

# Capricorn Cell

Copyright 2012

**David Hriblan**

# Capricorn Cell

Volume II

***Danubius Press***

Cover Art by *David Dezzutti*

*The names, characters, places of business and events depicted in Capricorn Cell are either fictitious or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or to real-life events is coincidental.*

ISBN 973-98274-1-1

## Chapter VI



## Coalsack

On a school day, KJ would be at Bill's from around 5 PM to 8 PM. Today is still "Winter Break" and she's home by 7. There is a nor'easter roaring up the coast and meteorologists are calling for Uniontown to receive up to a foot of snow. The school district has already cancelled school for the morrow and, based on conditions outside, it looks like the prognosticators are right.

When KJ wakes on Thursday morning, she runs to her window. Outside there is sporadic snowfall and a thin covering of snow. The storm is still coming, but much slower than expected. KJ grabs her cell phone from her backpack and calls Bill Donnelly. The clock shows 8:15 AM but she imagines he's awake. Bill answers on the second ring. Roads around the Homestead are passable. They establish a time – 9:45 AM – for someone to pick her up. He tells her that it will probably be Anna, since everyone else is at work or otherwise occupied.

"I don't want my mother to harass her again," KJ says, careful not to speak too loudly.

"That's all I can do today," Bill says, "If she troubles the two of you, have her call me on the spot. Stay calm, I'll take care of it."

"Thank you, Bill," she says.

On the one hand, KJ is glad that Anna is coming. They might be able to talk this time. On the other hand, the thought of Erica insulting her friend is unbearable. It looks like she'll have no choice but to risk the confrontation.

KJ showers and dresses. She dons a turtleneck over her t-shirt. It's already cold outside and it promises to be frigid after the storm hits. She eats a simple but full breakfast and then manages to slip away without encountering her mother. At the threshold she dons her boots and toboggan and catches herself wishing that the storm will hit while she's at Bill's place. If it gets bad enough, she'll be stranded there. Then she has a so-

bering thought. Garret and Gary and Johnny Bowen might be travelling or working when the storm hits and if it is severe they might be in peril. From her reading, she knows that mine explosions most often occur in the winter. KJ looks at the sky and hopes that the storm veers away.

Although she arrives early at the intersection with Lindsay Drive, KJ doesn't have long to wait. The white pickup comes rolling down Township toward Lindsay minutes after KJ arrives. KJ sees Anna through the windshield as she approaches. Anna parks the truck and waves at KJ. She's wearing a turtleneck as well.

"How have you been, KJ?" Anna asks.

KJ notices that none of them have reverted to calling her Kaylee. That little bit of respect feels nice.

"Good," KJ says, "How have you been?"

"Good," Anna says, "They cancelled school today. Looks like we won't have to go back until Wednesday."

"Don't remind me," KJ says.

The truck is nice inside. Like Johnny, Anna doesn't let it get too warm.

"I see your mother didn't come today," Anna says.

"Erica?" KJ says, "No, thank God."

Anna drives up to Township Drive. They have to wait for a PennDOT truck to pass as well as the line of cars that has accumulated in its wake.

"Bill won't be home today," Anna says.

"Really?" KJ says, incredulous.

"Uh-huh," Anna says, "He told me to do something useful. And that's what we'll do."

At the Donnelly place, Anna does not drive straight to the Long Hall as KJ expects. She turns right at the Donnelly Home and drives up to a structure familiar to KJ by sight only.

"This is the range," Anna says, "Have you ever fired a gun before?"

KJ has never had reservations about firearms, though her parents strictly forbade her using or even touching one if they could help it. She sees them as useful, even interesting.

As she became racially aware she began to regard them as a god-send for her race. When facing a ravaging and murderous enemy a firearm could be her only salvation. Erica and Gene will never allow her to have one, not until she's 18, of course. She hoped that somehow she'd be able to practice so that she might at least be proficient before purchasing a gun. Once, while visiting her uncle's farm in eastern Washington, she fired a few rounds from his .45 pistol. He also let her shoot his .270



rifle. She had no fear of them whatsoever. KJ leaps out of the truck the second it stops at the range.

Before Anna opens the front door, both she and KJ know that they will not be alone. The two hear the muffled report of a handgun. Anna grips the door handle and looks at KJ.

"Rian or Sinead," she says.

The two enter the firing range building. Standing at the range is a dark haired girl with milk-white skin. KJ recognizes her from the Christmas Eve party. It's Sinead, Bill's youngest child and only daughter.

"Hi, Sinead," Anna says, "Do you remember KJ?"

Sinead nods. She sets down her pistol – some kind of automatic – and removes her earmuffs and safety glasses.

"Hello, KJ," she says. KJ waves.

"Do you mind if we join you?" Anna asks.

"No," Sinead says, "Of course not."

Sinead takes a key out of her jeans pocket and opens one of the cabinets along the wall opposite the shooting lanes.

"What would you like to shoot?" she asks, her Irish accent faint.

KJ glances at the cabinet. In this one alone there are four pistols.

"Two of the .45's," Anna says.

Sinead removes two pistols and lays them at one of the shooting stations. She returns to the cabinets and opens the one closest to Anna and KJ. It is full of ammunition. Sinead removes two boxes and sets them beside the guns, her movements coming without hesitation. This place must be very familiar to her.

Anna motions with her head for KJ to follow her. Along the left-hand wall is a counter with drawers. Inside are ear muffs and eye protection. Once outfitted, they return to the pistols and the firing range.

"I'll get you started," Anna says, "You'll be a pro in no time."

She smiles. KJ is too nervous to return her gesture.

A dedicated pupil, KJ heeds Anna's words of advice. At first she is too rigid and worries more about the gun than her performance. Her accuracy suffers as a result. After a while she becomes more comfortable and she begins to make remarkable progress. Anna stops periodically to observe and correct any flaws that she sees. Many of the skills she's learned in life, KJ has learned alone. This time she will have a great deal of help.

After two hours at the range, the three young ladies collect the spent shells and begin cleaning their pistols. Anna shows KJ how it's done. She observes the care that Anna and Sinead take in cleaning their guns and

copies the techniques. KJ is meticulous and runs the cloth through until there is no trace of residue. By 1:30 they've finished the chore, and head for the Donnelly Home.

"Do you want to help us in the kitchen?" Sinead asks KJ.

Sinead's eyes are as blue as KJ's and she, too, is very beautiful, though her beauty is of a very different character.

"I'd love to," KJ says.

Outside, the sky is a thick winter white. The full force of the storm will begin soon. KJ won't be able to stay much longer.

"Looks like we'd better leave soon," Anna says, "In an hour I'll take you home."

Sinead opens the main entrance of the house. The three ladies remove their shoes – in KJ's case, boots – and pass through the living room and hallway until they reach the kitchen. It's a large room, well equipped and as clean as any KJ's ever seen.

Short on time, Sinead and Anna bring out the utensils and food elements they'll need to start the side dishes for a roast duck. Once KJ sees what they're up to, she jumps right in, cutting the vegetables for the meal. It seems effortless as she slices the turnips and mushrooms.

"Do you cook often, KJ?" Sinead asks.

She seems surprised by KJ's abilities.

"Yeah," KJ says, "It's that or eat shitty packaged food."

"I don't blame you," Sinead says, "They look truly awful."

Whether she emphasizes an Irish accent or it comes out natural, KJ isn't sure. In any case her accent is stronger.

"I'd like to help out more if I could," KJ says, "Maybe when you're making one of your larger meals."

"I'm sure mom would love to have you help her," Sinead says.

Good, KJ thinks. It's another skill she'd like to master. *One of these days I'd like to surprise Anna and Johnny with a special meal.*

"Do you like it here?" Sinead asks, bringing KJ back to the present.

"Yes," KJ says, "very much, actually."

"I'm glad," Sinead says.

"May I ask you something?" KJ says.

"Sure," Sinead says.

KJ's face is unforgettable and unique. Sinead's is angelic. She is perhaps more beautiful to the rash and casual glance, but as always, KJ's beauty surpasses even the delicate Sinead's after a second look.

"You're from Ireland," KJ says, "No shit, huh? But what part? I actually know a little geography."

"County Tyrone," Sinead says, "Do you know where that is?"

"Northern Ireland," KJ says, "Do you go to Laurel Highlands with Anna?"

"No," Sinead says, "I'm homeschooled."

"Lucky you..." Anna says.

"Lucky..." KJ begins to say.

The two speak almost in unison and both laugh; Anna boisterous, KJ almost silent. Anna throws her arm around KJ.

Those who proselytize or profit from political correctness often banter *ad nauseam* about diversity, insisting that anything including whites also include non-whites, though not the inverse. It is another word that, in their corrupted lexicon, means the opposite of what it does in reality. Here, in the kitchen of the Donnelly Home, are three beautiful young women. Excepting their eyes – all blue – and pale white skin, which in all three cases is porcelain and unmarred by the sun's damaging rays, each of the three young women is unique in appearance. They represent not only the beauty, but the true diversity of the white race.

Anna Murphy, of about average height for a white woman, has classic red hair and a beautiful face to match. There are freckles here and there on her skin's surface, though never in masses or quantities that degrade her spectacular beauty. Her hair is long and thick, especially for a redhead. Currently it stretches down to the top of her well-developed chest. Her body is a sculpture of white flesh and is strong and ample. Her face is the image of an Irish or Scottish beauty from days long gone. There are no cosmetics to obscure its humanity and no blemishes or lack of cleanliness to make such artificial enhancement necessary. From the little hump along the bridge of her nose to her strongly lined chin cleft, every feature of her face comes together into a living work of art. Her beauty is symbolic of her ancient white people. It is a timeless beauty; it could grace this year's Laurel Highlands yearbook, or a painting of the true love of Fionn mac Cumhail.

It is also a beauty in great jeopardy of extinction.

Sinead Donnelly is the fairy that hides in the water and watches the classic redhead and her warrior husband as they embrace. Her face is angelic and her hair is long and very dark. She is very nearly the same stature as Anna, though not nearly as strong. She is fit and very feminine, and her body is soft and womanly. Matching her face and body in comeliness is her hair. It is very dark; almost black in color. The contrast with her eyes and skin is remarkable. That contrast gives her an ethereal quality that her quiet, graceful movements accentuate. Her lips are full and her

face is rounded with soft features and large eyes. Her white race gave her a powerful beauty, and her Irish ancestry gave her the fine details that make her appearance striking and unforgettable. Like every branch of the white racial family, Sinead's Irish people also face submersion in the massive tide of non-white immigration and assimilation. The traits that make her so beautiful might someday cease to exist, drowned in a sea of the brown, the unremarkable, and the ugly.

Kaylee Jane Campbell is a tad shorter than both Anna and Sinead. Most men who look upon the faces of these three young ladies would say that they are among the most beautiful women they have ever seen. Those with a less discerning eye would say that, although gorgeous, KJ is in third place behind Anna and Sinead. A second glance would make them reconsider. KJ is unique; her face is an earthy and human beauty that haunts a man's soul for far longer than other beauties. Other gorgeous women might be arguably greater in their comeliness, but none could hope to surpass the soul-stirring sight of Kaylee Jane. Other beautiful white women are very real, but time fogs a man's memory and doubt creeps in, making him wonder if such a woman ever really existed. One good look at Kaylee Jane and the memory never fogs or fades. The effect of seeing her is profound and permanent. Friend and foe alike will never forget her unique and beautiful face.

Though the beauty of KJ's face and her strong and feminine body is both undeniable and powerful, it is the combination of the two, together with her mannerisms and the feral passion in her demeanor that leave an eternal impression. She is shorter than Anna yet just as strong, and perhaps a little stronger. Her shoulders and especially her arms are very large for a girl her size but they do nothing to detract from her comeliness. In fact, her physical strength is another of the unique features that greatly enhances her beauty. She has not allowed her body to become masculine. It is, however, robust and very resistant to the effects of exertion. The little splash of freckles across the bridge of her nose is noticeable up close, as is the faint little line on the tip of her nose. For reasons of rebellion and a desire to preserve her skin, KJ long ago forsook the use of cosmetics, with the exception of the occasional use of lipstick or eye shadow. Otherwise, there is no chemical lie to her beauty. The utterly flawless nature of her white skin made the choice an easy one. It is her flawless white skin that attracts a great deal of attention. Unfortunately, it also marks her as a member of the only race that faces genocide in its own homelands.

None of the three young women has embraced the foolish use of tanning salons or a desire to darken their complexion via creams and

chemicals. For Anna and KJ, such a choice would be disastrous for their skin. For Sinead, it would degrade her spectacular beauty by lessening the contrast between skin and hair. Anna rafts with her father on cloudy days, especially in the late to mid fall. KJ hikes in the rain. Sinead longs to return to her homeland, Ireland, and to someday find a home in the far north of cloudy Donegal. Their beauty is unmarred by frivolous trends and undamaged by poor eating or smoking. For that reason, it will last.

There is no way a man could mistake the three for familial sisters, in spite of their blue eyes and porcelain white skin. There is also no way a man could deny that the three are members of the same race, and that their race is the reason they are so striking in their beauty. A man can lie to himself, but deep in his soul he knows this to be true. For the true believers of the anti-white religion, diversity does not include these three unique white beauties. Diversity means brown skin and dull eyes.

The snow is falling outside. Sinead accompanies Anna and KJ back to the range where the white Chevy pickup is parked. KJ climbs in, and then Anna. As they pull out, Sinead waves to them. In the falling snow, she looks more than ever like a spirit from a fairy-tale. The wind caresses her long, dark hair as it blows snow all around her.

The trip to Kimberly Drive takes twice as long as usual. The roads are just icing up, and Anna is cautious. Though the truck is four wheel drive and has heavy bags of chips in the bed, Anna doesn't harbor illusions about the infallibility of such vehicles or her own invincibility for that matter. The weather isn't any better to the south of Uniontown. Down in West Virginia, they're calling for fifteen inches of snow.

"We won't be going to Diamond tomorrow," Anna says, "*Enfield* cancelled for two weeks, so we won't miss much. Diamond may not open at all, probably not until the 11th."

"Oh, OK," KJ says, "I was wondering."

"Did you enjoy shooting?" Anna asks.

"Fuck yes I did!" KJ says, "Thank you, Anna, it was really cool. Please, tell Sinead and Bill I said thank you."

"I will," Anna says. She smiles from KJ's enthusiasm. "I'm glad you took to the .45. It'll drop someone a lot better than a 9mm."

KJ is silent. Johnny Bowen must have thought of that when he chose the pistol in the glove box. He chose one that will do a lot more than persuade an assailant to cease. It will force him to.

"We mean a lot to Johnny," KJ says.

"Yeah," Anna says, "A hell of a lot."

"He doesn't mean any less," KJ says, "I know that I just met most of

you, but this is a new life for me, and I hope you know how much you mean to me. I hope he knows."

"You'll tell him someday," Anna says, "Right now, just be sure to thank him for what he does. It's all sincere, and he'd do it even if he never saw you again."

"I won't forget to thank him," KJ says.

Barely ten minutes after KJ climbs on her bed with the book Johnny gave her, Erica tries to turn the knob of KJ's bedroom door. Frustrated by the lock, she resorts to pounding loud enough for Gene to hear in the kitchen.

"If you're going to hang around the house," Erica yells through the door, "Go clean the basement."

"Can I eat lunch first?" KJ asks.

"You didn't seem in a hurry to eat when you came in," Erica says, "In two hours you can come up and eat."

KJ hops off of the bed. She stuffs the book in front of her jeans and puts a flannel shirt on over her black *Youth of Today* t-shirt. She buttons it to conceal the book. The paper with the phone numbers is still in her pocket. She's aware of it. As soon as she can, she'll obey Bill's desire and memorize the numbers. Downstairs, KJ works at a frenzy pace. All the while she reads and memorizes the two numbers that Bill gave her. She hopes to finish the work much faster than Erica anticipates. In that case, she will stay downstairs and read the MacYoung book. She'll also do some dumbbell curls. She likes the strength of her arms. It may help her someday. And if not, who cares? Her thick arms look damn nice.

