wrong about this, nevertheless, he was of the opinion, and here one could not possibly contradict him, that the chief enemies to be conquered in life are uncertainty and doubt, and that to vanish those specters from our minds one had first to believe that the answers to the most difficult philosophical questions could be reached by deep and careful thought.

At 12:35, he went down to have lunch with his princess. But, would you believe it? She told him that she had had her first period (being only 12), and since she never had any clothes on, she had stained all the bedsheets with blood. Louis congratulated her for having become

a woman, and promised her that they would celebrate that important event, and that he would give her a gift. The reader will soon learn what exactly he was going to gift her, but let me just make the remark that the 'gift' was going to be meant more for himself than for her. He told her not to worry about the sheets, and that he would bring her new ones later that day. They talked for about an hour, and then the criminal made sweet love to her.

Afterwards, he went back to his room and decided to watch a very hyped cyberpunk movie called 'Extraordinary Sensations'. It had been produced by, believe it or not, Harvey Weinstein(after his dramatic and successful comeback) and other Jewllywood bigs. Most scenes took place in(and had been shot in) Hong Kong. Louis thought that this might just be the quintessential robocore movie, the apex of the Seventh Art. Certainly, so far, every scene had been a masterpiece of cinematography. In the particular scene he's watching right now, there's a beautiful chinese girl taking a bath. Only her head, arms and feet are visible, the rest of her body inside the bathtub. Her eyes are closed and she seems to be relaxing. After a few seconds of that, there's a change of camera and now you can see her from behind as she gets out of the bathtub. Louis' hand was already on the appropriate part of his anatomy, as it usually happens, and now it starts working on it. Now there's another change of camera, and you can see a full frontal shot of her naked body, a bush covering her nether regions. She takes a towel, then dries each part of her body in turn. Now she hangs her towel up, wraps another one around her head, then leaves the bathroom, camera following her, and enters her room. She lies down on her bed. There's a close-up of her face. Once again, her eyes are closed and she's relaxing. Now you can see her right hand, moving through her body, until it reaches her crotch and begins playing with her pubes. Another close-up of her face: her mouth is slightly open, her cheeks are turning slightly red. She's thinking about something. They show her breasts and you can see that her nipples are getting hard. Now she wets her fingers with saliva. A close-up of her crotch: she's masturbating. Another shot of her full body: she's breathing fast. Louis is hurrying now, he wants to time his orgasm to coincide with hers. Now they show her face, it's getting redder; then her full body, getting sweaty. Then there's another close-up of her hairy pussy, her hand working fast on her clit, and finally another one of her face. She orgasms, but Louis is off by a few seconds: he ejaculates just as the scene cuts abruptly to show a smiling african, his orgasm ruined. Louis is so furious that he fell for another jewish trick, that he almost flings his laptop across the room. But he knows his parents are not here to buy him another one. It's happened before. Worse yet, he opened his mouth so wide during his climax, that his jaw is locked open, and he is panicking, feeling with his hand the bulge below his jaw, the muscles turned into a knot. He stands up and starts moving in circles, terrified. Fortunately, after a few seconds, the muscles relax and he can close his jaw. But his fury only increased. He was a man no more, but an angry Titan, a furious Leviathan, a raging god ready to smash Mars against the Earth and fling them into the Sun! To believe those fucking Christ-killers had the nerve to complain about the holohoax! Alas, it really ought to have taken place, but it did not: the nazis had gone easy on them, the jews had certainly deserved much worse! Really, considering all the things that the jews have done, turning them into a few bars of soap would've been a kind of amnesty. Louis has to take a shot of hard liquor and then take a cold shower just to cool down.

After changing Jessie's sheets and having dinner with her, he goes back to his room to sleep. Unfortunately, during the last few days, Louis had been suffering from a terrible case of fatal insomnia, and not wishing to take another xanax, because he had a rule not to take more than 2 mg per week and he had already been taking quite a few xannie bars, he decided instead to dig up an old box of melatonin he had. He was almost sure that this so-called 'neurohormone' wasn't even biologically active, but just in case he was wrong, he swallowed all the pills in the box. Yet he couldn't fall asleep, so at around 3 am he went downstairs to the basement and gifted Jessie a little bit of his unrequited love.

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On March 31st, Louis surprised Jessie with the gift he had promised her. She was totally naked, with the exception of some panties that Louis allowed her to wear, after the accident with the period blood. Louis asked her to remove them, and she did. Now he takes out his gift from a bag he had brought with him: it was jewelry, lots and lots of jewelry. Granted, some of it was fake, but not all of it, some pieces were genuine, and in any case it had all cost him a little fortune, considering his economic situation.

First he put a beautiful tiara on her head. It was golden and adorned with diamonds and rubies(fake, yes, but who could tell?) Then he put a golden necklace on her, with a golden pendant shaped like a heart; and two earrings shaped like dragons surround her ears and descend until their tails go through the earring holes. Then he took out a lot of thin gold chains and adorned all her body with them: her breasts, arms, abdomen, crotch, ass, thighs, calves. On her chest, the chains take the form of the outline of a bra: the gold chains form a triangle around each breast. On her crotch, they take the form of a triangle around the vulva, and from the lower vertex another chain goes back like a g-string, with a ruby covering her anus. All the chains have incrustated in them little diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, zirconiums, aquamarines, amethysts, tourmalines, pearls and other gemstones. On her arms, the slave bracelets are joined, by other thin golden chains, to the beautiful rings on her middle fingers. Similarly, her anklets are joined by a beautiful starfish design on the tops of her feet, to the toe rings on her index toes(what is known as a barefoot sandal). In short, you could not have seen anything more delicious in the world, and she looked more like a princess or a goddess than a common girl. He got on his knees and admired her tremendous beauty for a couple of minutes, hypnotized, while she modeled all that jewelry for him. Then he took some pictures. Of course she liked her gift, and yet, it was obvious that it had been chosen more for his pleasure than for hers, so she demanded another gift, one that was exclusively for her. He asked her what she would like, but she told him that it was up to him what he got her, but that she better like it. He assented. I will leave it as an exercise for the reader, for him to imagine what happened afterwards, but let me just say that that night they slept together in that basement.

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The government had extended the price controls to all sorts of things, so that there were now shortages of all sorts of goods: gas, medicines, toilet paper, bicycles, energy, condoms, sugar, salt, paper, steel... You name it, whatever you were looking for, there was a shortage

of it. And in order to buy it, you had to stand in a long, long, infinitely long line to maybe, just maybe, get it on a lucky day at a price fixed by the wise government. Or, alternatively, you could acquire it illegally on the black market at a much higher price. Hell, the shortages now extended even to women, who were so relatively scarce, because most immigrants were male, that now they could actually call themselves a 'minority'. And because of that, they were at constant risk of being raped. Louis thought that, with women being the #1 supporters of open borders, perhaps it served them right. Moreover, since there were shortages of menstrual pads and tampons, women now had to use a menstrual cup. It was a little thing they put in their vaginas to collect all the menstrual blood, and they would just throw the blood in the toilet and wash the cup. But many women were instead taking up a practice they called 'free bleeding', by which I mean that they would menstruate right into their underwear, or pants, or in some cases into nothing at all, in other words, into the street on which they were walking or they chair on which they were sitting. It was 2026, so nobody dared oppress those women by so much as suggesting that perhaps they didn't have the right to free bleed whenever and wherever they wanted: period shaming was simply out of the question.

It was really surprising how quickly the government had ruined everything. Other governments had taken years to thoroughly wreck the economy, but this one had done it in months, which surely was some kind of an achievement. As a matter of fact, they were still hiring more and more people (immigrants were given priority), that were mostly put to work expropriating the remaining businesses. All the major businesses belonging to the most important industries had already been nationalized and either had been totally ruined or were in the process of being ruined. But the remaining small and medium businesses were on the line towards nationalization. Americans had for the first time met poverty, real poverty, of a kind they had never really experienced. And they, who had never suffered from a lack of food, could now be seen resorting to the vilest tricks in order to get a little something to eat. That was the price they were paying for their transgression against the eternal laws of Nature. The government was becoming a gigantic machine intent on controlling every aspect of the life of every American citizen. Soon America would be a Command Economy, or perhaps the promised Communist society: stateless, classless, cashless and foodless, and a little later peopleless too.