At 4:30 PM, KJ heads upstairs. She knew to take her watch. Erica didn't bother to tell her. She washes up and makes another quick yet natural and nutritious meal. Though she wolfs the food and gets back to work after as short a break as possible, Erica still berates her for "loafing" as KJ passes her mother on the way to the basement stairs. Downstairs, KJ rushes to finish the cleaning. She is successful. While making an occasional noise to give the impression she's still cleaning, KJ reads *Street E&E*, taking time to contemplate each point in the excellent book. She even reads while she lifts.

*This kind of information could save the lives of many of my brothers and sisters, if only they'd read and practice.*

The book is exactly what she needs right now. Johnny Bowen helps her even when he cannot be by her side.

The backyard lies under a thick mantle of snow. By Friday afternoon, when the storm relents and the deep freeze sets in, thirteen inches cover

the earth. Many trees break as do some utility poles and the Campbell's are more or less shut in their home. KJ alternates between cleaning and study. She also works on memorizing the cell phone numbers. By Saturday she's practicing some of the techniques shown in *E&E*. She has also committed the phone numbers to memory. That evening she destroys the note that Bill gave to her.

Though the temperature remains below freezing, the main roads are passable by Monday, New Year's Eve. KJ's schedule does not include a visit to the Donnelly Homestead. In light of the acceptable road conditions and the schools being closed for the New Year, KJ calls Bill to see if she might drop by his place. Bill is glad to hear from her and he readily offers to pick her up for a two-hour visit. KJ is ecstatic. She doesn't know it yet, but today she'll spend a little time with "Irish" John Boyle.

Bill arrives within an hour. KJ is waiting at the intersection of Lindsay and Township. The Cherokee pulls up and Bill opens the door for her.

"Hey, Bill," she says.

"Hello, KJ," he says as she hops in and closes the door. "I hope your previous visit was fruitful. I'm sorry I couldn't be there."

He knows they were at the firing range.

"So am I," she says, "We had a good time, though. We went to your firing range and it was really cool."

"It's a good skill for you to know," he says, "If you're serious, you could learn a great deal in time."

"I'm sure it would help me," she says, "Thank you, Bill."

This whole thing seems unreal to her.

John Boyle, member of the Continuity Irish Republican Army and master of the bolt-action rifle, waits inside the Long Hall. The snow and frigid air of the sterile winter sky cannot mask the sound and movement of an approaching vehicle. Boyle knows the Cherokee is coming well before it pulls in beside the big Chevy. He gets up and walks to the window. Bill is in the driver's seat. Boyle looks around to see if anyone else is present. He sees KJ. He remembers her. John opens the door to greet Bill and KJ before they exit the Jeep.

Bill climbs out of the Cherokee and sees John Boyle. KJ saw him as they pulled up to the lot. She recognizes his severe face from the Christmas Eve party. KJ hops out and gets her backpack. Boyle nods when their eyes meet and he steps back inside the hall.

KJ is almost certain that his name is John. There is a nagging doubt, so she remains silent. Boyle is standing in front of the little table when Bill and KJ enter the hall.

"KJ," Bill says, "Do you remember John from Christmas Eve?"

She fights the innocent urge to say "Hello, John from Christmas Eve." It's too bad; Bill would have enjoyed the sweet levity from a young woman who has faced years of torment. Even deadly-serious John Boyle would have cracked a smile at the unexpected humor.

"Yes," she says, "Good morning, Mr..."

"John," he says, "Good morning, KJ. We have a job ahead of us, you and me. Have you ever cleaned a rifle?"

"No," she says, "I saw my..."

"Good," he says, "I'll show you how to do it right."

He looks at Bill, who says nothing. John Boyle leads KJ to the door to her left. It's a big step for her. She is entering another room in the hall. As an action it is commonplace, but as far its significance goes, it's another step deeper into the world of her beloved kinsmen. It is another sign of their trust.

John Boyle is wearing jeans and a Pirates t-shirt. He couldn't care less about the minority-catering joke of a ball club. It's a good shirt to get dirty. KJ remembers the contrasts of this man, the handsome yet wolfish face and the severe blue eyes, as well as the iron hands and wiry, muscular frame. The room to the left of the main room is an exact replica in size. Unlike the Donnelly Home with its beautiful rugs and pictures, these rooms have no decoration whatsoever. In the left-hand room are a table and two chairs. On the table is a pair of rifles. Both rifles have scopes. Beside them are pieces of cloth and cleaning kits with various brushes and solvents. There is a door opposite the entrance; it is closed. Perhaps next time they'll take her in a little deeper, and she will cross a new threshold.

Boyle walks around the other side of the table and faces KJ.

"I'll go over how to clean rifles," he says, "If you're ever gonna do any shootin', you'll need to know this."

Boyle's Irish accent is heavy but her experience listening to lyrics, music, and the French language makes it easy for her to understand. She can imagine "Irish John" being one of Michael Collins' men during the war for Irish independence. She learned of the war, and of Michael Collins, thanks to her voracious appetite for reading.

"Yes, sir," she says, "Please show me."

"John," he says, "Call me John. Not Johnny, that's already taken, just John."

His face is stone-cold.

"Alright," she says.



Boyle wastes no time in showing her how to prepare the elements of the kit, and then he begins cleaning one of the rifles.

"This is a Parker Hale," he says, "The other one is a Remington. Do not mix the bullets for the one with the other. You'll learn about that some other time. I shot both of them this morning so they'll be dirty inside."

Boyle shows KJ how to properly clean the barrel. He is relentless; if any slight hint of dirt emerges on the cloth, he cleans again. Finally the Parker Hale is free from grime and filth.

"Now it's your turn," he says.

KJ picks up the Remington. It feels good in her hands. Her parents tried to make her fear these tools. She never did. In fact, she always liked them. KJ follows Boyle's every move from memory. It takes longer due to unfamiliarity, but the end result is the same. Boyle runs a cloth through the gun and is pleased when it emerges clean.

"Very good," he says, "You'll be doin' this off and on for a while. Keep doin' it like you are, and you'll get quicker, but don't cut any corners, you understand? I don't ever want to see a dirty cloth. That's it for now."

KJ is proud of her accomplishment. It may not be an intricate task, but it is very important. She was hoping John wouldn't resent having to teach her. He doesn't seem to mind. She can imagine he didn't learn to clean rifles without leaning to use them. She hopes he'll find her worthy enough to teach her to be a markswoman.

Boyle opens the left-hand door and KJ returns to the foyer. Boyle does not follow. He closes the door behind her. Bill Donnelly is there, sitting at the little table.

"Don't worry about forgetting some of this, KJ," Bill says, "You'll get enough practice that you'll be able to do these kinds of things in the dark. And speaking of remembering, did you take care of the list?"

"I sure did," she says.

"Good," he says, "There's about an hour left before I have to take you back. Why don't you head over to the house and take a look at the books? Or the internet, if you please. I'm about to get a little busy. There's a good lass."

KJ jumps up and heads to the door. She puts on her boots, her jacket and toboggan and starts out the door.

"I'll come by when it's time to go," Bill says.

It's cold as hell outside. The frozen sunlight glistens on ice crystals among the snow. The wind is gentle but bites deep. KJ puts on her sunglasses to fight the glare, and hurries to the Donnelly House to escape the cold but damaging rays of the winter sun. She finds the rear entrance

locked. After a second's hesitation, she rings the bell. In an instant she hears someone coming. They must have been in the little room by the entrance. KJ expects Mrs. Donnelly to answer – instead, it's Sinead.

KJ recovers in an instant and the two greet. Sinead invites her inside. Her simple green sweater and dark jeans might as well be an elegant dress. The ethereal beauty of Bill's daughter is evident in spite of her attire.

KJ removes her boots and winter garments but she does not remove her gloves.

"Bill asked if I wanted to read or browse the internet," KJ says, "But if you mind, I could wait here. I'm cool with that."

She feels a strong need to explain why she's here, rather than just violating the sanctity of the Donnelly Home.

"Don't be silly," Sinead says, "Of course you can use the computer. I think you'll like some of the books, too."

Sinead leads KJ to the large room, which she calls the den. KJ can't help but notice Sinead's grace. She is silent and graceful, with a fluid motion like she's underwater but perfectly at home in her element.

*I have her in strength, but there's no way I can match her agility,* KJ muses.

Sinead shows KJ to the bookshelf, and then takes a seat near the center of the room. KJ peruses the titles. There are great works of literature, various field guides and serious works of biology, as well as a few political books. Few of the political works would be considered right-wing, but none are anti-white. She sees James Edwards' *Racism, Schmacism* and she laughs.

"My parents would shit if they caught me with that," KJ says.

KJ removes a copy of *Plants of the Pacific Northwest Coast* and takes a seat on the comfortable chair that faces the dining room door.

"Do you miss Tyrone?" KJ asks as she glances at the pictures.

"I do," Sinead says, "I really like it here, but it's not home to me."

"Do you ever get to visit?" KJ asks.

Sinead does not answer. KJ looks up at her. She feels a rising anxiety. It was an innocent, harmless question, but it must have crossed some line, somehow. KJ wants to say something but for once can't find any words.

"It's not that easy," Sinead says after what seems like forever.

"I'm sorry, Sinead," she says.

"No harm done," Sinead says, "Sometimes you just can't do what you want, that's all."

"Yeah," KJ says, "Sometimes you shouldn't, though, you know?"

Sinead nods.

"You're right, KJ," she says.

"Do you ever go to Diamond?" KJ asks, moving from the delicate subject.

"I've been there," Sinead says, "It's been a few months, though. Some of the music is a little too hard for my tastes, but there are some good bands and some good guys playing in them."

They continue their conversation for about a half hour. Then Sinead rises from her seat.

"I better get back to my studies before dad comes by," Sinead says, "Take care, KJ."

"You too," KJ says.

She looks down as Sinead disappears into the hallway.

After checking a couple of websites, KJ returns the book to the shelves and pulls out *Where There is No Doctor*. The wear on the book is indicative of frequent use. She's still reading when she hears the rear entrance open. It's Bill. In spite of her best efforts to remain upbeat, her spirits sink when she thinks about going back to the Campbell House. Bill must see it on her face.

"Anna will probably be around to pick you up on Wednesday," he says, "I won't be able to be here. Either John or Johnny Bowen will work with you, or you can hit the range. Do you have a preference?"

"They're all good," she says, "Thank you, Bill."

Bill loathes sending her back to the torment of her so-called family and the very real dangers of her so-called school. At present, there is no alternative. He hides his emotions, lest she perceives his pity and begins to despair. KJ puts the book back in its place and walks to the rear entrance. Once she's dressed for the cold, Bill opens the door and the two head for the Cherokee. Bill considers the dangers she faces as he turns the key and revs the motor. KJ sits quietly, staring out the window at the snow on the sleeping trees.

"KJ," he says, "Listen to me. When you're among whites who haven't yet awoken, you can't afford to let down your guard. Remember, some are traitors and those who know you're awake will try to harm you. Even among the others, remember, KJ, they've been conditioned to hate their white nature. They will covet you and some will surrender to their urges. They can be very dangerous. Be careful. Don't trust someone just because they're white. The worst enemies we have are the traitors among us. Without them, the other enemies are insignificant."

KJ looks at him. He glances at her; his brief look is deadly serious.

"I'd trust my own daughter with Johnny Bowen or Garret Fogarty," he says, "None of these men would assault or rape a girl. Some may joke or play the fool, but they know the difference between good fun and evil. If I had the slightest concern that one of them might commit such a barbaric act, he wouldn't be anywhere near my home. None of these men are weak. It takes strength for a man, or a woman for that matter, to triumph over lust."

KJ looks down. She considers his words, each one of them. The Cherokee begins to roll down the hard road toward Old Braddock. Many white males would suppress what little virtue they have in order to ravage a young woman like her. A white man, however, would sacrifice his very life to prevent such an atrocity. She looks at Bill. From his profile behind the wheel it's evident that his grim look has not changed.

"That being said," Bill continues, "these men are just that – men. Each of them desires a family of his own. I'd be proud to have any of them as a son when the time comes for it. I know they're not eunuchs or afraid of strong women. If they were weak or white-knight fools they wouldn't be here. They're fighters and lovers, they'll give everything to protect the women they love but they won't take shit from a slag. These men are not haters, they are lovers, and that is vital to us. How can they love their people if they cannot love a good woman? Who among their people could ever be as close to them as a good, strong, white woman?"

KJ smiles a little. His dire warning has ended with the strong reassurance that these men are the real deal, and to her it feels wonderful.

*Sinead is lucky to have him as her father, and Megan is lucky to be his wife.*

KJ is still thinking about what Bill told her when she goes to bed that night. Her alarm is set for 6 AM. Tomorrow is the first school day since the end of "Winter Break." KJ expects it to be unbearable and she knows she's right. It's hard to fall asleep with all the thoughts and possibilities in her head, but finally, at around 2 AM she succeeds. She dreams she's lying on the bottom of some body of water, looking up at an unattainable surface. She's had this dream before, but this time it's different. This time she feels no terror.

Dawn on a school day is like lights-on in a political prison. KJ lies in bed for a while and then rolls out to face the inevitable. She doesn't bother covering her thong as she heads to the shower. Gene is downstairs, and if Erica sees her she'll become upset, so there's everything to gain. After a quick shower, KJ puts on her jeans and t-shirt and goes to the

kitchen to make breakfast. The routine is not broken when Erica comes in to have a latte. Again, she criticizes KJ's attire. Again, it's part of the routine. KJ puts on her Caterpillar jacket, her gloves and her toboggan. Gene is in the den and likely to make her wait. She goes outside and stands under the eaves. The weather is still ice-cold. The snow is melting from the sun's energy rather than any warmth. KJ doesn't say a word on the way to school. Neither does Gene.

It would be easy to succumb to her depression and fall into a trance. She cannot afford to be oblivious to danger. KJ is on edge as she walks the hall to her locker. It's glued again.

"What the fuck!" she says, quite loud.

Several students stare.

"That's what I thought," says Mr. Andrews when she summons him.

"How?" she asks.

"Must have been before Christmas," he says, "Here, I'll open it. Little bastard broke a key in it again."

Once Andrews pries it open, KJ puts her jacket, toboggan and lunch bag inside.

"Would you close it for me when you're done?" she asks.

"What about the new combination?" he asks.

He will have to change the lock – again.

"Can you give it to me at lunchtime?" she asks.

"You got it," he says, and sets about removing the frozen lock.

KJ smiles and thanks him. He watches her leave. He wishes he'd been able to retire last year.

At lunchtime, KJ sits by herself. Even when Joanie would talk to her, it was still the same. Ever since she said the forbidden word and then refused to apologize, the other students have shunned her at lunchtime. For some of them her racism is just an excuse to abuse her. Most girls are jealous of her beauty, and many boys sense that they have no chance to get into her pants unless they show the same courage that she has. They must also commit to her, as she'd expect them to be as loyal as she is. Most of the males are too afraid to be seen with her in public, no matter how she looks.

When the fleeting lunch period ends, KJ must join the crowd as they exit the cafeteria. It is the most dangerous time of the school day. Naturally, it is also the most stressful. KJ is surrounded by potential antagonists and must remain alert for signs of impending attack. Due to the proximity to other bodies, she cannot prevent trouble, but she just might be able to prepare for it.

KJ enters the hallway, trying to create some space between her and several other students. She sees a large black student approaching from the opposite side. Trevon Chaney, the starting fullback for the varsity squad, weighs 230 pounds. Unlike many blacks at UHS, he is very fit; his 5'11" frame is mostly muscle. KJ sees his eyes glance at her, roam and then return before shifting back and forth. A subtle change in his stride and expression announces his ill intent. KJ has to act first. She could turn and provide a narrow silhouette. He might shove her; if he shoved hard enough – he's one of the most powerful members of the football team – she would strike her head or face against lockers or the handle of a fire extinguisher panel. Her inexperience in hand-to-hand fighting precludes her using his energy to disrupt the attack and she cannot see any way to avoid it. She tenses her left shoulder and hopes for the best.

Trevon accelerates at the last moment. He lifts his hands and with his momentum aiding his power, he shoves her with all the strength he can muster. KJ stumbles and falls backward. The sheep behind her do little to break her fall and she strikes the floor. She's fortunate not to strike the back of her head or her tailbone. She's studied and practiced falls, and the repetition she's done on her own serves her very well today. The blow does knock the wind out of her. There's no time to dwell on the pain. She rolls to the side to avoid a stomping.

"You want some, bitch?" he says, towering over her short body.

He has faith that no one will intervene. His skin color is his armor, and their groveling and excessive politeness is his encouragement.

"Leave her alone," says a lone male voice.

The student, evidently white from the sound, does not raise his voice. He may be counting on support, at least from the white girls who witnessed this unprovoked act of violence. He gets none.

"Who said that?" Trevon asks, "Say it again, tough guy! Come on!"

KJ uses the time to leap to her feet. She hopes to flee. As much as she'd like to punish this beast for attacking her, she knows he will destroy her if she tries. No one will help. Before she can escape, Chaney's eye catches her movement. He looks around and then starts after her. She runs into the women's bathroom. If he follows, she'll be trapped. She holes up in a stall. If he enters, he'll no doubt look for her in each one. She removes the little knife from her foot. It's pathetic. It's the only protection she has. If he opens the stall, she will stab him in the face. KJ has little skill in knife fighting. She will try to make up for it with fury.

KJ hears the outside door open and close. She waits inside the stall, ready to lunge at Chaney, ready to fight with all the ferocity she can mus-

ter. Tears wet her face. She wipes them with her left hand, and then dries the glove on her jeans. She holds the blade in her right, and does not dare loosen the grip. She will be late for the next class. She doesn't care. She doesn't want to cry. It's too much like granting them a victory. She cannot resist, and the tears keep flowing.

Trevon Chaney never entered the bathroom. He'd gotten his thrill. True, he would have liked to follow KJ and abused her even more, but entering the bathroom and beating her there would have surely provoked a heavy response. He might be suspended long enough that he'd have to take summer school to graduate this year. That would derail his plans to play football at Delaware State.

Among the witnesses to the violent act are Joanie Mancuso and Justin Harris. They are coming from opposite directions but both see what happens. Joanie's first impulse is to cry for help. She doesn't say a word. Her grade point average is nearly 4.0. Her list of extracurricular activities is as impressive as her references. She hopes to receive a scholarship to the University of Chicago. If she keeps up her grades and stays out of trouble, she just might. Joanie keeps her mouth shut. As KJ runs off with Chaney in pursuit, Joanie feels a little shame. It doesn't last for long. KJ is a small sacrifice for a future of monetary stability combined with excitement and a little unbridled fun. Other whites sacrifice their kin all the time. It's when they won't throw someone away that they suffer. Joanie learned that lesson watching KJ's trials and tribulations. Didn't KJ start all this anyway, by using a word that every white knows should never be spoken? Joanie comforts herself with this ludicrous excuse. She continues walking to her third class.

For Justin Harris, suppressing the urge to intervene is much more difficult. It is also much more difficult to suppress his shame after the fact. He cannot erase it as easily as the other disgraces of his life. When Chaney strikes KJ, Justin wants to challenge him. He knows she will never be his lover. The attack outrages him on a base level as a man. He hears some other male student make a meek verbal attempt to intervene. Now is his opportunity. When Chaney turns to face the feeble challenge, Justin could step forward. He could be a man, a white man. He does nothing. He is not afraid of losing a scholarship. Although he would resent the accusation, he's not afraid of being called racist, not in this case. What he fears is physical pain. He is afraid of the inevitable beating that he will receive should he intervene on KJ's behalf. In another time, he would have engaged the miscreant no matter the odds. His white brothers would have risen to the occasion. The attacker would have been lucky to escape

with his life. That era is over. This is America the Proposition Nation, brave, new and egalitarian. There are no old-fashioned racists left to intervene on KJ's behalf.

KJ is fortunate to avoid a stomping. When her white brothers and sisters shunned her for uttering a word, they encouraged the escalation of violence against her. They became accomplices.

Tonight won't be a good night for Justin Harris. He'll spend it smoking a bong with a friend while they play Gears of War on the Xbox. It will take quite a few hits to mellow out his shame. He'll find that chemicals cannot erase every scar.

KJ arrives late to Dagostino's history class. He sends her to the office. She doesn't protest. Vice Principal Anne Marie Hartman gives her three days detention for tardiness. KJ is quiet throughout the ordeal. After she leaves, Hartman calls Gene Campbell.

Time finally relents and the school day comes to an end. KJ forces herself to remain alert as she waits for her father to arrive. When he does, he's stone-faced and silent. KJ does not look at him during the ride home; not once. He knows about the detention. Of course, Vice Principal Hartman didn't mention the violent incident, whether she knew about it or not. Had she pursued the case, Trevon Chaney would have accused KJ of making racist remarks. It always works. KJ would have received a greater punishment than her attacker. It is possible that the administration would have expelled her forever from Uniontown High.

At the Campbell House, KJ jumps out of the minivan before it comes to a complete stop. She enters the house and charges upstairs to the bathroom. She takes a quick shower and retreats to her room. After locking the door she changes clothes. She has no appetite. She grabs her iPod and sits on her bed. As much as she'd like to soothe her mind and spirit with music, she cannot put in the ear buds. She's too nervous and upset. She hugs her pillow. If her brother was around, he'd listen to her. He'd touch her head and tell her it won't ever happen again. He'd mean it. She'd tell him not to do anything; it could be dangerous. She'd mean every word. He would touch her cheek. Then he'd beat Trevon Chaney to within an inch of his worthless life. The system would punish her brother. She'd cry and tell him she's sorry. He'd smile and embrace her. He'd tell her it's what a man has to do. He'd know she'd never betray or belittle him. She'd keep that promise for all time, with him and then with the white man who she would eventually marry.

Her brother cannot be there for her. Her mother murdered him, and KJ grew in his grave.



KJ weeps hard into her pillow. She cries harder than she can ever remember crying. She feels his loss more than she ever has; more than any loss she's ever felt. Exhaustion forces her to sleep. This time there is no temptation to run to a Justin Harris. There is no desire to erase her feelings with weed or drink. The feelings are real and come from real events in her life. Unlike most, she won't run from them anymore, even if it means many nights like tonight. There are bigger things than happiness, when one is forced to choose.

Morning does not come as a balm. Night was an intermission. KJ crawls out of bed. She holds her head with both hands as she walks to the shower. Afterward, she returns to her room to dress. She wishes she could skip school. She hasn't told Gene about her detention. She'll have to tell Bill that she'll be late. She checks her emotions and practices what she'll say. Then she calls his number from memory.

"Good morning, Bill," she says when he answers, "I'm going to be an hour late today. Friday, too. I'm sorry, Bill. I don't have a choice."

"It's fine, KJ," Bill says, "I'll let Anna know."

"Thank you," she says, "I have to go to school. Bye."

KJ shuts the Trac Phone. Her emotions threaten to burst forth now that she's alone. She resists them.

When KJ makes her way to the kitchen, Gene is sitting at the table. He's drinking coffee and reading yesterday's USA Today. Erica left early for work. At least KJ will be spared Erica's tongue. She makes a bowl of oatmeal and sits opposite Gene. She forces herself to eat.

Gene puts down the entertainment page.

"I know about your detention," he says.

KJ glances at him and then back at the bowl of oatmeal.

"Were you smoking?" he asks.

She looks at him.

"No," she says.

He sees her expression. Her stoic look wavers for a moment, just long enough for him to see.

"Did something happen at school?" he asks.

"What would you do about it if something did happen?" she asks.

"I'm trying to help you, Kaylee," he says, "Why do you always fight me?"

"Fine, dad," she says, "Help me."

She tosses the spoon on the table.

"It's not too late to apologize," he says, "I can call Weems."

He stops when she puts her hands over her face.

"It can be like it was, honey," he says, "I know you think you're right. But isn't it better if we end this shit? It's not too late to go back."

She sits there, silent, her gloved hands still covering her face.

"I don't want you to think I condone what they did," he says, his tone soft and his voice low, "but honey...the 'n' word? Who uses that word around here? It was wrong for you as a white person to use that word. Can't you see the pain that inflicts on others?"

KJ lowers her hands and looks at him. The expression on her face is so wretched and full of hurt that he has to look away for a moment.

"I didn't think you could hurt me anymore," she says.

Her resistance becomes anger. Tears now flow down her immaculate white face.

"Congratulations, dad," she says, "You proved me wrong."

"Kaylee," he says.

"Don't," she says.

"How did things end up like this?" he asks.

"Do you really want me to answer?" she asks.

"I want us to be a family again," he says.

"We never were," she says.

There's something more than hurt on her face this time. There is revulsion.

"Kaylee, don't..." Gene begins to say.

KJ jumps up and hurries outside. The sky is dark and threatening. She hopes that Gene will refuse to take her to school today. He'd never do that. Neither says a word during the trip to school.

Some students won't look at her, and they hurry away when she approaches. Others stare at this young woman marked for destruction. Most are glad they never offended a member of a protected class. Most have reached that level of self-denigration. KJ's locker is not glued or defaced. The coward must have been satisfied with the attack. The relative peace is the calm before a storm, which breaks before the start of third period.

There is a note on the seat of KJ's desk. She shoves it off on to the floor. She has no desire to read it. As class progresses, she thinks about the contents of this no doubt vile letter. It just might provide a clue about the identity of the author. When she puts a book under her chair, she slides the note inside. It's still in her book at the end of the long day. She doesn't open it after class, nor does she open it during detention. Only when she's alone in her room, after a shower and a meal, does she glance at its message. It's the worst yet.

The author threatens her with the usual rape. The details are lurid and obviously he's fantasized about the deed, since the descriptions of her physical attributes and what he has planned are specific. He talks about cutting her legs so she can't run. Then he threatens to throw acid in that "pretty whore face" of hers. The letter is signed this time, by "an inglorious bastard."

KJ does not show the letter to Gene. She folds the note and puts it in her bag. Once she's dressed for the cold, she hurries downstairs and out the door.

Today she is successful in avoiding Erica. No doubt Erica has heard about the detention. KJ is glad to escape, since Erica may forbid her from leaving the house should the two meet.

Anna picks up KJ from the corner of Lindsay and Kimberly. Anna's wearing a sweater and scarf and her long red hair, free to flow upon the sweater, emphasizes her extreme beauty. Anna can tell that KJ is troubled. KJ barely says two words after greeting her sister.

"What's up, KJ?" Anna asks.

"Business as usual," KJ says.

"Did somebody fuck with you?" Anna asks.

"Yeah," KJ says, "Yeah, they did. I got a pretty nasty note today. And yesterday..." She hesitates for a moment. Anna doesn't move the pickup from the intersection with Township Drive. She looks at KJ, who continues. "Some big nigger shoved me."

"Shit, are you OK?" Anna asks.

"Nothing broken," KJ says, a sad little smile flashing across her face. It's gone in an instant. "I'll be OK."

"Let me guess," Anna says, "They won't do a damn thing about it, will they?"

"Actually, they did," KJ says, "They gave me three days detention for being late."

"I'd like to kick that nigger son-of-a-bitch in the balls," Anna says, "I've been a diver for a long time, so I bet I could knock his black balls up to his fucking monkey lips."

KJ looks at her with surprise. Then she begins to laugh hard. It feels so good. It's what Anna wanted.

"Your legs are strong, too," Anna says, "Maybe you'll get an opportunity to put a foot into his filthy crotch. Not that you'd want to touch it! Maybe that's why you wear those cool boots." Anna glances down at KJ's lace-up boots. "Those are pretty sweet."

"I like them," KJ says.

Anna looks into the rear-view mirror. A blue car is behind them. The driver gestures for her to move, and she does.

A few minutes later she asks KJ if she still has the note. KJ removes it from her backpack. Along Old Braddock Road, Anna pulls over on to a bare spot. She expects the note to be disgusting and full of sexual crudity and even threats. She doesn't expect it to be so graphic and depraved.

"Jesus," Anna says, "KJ, you've got to show Bill and Johnny. Do you have any idea who might write this crap?"

"I don't want to get Johnny or Bill into trouble," KJ says.

"Show them, KJ," Anna says, "This is serious!"

"You know," KJ says, "Donny Patrick defended a girl from one of them. She wouldn't even thank him, but he defended her. Was he real? Or was that some fucking dream?"

"Is Johnny Bowen real?" Anna asks.

KJ looks at Anna.

"Yes," she says.

"Don't let cowards make you doubt a real man," Anna says, "There are a few left, KJ, and they will fight."

"I know, Anna," KJ says, "God, I'm sorry. I was just blowin' off. I didn't mean to imply that Johnny's not a real man. Fuck, I never meant that!"

"It's OK," Anna says, "But please, KJ, show that letter to Bill."

KJ nods. Anna hands the letter to her and then continues the drive to the Donnelly Homestead. When they arrive, she drops KJ off at the Long Hall but she does not exit the pickup.

"Bill will take you home," Anna says, "I have diving practice today. KJ? Show Bill the note, OK? Oh, yeah, next Friday, Hill and the guys are coming back to Diamond. You wanna go?"

She knows the answer; she just likes to tease KJ a little.

"Are you shitting me?" KJ asks, "Of course I want to go!"

Anna winks. She puts the truck into reverse and backs up to the long driveway.

KJ knocks to announce her arrival. Bill yells for her to enter; the door is unlocked. He comes in from the left door before she can remove her boots.

"Don't take those off in here," he says.

She hangs her jacket and flannel shirt. Her t-shirt is tight on her arms, and Bill sees that her arms are quite massive for her size and sex. He also sees that she has not burned off the body fat that gives a woman her femininity. Because of this, her arms are massive but not manly. When she hangs her shirt, however, he sees her bicep flex a little, and it is huge.

She has put a great deal of work into growing those arms. She would have no trouble carrying a rifle.

"How are you, KJ?" he asks.

He sees her shrug. The little smile that comes and goes is a sign of her pain rather than any happiness of joy.

"What's wrong?" he asks.

"Someone left a note on my desk in history class," KJ says.

"Did someone threaten you?" Bill asks.

She removes the note from her handbag and offers it to Bill. He approaches and takes the note. After reading the first sentence, he wishes he knew who would write such a thing to a wonderful and passionate young woman like KJ. He wishes he knew where the perpetrator lived. William Donnelly of the CIRA is no coward, nor does he "turn the other cheek" toward a monster.

"These are the words of a coward," he says, "Perhaps a white traitor, I can't be sure after the way he signed it. No matter. Cowards can be very dangerous. The author could even be female. KJ, be very careful, please. When someone gets close, watch what they have in their hands. I wish we could get you out of there."

She nods. Her mouth is closed and she looks down.

"Do you mind if I keep this until next week?" he asks.

"No," she says, looking into his eyes, "Go ahead."

"Don't mention it to Johnny," he says, "I'll tell him about it next time I see him."

"I don't want to cause you any trouble," she says.

"Sweet Jesus, KJ!" Bill says, "You're not causing any trouble! This is all their doing. We'll try to figure out some way to help you with this problem."

Bill folds the note and puts it in his shirt pocket. He's not optimistic they'll be able to help her. He doesn't suggest that she run away. He wonders if there's any alternative that doesn't leave her exposed to random attack.

"Thank you, Bill," she says.

She thinks about what he said. How she would love to escape the Campbell House and that prison of a high school! If she tried, and if Bill or Johnny took her in, the police would arrest them. They would send her back to hell after destroying the only people who give a damn about her well-being. They all know this.

"There are three rifles that need cleaning," Bill says, "Would you mind doing that, since we have less time tonight?"

"No," she says, "I'd like to, actually. Are they in here?"

"Yes, on the table in the room to your left," he says, "The supplies are in there as well."

KJ goes into the left-hand room. All three rifles are Remingtons. The cleaning job keeps her mind off of school and her home life; holding the guns in her hands makes her feel strong again. She raises the first rifle and looks through the scope.

*If I see you through this, you'll never hurt any of us again.*

She lowers the gun and reaches for the cleaning kit.

Bill sits at the table in the entrance room. He leans his head on his right arm. This is a serious challenge. This is why he supported Dullahan. Unless they can help a girl like KJ, Dullahan is just another failed project. Maybe it's not enough. He takes out the note and reads it again.

*'Inglorious Basterd', huh? If I knew your identity you'd see what a real bastard can do.*

At 7:30 PM, Bill takes KJ home. There is tension, not between them but rather around them.

"KJ," he says, "Call us if there's any trouble. Cut school, whatever you have to do to stay safe. This is serious. Cowards are very dangerous."

"OK, Bill," she says.