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On Monday, April 20, Louis turned 29. He celebrated his birthday with Jessie by eating a delicious cake and drinking red wine. He had her hold gulps of the wine in her mouth, rinse her mouth and gargle with them, and then he would swallow them; he also had her chew some of the cake for him, which he would then have straight out of her mouth, and swallow it with the greatest pleasure. Later, she gave him a very special gift, which I'll leave up to the reader's imagination. But at night, he wanted to have a little fun by himself: he decided to celebrate by going out and scoring some pills. He went to a bar, and there he bought a small, purple colored pill, with a smiley face engraved on one side and the letter 'E' on the other. There was no way to tell what it actually was, but the dealer had told him it was ecstasy. Perhaps it was meth, perhaps it was caffeine, perhaps it was ritalin, perhaps it was nothing. Louis swallowed the pill, then had a brief moment of panic which he quickly got over, then began his walk back home. After 10 minutes, he started feeling something,

although he wasn't sure. Another 10 minutes later, he was certain the drug was kicking in, and whatever it was, it was strong. Don't be afraid, he told himself, nothing's gonna happen, don't be a pussy. Worst case scenario, he has to take a xannie, pass out and would wake up the next day not knowing what the fuck had happened last night. He started seeing some tracers, minor visual distortions, a feeling of energy going through his body in waves. Then, a few minutes later, time started passing veeery sloooooowlyyy, and he felt incredible happiness and euphoria. Everything was so beautiful and colorful, everybody looked so happy, everything was so perfect. When he got home, he was feeling amazing, and he listened to some electronic music and drank some cold water. Life could not have been better. For a few hours, everything was just like it should be, but then he felt that something not so good was coming. He had never taken E before, wasn't even sure it was ecstasy. Now it came, now he felt it, the emptiness, the depression, the horror. Everything became meaningless and colorless. He went outside, tried to remain calm, but it was in vain. It was worse than he had expected. Everybody looked so sad, so empty. Everything was so pointless and meaningless. And everything was so phony and fake. He thought about the buzzwords, the smiling faggots on TV and on stock photos; how everything's a trend a tendency to follow. He thought about the reflex action of smiling for a picture or when meeting someone, trying to pretend that we are happy, when we really are not. We are all miserable. The balance between pleasure and pain, or between happiness and suffering always leans towards pain and suffering. He was filled with despair, looking at all those people in the streets, miserable in their own ways, but pretending, always pretending. The Universe had no reason to exist, there should have been nothing, just a void. Then he remembered the red-headed woman from the confession group, the one who had hugged him and given that stupid little speech attacking the 'chronarchy' and 'pedophobia'. What a stupid, lying whore. It was bullshit, pure gibberish. Soon the house of cards would collapse, and all those that had come out as pedophiles would be lynched in the streets. He had made a big mistake in sharing that secret. Of course, it didn't really matter, but at that moment, he could think of nothing that filled him with more dread than that. He had to go back to his home and take the xannie and pass out, because it was too much for him.

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At about 10 am the next day, Louis was awoken by the sound of fireworks. He went to the rooftop, equipped with binoculars, and looked around. He quickly located the source of the disturbance: about two blocks away from his home, there was a large group of protesters making much noise. They had blocked the street with burning trash and tires. After a few minutes, the police arrived in armoured vehicles. Now the protesters threw rocks and a few molotov cocktails at them, but only rarely did they hit their targets, which in any case proved immune to such weak weapons. The police fired tear gas grenades, which the protesters would pick up and throw back. Now the police officers got out of their vehicles, dressed in riot gear and equipped with shields. They fired rubber bullets at the protesters, but they too had improvised shields with wood or plastic. A stun grenade exploded near the protesters, and a little later it was a sting-ball grenade, which wounded three of them. Now a molotov hit one of the pigs, who was set briefly on fire before his colleagues put out the flames with a fire extinguisher.



Now the police advanced in formation against the protesters, receiving a rain of bottles and rocks and other objects, but they were heavily protected so it didn't slow them down. Gunshots were heard, and one of the pigs went down. His friends quickly helped him out of the scene. Now the police fired back with dozens of tear gas and stun and sting-ball grenades, and rubber bullets. The protesters had to fall back. A group of blackies joined them and helped hold the line. But now from another street, a group of paramilitary communists arrived. They opened fire on the protesters, and Louis saw two of the blackies go down, while the rest quickly dispersed. These guerrilla fighters were on motorcycles, and there were two cops with them, apparently giving them instructions and making signs at their colleagues on the other side of the street. Now somebody from a tall apartment building threw two molotov cocktails at the guerrilla, missing them by a hair. They responded by opening fire on the building. After a few minutes of little action, more gunshots were heard, and one of the guerrilla fighters went down. Then a few seconds later, another one, then a third. There was much smoke and confusion, but Louis had the impression that they were being gunned down by a sniper. The paramilitary soldiers picked up their fallen comrades, panicked and rapidly fled, moving forward to where the protesters had been. The police, too, fled the scene. The two downed blackies, however, nobody helped. After about 20 minutes of nothing happening, Louis went back to sleep.

At 12 midday, he went down to have lunch with Jessie. They talked about the experience he had had last night, and about the protest he had just witnessed. Louis had to buy some things, and since he was running low on cash, he decided to buy them from the supermarket rather than the black market, where things were more expensive. Since he knew the queues were long, he left her some food for dinner and told her not to wait for him.

He arrived at the supermarket at around 2 pm, and saw the line was long indeed, hundreds of people, but he resigned himself to the situation and took his place. And God, what a line that was! Over there, was a homosexual man, hair tinted a bright pink. Right after him there were two Australian aborigines, apparently drunk, or high on petrol or something. And behind them there were two Africans. Next to them was a line trap. Then there was a woman with a mutt baby in one hand, and a soda in the other, accompanied by her beta provider, a weak looking man with acne. Next to them was a single mom, a pretty blonde Stacy, with another mutt baby in her arms. Following her, there was a melanin enriched couple, the one dressed as an Egyptian king, sporting a crosier in his right hand and a paper pyramid on his head; the other dressed perhaps as Queen Cleopatra. Next in line was a police officer; his rainbow colored uniform informing everyone that he was a member of the LGBT&c brigade. Behind him was a group of three young girls, two white and one brown. And behind them was a woman, covered in skin folds, the result of rapid weight loss. And finally, there was Louis. The girls were singing a song that went thus:

“just put it in my mouth,  
blow your load,  
shoot my brains out,  
ye ye yeah...”

The woman in front, the foldy one, was resting against the wall and looking at them with amusement. The tune was catchy, but it was rather inappropriate for a group of maybe twelve-year-olds to be singing that stuff. Well, Louis was not one to judge. Then a fat woman came from behind, but she went right past him, as if he wasn't there. Louis tried to stop her. But instead of apologizing, this ugly pig-disgusting roastie started shouting something about the patriarchy, and that he had to check his privilege, and something about slut shaming, and traditional gender roles, and cis white scum, and that she was studying to get some shit degree, and that her (((teachers))) had told her that she had a right to discriminate against white males, and blah blah blah... Louis decided to let it pass, so he ignored her until her voice became just background noise. In any case, the line did not advance much, after about five hours they had gone forward maybe five meters. On the other side of the street, Louis saw two women go past a muslim man holding hands with a young girl wearing a hijab. The women stopped and turned around to look at them, making a ridiculous expression as if they were looking at a cute puppy, although there was no telling whether the muslim and girl were father and daughter, or husband and wife, like Muhammad and Aisha. That was the crazy behaviour of burgerland women c. 2026. A sign of the times to come: it was frighteningly clear that America was on the fast track to Progress, and soon it would be an amalgamation of foreign and repellent elements.

Louis gave up and went back home. He arrived at about 8:30 pm, and decided to check out on Jessie. Since she used to be bored out of her mind, he had given her an extra laptop computer he had(from which he had removed the wireless network adapter), and an external hard drive which he had loaded with movies, video games and books. She had apparently changed her mind about video games, and she spent most of her time playing them. In particular, she had become obsessed with a real-time strategy game called Universal Combat(not to be confused with the piece of shit game created by Derek Smart), and later with a role-playing game called 'Dreamland'. She was laying on her bed, with the laptop on her chest, playing the latter game. She was wearing only panties and, with the exception of the tiara, she was covered head-to-toe with all the jewelry he had given her; even her bottom jewelry was overlaid atop her panties. Louis experienced a lubricious sensation as soon as he set his eyes on her. He lay down next to her and watched her play for a few minutes. "Is my baby thirsty?" she asked him.

He started crying like a baby, so she put the laptop under the bed.

"Come to mommy" she said; then she sat up, with her back against the wall, and he positioned himself at her bosom and started suckling like an infant: by doing this constantly during the last few weeks, he had at last managed to induce lactation, and his efforts were rewarded by a small stream of delicious warm milk. He removed his pants, and she jerked him off until he came in her hand, which he then directed towards her mouth. Somewhat displeased, she nevertheless complied.

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That Saturday, that is to say, the 25th of April, Louis had to trade some things. He left Jessie some food, and then left early, at around 9 am. Traffic was heavy drue to the protests that were taking place. The noisemakers had blocked quite a number of streets, so Louis had to park his car and walk the rest of the way. He arrived at the manga store at about 10:30 am.

He was not looking forward to dealing with the man: his brown hair, his piercing and his necklace signaled to everyone that he was a sodomite looking for potential victims. Not wanting to catch AIDS, Louis tried to keep his distance during the transaction. What he offered was a remarkable and very expensive small collection of comic books, including some very rare first editions and autographed issues. It had cost him, or rather his parents, a small fortune, and it was hard for Louis to let go of all that paper gold. But he had no choice, he had to exchange them for more important things that he needed with great urgency. He left the store with the oxycontin and adderall pills securely stored in the left pocket of his jeans. Better living through chemistry. The rest of the value he had acquired took on a more abstract form: as bytes on the dogecoin blockchain, stored somewhere in cyberspace.