"Call me or Johnny," he says, "Call Anna if you must, but start with my number. Johnny is on the road quite a bit, but if you call him he'll drop everything and fly to you."

"I know that you say it's fine," she says, "But how can I cause that much trouble for you or for Johnny? I'm not the only one who matters."

"Ask Johnny," Bill says, "His answer is the same as mine."

He knows that Johnny will show his passion. It would be ameliorative for her to hear.

When they arrive at the Campbell House, Bill drives her up to the entrance.

"From now on," he says, "I'll pick you up here. Anna and Johnny will do the same. We'll drop you off here, too. We'll work on getting you a license."

KJ opens the door and thanks him before exiting.

"Protect yourself, KJ," he says. She looks in through the open door and nods. "God bless," he says.

"Thank you, Bill," she responds.

A gentle rise in temperature is melting the snow and ice. The roads are clear and the late evening sky is covered with a flock of brown stratocumulus. The drive back to Lemont Furnace is far more tedious than

usual for Bill Donnelly. He is not happy about the snowmelt. It seems every time the weather warms, something fucked up happens. He wishes Garret or Johnny Bowen were stopping by tonight. Even more, he wishes Megan was back from her visit to her sister in France. There is a great deal on his mind, and most of it troubles him.

On Friday morning, KJ finds out that the orchestra and jazz ensemble are on a trip for the weekend. The nor'easter caused the cancellation of two separate performances, and the school agreed to reschedule them for this week. The musicians have been in New York State since classes resumed on Wednesday. Again, KJ's locker is neither glued nor vandalized. She thinks about each member of the orchestra and the jazz ensemble. It's a small step toward identifying the locker vandal. It could be coincidence, and the list is quite long, but it's a step nonetheless.

In first period weightlifting class, varsity basketball players Janet Santora and her teammate Ashley Mills discuss KJ's "altercation" with Trevon Chaney. Though both girls are white, Mills has some sympathy toward Chaney, and Santora is ambivalent. Their conversation is unrestrained, but their courage is false. Both girls came early and KJ has yet to arrive.

There is a surprise waiting for Santora and Mills. Though neither of them saw her enter the gym, KJ arrived even earlier than usual. Weightlifting is one of the few classes she can stomach and when Gene drops her off early, she usually heads to class to warm up before the day's exercises. She is flexing in the rear as Mills and Santora begin speaking, and she hears every unflattering and unsympathetic word.

Santora finally notices KJ's presence in the rear, near the free weights, just as the conversation reaches its climax. She tries to tell Mills to keep quiet, but it is too late.

"That racist dyke probably said something to Tre," Ashley says, "She's fucking crazy enough to pick a fight with him." She notices Janet's frantic eye and head gestures. "What?" Ashley asks.

Ashley Mills looks over her shoulder to see KJ holding a 50 pound dumbbell and staring right at her. KJ begins to approach the two. The instructor is still in the little office in front of the gym, except now his back is turned.

Both Mills and Santora are much taller than KJ. Mills plays forward and is 6' tall.

KJ sits down on the bench facing Santora and Mills. The few other students who are present this early are not paying attention; neither is the instructor.

KJ begins doing curls with the 50 pound dumbbell, first with her right hand. All the while she stares at Mills, who has some difficulty lifting the 50 pound dumbbell from the floor, let alone doing curls with it. Though KJ has changed into tight exercise leggings, she still wears her boots and gloves. The instructor never demanded that she quit wearing them. She's also wearing a camouflaged sleeveless shirt that shows the full size of her arms and completes her militant look. Her mass of hair is all around her face, her shoulders and her chest, and she has a feral look about her. Both Mills and Santora are terrified that she will escalate to the physical.

Ashley loses her nerve and hurries to the little office. She asks permission to go to the bathroom. KJ doesn't move. She switches the weight to her left hand. Janet looks away. She feels her heart race. KJ says nothing. She lays the dumbbell at her feet and crosses her arms, her gloved hands on her pumped-up biceps. There is no need to speak.

Sometimes the little victories are sweeter than they should be, but in these days of darkness even a silly triumph is quite welcome.

During the early afternoon, Bill gets his wish from last night. Johnny Bowen, who is off after maxing his driving hours for the week, drops by the hall at around noon. He throws his toboggan on the dash of his green Rubicon and quick-steps to the door. It's unlocked. Inside, Bill is waiting for him. Bowen knows something's amiss.

Bill rises as Johnny enters.

"Thanks for coming, Johnny," Bill says.

"I wish I could have left sooner," Johnny says, "Is everyone OK?"

"Yes," Bill says, "but there's something you need to see. We'll discuss it afterward."

Bill asks Johnny to sit and then hands him the note to KJ. Johnny knows who the target was after the first sentence. He wants to put it down. Instead he forces himself to read every word. When he reaches the end, he throws it on the table.

"Isn't this what Dullahan is all about?" Johnny asks.

"Yes," Bill says.

"What do we do, then?" Johnny asks.

He's on the edge of his seat.

"I've contemplated all manner of hypotheticals," Bill says, "none tougher than this one. But this person is dear to us, and I'm not sure how to proceed."

"If we do nothing," Johnny says, "Dullahan is just like all the conferences and internet forums and all the other bullshit pussyfooting that we always fucking do, rather than just fighting back."



"It's more than that, Johnny," Bill says, "We've used this place to prepare for our own self-defense. Over time, it's become more than that. It's become a refuge. We both know we can't use it forever, but if I could I'd tell her to come here and never go back. There really are no homelands anymore. The front lines are around and inside each of us."

"I don't think she'll leave," Johnny says, "Not yet. As much as I'd love her to, she'd fear destroying us. And she's right, goddamn it, she's right. She can't run to us."

"I agree, Johnny," Bill says, "and as long as she's trapped there, we can't be as effective as we'd like."

"She has almost a year before she turns 18," Johnny says, "A fucking year. It's fucking bullshit to watch this happen. Dullahan's not even off the ground and it's already useless."

"Teach her what you can," Bill says, "Each day she comes here, teach her. You have the whole time. Boyle will help, but you'll be her primary trainer in self-defense."

Johnny nods and leans back in his chair.

"The future's supposed to be theirs," Johnny says, "We took it from them, and this is what we leave for our white youth. If KJ was a different color or one of the fucking tribe, she'd be a hero for loving her people. Instead she gets shit like this." Johnny points to the vile letter. "I'm sure she's not the only one," he says, "Some fucking future we've given them. Traitors, self-hatred, a growing tide of fucking darkies, and all the time cocksuckers telling them to hate each other, and the girls to give their bodies to the brown man. They should have families and husbands and wives, and they should have peace. But now they'll have to fight if they want any future at all. Some goddamned job we've done. We fucking deserve to suffer."

*We were the ones who did nothing, Bill thinks, Christ, man, you're only 25! You're one of those youth who should be angry.*

"We will suffer, my boy," Bill says. He can see his son David. The makeup they put on him couldn't cover the wounds.

The school day does not begin well. As she enters history class, KJ notices another note on her desk. She does not shove this one on the floor. It may give another clue as to the identity of her tormentors, and she is in the mood to fight. There is no girl at UHS who can best her physically, and even a few boys who could not. Odds are, it's one of those two groups. KJ puts the note in her backpack.

During her final class, the guitar class that she shares with Justin Harris, KJ notices that he is avoiding eye contact with her. Usually he

smiles or says hello, or even asks "what's up." Today he won't even look at her. Word must have spread about Trevon Chaney's attack on her. Justin's been a little more serious lately, and his excellent guitar work shows it. Maybe he's afraid to ruin his future by associating with her. KJ looks out the window at the bleak January sky. She has no idea that he witnessed the attack, or that shame keeps him from addressing her.

Thanks to agitation by Mr. Andrews, the unthinkable happens at the end of the school day. The administration gives KJ a new locker. She imagines that it will be a temporary reprieve. Ms. Hartman announces the change to KJ while several other students are within earshot. She even announces the new locker number. In this case, it's not out of maliciousness, but rather stupidity. Still, KJ cannot help but feel good about the day's events. Mr. Andrews observes a bounce in her step and he smiles. He will never tell her that he's responsible for the change.

During detention, KJ finds a little time to read the note. She expects a tirade of filth and obscene sexual threats. She opens the letter. She can see that the writing is not the same as the other note. The letters are printed and in capitals. It could be a male or female hand. KJ begins to read.

*I'M SORRY I CAN'T BE STRONG LIKE YOU. YOU'RE NOT ALONE.  
I HOPE THIS HELPS.*

KJ folds the note and puts it in her jeans pocket.

Gene is late in picking her up. She looks out the window during the trip home, unsure what to think about the new letter. When the time comes for her to go to Bill's, KJ hurries outside to wait. She knows he'll be picking her up near the Campbell House. She picks a tree to stand behind; one that leaves her visible from the road yet hides her from her parents' eyes. She sees the white pickup heading down Kimberly Drive. It's not Bill today. She can tell in an instant it's not Anna, either. Johnny waves as he pulls up to the sidewalk. KJ runs to the truck and flings open the door before he can open it for her.

"Hi, KJ," he says.

"Hi, Johnny," she says at the same time.

She looks down and laughs. It's brief and shy and a whole lot sincere. If the author of the vile letter showed his face right now, John Ashley Bowen would kill him.

KJ jumps into the cab. She begins to lay her handbag on the floor, but then throws it on the seat. He smiles when she does. She remembered.

"How are you?" he asks, "You doin' alright?"

"I am now," she says.

KJ buckles her seatbelt and then slides the black toboggan from her head, holding it in her gloved hands. Johnny hears her take a deep breath and notices a little smile on her immaculate face. If Trevon Chaney were here right now, John Ashley Bowen would give him a very bad death.

The snow is mostly gone; the remaining patches are getting that dirty look.

"I saw the note," Johnny says, because he must.

They have no time to lose.

"It'll be alright, Johnny," she says.

"We'll try and make sure of that," he says.

"Johnny," she says, "I wanted to tell you, I don't want to cause trouble for you. Even if it's not my fault, it kind of is."

Johnny turns right and they enter quiet little Lemont Furnace.

"KJ, tell me something," he says, "What would you give for your people? Or your real family, when you have a baby someday?"

"I'd give my life if necessary," she says.

"Why?" he asks.

"I love them," she says, "I'd protect them so they'll have a future."

"Is their future worth your life?" he asks.

"Yes," she says.

"Then fuck the trouble," he says, "I'll handle what comes my way."

"Thank you, Johnny," she says, "Thank you so much!" She looks at him. "I won't let you down. It's just words, but I won't, I promise I won't."

"I know," he says, "So I'm not going to let you down, either."

Snow still clings to the shoulder along Old Braddock Road. It's clean, as well, and the forest looks lovely.

"Did you know that *Chironex* is coming to back next week?" Johnny asks.

"Yeah," she says, "Can I ask you something?"

She still asks if she can.

"Shoot," he says.

He doesn't chastise her for asking permission. It's her lovely way.

"What's up with Diamond?" she asks, "Does Bill, like, own the place? Don't tell me if you don't think it's a good idea. It's cool, I understand."

"Truth is," he says, "it was Cristian and I who came up with the idea. We were talking about how every famous band seems to have some anti-white angle, especially since O-cocksucker got elected. We just naturally came up with the idea. There are unwritten conditions of course, you prob-

ably figured that out. No anti-white bands for example. As for the music, we both like metal and I like hardcore. I'm more with the harder-edge shit, but he'll surprise you. In the end, we found a way to make it happen and here we are, Diamond's open for business."

"That is so fucking cool!" KJ says.

"Thank you, KJ," Johnny says, "It's been a tough road to say the least. We used to have great bands playing for ten people. I can't tell you how many times Garret helped fill the audience, and he'd much rather be listening to Modest Mussorgsky."

"It's duty, I guess," she says,

"Yeah," he says.

"Do you ever make any money off the shows?" she asks.

He shakes his head.

"We got something much more than money," he says, "We got you."

She feels her emotions rise and she almost weeps from the power of the compliment.

"I hope you get a lot more," she says.

Johnny signals to turn off of Old Braddock Road. KJ decides to mention her second letter.

"Johnny," she says, "I got another letter today."

"Goddamn it anyway!" he says, "What the fuck did he say this time?"

"It wasn't from that asshole," she says.

She removes the note from her jeans.

Johnny pulls over and stops short of Bill's house. He takes the note and reads it. His eyes race over each word. He realizes this is much different than the previous note. He hands it back and puts the truck in first. They drive past the dormant berry bushes and park at the Long Hall. Bowen cuts the motor and then he looks at KJ.

"When shit gets bad," he says, "and it will, remember how much you're worth."

Johnny jumps out of the truck. KJ follows his lead. He takes out his keys before trying the door and unlocks the entrance.

"After you clean a couple of rifles," he says, "let me know and we'll start some self-defense training. We'll see if I can help you stay safe."

KJ goes through the left-hand door. Both rifles are Remingtons. She is meticulous as she cleans them, and when she's finished she looks down the scope of both.

She holds the rifles in her arms and hopes that Johnny will someday include marksmanship as part of her training. She's excited at the prospect of learning how to better protect herself.

"I'm going to have to plan this out," Johnny tells her once she's returned to the entrance room, "We can get started with some fundamentals. This is going to be a crash course, so it's going to get tough."

"That's fine," she says, "I imagine it has to be. Thank you, Johnny."

"Hopefully you'll still thank me in a few weeks," he says.

"I will no matter how hard it is," she says, "Thank you for caring about me."

Johnny doesn't respond. Instead he begins the very first lesson in unarmed self-defense. At the end of the basic lesson, he is very pleased with her progress and very impressed with KJ's raw strength. Before they leave the hall, she thanks him and gives him a big hug. When they separate she looks down, and he raises her chin with his hand. A smile on his face, he motions toward the door with his head.

The short drive to the Campbell House is an opportunity to unwind. Johnny and KJ listen to some hardcore and make a little small talk that helps take the edge off the fact that she's returning to her parents' world.

There is something on Johnny's mind that he feels he must do. He'd like to leave her in the peace she's found tonight, such as it is. He would never forgive himself if something were to happen to her. He decides to make the offer. At the turn-off from Township to Lindsay Drive, Johnny finds a spot and parks the Chevy. KJ looks at him. She knows he won't drop her off this far from her residence. She squeezes her toboggan. This must be important. Johnny looks at her and reaches for the glove box. Inside is a new gun, this one a black .45 Smith and Wesson 1911 that is very similar to the one beneath it.

"Do you think you could hide this?" he asks.

"What...Johnny?" she says in complete surprise.

"The school won't do shit to protect you," he says, "And you probably know, the fucking cops show up too late, and I know how cowards and traitors act. They'll hurt you if they can, and we can't be there all the time."

She looks at the gun and then back at Johnny. Her impulse is to take it. It's a mistake for him to offer it, considering her unfortunate circumstances. It is an understandable and endearing mistake. She ignores her impulse and follows her good sense and decency.

"I can't take this," she says, "I mean, thank you so fucking much, but I can't."

"You might need it!" he says.

"Is it in your name?" she asks.

"Yes," he says. He doesn't tell her he bought it for her. "I won't risk someone else by giving you their gun."

"I won't risk you," KJ says.

Johnny begins to speak but she continues.

"The risk is too great that they'd find it," she says, "They won't believe me, Johnny."

"What would you say?" he asks.

"That I stole it," she says.

"It's not true," he says.

"I know," she says, "But that way, they'd punish me instead of you."

"I'd tell them it's not true," he says, "I'd tell them I gave it to you."

"That's why I can't take it," she says.

"Can't you take off from this place?" he asks, "We'll help you. I'll help you."

"Johnny, they'd come for me," she says, "I'm 17. My mother couldn't give a fuck, but she'd send the police just so I couldn't get away. She'd have them pull me back under. The cops would come for you, Johnny, and I can't live with that." She looks down and her emotions show a little this time. "They'd use that excuse to kill you," she says.

Johnny looks at her. Her sadness and overwhelming beauty are potent and stir his soul like nothing else could.

"KJ, I'm sorry," he says, "I didn't want to cause you any more pain."

"No!" she says, looking up at him in an instant. "You didn't hurt me! This is the greatest thing anyone has ever done for me!"

She wipes her eyes.

"I wish we could do more," he says as he looks at the road.

Johnny starts the truck and drives up to her so-called home.

"Be careful, KJ," he says.