As he was walking back, he saw some protesters, and curiosity got the better of him, so he merged with the mob. Those foolish americans thought that they could eject the communist government just by bitching at it. Louis had a tiny little bit of hope in his heart that things would get out of control and he would get to witness some hardcore violence. A man gave him a paper american flag attached to a stick; Louis thanked him and then, once the man was out of sight, he tossed it on the floor. Then he saw that there was a coin on the floor, and although he wasn't so desperate as to pick it up, he stopped in order to look at it, and then someone violently pushed him from behind. He collided with the plus-sized woman in front, but her great inertia meant that she barely felt anything, and she paid him no attention. Louis turned around to see who had pushed him, and he was surprised to see that there was a group of monkeys behind him. He was now walking backwards, and the nigger located right in front of him pushed him again with great force. "Keep movin' whities!" said the undercolored primate. This uppity nigger was challenging him to a duel, and Louis was not one to back out of one-on-one combat, but he knew that niggers are pack animals, and since there were 7 of them, he decided not to test his luck(how wise of the Lord to color-code people so that we may better know what to expect from them!). Of course, he could pop a cap in his ass with his Glock, but it didn't seem like such a bright idea. So he quickly left.

As he was not in a hurry, Louis went back in a somewhat roundabout way, just to enjoy the decaying scenery. People had to drive carefully because the streets were covered with potholes. Louis thought about his vision for the future world that he had had as a child. He had expected his own city to be a neon colored cyberpunk city extending vertically miles up into the sky and down below the surface, the skies filled with flying cars; and populated by prosthetically augmented superhumans and androids. Instead what he got was a decaying neocommunist shithole populated with subhumans, where most of the males were transitioning to female because of all the hormones in the water, and with most buildings not being much above two stories high. Even the buildings that the government had constructed for the immigrants could not compete in size or even aesthetics with those lifeless commieblocks that the reds had built so long ago in Russia and Eastern Europe to house their worker ants. And he couldn't even fuck a robowhore because the primitive sexbots available had been banned in the country. It took Louis about two hours to reach his destination, because he stopped to buy some ice cream and took several breaks along the way. Finally, at about 2 pm he got there. As he approached his car, he saw a man eyeing him suspiciously. Louis stared back, to show him that he was not afraid of anything. Then the man came towards him and asked:

"Hey buddy, is this your car?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Well, you see, this is my house. I've been waiting for you for 4 hours. Not very nice of you."

"Oh, sorry, I didn't see a sign."

"A sign? Are you blind? This is a garage, you can see my car inside."

"Yeah, should've put up a sign, to let people know not to park in front."

"How can you be so selfish and so inconsiderate? You could have parked over there, that space is always available. I've got a job, you know. My boss has been calling me all morning. I have a family to feed..."

Louis let the man go on for about ten minutes. His arguments were very reasonable and appeared carefully thought out. Louis, however, did not feel compelled to give in to a Jew, so he dismissed them out of hand. "Oy vey!" Louis shouted, imitating the Jew's very nasal voice, "this goy is trying to murder me! Somebody please help me! It's another holocaust! I need reparations! Remember the six trillion!" The man's eyes and mouth opened wide with astonishment, but he said nothing. He scratched the bald spot on his head in confusion as he went back inside his house. Louis got into his car and quickly drove away.

Louis had seen enough of the outside world for today, so he closed the blinds of his room and got to work on his Magnum Opus. Louis' Manifesto had by now become an elaborate system of thought which comprised, expanded upon, and would soon supersede all the major philosophies and religions of all the ages. Truly, it was the apotheosis of human thought. He was absolutely positive that one day he would be revered as a Prophet, and his Manifesto would be required reading for all children in all schools worldwide. An entire field of scholarship would emerge, dedicated to the study of his work alone. People would write huge tomes about it, tens of times larger than his short Manifesto. Journals would be published, where pedantic fools would trace all the obscure references he had populated his work with, and argue about minor differences in the wording of different translations of his work.

At about 6 pm, he went down to have dinner with Jessie. She complained that she looked sickly pale, but Louis told her not to be silly, and he explained to her that pale skin has always been viewed as something good, and that women in any great civilization have always protected themselves from sunlight. Isn't it true, he asked her, that the Japanese, the epitome of civilization, have their geishas paint their faces white, in order to look more beautiful? She disagreed, something which he ascribed to her Jewish brainwashing. Before they ate anything, he told her to collect saliva in her mouth, and then he sucked it out of her mouth and swallowed it. He repeated this operation about 10 times while he jerked off. With these preliminaries taken care of, they enjoyed a delicious meal of canned tuna, canned vegetables and diet soda.

"Ugh. The same thing AGAIN?" she said.

"There's nothing else, Jessie. What do you want me to do?"

And then he said "Now let me tell you that story you wanted to hear, about that time I got high out of my mind on acid."

"Now, this happened a few years ago, I'm not sure exactly when. I was already a NEET, after finishing high school. My friend Victor, who was also my neighbour, although I had met

him in school, had scored some 'acid'. Matter of fact, this shit wasn't actually LSD, but another similar drug called 25I-NBOMe. So I went to his house at night. First we put the tabs on our tongues for a picture. They were tiny little squares of blotting paper. Whether some of the drug was absorbed at that moment I do not know, but immediately after snapping the photo, we took out the tabs and cut them into four pieces, and put one of the pieces on our gums. This was at about 12 midnight. We were playing a game on his PS3, and about maybe ten minutes later I looked at my controller, and I saw it warp, like a whirlpool. I started panicking, so I threw the rest of the tabs in the toilet. Soon I started hallucinating, seeing fractal patterns on the walls. We put on some psytrance music and tried to relax, but I was scared. I could feel the music, flowing through the room. We smoked some cigarettes and I saw the red tip of my cig everywhere. The room we were in became much larger, and time started passing very slowly. Eventually, we ran out of cigarettes, so we decided to go to a store to buy another pack. My short term memory was totally fucked, so I felt like I was teleporting; like my body was rematerializing a few meters ahead every time. When we were back, I started losing touch with reality, I wasn't sure what was going on anymore. I felt like my whole past was an illusion, my memories were fake, and the Universe wasn't real. Time almost froze, and at times I actually felt like time was going backwards, you know, like causality was reversed. I got more and more detached from reality, until I felt like I had to see my house to make sure it actually existed. So, we went to my house, which was right in front of my friend's. Unfortunately, he left me for a minute in order to call the friend that had sold him the drug. In my drugged out state, I suddenly found myself in my parents' room. Apparently, I had told them I had taken a drug. Next thing I know, they tell me to get in the car, and I'm already inside, and we are going to the hospital. I felt like we were travelling at the speed of light, and I saw buildings deconstructing and reconstructing themselves all around us. I felt like everything was beginning to happen simultaneously, like time was collapsing to a single instant, and space to a single point, and that was going to be the end of the Universe. Shit was crazy. At some point I actually thought I was just an atom just bouncing around, and that I had hallucinated that I was a human being. Then I felt like I was the whole Universe experiencing itself from my own point of view, hallucinating its own existence. When we got to the hospital, I was convinced nothing was real. I attacked a nurse, tried to choke her, but my dad and my friend stopped me. Everything looked so fake, and everyone gave the impression of being an actor, so I thought I was dreaming. The Dr. didn't give me anything, and just told my parents to take me back home and watch over me, and that if I didn't come back from the trip, I would have to see a shrink. I swear I thought that the car was travelling backwards when we went back home, and time was going in reverse. I had drunk apparently about half a large bottle of mineral water, although I didn't remember that, so I had a tremendous stomach ache, and I was burping all the time. My friend eventually left, and I was just walking around in my house, feeling like I was teleporting, and thinking that nothing was real. The reason anything existed, was because the Universe had thought it existed, and it had hallucinated itself into existence. At that moment it was experiencing its own existence through me, but eventually it would experience itself from the eyes of others. I was filled with despair. I thought that I was the Universe, and that I would experience life from the point of view of an infinite number of creatures. Worse yet, I thought that the moment I had realized that nothing was real, the Universe had lost its coherence, and from now on it would get less and less coherent, it would make less sense and would become more and more chaotic and nonsensical, more

random. I went to my room and lay down on my bed. I asked my dad to take me to a warehouse, but he ignored me. Then I fell asleep. I woke up at around 6 pm, went with my friend to the store for some soda, and I started asking him questions. Apparently, the drug didn't affect him much. I told him I had hallucinated that we had gone to a hospital, but he told me that that had really happened, and that I had attacked a nurse, something which I only very vaguely remembered."

"That is awesome", said Jessie, "can I try it too?"

"Don't even think about it. You will go crazy, especially given your situation."

"Please."

"Hell naw."

"Pretty please?"

"No. But wait for me, I've got something else I can give you, but only this one time. I don't want you to become a junkie, OK?"

He went to his room and came back with four pills: two of adderall, and two of oxycontin. He gave her one of each, and took one of each himself. It was under the influence of these drugs, that they experienced life's sweetest delights.

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On May 1st, Friday, Louis woke up at 8 am. He turned on the TV, to watch the news. A man had been killed when his chinese-made office chair exploded, sending shrapnel up his rectum. There had been another muslim terrorist attack, 27 dead. Ah, but there was something else, something important: a bridge had been constructed, uniting Florida with Cuba; that was 106 miles(171 km) of bridge! There was really no reason for that impressive structure to exist, but it had been built as a joint-venture between America, Russia, China and Cuba. Alas, americans had done their part badly, having hired, because of the Diversity Initiative of 2026, mostly women, niggers and spics, and as a result part of the bridge had collapsed just two days after being inaugurated, killing 17. Not a great loss. Louis changed the channel. A music video, autotuned pop trash. A token nigger appeared mid-video, rapping some meaningless gibberish. He changed the channel. A pop-science show. The host was a very famous nigger 'scientist'. How low we have fallen, that we give more credit to niggers than they are due simply because of the color of their shitskin. He changed the channel. Somebody was explaining the workings of a machine the jews had invented with the purpose of cheating their own god during the Shabbat and other jewish holidays: yet more proof of their insanity and of their essentially dishonest, deceitful, scheming nature. He turned off the TV. Louis downed a pill of oxycontin and one of adderall with a glass of tasty soy milk. He got out his laptop and decided to watch one of those LED Talks. The subject of the talk was violence: how bad violence was, how to combat it, why it was disappearing and how it would soon disappear altogether. Such was the thesis of the speaker - a psychologist, no less. The idiot was apparently unaware that violence was a characteristic of life that had been present since its very beginning, more than four billion years ago, when it consisted of nothing more than an array of self-replicating molecules, and this feature had been preserved until our days and replicated at all scales, at all levels of organization of life. Truly, those were some 'inspiring ideas that change the world', feel-good bullshit.

During the rest of the day, Louis went through his usual routine. At about 11 pm, he went to the basement. He turned on one of the lights, so that the room was partially illuminated. Jessie was asleep. It was hot, so she was completely naked. He knelt by her bed and began smelling her. First he smelled her hair, her breath, her neck (she was wearing the perfume he had given her), her chest, her arms, her hands (he could tell she'd been playing with herself), her crotch, her ass, her legs, her feet. Then he began running his hands through her body, touching her where no man should have touched her. She woke up, clearly not in the mood.

"What are you doing!"

"My Helen, my Muse, you know I can't help myself. You're as beauteous as Venus when she rose from ocean's bed. As alluring as the vernal gale wafting the fragrance of the spicy dale."

"Oh, you say the sweetest things! Quite the poet, aren't you? Get your hands off me! You're a monster, a rogue!"

"A criminal, a murderer, a demon. I am all those things and many more."

"What? A murderer?"

"They were socialists! I killed them, now they're gone. And nothing of value was lost."

"And what will be my end?"

"I would never hurt you, Jessie."

"Ah, you already have! But who did you kill?"

"I told you, some socialists."

"But who? What were their names? When did you kill them? How? How many?"

"Just a few. I poisoned some random poor people, Jessie. All the poor are socialists. They are human garbage, the scum of the Earth. I've improved the genetic stock of our nation. I did absolutely nothing wrong, they deserved it. Blame them for all that's happened to you."

"Why do you tell me this? Do you think I wanna hear such things? Oh, Louis, Louis! Nothing is more to you than yourself! You are an egoist, a scumbag!"

"I am the creative nothing out of which everything itself is created."

"You are a piece of shit! Your philosophy is the result of your misery. It is a shield you use to defend yourself from the attacks of a cruel world."

"Ah, you can see through me and right into my soul."

"You are afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of everything. Afraid of the whole world. You have said so yourself. You have put up a fence between you and the outside world, and you call it a philosophy. It is nothing of the sort. Look at me! You may still repent of your crimes."

"I will never repent of anything. And I shall commit a few more crimes before I leave this world."

"You think you will go like a hero, killing Steinberg? You won't be able to kill him. You may kill a few fools, and then yourself. Even if you succeed, no one will care. No one will remember you. You will be nothing! Let me go, and live your own life, Louis. You need to live, your life is precious."

"I will kill that fucking kike, Jessie; I will turn him into an inert pile of flesh and bones. I will open fire on his followers. You should be happy I will die, because it is the only way you will gain your freedom. I would never let you go otherwise!"

"Then you will pay for your crimes with your life! Fine then, I will pray for you."

“It makes no difference. If there is a hell, your prayers cannot help me. If there is not, they are no use. You are a fool.”

“You are gambling with eternity. You are the only idiot here.”

“Don’t play with fire.”

“Is that a threat? What will you do? Are you going to kill me, too? Go ahead, you wouldn’t dare, you are a coward!”

And here the subhuman wound a turn of the chain around her neck and started strangling her. She looked straight into his eyes. Tears began rolling down her cheeks. She tried to stop him, but could not.

“You don’t know what I’ve become, you little whore. All things are nothing to me. Don’t play with fire or you will get burned.”

Then he stopped himself, was overcome with regret, and quickly left. She was sobbing, her hands feeling her neck. But why did she show so much concern for the vile subhuman animal that had confined her and raped her so many times? Ah, how different women are from men: they have such pure hearts; they are more impervious to malign influences, and much more difficult to corrupt; whereas the latter always seem to be all too eager to stray from the path of virtue when given but the slightest push.

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On the next day, as soon as he awoke, he went down to see her, and started melting into tears, asking for her forgiveness. He could barely speak. But she, angel come down from Heaven, had already forgiven him, even though her neck still showed the signs of his brutality. She hugged him and told him that everything would be alright. For about an hour, he cried and cried and tried to excuse his behaviour by telling her about all the ways that the world had supposedly fucked him over and turned him into what he had become; although in truth, most of those wounds were self inflicted: it was him who had chosen his own path and fucked his own life, long before socialism had collapsed the economy. Pay attention, friendly reader, for this is a lesson that I believe you would do well to learn: because of his studies, Louis had long ago embraced, at least in theory if not in practice, that kind of philosophical nihilism that would have quickly led other, less cowardly individuals, towards libertinage and crime. But it was when he saw that his parents abandoned him, that the whole world was collapsing all around him, that everybody but him was giving themselves over to degeneracy, that his life was ruined and likely to end soon one way or another, it was then, I say, that he gained the courage necessary to carry out his crimes. Nor was his case unique: it is in times of great calamities when Humanity shows its true colors, and people plunge themselves into every kind of vice and crime. May the Lord forgive them. Turn around, then, if you are one of those who think that they are above Religion, because your waywardness will soon lead you towards nihilism and libertinage, and from there you are one step away from Hell.

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America was now entering a period of severe and ever accelerating hyperinflation. The government was hard at work printing money and expanding credit at an ever accelerating rate, devaluing the currency day after day. And all for what? Allegedly, it was to pay for the



unsustainable programs that were supposed to help the poor. The U.S. dollar was going the way of the Zimbabwean dollar. And with the price controls in place and enforced in so many businesses, the nation was going to collapse in no time at all. But where were the economists? Why, there were none to speak of anymore, the people in charge of economic matters were anything but economists, or at least not serious economists, but cranks of the highest order. The reader will agree with me that, when the economy collapses due to socialist policies and yet those policies are kept in place, it is always exceedingly difficult to discern, in each particular case, if it is the result of malice or incompetence: it is certainly not uncommon for the leaders to increase their profits and the power they hold over their serfs, the more the economy is plunged into ruin. Louis imagined what a million, billion, trillion dollar bill would look like, but of course, no such thing would be seen, because the next step in the government's plan was to abolish paper currency and force every transaction to be electronic, so that they could be monitored. Only in the black market would paper money, of more stable and less devalued currencies, survive, illegally. There were riots every day, the country was fighting a civil war on the streets, and everything was going to shit at the speed of light.

The 'National Democratic Economic Council' would meet daily, and numerous schemes would be proposed to deal with all the problems caused by the price controls and other policies they themselves had implemented, but instead of reverting them, they tried to fix things by intensifying them or by inventing new ones. Only rarely would something actually be done, but when that happened, things would invariably get worse. Every one of their idiotic ideas was guaranteed to be somewhat of a downgrade, every measure intended to 'boost production' was sure to cause a dislocation of the economy, and production would drop. The country was bankrupt, and everything that wasn't taken by the jews was being bought cheap by the chinese and, to a much lesser extent, by the russians.

As public discontent became more and more widespread, the government intensified its propaganda, demonizing their enemies with increasingly outrageous lies, denouncing imaginary new ones, and inventing ever stranger and more unlikely conspiracies. And to appease the public and secure power for himself, the Great Leader carried out extensive purges of the government ranks; now comrades who had been the best of friends could be seen conspiring against each other, fabricating evidence to incriminate their former allies and throwing public accusations that their old friends had committed the worst of crimes. And when that proved insufficient to keep the people in line, the government began arresting anyone under the slightest suspicion of counterrevolutionary activities; thousands of enemies of the state were captured and hundreds were publicly executed daily. The prisons were full, but they improvised new ones. But it made no difference: as the system collapsed and society broke down, the anger of the people became uncontainable. Realizing that nothing lasts forever and their days were counted, many of the government elites began to flee, but they, too, were in many cases captured and executed for treason.

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Louis was suddenly hit with the realization that in his 29 years of life he had never succeeded in doing anything, and he felt his luck was not about to change, not today,

perhaps not ever. No, he was not quite up to the task of killing Steinberg, however hard he tried. It was just impossible for him to kill him. The security around him was too tight, there was no way he could drop a bomb on him with a drone. These thoughts plunged him into a deep depression, and he spent the whole day watching chinese cartoon porn and masturbating, only going down to feed Jessie, not even bothering to 'play' with her.