"I will," she says, "I promise, OK?"

She gets a little smile.

"Remember what you're worth," he says and she nods.

KJ watches from the yard as he drives away.

"You, too," she says out loud, before the white truck disappears.

KJ does not enter through the front door. She decides to try a little stealth when she arrives at the rear entrance to the Campbell House. Her dabbling over the years has given her some ability to move silently, though not as much as Sinead Donnelly. At the porch entrance, she slides her key into the lock and opens the door. No one hears her enter. As she closes the door, she hears Erica in the kitchen. She's on the land line. KJ creeps over to the kitchen door to listen. She cracks the door and sees Erica's back toward the threshold. KJ opens the door and stands there listening. She's still wearing her boots.

"Angie told you?" Erica says, "I figured you'd hear so I didn't bother. Yeah, it makes me so nervous. I imagine all the parents know by now. We were hoping it was a phase, like Angie with the tattoo but after all this time she's getting worse and worse. Honestly, we don't know what to do. Of course she'll graduate, who doesn't? Not yet. What college will take an open racist? It hurts me to say it, but she's worthless. I try to find some other word, but I can't. She's worthless."

Erica turns and sees KJ staring at her. There is not a trace of pain on KJs face.

"I'll call you later," Erica says, "Tell Janine I said hello."

Erica hangs up the phone.

"Take those SS boots off while you're in the house!" Erica says.

"SS boots look a lot different than these," KJ says, "These have laces all the way to the top, see?"

"I don't care!" Erica fumes, "And one other thing, you better never, ever bring drugs into this house. If we ever catch you, you'll be off to juvenile hall as fast as we can send you. Is that clear?"

"Sure is," KJ says.

KJ removes her boots and goes back into the kitchen to make supper. Erica storms out when she returns. It feels pretty good.

Once Johnny Bowen arrives at the flat in Markleysburg, he wastes no time in starting up his laptop. He'll be up into the wee hours of the morning. He will not cease until he has a list of affordable properties in West Virginia. He looks for locations in remote areas or, if his luck's a little short, he'll search for properties surrounded by thick woodland. Sooner or later, KJ will need a refuge. Johnny will not risk the Donnelly family or any of the other "Old Core" members to provide it. He will assume that risk all by himself. For their own safety, Johnny doesn't tell Bill or the others about his search.

In the end, KJ's refuge will end up being quite an expenditure for the young man; the property and a small cottage will cost him his 401k and what's left in his savings account.

On Saturday and Sunday, Johnny Bowen has to work. Anna picks up KJ on both days. It's nice for both of them to converse about music, the upcoming show, Anna's diving and KJ's desire to hike the Laurel Highlands trail. The tension is rising and, if asked, each member of the Old Core group would predict an explosion of some kind in the near future. They do not know how this explosion will manifest. The light nature of the girls' conversation is a welcome and, indeed, necessary form of release from the rising anxiety.

Bill is present both days, as is John Boyle. KJ cleans rifles, reads self-defense books and practices what Johnny taught her. She also walks in the forest and the little fields. There is overcast both days and a little rain on Sunday; it is her favorite type of weather, and is protective of her immaculate complexion.

During both days, Megan Donnelly prepares lunch for KJ. On Sunday, KJ dines with Anna, who stays all day. Sinead doesn't show and KJ doesn't ask her whereabouts. Although she wishes it, KJ doesn't ask Boyle to teach her to shoot. He's the one who will make that decision. The peace she feels in the Donnelly Household tempers her impatience. She could peel potatoes and she'd feel much better here than anywhere else. She's among her people – and they, too, are awake.

Late Sunday afternoon, a light snow begins to fall. It doesn't affect travel and won't last past noon on Monday. Bill takes KJ back to the Campbell House. When he returns there are several vehicles parked at his home. Bill enters and locks the door behind him. Upon entering the dining room, he sees that Megan has served everyone a warm cup of tea. Bill takes his seat beside his wife. To the right is Cristian O'Toole. Across from Bill and to O'Toole's right are Garret Fogarty, and then Johnny Bowen, who left for Bill's after returning to the truck terminal in Maryland. Finally there is John Boyle, and Megan Donnelly, who sits at Bill's left.

The meeting commences.

"I've asked you to come so that I can discuss KJ's parents," Bill says, "I believe it best to invite them to tour the grounds. It will ease any suspicions they might have. I'd also like to help her get a driver's license, and if her mother and father are convinced that she is truly in my employment, they will likely acquiesce."

Cristian is first to speak.

"I think it's a good idea," he says, "It'll make it less likely that they'll block her from coming. Besides, what do we have to hide here?"

Bill looks at John Boyle, who is the next man to speak.

"I recognize the danger of me being here," he says, "I'm no coward. You know me, gentlemen, and you know what I've done. If KJ turns up missing, the authorities will come here first. Now that's not so much a concern for me since I can disappear before they find me, but if they find her hiding here, they'll destroy you, Bill. KJ knows that, and I'd be stunned if she considered trying to hide here if it will bring ruin upon you. That's a chance you're already taking, though, whether or not you ask her parents to visit. They know the address already, and I don't think it will hurt to give them a tour. In fact, I think it wise to do so. It will satisfy some of their nat-



ural curiosities and if they're convinced she's a legitimate worker, they might allow her to spend more time here."

"Has she mentioned that she wouldn't run away from there?" Bill asks, "Or is that your interpretation?"

"Yes," Johnny Bowen says, "She said she won't leave if it'll cause us hardship. She'll refuse to leave, which as you know is a sacrifice on her part. Goddamn it, when are young whites not going to have to sacrifice? Her life is in jeopardy and we're wondering whether we should invite her parents over for tea!"

Cristian speaks again.

"We need to adjust Dullahan for circumstances like this," he says, "Have you thought about that, Bill?"

"Johnny," Bill says, "I can see that you're not finished. What do you wish to say?"

"Dullahan is bound by rules," Johnny says, "Their rules. We might as well be fucking respectable."

"Let's not exaggerate," Bill says.

"It is an exaggeration," Garret says, "But it's not inaccurate."

"Garret," Bill says, "would you be so kind and explain what you mean?"

"I've given this a good deal of thought," Garret says, "Dullahan cannot work. KJ's dilemma proves it. We said no more letting them make the rules. But isn't that what we're doing? Dullahan is about reacting. Even with John teaching sniping techniques, and other extreme measures, we're still reacting. We wait and then we react; meanwhile another young white person is destroyed."

"What about cutting our losses?" Bill says, "We can't save everyone."

It's a brutal but necessary question from a man who faced such dilemmas many times in his life.

"What about watching someone die?" Johnny says, "Someone who is awake? KJ wants to live right and she will fight. I have no doubts about that. Hasn't she proven it already? Are we going to fight, or do we just watch her die? Is that all that Dullahan's good for?"

"What do we do, then, Johnny?" Bill asks, "She'll be a martyr before she'll risk our safety."

"Fucking hell," Johnny says, his frustration obvious, "I don't know. I don't know, Bill. How can we stop this? We need to figure out a way. We all know what's coming."

"She'll be 18 this year, right?" Bill says, "She can leave and they can't do a thing."

"She might not make it to 18," Garret says, "Jonny's right. We need to figure out how we can help, not if."

"This is evolving into a discussion about Dullahan instead of KJ's parents," Bill says, "which, to me, is a welcome development. Before it's resolved whether her parents will visit or not, two of you have yet to give your thoughts on that matter."

"Fuck those people," Johnny says, "I wouldn't invite them unless they demanded to come, and then only for her sake. If not for them, she'd be safe. Maybe she'd have a good life. She's a young white girl who is awake and cares deeply for the fate of her race, so yeah, I know better, but at least she'd be a little safer without her worthless fucking parents."

"You're thinking with your heart, Johnny" Cristian says, "I think it's best for her if they think they're welcome here."

"I believe you should invite them," Garret says, "There is one reason and only one reason; in order to preserve this refuge for her. She needs it right now. I've spoken to Anna about her and I trust Anna as much as anyone. KJ is remarkable and resilient, but she needs this place, even if she can only visit us a couple of hours a day. She's not alone if we're here. John is right about those traitors. If you allow them to think she works here, they'll be less likely to cut off her refuge. This place won't just be a dream for her; it'll be real, a real refuge. As for helping to protect her, that's a serious question for Dullahan. I'd say give her a pistol but she has no privacy at home, and her parents wouldn't hesitate to hurt her if they found it. Let's get her a license to drive and provide a vehicle. It gives her more of a chance than she has right now. Tell her that she should leave if things get any more dangerous. Tell her we don't want a martyr. Also, Bill, get her a contact number, and give her mine and Johnny's. I'm sure he won't object. Isn't that right, Johnny? I understand you're teaching her self-defense. Good, keep that up. She'll need it. I thank you for that."

"We'll have to get their permission to help her obtain a license," Bill says, "So I'm going to invite them for a visit. It's resolved. Now, John, you've been involved in Dullahan as much as anyone. It would seem in light of recent events that the project has some serious defects. What say you?"

John Boyle looks at Bill, and then at Megan. Bill prepared himself for this moment. His brutal question to Bowen is far from the worst that will come up at this meeting. He knows what Boyle will say. It is vital that nothing is forbidden.

"Don't spare my feelings, John," Megan says, "You won't remind me of my loss. I live with it every day of my life."

"Dullahan wouldn't have saved David," Boyle says.

The room is silent for a while.

"I know, John," Bill says, "but whites in America might not be ready for something more. I have my doubts they'd support Dullahan, truth be known."

"All the more reason to go further," Bowen says, "An IRA infrastructure cannot exist, we all know that. There's not nearly enough support. Only an insulated group could operate in this nation. If it's insulated, then why pull our punches? Why play by their rules?"

"Conservatives will be the first to condemn any such movement," Bill says.

"They'll condemn Dullahan just as fast," Johnny says, "Faster, actually. They won't be afraid of reprisal."

"John," Bill asks, "What would have saved David? A more active or militant movement?"

"No," Boyle says, "but it would prevent more murders out of fear alone. They kill a white youth, we kill everyone responsible. That's the Dullahan reprisal idea. But we should go further. We'd kill the judge who let them off on previous occasions."

"There has to be a price for treason," Cristian says, "Right now it's profitable to betray our race."

"I've considered such possibilities," Bill says, "You all know my past."

"No one doubts it, Bill," Cristian says, "It's a question of degree and priority. Really, the tools are there. So are the ideas and motivations. I'm convinced a white self-defense movement will start in time if we go a little further the first time around."

"What do you propose?" Bill asks.

"Cells," Garret says, "We have to face reality. These people, our beloved people, are not ready for anything like Dullahan. The idea is magnificent. In time, it will come to life, as Cristian has said. Right now we're desperate. We're dying as a race. We all know it. If we detach, move outside the accepted rules of insurgency and warfare, we are free to act where we see fit and we have less chance of being betrayed by ingrates and traitors. There are far too few of us to make a difference as protectors in the manner of Dullahan, reacting to outrages we can't prevent. But as cells, we can strike fear in the hearts of traitors. We can even claim a few of them. The existence of this place is a refuge for KJ, even when she cannot visit us. The existence of a cell would be all the more powerful. It is true that many would see us as monsters. But others would know better. When white youth understand that we exist and operate without com-

promise, some of them will ask why and some of them will not run from the answer. We exist because our race faces genocide. When you face genocide, there are no more rules."

"There wouldn't be any press releases or demands," Johnny adds, "We'd be pure. They'd know we can't be bought, and that we won't compromise."

"We would inspire those still willing to fight," Garret says, "We would be their spiritual refuge, just like your farm is a spiritual refuge for KJ."

"The reaction will be massive," Bill says.

"It will be anyway," Johnny says, "Our race is going extinct and we haven't begun to fight. It's time, Bill, fuck the enemy and his response. For every KJ there are a million who are trapped in this system, and don't have the courage to fight back like she does. They go to class and listen to Mommy Professor and hate their brothers in race. They'll be good little anti-white feminists and manginas and have their approved 1.5 children, who might not be white at all. They'll vote for a half-nigger and curl up in a ball when some kike parasite calls them racist. Fuck the reaction! Of course there will be a reaction. I say let's decide this on the field, like our ancestors, not in some goddamned hotel bathroom with Whitey's daughter on her goddamned knees in front of a buck nigger."

"Fine," Bill says, "We go further. Where does that leave KJ? How does this help her more than Dullahan?"

"It cannot," Garret says, "but it offers a door. Dullahan is a part-time war. We still have our daily lives. This would be different. The cells would be totally independent of the American system. The auxiliaries who support the cells would act as if they are still in the system, for secrecy and protection. KJ's seventeen. Dullahan can only try to protect her, and those who reach out to her would end up gunned down by cops. The active cell is not bound by rules or conventions. She's seventeen? Not important. She could leave behind the pain and evil and join a cell if she so desires. Or she could be an auxiliary. It would be her choice."

"She could join, you're saying," Bill says, "It would be extremely dangerous for her to do so."

"She won't back down," Johnny says, "If they don't kill her they'll do worse. Right now, she faces them alone."

"Let's test Dullahan on a small scale," Boyle says, "Set up a controlled circumstance and observe the response."

"I was thinking of doing just that," Bill says, "I've already mentioned it to Michael." He looks at the others. "It would seem that you men have already come to a conclusion. I would suggest you work out all the details."

You have quite the responsibility if this is the path you have chosen. I'll be gone for a few days. Work out the details and sell it to me when I return."

Bill has much to discuss with his eldest son. Some of his brothers-in-race might leave the project if it progresses beyond Dullahan. This does not displease Bill; to him, they're better off without the faint of heart. Bill does not mention this to the men at the meeting. He rises and sees each man off, except Garret who he asks to remain. Megan kisses Garret's cheek and leaves the room. She knows this private conversation must remain between the two men.

"Garret," Bill says, "Someday you'll make decisions, life and death decisions, more often than the rest of us. It will be soon, I can tell. The radicals like Johnny and KJ will honor what you say. But you must listen to them and regard what they say. They'll be right most of the time, no less than you or I. They may exaggerate and they may go to extremes, but their words will usually be right. I know that you'll listen, and it gives me comfort. We don't need schisms and feuds. I have no doubt that those two will stand when the time comes. I'm convinced that KJ will fight, and we both know that Johnny will. Neither of them will turn their backs on you if you lead them to battle."

"I trust in Johnny," Garret says, "and I believe in KJ. Only the strongest and most courageous white girl would make the stand she's making. I'm sure she's gone through even more than she tells us."

Bill knows that Garret has his own sources of information. He never asks about them.

KJ can hardly wait for Friday. It's been a while since she and Anna have visited Diamond Crossing. The school days have been long and nerve-wracking. She's nervous and on edge, expecting another attack at any moment. None materialize, though her vigilance could be the reason. On two separate situations, she sees and avoids possible threats. She may have misinterpreted an innocuous act, an understandable event when one is in constant peril, but it is better to err on the side of caution.

The release of the afternoon school bell does not lull KJ into perilous inattentiveness, though the sense of escape is almost euphoric. Even on Monday, when she won't be visiting the Donnelly Homestead, KJ anticipates the end of the day and the completion of her weight lifting routine that is scheduled for the evening. Then she'll curl up in bed and listen to her music. Her eyes closed, she'll dare to dream about a life far from the Campbell House.

KJ's new locker remains unmolested for the time being. She knows it will not last, but the small respite eases her stress.

On Tuesday afternoon, KJ rides with Anna to the Donnelly Homestead and both girls practice self-defense with Johnny Bowen. Today he has them throw punches, hitting him in the palm while he wears punching gloves. When the lesson is over, Bowen reminds both ladies of one of life's brutal lessons.

"Stun and run," he says, "Both of you are very strong young women. You both have great development and strength. I could feel your punches and to be honest they were even more powerful than I thought they'd be. I have no doubt that both of you could handle any girl you might meet, and a lot of softer guys for that matter. But do not let this go to your head, and do not ever draw the wrong conclusion from what I'm telling you. You will not be able to beat a large male in an unarmed physical confrontation. Forget the bullshit you see in the movies. Usually there will be more than one of them, anyway. What I'm telling you is this: fight dirty, use a weapon, use anything. Do not let them trap you or get you on the ground. All their lives aren't worth a drop of your blood. Stun and run. Stun and run. Stun and fucking run."