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The detonator consisted of a thyristor connected to two 9 volt batteries in series, and activated by a cell phone. In other words, when the phone received the call, instead of vibrating it would activate the thyristor, and the current supplied by the batteries would heat a thin wire inserted into the bag of acetone peroxide, which he put in a pressure cooker hidden in a backpack. He had removed the handles so it would fit. In theory, the pressure cooker could work as a Faraday cage, although tests he had performed had shown a cell phone signal could go through. But in any case, the phone would go outside so that he could manipulate it without having to open the cooker. The thyristor was attached directly to the phone, and the 'gate voltage' came from two short wires, soldered to the thyristor and also to the terminals that provided the input voltage to the vibrator of the phone, which had been removed. This voltage was quite small, so the wires had to be short or the voltage drop in them would be too high for the thyristor to be activated. Louis also added a safety switch between the phone and the thyristor, which would be closed only when the crucial moment came, so that if the phone vibrated at the wrong time, the bomb wouldn't go boom. He had bought two new phones with SIM cards. He was careful to buy them with cash in a place where they had no cameras; and of course, he was not going to touch them with his bare hands, or turn them on while in his home, or while carrying his own phone, or anywhere where cameras could record him. In fact, he decided not to put their batteries in except when doing the necessary tests(away from his home), and on the day of the attack. For the tests, he connected the thyristor with two wires to a small light bulb. Then, he left his home(without his own phone), wearing his gloves and covering his face. Although he hadn't turned on the phones while charging them, just in case, he had first put them inside a thoroughly tested Faraday cage, put their batteries in, charged them, and once they were charged, removed the batteries from the phones. He arrived at a place far away, where there were no cameras or witnesses. Then he put the batteries in, turned on the phones, then called the phone attached to the mock detonator(the light bulb) with the other one, and he saw it light up. Then he removed the bulb, turned off the phones, removed their batteries and went back home. Now all he had to do was replace the bulb and its wires with two thick wires joined by a thin wire in the middle. The thin wire would heat up and detonate the explosive. He had carried out tests already: the thin wire would quickly melt from all the heat. He had also verified that the heat could detonate the acetone peroxide.

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On the day before the anniversary of the Day of Liberation, and of Louis' Day of Retribution, that is to say, the 12th of June of 2026, Louis woke up early. He watched the news and discovered that, sure enough, that coward jew Steinberg was not to be present in person for his live speech: the kike had become paranoid and would not risk his safety, so he would

appear as a hologram. Of course, Louis had already predicted something like this, and he had an idea of what he would do for his Retribution. There was a special show about the preparations for the celebrations on channel 4. Louis was so furious, that he started uttering blasphemies against Jesus, and the Virgin Mary, and the Holy Spirit. Then he started punching holes in the walls, and finally he started smashing his few remaining anime figurines against the floor. He spent the whole day consumed by his wrath, and at 12 midnight he had to take some xanax to go to sleep.

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Louis woke up feeling the pleasant relaxation induced by the half a bar of xanax he had taken last night. He took a shower, then had breakfast with Jessie. He was feeling generous, so he left her some treats. At 12 o'clock he watched Steinberg's pretentious speech on the TV, but he couldn't get any meaning out of it. He heard the words, but they would not coagulate into sentences. Something about a new cryptocurrency that would solve all their problems. Something about a 'war on bread' and bakeries and subsidies. Something else. Whatever, he couldn't understand a thing. Years of overloading his dopamine system with internet pornography and excessive masturbation had left Louis with a mild case of ADD, which the shortage of stimulants certainly didn't help. But he had saved some pills for today, so he took an adderall and, since he sensed his lack of concentration was caused mostly by his nerves, he also took half a milligram of xanax to calm down. Then he spent the rest of the day preparing for the attack.

At 8 pm he went down to say his final goodbye to Jessie. He kneeled before her and, holding her hands and kissing them, he said:

"My princess, my goddess, how I would miss you if I could. Alas, I won't be able to. Forgive me, Jessie, for everything I've done to you. My heart is filled with regret. But since you cannot forgive me, then forget me at least. Erase any memory of me from your mind, because if you remember me, it will be with hatred, and I don't want you to hate me."

"Oh Louis", said she, with tears in her eyes, "I do not hate you. I have forgiven you already." (She had forgiven, but would the Lord forgive?) Louis started crying, too, and they embraced. He kissed her on the lips, said goodbye, and left.

Before he left home, he stood before his portrait of Adolf Hitler, that great man, that hero of the Aryan race, to which Louis most certainly belonged. Perhaps it would be the last time he saw it, so he gave him the roman salute. Louis could not believe that although America was controlled by kikes and filled to the brim with shitskins, commies and degenerates, some americans still had the nerve to criticize Hitler and say that he had been the bad guy. As far as Louis was concerned, Hitler had done absolutely nothing wrong, other than losing the war, which admittedly was a pretty big deal. But at least he tried! That was more than could be said of most americans.

Despite much talk about the supposed protests that were to take place that day, the streets were calm. Louis could see no signs of a disturbance. He was a little surprised about it, but not too much: americans had become apathetic and, despite their sporadic outbursts, they seemed to have given up hope and surrendered to the communist regime. When he was

close to the target building, he opened his backpack, and put the battery in the phone and turned it on. He could see no cameras around. He arrived at the party at 10 pm. Of course, he seemed out of place with his backpack, his shades, his scarf and his gloves. He looked around. Close to him, there was a group of 5 kids, who could not be older than 15, standing awkwardly forming a circle, as if they were in their own little party. He felt sorry for them, perhaps they weren't even communists. But he was not turning back, he had to send a message. A little further there was a similar group of girls, laughing, smoking and drinking something. Over there, there were 7 aged around 20-30: two men, one woman and four uncertain. One of the undefined, more female than male, was waving a rainbow colored flag with the hammer and sickle. All of them wore red armbands on their right, and rainbow colored armbands on their left. There were also some large groups of colored people, many wearing shirts with the black power symbol(the closed fist); most of them were smoking weed and some were even passing around large purple bottles of DXM-containing cough syrup. How they had obtained it was anybody's guess: the pharmacies were now nearly empty. He also saw a pink haired girl wearing a t-shirt that said 'WHITE MEN ARE TERRORISTS'. Well, today she was going to be right about that. Then Louis saw a stunning blonde, a bit past her prime but still well within the acceptable range of twelve to sixteen; and accompanying this delicious flat-chested girl was another one, a bit younger, who looked like a certain feline goddess that was worshiped, I believe, in Ancient Egypt(and here I'm hoping that the reader is a gentleman and a scholar, and will know exactly who I'm talking about). As Louis watched them, he saw the younger one do a line. His little friend spontaneously awoke and hardened: Louis liked his women like he liked his whiskey, twelve years old and mixed up with coke. He thought of approaching them, but it was not the time to partake in such follies. Nobody seemed to be above the age of 40. In any case, Louis was not terribly interested in the people, he was looking for a place to put his backpack. He was going for the highscore and wanted to maximize the damage caused, but he was worried that one of the coloreds would pick up his backpack and leave the place with it before he could detonate it.

Then two girls approached him and said "hi" to him. He wasn't expecting it, so he got startled, his heart seeming to skip a beat. "Hi", he greeted back. He couldn't believe it, it had actually worked! Although he was not looking for a mate, he had decided, just for kicks, to put to the test a bit of wisdom that he had learned from some friendly stranger in the comment section of a porn video. To put it bluntly, he had rubbed some precum on his neck to see if the pheromones could attract women like shit attracts flies. Apparently, they did. The first one was tall, had straight black hair, fair skin, light-brown eyes, a beautiful face and a sculptural body wrapped in an elegant blue dress. The other one was much shorter, had curly light-brown hair, dark eyes, a very average face, and had a body that some would very generously term 'thicc'; and she was badly dressed to boot. They introduced themselves: the first one said her name was 'Maxima'; judging from her looks she was Spanish. The other one was 'Anne'. Louis almost said his name, but he stopped himself in time. Then he tried to say 'I'm John', but his tongue got tangled up and something incomprehensible came out. The girls just made a face, looked at each other, and left without saying a word. Louis felt like such a fool, but then a pleasant thought came to him: those two thots that had humiliated him were almost sure to be blown to smithereens in a few minutes. That put a grin on his scarf-covered face.

He opened his backpack. The pressure cooker was covered, but he could see the cell phone and the safety switch he had attached to it. He pressed it. If the phone vibrated now, it would turn on the thyristor, closing the circuit and blowing up the bomb. The thought sent shivers down his spine. Now he approached some hippie skanks sitting on a sofa, smoking herb, and lay his backpack by their side. With a kilogram of explosive, the fireworks were sure to impress the partygoers. "Could you gals look after my backpack for a minute, please? I just need to go get some booze. I will give you some when I come back." "Sure" they said. Then he left, his heart filled with uncertainty.

Walking down the street, he got the other phone out of a plastic bag, put the battery in, turned it on and made the call. He heard the powerful explosion in the distance. Then he left the phone on the floor, where some fool was sure to pick it up. Unfortunately, some fool did pick it up too early, and immediately someone stopped him to give him the phone he had 'dropped'. Louis turned around and saw a sorry excuse of a man offering him the phone. By his side was a blue-haired woman carrying a mulatto baby, his wife's son no doubt. "It's not mine" he told the cuckold, then he walked home, thinking about how stereotypes could sometimes be so real and so accurate.