Johnny walks up to KJ. He reaches down and lifts her arm.

"Flex," he says.

She does and the result is impressive. Anna's arms, which show the great strength and beauty of a swimmer, are very impressive for her size. Her arms were the largest that Johnny had ever seen on a girl her size that is not a masculine bodybuilder or steroid freak. KJ surpasses her redheaded friend in arm size. The two of them are perfect for stun-and-run.

"Either of you could effectively stun an attacker," Johnny says, "no matter how large he is. You're strong enough. But you have to run. Run the fuck away. After the shock wears off he will respond. You will not beat him without a weapon, and that is a whole other kind of dangerous. He'll be full of adrenaline and likely very angry. His first response will be to attack. If he has any resistance to damage he will shrug off your blow and he'll attack you with all he's got, especially if he's a nigger and especially if his friends saw what just happened. Stun and run. Stun and run. Stun and run."

It is a vital lesson and Anna takes it to heart. KJ wishes to, and she tells herself that he's right. Almost two decades of feminist indoctrination make it a little more difficult for her to internalize his strong admonition, though she will try.

The relative tranquility at KJ's locker lasts even less time than she thought. On Thursday morning the locker vandal strikes again, though his

aim is off. He vandalizes and glues the locker next to KJ's. It is a matter of time before he finds the right one. She hopes he'll be punished in the meantime.

That afternoon, Bill Donnelly returns from his meeting with his son Michael. KJ is glad to see him. The place just doesn't seem right in his absence. She doesn't return to the field just yet. There are more self-defense lessons and more rifles to clean. Bill does not seem perturbed, though he's less talkative than usual. Again, Anna takes KJ home at the end of the day. KJ wonders if something of great importance is happening behind the scenes. She does not ask, not even Anna. This week has been a kind of escape for her. It serves a similar purpose for Anna as well. For KJ it goes even further. When she's with her new friends, she finally feels like she can breathe.

Friday, January 11th, is clear and cold. No snow means an open school; it also means KJ will be going to Diamond tonight. The previous night she retired to bed an hour earlier than usual. Today she's up before dawn. She prepares her bag, packing her newest jeans, a plain black t-shirt and a change of underclothes and socks. She tosses her gloves inside and removes the newest pair of black boots from her closet. She shines the boots and wraps them in a towel before putting them in a bag. KJ won't slide her knife between the laces of this pair. It won't be necessary, anyway. She remembers the precautions that Diamond took the last time *Chrionex* played. As usual she makes her own breakfast and has to wait for Gene to take her to her educational prison.

The school day can't end fast enough. Anticipation can be dangerous, and KJ knows it; she forces herself to be on guard. She hopes the cowardly anti-white saboteur will deface the adjacent locker again. If it's not hers, perhaps the administration will pursue the vandal this time. It does not happen. She's more fortunate with her safety, however, as no noticeable threat emerges. There's not even a vicious note on her seat. Today the enemy is the clock and it extracts a toll of boredom. When the hour finally reaches 2:45, KJ flies to her locker and grabs her jacket. She scans the area for threats and then heads for the exit. A decent soul would weep for an extraordinary woman like KJ, forced to constantly fear for her well-being. There is a dearth of such souls in her immediate vicinity.

There are, however, many weak and evil ones. One of the latter notices the locker she visited. He won't mistake the number next time.

Gene is late; so late, KJ will have to forego making anything to eat. She grabs a couple of energy bars and a bottle of water and runs upstairs. If Erica were home, KJ would have walked. If she'd given any indication

of being eager to go to work, Erica would have interfered with her plans out of spite. KJ tried to coordinate with Anna so that the two would meet as early as possible. KJ takes a quick shower and then, after ensuring that Erica has not yet arrived, she runs downstairs and out the door. Her estimation is accurate. No sooner does she arrive at the curb of Lindsay than she sees the white Chevy coming up the street. The pickup is barely at a stop when KJ climbs inside. Anna doesn't hesitate, either. KJ glances in the rear-view mirror and sees the Campbell House disappear into the background. It's a relief to escape.

KJ looks at Anna. She, too, is wearing a jacket over a t-shirt. Her hair is in a ponytail and she's not wearing makeup or any jewelry. The simplicity does nothing to diminish her extraordinary beauty; in its own powerful way, it enhances it.

"Did you eat yet?" Anna asks.

She figures KJ has not, based on the limited time she must have had.

"Huh?" KJ says, "Oh, no. But I'm good."

"I'm not," Anna says, "Let's grab something. How about some pasta?"

"Anna, no," KJ says, "I can't."

"It's my treat, KJ," Anna says, "Pasta sounds good right now."

"No, really," KJ says, "Please."

"I'm inviting you, KJ, OK?" Anna says, "We're going."

"All of you do so much for me," KJ says, "I feel like a fucking bum."

"Would you do it for us?" Anna asks.

"Yeah, but..." KJ begins to say.

"But what?" Anna asks before she can finish.

KJ is silent for a moment. Anna waits.

"I still feel like a bum," KJ says.

Anna reaches over and pulls down the visor. KJ sees herself in the mirror.

"Didn't this work the first time?" Anna asks.

"Alright," KJ says, "but I owe you twice now."

"It's not..." Anna says.

"Like that," KJ interrupts, "I get it. But I will do something for you. I fucking want to, alright?"

"OK," Anna says, "but not because we do it, do it because you want to. We don't owe one another because of a meal or an iPod." Anna reaches over and squeezes KJ's hand. It's ungloved, for once. "It's because we're sisters," Anna says.



KJ looks at her left hand. The pale white skin is the exact same color as Anna's.

"Thank you, Anna," KJ says.

KJ looks up from their hands to Anna's profile. Anna puts both hands on the wheel.

"The shade of our skin's paler than most whites," KJ says, "It's the most endangered. And your red hair, and our blue eyes, they could disappear forever. Our beautiful colors would be gone. Fuck, that really hurts me! The generations before us didn't fucking care, did they? But this is who we are!" KJ raises her hand. "We could be doomed to disappear forever and our elders won't say a fucking word, just as long as no one calls them racist. That kind of cowardice disgusts the fuck out of me. We'd be gone, Anna. We'd be gone, together with our children."

"We're beautiful," Anna says, "I'm not going to lie to make someone else feel good. You and I are beautiful. I know men, strong men, who will die before they let someone destroy beauty like ours. You know a few of them, too."

"Johnny would," KJ says.

"Yes," Anna says, "He would, but he'd kill our enemies first."

Anna and KJ pass under the overpass of US 119.

"He'd be right, too," Anna says, "Sometimes a man has to fight."

"Or kill," KJ says, "He would be right, whichever he had to do. Most girls would be like Christina and wouldn't thank him. I'd thank him. Fuck, I'd thank him so much I'd cry."

Anna pulls into the parking lot of the Italian restaurant.

"Do you think Bill will mind us stopping here?" KJ asks, "We're going to be late."

"Don't sweat it," Anna says, "I ran it past him and he practically insisted."

Anna parks in the rear. The place is getting crowded.

"The spaghetti and pizza are the best things here," Anna says, "The other stuff's OK., but, seriously, try the spaghetti."

Supper offers another occasion for small talk and relaxation. The two ladies take their time and savor the experience. Neither young woman knows with certainty if they will be able to repeat the occasion in the near future. Since she is unfamiliar with this place, KJ follows Anna's lead and finds that the redhead is right. The spaghetti is excellent.

Both young women are careful with their diets. Neither starves herself, however. That is one of the reasons that both are so beautiful. More than one pair of eyes examines them from time to time. Their physical

strength is obvious; so, too, are their feminine bodies, which are emphasized by the muscle rather than obliterated by it. It is the perfect combination, though each came to it through different methods. Anna's strength came mostly from being in water; KJ's came from aerobics, hillsides and lifting iron.

Anna and KJ depart from the pasta place at 5:00PM. The two will not have much time to practice, but if there's ever a good day to be in a rush it's today. Bill is still reticent and he defers to Anna to decide how she and KJ will spend their time. Johnny Bowen couldn't come, since he has a load to haul over Caddell Mountain. John Boyle is either occupied or away. Bill knows what Anna will choose and he is pleased. KJ needs this experience as much as any. For two hours, the young ladies shoot pistols at the range. It's too early to be certain, but KJ seems to prefer the 1911 A1. The experience is exhilarating for her. She knows the gun is a tool like any other. Yet it is liberation; it is a force that could stop the enemy cold should he try to harm her or those she loves. The enemy knows this and he would stop at nothing to take that force away from KJ and those like her. KJ believes that Johnny will still have a pistol for her, even if the enemy makes them illegal.

The clock begins to move once she's having fun and in a flash it's time for KJ to change clothes for the trip to Diamond. She and Anna make haste and leave at 7PM.

Diamond Crossing always felt the same, at least as long as KJ has known the place. Tonight it seems changed. The metal detectors and extra security are there. This is a sad necessity when *Chironex* comes to town. Some of the faces have become familiar. As they pull into the lot, KJ sees Mason Walker and Austin Kelly at the entrance. She remembers their last visit. They'll be entering through the side doors again. Anna didn't return the .45 she was shooting at the range. It's on her body, somewhere. KJ feels relief. She feels peaceful here. She feels safe among her companions; her people. Diamond is the same; KJ is not.

"Hi, Mason!" Anna yells as they approach the entrance. "Hi, Austin," she says.

"What's up, Anna?" Mason asks. He looks at KJ. "Hi, KJ," he says with a smile.

"Hey," she says, "Hi, Austin."

He smiles and waves.

"Can we?" Anna begins to ask.

"No," Mason says.

"Bullshit!" Anna says.

She starts heading for the side entrance.

"You pussy," Austin says to Mason.

Mason mocks him with a laugh. He hurries ahead and takes the lead.

At the side entrance, Mason removes his key and unlocks the doors.

"What do you got?" Mason asks.

"Forty-five," Anna says.

"Good," he says, "Have fun, kids."

"Thanks, Mason," Anna says.

She kisses his cheek.

"Thank you," KJ mouths.

Mason winks and heads back to the entrance.

The crowd is average for a *Chironex* performance. There are the die-hard fans of hardcore punk who would come no matter what the message. There are the sympathizers, most of whom also appreciate the power of hardcore and the tremendous skill required to successfully play this genre of music.

There are new fans, those coming to enjoy hardcore and who have heard of the formidable music of *Chironex*. Absent are those frightened by the threats and the possibility of guilt by association with racists. Absent, too, is a group of anti-whites who heckled Hill and company at their most recent show, in their hometown of Albany. One made it on stage where he physically assaulted Hill. Hill is tough; even tougher than he looks. The assailant got his ass handed to him. Tonight would be so much worse for a would-be assailant. As for the timid sheep and others who care little for freedom of speech, it is just as well that they are absent from tonight's show. *Chironex* will go further than they ever have before.

There is electricity in the air as David Hill approaches the microphone. The atmosphere feels thick as it does before a lightning storm. Hill is thinner than he's been before; harder, in fact. His face is not quite as youthful. He looks like he's taken a few blows. He looks like he'll ask for more. This in no way diminishes him in the eyes of his supporters. They feel closer to him. They're feeling those blows as well. Some like KJ and Anna long to return the favor to the anti-white enemy.

The first song is "Merry Goes Round." After the first few lyrics, it is evident that Hill is not intimidated by the escalating threats against him. The theme is a brutal confrontation on a playground. A white boy suffers constant degradation at the hands of several non-whites. He is beaten and abused. No one helps him; on the contrary, their groveling and weakness encourages non-whites to be violent toward the boy and other whites. In the end, the boy stands up and fights. The rage expressed in

the song is enormous and violent. The tune ends with the boy stomping one of his tormentors, not concerned whether he kills him or not.

Next is a rendition of "Rainelle". Added lyrics make this version less sentimental and much angrier. The singer's fury rises when bankers take homes away from local families and HUD fills them with non-whites. The climax takes the form of Hill crying out. "Burn it down, burn every fucking one down!"

KJ is spellbound by the experience. It is invigorating, enraging and touching all at once. Her tears are full of joy and sadness and they wash her many spiritual wounds. She refuses to contemplate the danger those brave men face. There is absolutely no fear on the state tonight. There is very little fear among the audience, and it is confined to those still sleeping. KJ looks at Anna after "The Truth in Your Lie" comes to an end. Anna throws her arm around KJ and hugs her tight. KJ closes her eyes and embraces Anna, her kinswoman; her sister.

When KJ opens her eyes, she looks at the faces in the crowd. Most of them are her people. She recognizes Jimmy Ford and David Fox. Anna's arm is still around her. There's only one arm she'd rather have there right now. Unlike the night with Justin, this time it would be for the right reasons. KJ laughs a little to herself when she thinks about it.

The show lasts a relentless two hours. Few leave during the intermission. Those who do leave did not belong there in the first place. Minus the lyrics, the music is excellent. If not for the suppression of the band for political reasons, *Chironex* would be a major force in the hardcore scene. If the men compromised and performed vicious anti-white songs, or trash about orgies and drug use, they would find their songs on iTunes and their faces on music magazine websites. Instead, they receive death threats. Without anonymous funding, there would be no band.

The final three songs of the show are new. Taken as independent tunes each is a tour de force. The last one almost erases the memory of the other two. Hill's expression doesn't betray what he's about to sing, though perceptive observers like KJ know that the final song will be a phenomenon.

Hill approaches the microphone. He introduces the song by the title and nothing more.

"Old Whorey."

It is their masterpiece. No one present has ever heard a song as ferocious as this, which is at the upper limit of hardcore, approaching grindcore in its sound. Unlike leftist protest songs, which promote rather than challenge the powers-that-be, "Old Whorey" is a strike against those

powers themselves. Unlike other *Chironex* songs, which rage against white genocide, this tune is a condemnation of the system that brought about the anti-white genocide. It is a condemnation of the American religion; the cult of democracy and equality. There is no allegory or parable. By the end of the song, there's no mistaking the message: America is anti-white to its core. Unlike other bands' songs that condemn a racist white America that never actually existed, this one attacks a very real, very dangerous national identity: the proposition nation, where all races are created equal but only whites can be guilty of hate crimes.

For some sympathizers, the song goes too far. For suffering warriors like KJ it is a stirring experience. The roar of approval overcomes the silence of those hesitant. Hill knows he speaks for those who cry out. Many of them would challenge the system. Some, like KJ, already have, and they continue to pay the price for their defiance. His position in front of the mic, although relatively anonymous when compared to other musical groups and performers, allows David Hill to speak for his passionate fans. Far worse than the mounting number of death threats is the thought of backing down, apologizing and becoming a coward. Hill is resolved to never do any of those three. Tonight's final song convinces the more jaded members of the audience that David Hill is sincere in his defiance and will not give in to threats.

Bill Donnelly is reading a letter from his son Michael when his cell phone rings. It's not the cell phone whose number he gave to KJ. He looks at the caller ID. It's from the Campbell Household. Bill doesn't answer. He folds the letter and heads for the door. Once properly attired in his work clothes, Bill walks the road to the Long Hall. He stops at the big Chevy dump truck. Bill opens the hood and removes the battery, leaving it and the tool box on the ground, and the hood in an upright position.

Anna and KJ wait for most of the crowd to depart before they too take their leave. The night is clear and cold. Orion, king of winter, shines bright overhead. Both girls are eager to talk, though nary a word is shared before they turn south on Highway 66. KJ is first to break the silence.

"Well, that was fucking awesome," KJ says.

She feels it's an understatement.

"It sure was," Anna says.

"Hey, thanks for bringing me," KJ says.

"Sure, KJ," Anna says, "I wouldn't have gone without you."

"You know," KJ says, "a lot of bands, even a lot of punks glamorize drugs or sex, or sing about hating whites and Christians. They don't dare piss off Jews or niggers. They only attack safe shit, and talk like rebels

when they're really just fucking sheep. Who gets angry if you play songs about fucking all the time, or hating Whitey or his old ways? No one with power will be upset with you. As long as you try to convince young people to hate other whites. But tonight wasn't like that. You hear the men from *Chironex* and you don't hate yourself. You get pissed, but that's not all. When you really feel their music, it's like you're not part of the system anymore. It's so fucking nice to see white men not afraid to speak their minds."

KJ stops speaking. A little while passes and she begins to wonder if Anna is in a talkative mood.

"Go on, KJ," Anna says.