When he got home, he felt some mild guilt, but he got rid of it quickly. After all, the Universe had given him identity: the property that he was himself, and not anybody else; so why should he put himself in the place of others? Why waste the limited empathy Nature had endowed him with on people he didn't even know? As far as he was concerned, they might as well not exist. He took off his wig, downed his last pills and set to work on his Manifesto. Through the keyboard of this wordmaster, and starting from only a few self-evident first principles which were impossible for anybody to contradict, from these elements, I say, had been constructed a deductive system that was so elegant, because it was simple, exhaustive and complete in every particular, and yet so departed from established dogma, that it could not but revolutionize Mankind's vision of itself and its place in the Universe. With rigorous logic and step-by-step proof, this modern Euclid brought to irrefragable demonstration propositions which people would have been hard-pressed to admit otherwise, and which indeed were so surprising that they had astonished even himself as they had emerged from his fingers, and which less brave and more pussified thinkers would never have even dared to hint at. Louis felt that his work was now reaching its completion, with all the right pieces falling nicely into all the right places, and it would soon be the most perfect work ever to spring forth from the mind of Man. He had originally intended for it to comprise 13 sections(or 'books', as he called them), but only 6 came out, which was just as well, since 6 is the first perfect number. Now the only thing left to do was name it, and since it encompassed the totality of human thought and knowledge, he called it... the 'Totalikon'.

## Chapter 4. THE FALL OF LEFTOPIA

Louis was awoken by the sound of sirens of ambulances and police cars. There was something going on outside. Then he heard gunshots. Yes, something was happening. But, could it be? Could americans have found their lost courage? Could they be waking up, standing up, rising up against their communist oppressors? Sure enough, as he looked outside his window, he saw the flag of the AntiCom Resistance: a black and blue flag, similar to the anarchist flag except the red had been replaced by blue and the positions of the colors had been inverted. In fact, there was some fighting going on outside his very door. He came out with his AR-15 and his Glock and his bulletproof vest and his soldier's helmet. He saluted them with the White Power sign(Previously the OK symbol), and then he joined the resistance; they were happy to have him on their side. He told them his name and that he was ready to give his life to fight for the good cause, the cause of freedom and capitalism and the American Dream. And he was welcome. He saw trucks full of AntiCom soldiers passing by. They were carrying men, and women, and even children. It was beautiful, glorious. The spell had been broken; Americans' testicles had finally descended.

Louis was euphoric. The people had once again been overtaken by a revolutionary furor, only this time it was directed in the contrary direction. Here came the warriors of justice, ready to fight against racism and sexism, in short, ready to exterminate white males. But now they were being met with fire: the Day of the Rope had come, they would be the ones at the killing fields. He saw SJWs being dismembered or burned alive on the streets. Feminists were being beheaded. Racists were openly carrying out ethnic cleansing. Louis watched intently as some dreadlocked degenerate was impaled on a stake. Millions of spics could not run fast enough back south, and many were filled with holes before they could reach the border, although you bet Mexicans didn't like the idea of going back to their shit country, which had also been turned into a communist shithole by AMLO. 'People' of color didn't fare so well, as neonazis fired their flamethrowers at them. Diversity was being eradicated at the speed of fire. Louis saw some faggot do a flip when he was thrown from a high rise building by some muslims. They cheered briefly, and then a moment later they followed him to his death as they were pushed by the very people they were with, without so much as a "thank you very much for your help". Louis and friends went to take a closer look at their mangled bodies, and to piss on them, and somebody brought some pork from God knows where and put it on the mudslimes. No ovens proved necessary to cook the jews crispy, nor to get rid of their remains which were just dumped in a hole in the ground. Impressed by the infinite beauty of the counterrevolution, a tear rolled down Louis' rosy cheek.

He saw as two drag queens were dragged through a street by their feet, while people took turns kicking them. Louis was not one to just stand around doing nothing while such abuse was going on, so he asked his friends to record him, then shouted his battle cry, "reeeee"ing like a frog while he stomped on their heads, much to the amusement of the others. Then some guys put a tire around each of their bodies, chained them together, poured some flammable liquid on them and set them ablaze. One screamed horribly as it burned, the other one wasn't even conscious anymore. Those were not the only sexually diverse victims he would encounter, as the reader will soon learn. But their executors were good people who had certainly not committed any crime at all, for, in casting these degenerates unto the

eternal hellfire, they were merely acting as enforcers of the Lord's heavenly commandment. For God Almighty had decreed, from high up in Heaven, that 'If a man also lie with mankind, as he lieth with woman, both of them have committed an abomination: they shall surely be put to death; their blood shall be upon them.'(Leviticus 20:13)

Hundreds of statues of Steinberg had been erected, and now they were taken down and smashed to pieces with hammers, set on fire or blown up with explosives. From almost every lamppost there was the body of a radical or a degenerate hanging, a noose around its neck, bruises indicating they had taken a brutal beating.

The whole day, Louis and his three new friends went around murdering leftists in the most curious and creative ways, filming everything for posterity. They took great pleasure in torturing some antifa members with acetylene torches, then blew them up with a grenade. Those morons had been captured more or less alive after a shootout. They had taken cover behind a car and could be seen waving their stupid flag while people shot at them from all directions. Louis and friends even visited a prison, where they saw other resistance members releasing those who had been arrested for opposing the communist government, or those whom they deemed to be potential allies, or those whose crimes were not too serious, and murdering all the rest. Naturally, Louis joined in on the fun. It was a purge like no other, and society was being purified with a firebath. After only a few days, the death toll was to rise up into the millions.

But the massacre did not extend only to leftists and degenerates, oh no, it went much further than that. Louis and his new friends, that tetrad of villains, in particular, took their revenge to a whole new level. In order to truly understand the horror of the crimes that were committed that day, I have no choice but to present them in full color and high definition, however difficult this may be for me and, especially, for the reader. But bear with me, for it is necessary for you to become acquainted with the mentality of such individuals, so that you may understand the tremendous danger that they pose to society.

As Louis and friends were driving around town, in their pickup truck, just looking for some action, they told him that the first thing they had done was set a school for autists on fire. Louis demanded to see proof of such an outrageous act taking place, and immediately they showed him a video of the event: a horrible cacophony of screaming and autistic screeching could be heard coming from inside, as the colorful building was engulfed by the flames. But was Louis to be content with just watching some pixels on a screen? Fuck no. He, too, wanted to euthanize some defectives. So, they went to an institute where they rehabilitated children with disabilities. The pack of rabid dogs arrive, and enter the building. Aware that there was an uprising taking place, the parents had come to pick up their children. Louis' gang had to hurry up, or soon the place would be empty and there would be no one left to euthanize. So, they open fire on the people. Bang, bang, bang, one of the children goes down. Bang, bang, bang, there goes another one. Her mother is crying, paralyzed with fear. Bang, bang, Louis sends her to a better world. A father covers his son, tries to protect him... bang, bang, bang, the bullets go through them both. There is blood everywhere, glass is flying through the air, the walls are filling with holes. The four devils kill everyone indiscriminately: the children, their parents, the workers. Bang, bang, bang, another one

bites the dust. The barrels of their rifles exhale so much smoke. They advance through the building, filling everyone with lead. They reach a corridor where there are rooms. They open each door in turn, throw in an incendiary grenade, and close the door. An explosion, followed by screaming, as the fragments of white phosphorus burn through the victims. 7 rooms were cleared this way. They reload their rifles dozens of times. They've fired so many bullets that their barrels turn a bright red. They can feel the heat of their guns, but they don't stop. Louis' rifle catches fire, but even then he keeps firing, until at last it breaks in two. He throws it away and continues his carnage with his pistol. The whole building is cleared in about 10 minutes, and by the end of it more than 70 innocents have been murdered. The floor is covered with empty cartridges, blood and corpses: a job well done.

Driving around, they went past a church, which, like so many others, had survived the Revolution; and although there had been a spike of anti-religious activities, nevertheless religion was more or less tolerated by the state. But there was nothing in the whole wide world that Louis hated more than religion, and as far as he was concerned, all religious people except his mom ought to be put to death. So, Louis timidly shared with the others that he had never been a man of much faith, and in the mildest terms he voiced his opinion that he just couldn't see much point to religion. At this prompting the driver abruptly made a U-turn. They went back to the church and set it on fire. Hearing the breaking of bottles against the building, the priest came out to see what was going on, but Louis quickly threw a petrol bomb at him, and this man of God was turned into a human fireball that ran away never to be seen again except as ashes. Many lulz were shared by our four heroes as they fled the scene. Nor did they stop at this, oh no, no, not at all, they set fire to at least a dozen poorhouses, and shot anyone they saw that gave them the impression of being poor.

As they saw two women being dragged by their feet by a group of people, they parked and came to take a closer look, because they wanted to get a front row experience. The two girls had been captured by a nazi woman dressed as an SS officer, and her four male minions. One of the girls was quickly stripped naked, and then it became clear that she wasn't a regular girl, but a transsexual. The poor girl started crying, but the SS she-wolf took out a knife and cut off her feminine penis. The pain caused her to lose consciousness temporarily, but the she-wolf ordered the others to cut her up into pieces. The innocent transgirl, whose only crime had been to have been conceived the day before her mother started taking birth control and therefore being bombarded by a high dose of estrogen in the womb during the crucial first few weeks of development, was awoken the moment they started hacking her to death with an axe and a machete. The other one begged for mercy, but the nazi whore knew not the concept of compassion. Seeing that she was not going to be spared, the transgirl asked for a quick death, but the more she pleaded, the more evil ideas would flow inside the she-wolf's brain. They stripped her naked and, as she had already had her penis removed by a licensed medical professional, the she-wolf thought instead to help her with her dilation exercises of the day by shoving an iron rod about as thick as a truck exhaust pipe up the wound. The pain she experienced was a formidable one, as her neovagina and colon became one and the same due to this operation. They cut off her limbs, smashed her skull with a hammer, and hung her body, and what remained of her friend's, from the nearest pole.