"I didn't want to talk over you," KJ says.

"I love that fire you have," Anna says, "Go on."

KJ shrugs.

"They're great fucking musicians," KJ says, "and that's why it's so important for them to tell the truth. They could play tame shit or anti-white shit, but instead they tell the truth and they're not afraid. They're not." KJ smiles and glances at Anna. "They speak for us, you know? The anti-whites are pissed at these guys and that's why there are all the death threats. Our men rage against the shit that we're facing, the real fucking enemy. When most bands act angry, it's like a sad little tantrum. Even if the music's good and they're really angry, they still conforms to rules made by kikes and fucking traitors. They still rage against safe targets. Well, fuck them, those musicians are cowards. They're a bunch of conformist fucking cowards! As much as they hate Christians, no new-age Christian faggot could ever conform as much as those pussies do."

Anna laughs.

"Yeah," she says, "That's how it is."

"It's so nice to see real men," KJ says, "It's even nicer to know real men like Bill and Irish John, and Johnny Bowen."

She says Johnny's name last, thought he was first on her mind.

"Don't forget Garret and Rian, and the other guys, too," Anna says.

"Oh, I know," KJ says, "I didn't mean to imply..."

"I know, KJ," Anna says.

"Anna," KJ says, "I need to practice more at the range. When we were at Diamond, you could have helped if they needed it. All I could do was watch or maybe take a bullet."

"Don't do that," Anna says, "Don't ever do that."

She glances at KJ.

"I have to do something!" KJ says.

"If you take a bullet it's worse than doing nothing," Anna says, "I understand what you're saying. It would hurt me worse than taking a bullet to know one of them got hit when I could have taken it instead. But they're men, KJ. It would destroy a man if you took a bullet for him. It's better to kill the bastard who shot him, and then do what you can to help. You're right about practice, though. We need to shoot more."

"I kind of wish I had a gun when that fucking nigger shoved me," KJ says, "No one did a fucking thing. They just watched. It's terrible to feel that fucking helpless. I was wondering the other day, when I went to bed, what if one of our men had been there?"

Actually, she was wondering what would have happened if Johnny had been there.

"There would have been one fucked up nigger if our men had been there," Anna says. She gets a big, mischievous smile. "Actually, there'd have been one less nigger if your Johnny had been there."

"Yeah," KJ says, "For fucking real." Whether KJ caught Anna's obvious hint she doesn't show. "But I wouldn't want him to get in trouble."

"If one of them attacks you," Anna says, "forget the trouble. Let a man like Johnny deal with it. Don't try to stop him. Both of you are already in trouble, so what? But don't just stand there. Help your man, just like you did with Donny. Warn him, help him fuck up the attacker; just don't get in the way. If he gets the attacker down, stomp the black bastard. It won't just feel good. It'll show your man that you appreciate him. That's vital, KJ."

"I know," she says, "If one of the guys at school had stood up, I don't care if the nigger was a football player, I'd have helped the white guy fight the motherfucker." She thinks for a moment. "I need a bigger knife."

Anna laughs.

"Just be careful, OK?" Anna says, "We love you, KJ."

KJ breathes deep. It's the first time anyone has said that to her since her awakening. It's the first time anyone said it like they meant it.

"If not for Diamond I never would have met you," KJ says.

"Speaking of Diamond," Anna says, "What did you think about that last song?"

"Have you heard it before?" KJ asks.

"No," Anna says, "It was new to both of us."

"They're right," KJ says, "I know a lot of people won't like what they say, but it's true. Did you like it?"

"Yes," Anna says, "Quite a lot, actually."

"You know the first thing I thought?" KJ says, "Every white person's so fucking obedient. The power wants us dead. Fucking dead! The power

says we're the only ones who are racists, and racism is the worst of all evils. The rich and powerful make the rules and their rules are made to kill us. They sell us all that equality and democracy bullshit, but we're not equal and non-whites will never be like us. They know it but they'll never admit it. They destroy you if you try to tell the truth about race. Any company will fire a white worker for telling the truth, or just loving his fucking people."

KJ sighs in frustration.

"Fuck them and their laws," she says, "Fuck this bullshit country."

"There are no more homelands," Anna says, "Not America, not our old Europe. Maybe there was once. A lot of whites think that there are, but they're wrong. America's the heart of darkness for us. You can't run to Europe, either. Europe is made in America's image, after the obedient generation destroyed it."

"It's every one of our countries, isn't it?" KJ says, "Every white country is flooded with non-whites and run by fucking traitors. Every white country has to assimilate non-whites, and drown our genes in their fucking brown skin and yellow fucking eyes. Our race is our identity and it's threatened in every one of our countries. There really aren't any more homelands for white people, you're right about that. Everywhere is war. Your own space is a goddamned war zone."

"It's time we treat it like one," Anna says, "Don't you think?"

"I wish more of us realized that," KJ says.

"I imagine someone will have to do something to show that we won't go extinct without a fight," Anna says, "Words got us into this. Words won't get us out of it."

The starlight of Taurus the Bull shines high above the Chevy. The two occupants are as unique and wondrous as the heavens above them. Whether their time waxes or wanes remains to be seen. It is their tragedy that the decision will not be theirs alone. Unlike other wayfarers who have passed by this night, they at least are resisting the death of their race.

"I can't imagine what David Hill and his buds have been through," KJ says, "You know, what threats they've faced because they've been fearless."

"Yes you can," Anna says.

"That's not the same," KJ says.

"Yes it is!" Anna says, "It's for the same reasons, too."

"If just one fucking celebrity would have courage," KJ says, "One who young whites admire, or just like as a person. If just one white celebrity would speak out against our genocide, it would make such a huge fuck-



ing difference. If they'd just refuse to do propaganda against their own race, or degrade themselves or their brothers and sisters, this shit would stop right now. The enemy couldn't hide it anymore. Don't they ever think of their own white children? That's, like, the worst fucking thing. They're selling out their own children! If just one of them would say, 'fuck no!' and take a stand and open their fucking mouths. I know they'd take heat, maybe not get any more roles. But fuck it! I'd give my breath to save my people, and they won't do shit! Yeah, it's real fucking rebellious to parrot what some kike believes about white people."

"They're cowards," Anna says, "They won't ever do anything. I think even the more rebellious ones are just shills. They probably never would have gotten any roles if they ever showed signs of consciousness. That's the last thing those heebies and traitors want, for a popular white person to speak against white genocide."

"At least they can tell the truth," KJ says, "They would rather be wealthy and popular than see their grandchildren live in peace. They're not fucking rebels, they're the safest, most complacent sheep, much worse than the average man who they look down on. Contrast that with our guys. *Chironex* won't ever play at the big venues or make millions of dollars, but they're real rebels and real men. Our guys have balls. They go up on stage in spite of death threats. Other white singers and actors are fucking tools. Gutless fucking tools."

"God, you're so right," Anna says, "What it would mean for a white celebrity to tell the truth about race; especially a woman, you know? They don't have to say 'nigger' or 'kike', just speak against the genocide we all face. Just refuse to belittle our race and our men. Just tell the ADL and the powers in Hollywood to fuck off, that she's a strong woman and she won't be silenced."

"No one will," KJ says, "They're cowards. They're afraid to be called racist, so they'll watch their people die. It's up to us. If just one of us had a voice."

KJ looks away from the winter night and turns toward Anna.

"I'd do it," KJ says, "Fuck, I'd give away my career to help save my race. A lot more, actually. Fuck the money and piece of shit awards, and fuck all the lies, and fuck the ways their kike masters use white actors and singers to degrade our race, especially white girls like us. Fuck the parasites. I'd be a real rebel, not some bullshit fuck-up crybaby tool. I'd tell them to their face, fuck you!"

"I know you would," Anna says, "I know, KJ. I don't doubt you. It just hurts that you're right."

"It hurts pretty bad, actually," KJ says.

It's about ten minutes to three when the two reach Township Drive and approach the Campbell House, their time together at an end for the evening.

"Anna," KJ says, "I've wanted to tell you, since I woke up, you're the only people who've ever made me feel valuable. Sure, back when I was one of the sheep, people told me that I was smart and what an amazing girl I was, as long as I obeyed and did what they expected from me. But I'm free now, and there's no pressure or threat that can make me go back. Most people hate me when they learn that I won't follow their goddamned cult. You guys make me feel like I matter, like I can do something worthwhile with my life."

"You do matter, KJ," Anna says.

KJ reaches inside her jacket and pulls an envelope out of the pocket.

"If something happens to me," KJ says.

"Don't say that!" Anna says.

"Please, Anna," KJ says, "I need you to know this. I don't regret my life, and I'd never change who I am, no matter what. You, Johnny and Bill need to know that I can feel joy inside of me, finally, real fucking joy. Life is, like, so fucking hard, but I can finally feel joy inside. It's real, too, not make believe. I won't lie, there's still despair and a lot of pain, and there probably always will be, but I can finally feel happy."

"KJ..." Anna whispers.

"Anna," KJ says. She takes a deep breath. "There were times when I wanted to die. It was mostly at first, but there were moments even later."

KJ gets a sad little smile. It's the thread of joy coming out from the pain, like she's fought her way to the surface and managed to grab a little breath.

"But that's gone now," KJ says, "Now I cherish every moment with you and the guys. I can actually do something with this life. I can at least stand up for our children. Maybe I'll know what it's like someday. Maybe I'll get to hold my own little baby."

Anna pulls over not far from the Campbell House. It is 3:15 AM. She reaches over and touches KJ's hair. Anna's emotions are alight and it is almost impossible for her to hold back the tears.

"I hope you choose the right man," Anna says, "because he's going to love you so fucking much."

KJ gasps.

"How do I thank you for that?" she says.

The sound of her breath joins her soul-stirring voice, and Anna has to turn away for a moment. When she looks at KJ again she smiles, mostly to avoid weeping.

KJ looks down at the envelope in her hands.

"I wrote this a couple of days ago. Please, Anna, if something happens to me, something really bad, please read this. But, please, don't read it unless something happens."

She lays the letter next to Anna. Anna takes it as if it's made of fragile glass. She puts it in her coat pocket.

"OK, KJ," Anna says.

Anna starts the truck and drives on to the Campbell House. The dark house comes into view.

"What are you going to do?" Anna asks.

"Someday I'll fight," KJ says, "I can't watch while they destroy us and our children. I can't live like that."

KJ opens the door when the truck comes to a stop.

"Be careful, KJ," Anna says, "God bless you."

"Thank you, Anna," KJ says, "Take care."

"I'll come by tomorrow," Anna says.

KJ nods and smiles. She waves as Anna pulls out, and then she walks to the rear entrance of the Campbell House. Again she practices stealth and again she succeeds in entering without Gene or Erica hearing her. She creeps upstairs, changes clothes and washes her face and arms. Then she goes to bed. She's certain she'll have to deal with an irate Erica in the morning. Tonight was worth the cost.

Once she's on Townsend Drive, Anna's emotions get the best of her. She wipes the tears off of her face. Anna turns on her iPod. *Darkseed's* "Winter Noon" begins to play.

*We'll be there with you when you fight*, she thinks.

Gary's in the kitchen when Anna pulls into the driveway. He expects she's had a wonderful time. He also expects the melancholy Anna who always shows up after she parts ways with KJ. Gary doesn't have to work tomorrow and he's stayed up waiting for his daughter to arrive. The vase on the table is empty, as it occasionally is in the winter. Anna will probably fill it over the weekend. Gary takes his first sip of peaberry coffee as Anna unlocks the kitchen door. She saved for two months to buy the coffee, as a gift for him.

"How was the show?" he asks as she takes off her coat.

If he had been in attendance he wouldn't be able to say if it was good or not.

"It was great," Anna says.

She smiles at him. He was right. Melancholy Anna is here.

"You OK, honey?" he asks.

"Yeah," she says.

She stops at the table and takes her seat opposite him. He takes her hand.

"How's KJ?" he asks.

"Good," Anna says.

"And?" he asks.

"It's just," she says, "It always seems like I'm abandoning her when she gets out of the truck. She goes back to that terrible life she has."

"You do all that you can, sweetheart," Gary says, "You can't do more than that."

"Do you think she'll be OK?" Anna asks. It's a child's question. She looks down and shakes her head. "Stupid question, huh?"

Gary rises. He pulls her up and embraces his beloved daughter.

"It's never stupid, Anna," he says. He puts both hands on her cheeks. "I wish your mother was here to see what a beautiful young woman you've become. Beautiful and strong like her."

Anna smiles through the sadness and uncertainty over KJ's fate. Gary is right. She is doing all that she can for the moment.

Bill Donnelly calls the Campbell House at 7 AM. It's the hour that KJ wakes today. He knows KJ will have hell to pay and he will attempt to mitigate her punishment. KJ is too excited by the prospect of escape to feel tired from a lack of sleep. While she throws together her handbag and walks to the bathroom, she hears Gene's ringtone. She hears someone answer on the fifth note.

Bill tells Gene that KJ was busy the previous evening. It seems there was a problem with his truck just before he could take her home. Her experience working at Kaminski's made her the logical choice for an assistant. Bill doesn't get into specifics. That would set KJ up for disaster. He'll gauge their response to the general information and then act accordingly. Gene hesitates to say anything. Bill hears the cell phone move. Someone grabbed it out of Gene's hands. Bill figured this would happen. He hears Gene tell Erica that KJ's boss is on the phone.

"Mr. Donnelly," Erica snaps, "What is the meaning of keeping our daughter out so late?"

"My sincerest apologies, madam," Bill says.

"Ms. Campbell," she says.

"Ms. Campbell," Bill says, "Your daughter has mechanical skills and

she's quite a strong young lady. She put her skills to good use on my old Chevrolet when the other workers had to leave."

Upstairs, KJ peeks down the steps. Erica is near the bottom. She paces back and forth. KJ wants to call Anna. She knows she'll have to get the story straight. She's smart enough to disable her phone's ringer and set it to buzz in her pocket should a call come in. She cannot call Bill, since he's on the phone with Erica. She resolves to call Johnny. As it turns out, she doesn't have time to complete a call. The phone starts to hum before she can enter his number. She doesn't recognize the caller ID. She answers it in the hopes that somehow it will offer her salvation

"Good morning, KJ," Megan Donnelly says.

KJ's sigh of relieve is audible.

"KJ," Megan says, "Last night you were helping Bill repair the Chevrolet truck; the big white one."

"My clothes aren't oily or dirty," KJ says.

"Hmm, you're right," Megan says, "I gave you suspenders so that your clothes wouldn't get dirty. We washed your gloves afterward."

"Thank you," KJ whispers.

"You're welcome, dear," Megan says, "Next time let's work this out in advance, so you don't have to get so nervous. Keep your cell on so we can call you. You can charge it when you visit us. Bill tried to call four times this morning."

"I will," KJ says, "Thank you so much."

"Kaylee's quite an amazing young woman," Bill tells Erica, "You must be proud of her."

"She's a handful," Erica says.

"Aren't they all?" Bill says, "I've got one myself."

"No," Erica says, "Her sister isn't anything like her."

Bill seizes the initiative.

"I'd like to invite you and your husband to tour the farm," Bill says, "I imagine you're eager to see your daughter's place of work."

"Yes, that would be fine," Erica says, "You should have offered that before."

"My apologies, Ms. Campbell," Bill says.

"When might we drop by?" Erica asks.

"Is tomorrow acceptable?" Bill asks.

"Certainly," Erica says, "One other thing. Since you've kept KJ late, will she be paid properly? I don't want to have to total her hours and find out she's been short-changed. There are laws against working underage persons for too many hours."

"She most certainly will be paid," Bill says, "If by accident she ever works over, she will be paid time and a half for every hour she works over her scheduled time."

"Um-hmm," Erica says, "One more thing, Mr. Donnelly, we'd prefer if you mailed Kaylee's paycheck directly to our address."

"Of course," Bill says.

Once she's sure that Erica's off the phone, KJ holds her breath and goes downstairs. Erica watches her from the kitchen door. Acting as if nothing is out of the ordinary, KJ heads in her direction. She hides her nervousness though it is stronger and stronger as she considers the interrogation that she'll have to face.

"You were out very late last night," Erica says, "And put on some clothes! You walk around here like a little tramp."

"I was busy last night," KJ says.