Louis was so impressed with this woman, that as soon as they were done with the degenerates, he introduced his friends and himself to her. They were also doing the rounds in a vehicle, so the she-wolf told them to follow them around while they looked for new victims. Very quickly they found what they were looking for: an interracial couple was stopped, and those innocents, seeing themselves surrounded by armed people, had no choice but to surrender. They had a small child with them, a male mutt baby about 4 years old.

"Comrades," said Louis, "what is the crime that these people are being charged with?"

"Racemixing, comrade Louis" replied the she-wolf, "as you can see, this beautiful aryan woman has betrayed her race by mating with this nigger ape."

"An unforgivable crime," said Louis, "and what is to be their sentence?"

"I sentence them to death" said she.

"And what about the kid, surely he did nothing wrong? He is just a child, an innocent infant."

"The spawn must go with the parents" quoth she.

And immediately he heard this, Louis grabbed the niglet and gouged one of its eyes out. But rather than being horrified by this, the other ones started laughing. Only the mother of the child started screaming and crying uncontrollably. But her screams were like fuel to Louis, who put the kid on the pavement and finished him by stomping its head against the curb 'American History X'-style. The mother almost fainted. The nigger father, however, didn't really seem to care much: it is well known that niggers very often abandon their children, generally before they are even born. The she-wolf fell on the floor and she appeared to be having a seizure, but her convulsive movements were only the result of an orgasmic crisis. The sound of her own moans mixed in with the mother's screams soon sent the nazi girl into a lubricious rage, and she grabbed the niglet's body and put it by the mother's side, its brains falling out. Then she started opening the race traitor's abdomen with a knife until she pulled her intestines out. Then she started skinning the woman with her knife. The poor woman's screams could be heard from miles away. But the more she screamed, the angrier the nazi whore became, and finally, she cut open her chest and with incredible force, opened her ribcage and pulled out the heart, which she then threw at the niggers face. She was about to kill the nigger, when Louis stopped her.

Louis hated many different kinds of people: jews, homosexuals, poor people, leftists... But at the center of gravity of all his hate were niggers. He had never considered them to be people, and in his opinion they were closer to the Australopithecus than to human beings. This is very understandable. In fact, already in grade school Louis had founded with his friends the Society for the Extermination of Niggers, and for many years now he had been waiting for the opportunity to let out all his rage on one of these vile animals. He asked the nazi woman and her companions to please let him and his friends have the pleasure of carrying out this task themselves. They went to their vehicle and came back with the acetylene torches. First they gave the nigger a brutal beating, and then they started burning him on every part of his nigger body: they burned his arms, his eyeballs, his ears, his mouth, his face, his neck, his legs, his BBC, his balls, his feet, his stomach, his back. His screams were even louder than his girlfriend's. Then Louis finished him by burning a hole through his skull, boiling his brain like an egg inside its shell. They hung the three bodies from a tree, and they put a placard on the woman that said 'I defiled my race'.



The she-wolf bore a close resemblance to Lauren Southern (pictured, left). The one on the right is her more feminine sister, Jess. Photograph of herself very generously donated by Lauren, for the benefit of the reader, so that he may picture the ensuing events more clearly in his mind's eye.

The she-wolf suggested that they go celebrate the glorious Day of Re-Liberation in a house that had been recently cleared. Immediately they arrived, the debauched woman demanded to be rewarded for her good behaviour, doubtless the reader understands what she meant. The men could already be seen warming their engines. And here, let me pause for a moment, for I believe it is necessary to give a bit of description so that the reader may get a good idea of what the demonic whore looked like; so let me just say that she bore a close resemblance to Lauren Southern(see previous page for a picture). In other words, she was a blonde, aged 22, still somewhat pretty, but she looked about ten years older from all the partying and drug use. Her vagina, especially, was quite wide from all the miles of dick she had taken, not to mention how enlarged were her labia, and although it is often claimed that this trait is genetic, I hope the reader will be smart enough not to be taken in by this common lie spread by trickstering harlots and their enablers. The celebration began as such celebrations usually do: the bitch got on her knees and started sucking everyone off. But no matter how much effort she put into sucking Louis' dick and fondling his balls, he was suffering from a bit of stage fright, and his little soldier refused to cooperate and would not awaken from its deep sleep. Of course, as he was not the only one suffering from this problem, very common in the presence of strangers, and as these were gentlemen of the highest class who minded their own business, nothing was said about the matter. They asked her to remove the top part of her outfit, and she did, revealing a nice pair of breasts, very much operated but not excessively large. After a few minutes of more fellating action, they asked her to remove the rest, so she took off her gloves, boots, socks, pants and panties. Then they lay her on a table in order to fuck her, and now Louis saw a way of overcoming his adversity: he started sucking on her toes. Almost instantly his anaconda awoke, and afterwards there was no problem at all. Another one of the men also imitated him, with equal success. And they fucked her in every which way and on every surface of the house: now on the floor, then on a sofa, now on a bed, now on another, then against the wall, now in a room, now in that other, then on the kitchen counter. And this creative vixen had already thought of a little scheme to increase everyone's pleasure. Now, the reason this nazi girl knew that the house had been cleared, is that she had been the one responsible for that: a family of three had been dragged outside, where the daughter, a middle-school girl, had been raped in her mother's arms, and then the mother had received her fair share, and then they, along with the father, had been executed, accused of the horrible crime of being left-leaning. But let us get back to the celebrations, where the perverse succubus was implementing her wicked scheme. As the she-wolf got fucked while on the girl's bed, wearing the victim's school-girl uniform, and her underwear, which still carried her smell, for she had been wearing it that day, the she-wolf, I say, surrounded by pictures of the girl, fell into a sort of ecstatic delirium. And she had given instructions to everyone, that the moment of their discharge they stab those portraits of the girl with a knife. And every time that happened, she would have a climax of her own and would howl like a wolf at the moon, while reliving the moment she had cut off the girl's head with an axe. Really, nothing too strange or out of the ordinary happened during these celebrations, it was just a run-of-the-mill orgy. But the amount of fun that was had was beyond the expectations of all those involved: by the end, not one of the men had ejaculated less than three times, and as for the woman, why, she had not enough fingers and toes to count just how many orgasms she had had. As everyone was finished, the she-wolf headed towards the bathroom, but one of these fine gentlemen stopped her: there was no need, she could relieve herself right on the spot. He had himself

golden-showered. And then she requested payment in kind, and not just from him, but from everybody present, and as they boys could see no objection to this, she cleaned all the sweat and that white sticky substance that covered her body with the aid of an outstanding yellow waterfall. Yes, virtuous reader, this is the kind of behaviour that characterizes so-called right-wing people: behind the veil of righteousness with which they cover themselves, there is a black soul capable of committing the most gruesome crimes without any remorse. Be careful, gentle reader, not to follow those ideologues of the right who would lead you into the very depths of Hades just to satisfy their need for power, for there is nobody in the whole Universe who can come back from hell once having entered it. It is tolerance and a love of your fellow man alone that can lead you into Heaven, where God, His angels, and your loved ones await you.

By the end of the day, there was not one synagogue, one mosque or one of those temples of Sodom called 'gay bars' that had been left standing: every single one of them had been burnt to the ground. Some crusaders, Knights of Christ, had plunged their swords into every Jew, mudslinger or degenerate they could find, Deus Vulting their way through the enemies of our most sacred religion.

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It was late at night when Louis' friends dropped him off, after they had promised each other that they would keep in touch. Somehow, Jessie didn't seem as excited when Louis informed her of the new developments. He was supposed to have sacrificed himself yesterday in the ultimate act of martyrdom, detonating himself and taking out Steinberg with him to the grave. But now here he was, still alive, and the police that were supposed to rescue her nowhere to be seen. He told her that Steinberg had been executed by the military and that there was a new hope for America, because there had been an uprising and the communist regime had evaporated in an orgy of chaos. Realizing that she wasn't going to be released from her confinement, she started sobbing uncontrollably. He tried to comfort her, but to no avail. He told her that never again would he touch her inappropriately without her consent, and that he was going to release her soon, but she didn't believe his lies. He promised her that he would make it up to her, that he was going to give her everything she ever wanted, whatever she asked for. But she told him to fuck off and die.

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Louis felt almost thankful for socialism. Because of it, he had had his first job, lost his virginity, abandoned his shut-in and sedentary lifestyle, lowered his consumption of stimulants and sugar, met new friends, and participated bravely in an uprising, fighting on the side of the Righteous Right. And thanks to the government's involuntary diet and exercise regime, he had now reached a healthy weight. Is this not proof that sometimes the greatest tragedies can compel a man to rise to unprecedented heights, far above all the others?

## Chapter 5. THE ROAD AHEAD

And thus, no sooner had the nightmare ended when a new one had begun, for the events that had taken place were the mere prelude to nothing else than the rise of the Fourth Reich; and words cannot do justice to the excesses of violence and cruelty that were to be seen during the Reich, nor would I dare say that they were completely undeserved. But suffice to say that not only were many leftists murdered, their ideology having been shown to be thoroughly incompatible with our society, but some were even vivisected; and some scientists undertook the search for the mythical 'red gene', looking for the cause of that brain disorder known as leftism, so that a cure may be found. And their search was not altogether unsuccessful, because some genes were indeed discovered that were found more often in leftists than in normal people. But at the end of the day, the causes that lead one to become a leftist are well known, and the cure has always been within the reach of any society that would but dare put it in action: for the cure, dear reader, is a bullet in the skull.

But all good things must come to an end, and so too would the Fourth Reich, which would last for 5 years only. But that, dear reader, is a tale for another day. No, it is not the end of the new regime which we are going to narrate, but the end of Louis' life. For Louis' confessions became a matter of public concern, there was a bit of an uproar about such things, and he found himself the target of an investigation. Of course, it was generally admitted that most things confessed were partially or even wholly false, so that nothing would have transpired, had they not found the damning evidence in his basement and in his confiscated hard drive. It was on April 20, 2027, that is to say on his very birthday, when he turned 30, that Louis Andrew Yohsten felt the heavy weight of the guillotine blade hanging high above his neck. And a second later he felt no more. And it was thus that the hero of our tale found his days cut short rather early by the new regime. But you should not feel to sorry for him, gentle reader, for Louis had lived for 30 years too long already, and he had missed that primitive state of non-existence his whole life. As a matter of fact, the instant his consciousness was released back into the void whence it had come from, he had a cosmic orgasm and came into his pants. Fortunately, although Louis died, yet his spirit would live on forever; for his Manifesto was found in his computer and somehow got leaked, and the public would eventually get to know his beautifully deep and challenging thoughts. But what's more, little did he know, couldn't possibly have known, that he had already passed on his genetic information: for Georgia had already given birth to a beautiful girl who was destined to become a great slut, spreading his genes much further, albeit much diluted and tainted with negro DNA. But the more valuable child was the one Jessie Angelika Starr was carrying, and which she would soon give birth to, a boy that was destined to do very great things, and who was to become as great as, or perhaps even greater than, Hitler.

**THE END**

# Addendum: An essay on the novella

A contribution by literary critic XXXX

*Hello,*

*I am a great admirer of yours, and it would be a tremendous honor to have you read my revolutionary short novella, LEFTOPIA. You are the first person to receive a copy of my work, and I would like you to contribute an essay that would be included as an addendum to my novella. I am sure that you would be happy to have your words appear alongside mine in such an important work. Believe me, this is a unique opportunity for a lowlife critic such as yourself, to immortalize his name without having to go through the trouble of writing a book.*

*Regards,*

*M.A.V.V.*

This is the email I sent to over thirty literary critics. Alas, I received not a single answer from them. Obviously, they must have felt that they were not quite up to the task of writing something to be included in such an important work, and since they were ashamed to admit it, they chose to remain silent. Of course, I am more than capable of writing my own essays, but that would have been rather pretentious, so that I decided to leave it at that.

# POSTSCRIPT

To enlighten Mankind and to highlight the perils of prejudice, right-wing ideology and degeneracy, are the only reasons I have written this work. Because the only possible logical conclusion to bigotry and right wing ideas is a great massacre like the one depicted near the end of this book, as happened, for example, in nazi Germany during the Holocaust, where well over 20 million innocent jews were brutally murdered - as we learn from the book by Holstein[1], boys were put on masturbating machines until they dropped dead. Nazis made lampshades out of human skins; murdered jews in gas chambers with Zyklon B; would bash people's brains with a pedal-driven brain-bashing machine while listening to the radio, then burn the bodies in 4 portable ovens; shrink the heads of their victims to keep as trophies; turn them into soap; made sausages out of human flesh; and would even use babies as footballs. A woman was forced to undress her daughter and to look on while the girl was violated by dogs whom the nazis had specially trained for this sport. Apparently, this was a 'favourite form of amusement' at Auschwitz. Perhaps the most ghastly torture of all is that of the air pump. A special air-valve is inserted into the prisoner's anus, and the guard then pumps air into his victim. How much air he pumps depends upon his whim; this treatment often results in burst intestines.[2] The SS considered it a great sport to taunt and torture homosexuals. The camp commander at Flossenbürg often ordered them flogged; as the victims were screaming, he was panting with excitement, and masturbated wildly in his trousers until he came, unperturbed by the hundreds of onlookers. Eyewitnesses tell of homosexuals being tortured to death by tickling. 800 to 900 yards from the place where the ovens were, the prisoners were squeezed into little cars that ran on rails. In Auschwitz these cars had various dimensions and could hold up to 15 people. As soon as the car was loaded, it would be set in motion on an inclined plane that travelled at full speed down a great corridor. At the end of the wall was the door to the oven. As soon as the car hit the wall, the door opened automatically, and the car would drip forward and pitch its cargo of living people into the oven. Right behind came another car with another load and so on.[3] Another nazi had trained his dog to castrate Jewish prisoners. "There was a dog near the [camp chicken] coop... it was trained to snap off genitals, it would tear off the sex organs." Mr. Josef Czarny, who reported this, said he avoided being sent to the gas chambers with his family by hiding in a pile of clothes. In Treblinka near Warsaw, there was an extermination camp for jews. They had a chamber with moving knives, it was in the basement, under a banya. The bodies were cut into pieces and then burned. There were mountains of ashes, twenty to twenty-five meters high. In one place the jews had been chased into a pond full of acid. Their screams were so terrible that local peasants abandoned their homes. Near Auschwitz, the nazis carried out an experiment with an atomic weapon. The purpose of this experiment was to find a quick and complete way of destroying people without the delay and trouble of shooting and gassing and burning, as it had been carried out, and this is the experiment: a small village, provisionally erected, with temporary structures, and in it approximately 20,000 jews were put. By means of this newly invented weapon of destruction, these 20,000 people were eradicated almost instantaneously, and in such a way that there was no trace. Emmaly Reed, Holocaust survivor, tells us she had to see Hitler personally tie and burn her father at the stake. There was a camp in Belzee that was built underground. It is an electric crematorium. There are two halls in the underground

buildings. People were taken out of the railway cars into the first hall. Then they were led naked to the second hall. Here the floor resembled an enormous plate. When the crowd of men stood on it, the floor sank deep into a pool of water. The moment the men sank up to their necks, a powerful electric current of millions of volts was passed through, killing them all at once. The floor rose again, and a second electric current was passed through their bodies, burning them until nothing was left of the victims save a few ashes. 'Mrs.' Marie Andree, during his years in a concentration camp, was subjected by a nazi doctor to prolonged experiments by injection. This, he says, changed his sex. Mr. Morris Hubbert was sent to Buchenwald, "in the camp there was a cage with a bear and an eagle. Every day, they would throw a jew in there. The bear would tear him apart and the eagle would pick at his bones." "But that's unbelievable", somebody said. "It is unbelievable," responded Mr. Hubbert, "but it happened". Death by excrement was quite common. One of the favourite games of the SS was to catch men during the act of relieving themselves and throw them into the pit, where they suffocated in feces. Truly heinous crimes, and although some of them may sound rather fantastic, I can assure the reader that every one of them actually took place, and they are in no way an exaggeration - nor were the jews the only victims of the Holocaust, let alone the war, which cost 80 million human lives total.

That all men, women and otherkin were created equal, no matter what may be their race, religion or sexual preference, and that they were all endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, among these, Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness, those are truths which we hold to be self-evident. And to those readers who may have been duped into believing themselves to be above others merely because they are of a certain color, or because they do not feel the need to be bugged, and who think that they have a right to exterminate those whom they deem to be inferior or undesirable, to those readers I urge to look no further than the Holy Scriptures, for God alone can save you from taking the path towards neverending torment.

Let me remind the reader that books are a way of imagining things that we cannot, or would not do in real life. We should not impose limits on our imaginations. This book was created merely to entertain and amuse, and certainly not to educate, enlighten or moralize the reader. As somebody once said, there is no such thing as a moral or immoral book. There are only well written books, and badly written books. And that is all. But, is this book well written? That I cannot say. However, many have expressed to me, through certain channels, that my command of the english language is poor, my prose bland, my ideas unoriginal, my story is lacking, and my character development nonexistent. Should the reader feel this way, I can offer him nothing other than my sincerest apologies for having wasted his valuable time.

I hope that I've managed to capture the soul of that creature that goes by the name of 'robot', and that I've shown that there is no reason to feel any pity for him, because he is a scummy, despicable individual. If society is to be protected from them, as it must be, then the best thing to do is to put a bullet in the robot's skull, burn his body, throw his ashes in the nearest trash can, and forget that he ever existed on the face of this Earth.



As parting words, let me just say this. The mark of the true artist is that he creates something, not for money, but because he feels that what he has created is good in and of itself, irrespective of the likes of others. He may want to show others the result of his work, but their opinions on his creation are irrelevant: he created it for himself. Because, we are all alone in this universe: it's just you and me, and, really, it's just me.

[1] Bernard Holstein. *Stolen Soul*. A true story of courage and survival.

[2] John Evans. *The Nazi New Order in Poland*.

[3] *Inside the Concentration Camps*. Eyewitness accounts of life in Hitler's death camps.

Compiled by Eugène Arouneau. Translated by Thomas Whissen.

And similar sources.



**"Explosively underrated".**

**-- Theodore "Ted" J. Kaczynski, Celebrity Mathematician**

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**-- Lubos Motl, Theoretical Physicist**

**"Absolutely awful. I hope the one responsible for this 'book' gets arrested and tried for writing such filth".**

**-- George Soros, Billionaire jew**

**"Crazy".**

**-- Terry A. Davis, Programmer, Creator of TempleOS**