She ignores the second part and enters the kitchen. Her long t-shirt barely hides the thong that Erica knows she's wearing.

"Doing what?" Erica asks.

"Helping him work on his truck," KJ says, "I offered to stay late. I didn't think you'd mind."

"You should have called," Erica says.

"It just happened," KJ says, "We lost track of time. When I checked it was already midnight, so I figured I'd stay until the job was done."

"Is it?" Erica asks.

"I don't know," KJ says, "Bill said he might have to work on it some more today."

"He better not cheat you out of the hours," Erica says, "I'll get the law on his ass in a second." She snaps her fingers.

KJ wants to ask her why she's concerned about a trifle; she didn't get this worked up when the black prick assaulted her. KJ keeps her mouth shut.

"He'll pay me," KJ says.

KJ opens the refrigerator. She gets milk and a plate of cheese and vegetables she cut up the day before. She'd glad she had the foresight to make a makeshift breakfast. Erica notices that the cheese is an assortment of the French cheeses she bought last week at a gourmet shop in Pittsburgh.

"Before you take one bite," Erica says, "Go upstairs and put on some clothes!"

Anna arrives on time. Neither she nor KJ had much sleep. Neither feels it yet. They are young and in superior shape, and Anna's spirits rise

when she sees KJ. The effect is synergy. KJ sees the white pickup and the beautiful redhead and she bounds over to the passenger door. *Amorphis* is playing as she climbs into the truck. The ride to Bill's gives them both a little time to enjoy some music. For KJ, the trip is the beginning of the euphoria that comes when she escapes the Campbell House, even if it only lasts a few hours. Anna, too, feels euphoric. Everyone is safe, at least for now.

At Bill's place, KJ hurries to the Long Hall. She finds it locked. Instead of waiting, she walks to Bill's house. Anna follows her. Anna won't be staying very long. Before she leaves, she wants to talk to Bill and Sinead. KJ arrives at the rear entrance and pushes the doorbell. She'd like to know what Bill has in store for her today. She didn't see any sign of Johnny Bowen at the Hall or in the parking lot. More important, she wants to apologize for putting Bill in an awkward position with her parents.

Bill answers the door. He is glad to see the two young ladies.

"Good morning, KJ, Anna," Bill says.

"Good morning, Bill," KJ says, as does Anna.

"I imagine you're wondering what you'll be up to today, since Johnny's at work," he says.

KJ nods.

"Yeah, but first I'd like to apologize to you," KJ says, "I'm sorry I didn't talk to you about last night before we went to Diamond. I didn't think about it, and that was selfish. I'm sorry."

"No need to apologize, KJ," Bill says, though he's glad that she did. "It's a good lesson for the both of us. Be careful and learn from the near-miss. Do you have your phone on you?"

"Yeah," she says, "It's in my bag." She reaches for it.

"Is it turned on?" he asks.

"Yes," she says, stopping just before she pulls it out.

"Good," he says, "You've already learned one lesson. If Anna doesn't mind, I'm going to leave you two alone for a while. Why don't you hit the range until I call you?"

It's a stroke of good fortune for KJ. For the next two and a half hours the two shoot pistols at the indoor range. Anna keeps an eye on KJ's shooting techniques. KJ learns with remarkable speed. She becomes very comfortable with the 1911A1 and hopes to have one someday, when Erica and Gene and the police state cannot hurt her friends. She knows she'll have to leave the Campbell House permanently for that to be possible.

At 11:30 AM, Anna and KJ clean the pistols. Both are meticulous.

"Be careful with the spring," Anna tells KJ, though she no longer has to.

Like any task at the Donnelly Homestead, KJ takes this one seriously. From the time they complete the job to when Bill calls KJ's cell – about half an hour – the two collect shells at the range. Bill calls at noon and the two young ladies head for the house. There, Anna and Bill disappear into the interior. KJ waits in the large room for Bill to return. She's getting hungry, but won't disturb them to beg for a meal. She didn't forget to pack a lunch; she did not have time to prepare one.

Ten minutes later, the door to the dining room opens. KJ expects Anna or Bill; instead, Megan Donnelly emerges from the adjacent room.

"Good afternoon, KJ," she says, "How are you today?"

KJ notices Megan's comeliness, which is impressive for her age. The gentle confidence of her voice and her body language magnifies her beauty. Today she's dressed in a simple blouse and pants that are more suited for work than elegance, yet she is graceful.

"I'm fine," KJ says, "Thank you, Mrs. Donnelly. Oh, and thank you for calling me. I think you saved my life."

Megan smiles.

"How would you like to help me in the kitchen?" she asks.

"Yeah, I'd like that," KJ says.

She almost says "Hell yes!"

Megan holds the door for KJ to enter. Years of observing her mother, coupled with trial-and-error experience and an eagerness to practice, have given KJ considerable skill in the culinary arts. Her ability to learn quickly and to think ahead results in rapid progress; after an hour or two she's already making a genuine contribution to the day's work in the kitchen. Once the preparations are complete, her reward is an excellent meal partially of her own making. That she earned her dinner makes it all the more satisfying.

After the meal, KJ browses the internet until Bill calls about an hour later. From 4 PM until dusk, she takes her familiar spot above the field. It's no longer "dog watch." She knows exactly why he's having her watch the field. It's to hone her skills of observation. She doesn't know the reason, nor will she ask. The lessons will help her, no matter what the motives. This time Bill gives her more detailed instructions. When she comes back to the Long Hall at 7 PM, she's to write down everything she remembers seeing.

KJ notices so much over the course of three hours that she could fill many pages. As she heads down from the field, she resolves to write



down only those observations that she considers significant. If Bill requests more, she'll be happy to elaborate.

Bill's Cherokee is parked at the hall. Anna and the white pickup are gone. The battery is still sitting beside the big Chevy, though it is now covered. The cloudy sky could mean rain or snow. KJ knocks and then opens the door to the hall.

Bill is inside. He's at the table and looks up when she enters. There is an open spiral notebook and a pen in front of him.

"Don't take off our boots, KJ," he says, "The floor needs washed."

"I could do that tomorrow," she says.

"No," he says, "You've more important things to do here. But not tomorrow, KJ. You won't be coming tomorrow. I've invited your parents to visit the homestead."

KJ gasps and looks at him with a mix of shock and anguish on her face.

"It's become a necessity," Bill says, "Don't worry, KJ this will be to your benefit."

"Bill, please," she says, "if they see the range, they'll shit! I won't be able to come here anymore. They'll call the police. Please, Bill, if they can ruin this for me, they will."

"Let them see the place," Bill says, "The police won't find any impropriety. As for the range, you parents won't have a problem with an empty storage building."

He winks. KJ's anxiety fades but the shock turns to surprise. Bill slides the notebook toward her and KJ approaches and takes a seat.

"Write what you saw," he says "in ten minutes I'll have to take you back home I've got a lot of work to do tonight."

"Thank you," she says, "How can I ever repay you?"

"Write, KJ," Bill says.

KJ looks at the notebook. The memories come back. They're photographs in her mind. She writes almost non-stop until Bill tells her to cease.

"Good," he says.

He walks over to the coat rack. KJ jumps up and follows.

"It's unfortunate that I have to hurry you," he says, "I apologize."

"Please, Bill," she says, "Don't apologize."

He looks at her.

"I have to," he says, "It pains me that you'll have to endure living in that place."

"I'll be alright," she says, "I have a lot to look forward to, and that really helps me."

He smiles and touches her cheek. They leave with the green Cherokee. It's 8 PM and a cold snap is taking hold. KJ, normally resilient to the cold, wears her black toboggan until the Cherokee warms up inside.

"When you remain defiant in the face of your people's enemies," Bill says, "whether they're traitors or non-white opportunist, you give strength to those who might defy, and you give hope to those who will defy. KJ, it's not right that the responsibility to resist falls on your young shoulders. But what is, is, and it does no good to lament. If our race is to survive, it will not be men like me who carry the day, it will be your generation, the youth, and it will be both men and women. Johnny and Garret are right. If our people are to survive, it will be you who triumphs. And I am sorry to say, it will be you who suffers the most. It is up to men like me to give you everything we can, so that we might ease your suffering during the hard times to come."

KJ exhales sharply. She takes a deep breath and then looks at him. He covered for her last night. He's misleading Gene and Erica so that she might have a refuge from the evil; evil that she must someday face head-on. She's not ready yet. She needs this refuge until she is ready. That is what the Donnelly Homestead is all about. She looks out the front window. The night is cold and dark. It's a beautiful winter night. KJ loses her composure for a moment, and then recovers. She knows that he sees her.

"I'm sorry," she says.

She wipes her eyes.

"No, KJ, don't apologize," he says, "You're a beautiful and amazing young woman. It's how you cope with the terrible things that you face. A man is different. His strength comes out in other ways. Anyone who knows you for a day knows that you're strong and good. Those tears diminish nothing."

"OK," she says, "Thank you, Bill."

The phone rings at 7 AM. Bill checks the number. It's one of KJ's parents. He sighs and looks at Megan. She's stirring his tea.

"Good morning," Bill says.

"Good morning," Gene says, "Mr. Donnelly? My name is Gene Campbell. I'm Kaylee's father."

"Good morning, sir," Bill says.

Bill hides his disgust very well.

"I'm driving through Lemont Furnace," Gene says, "I understand you live off of Old Braddock Road?"

"Yes, sir," Bill says, "First left once you turn south, about a half mile from the Linger Estate."

"Very good, thank you," Gene says, "I'll be there soon."

"Mr. Campbell," Bill says, "If you'd like, I can meet you at the turn-off."

"Certainly," Gene says.

Gene is trying to sound cordial and confident. He's failing.

Bill describes the Cherokee. Gene says noting until Bill asks him about his vehicle. He's coming in the minivan.

"I look forward to meeting you, Mr. Campbell," Bill says.

"Likewise," Gene says.

He closes the call without another word.

"They're doing their damndest to cost her the job," Bill says, "Good thing it's not what they think it is."

Bill spent the night preparing the place. He does not feel the fatigue as he walks out to the Cherokee, which is parked along the driveway that leads to the Long Hall. He hopes that Erica isn't coming. Bill may not get any definitive answers from Gene, but he'll try to persuade him that KJ needs a driver's license. He'll offer to pay her more; whatever it takes, he will give.

Gene drives past the turn-off. For a moment Bill watches him, his disgusted snort visible in the winter air. Bill shakes his head and starts for the Cherokee. He stops at the door when he sees Gene turning around.

Bill leads his so-called guest to the Long Hall. The two park on either side of the big Chevy. The battery is still outside, and the hood is open. Bill parks on the right side. It is intentional. He does not want to block the view of the truck that validates KJ's excuse. Gene looks at the truck as he walks toward the entrance of the hall. He puts his hands in his pants pockets and stands on the tips of his loafers as if he's impatient. Bill knows that he'll have to accommodate this male without acquiescing to him, or browbeating him for being a coward. It will be a difficult chore. He keeps in mind that the goal – KJ's future – is what matters.

"Good morning, Mr. Campbell," Bill says.

He offers his hand to Gene, who shakes it. Gene summons the courage to look Bill in the eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Dougherty," Gene says.

It's an honest mistake. Bill already knows this male wouldn't be so brazen as to intentionally mangle his name.

"Donnelly, Mr. Campbell," Bill says "Please, call me Bill."

Gene is ten years Bill's junior. The spiritual weight that Gene carries is his own doing. It pales in comparison to Bill's misfortunes. Still, save for his somewhat youthful face, Gene looks to be Bill's age.

"I apologize, Mr. Donnelly," Gene says.

Bill smiles at his adversary. He takes out his keys and unlocks the front door of the hall.

"What's this building?" Gene asks before either man can remove his coat.

He walks over to the table without removing his shoes.

"A little of everything," Bill says, "This is the entrance. I set up the table so the girls can take lunch here."

"Girls?" Gene asks.

"Your daughter," Bill says, "Anna – she's my friend's daughter – and my Sinead."

"I see," says Gene, "Do any men take lunch here?"

"No," Bill says, "Not while the girls are present. You can rest assured..."

Gene cuts him off.

"I wasn't implying any impropriety," Gene says.

"It's good of you to ask," Bill says. He'd like to say "Yes, but the men are black. Do you care now?" but he refrains. The goal is what matters.

Bill turns and takes a step toward the exit. He knows it's not likely that Gene will leave before seeing the entire building.

"Might I see the rest of the building?" Gene asks.

"Of course," Bill says.

He walks over to the left-hand door.

The room where KJ cleans rifles now features a small bookshelf and a row of books. Most deal with homesteading and farming; a few are repair manuals. There are also field guides and notebooks. Bill assumes Gene will demand to see the entire structure. He opens the door to the left.

The next, larger room is obviously for storage. There are vehicle and tractor batteries, all manner of tools, and parts. There are also farm implements and several closed barrels.

Bill waits for Gene to ask a foolish question. When Gene remains silent, Bill navigates the room and opens a door leading back into the interior of the hall. Gene follows him into what must be a conference room. There are chairs and small tables and a clear space that could be reserved for a podium or a screen.

"What's this place?" Gene asks.

"I own a repair shop and metalworking business," Bill says, "When I have clients and associates over, we like a quiet place to discuss business and make presentations. This serves nicely."

"Has Kaylee helped you during one of your meetings?" Gene asks.

"Not yet," Bill says, "But she will. This spring I'll have her clean and help my wife make refreshments. She's a very bright girl. I'm sure she can run our power point presentations."

Bill looks into Gene's eyes once the latter finally meets his stare. Both have blue eyes. Bill's are piercing. Gene's are vacant.

"She's quite an amazing girl, you're Kaylee," Bill says, "Is she planning on attending college?"

The question is part of Bill's ruse.

"Kaylee?" Gene says, "She never said."

"She can work here until she decides," Bill says, "I need good help like her."

Gene says nothing. Bill leads him around the conference room and through a door on the far side. The next room is a large storage room. Inside are several objects that are covered with cloth and tarpaulin. There are also stacks of wood and furniture. Most came from the pistol range.

Without asking, Gene steps over to an object and pulls off the cover. Beneath it is a large belt sander.

"I have several such tools around here," Bill says, "I'll have Kaylee clean this room next week."

Bill steps by Gene and opens the door to the right. He does not enter. The room, which is in the center of the building, is empty. There are plumbing fixtures and the floor and walls are tiled.

"I'm going to install a bathroom and little kitchen in here," he says, "The workers can wash up and make their meals."

Gene nods. He steps inside for a moment and then exits.

Bill opens the door at the far wall. Inside is the room where Johnny Bowen took Anna and KJ for their most recent self-defense lesson. Today it is empty except for a small table and a clock on the wall. The ceiling has a hook for a heavy bag. Though Gene has trained with heavy bags, he doesn't recognize the reason for the swivel hook. The mount is not present at this time.

"I've heard this is a farm," Gene says, "Do you have any animals?"

"A few cows," Bill says, "Mostly it's woodland and brambles. I've told Kaylee she'll be picking berries this summer."

"Might I see the animals?" Gene asks.

"Of course," Bill says.

Bill smiles. It's going to be a long morning after a hard night of work.

Bill leads Gene around the field to the barn. At one point, he deliberately leads Gene through a wet spot. Though the surface is frozen, Gene breaks the ice and muddies his shoes. Bill knows that Gene won't have

any idea what to look for when he sees the cattle. Gene is under orders to demand access to everything, even barns and bathrooms.

Inside the barn are the few cows of the Donnelly Farm. Bill shows him the small herd, and then leads him through the woods to the smoke-house. Beyond are a dirt track and an outbuilding that's just large enough to shelter a 1965 Allis-Chalmers tractor.

Gene does not see the workshop that is accessible by foot or ATV. Bill does not mention the place.

When the two arrive at the Long Hall, Bill offers to show Gene one final building. The two drive up to the shooting range. Aside from the cabinets, it is empty inside.

"Kaylee will often work in this place," Bill says, "I'd like to move some of my business operations here. I'll have her set up the computers and file cabinets."

"Do you think shell keep her tempter in check?" Gene asks, "She's had quite a few problems at school. She can be very aggressive."

"She'll have enough to do here, Mr. Campbell," Bill says, "She won't get bored, I assure you."

Gene is finally satisfied. He and Bill head for the Donnelly Home, where they sit in the kitchen and wait for coffee. Bill introduces his wife. She is polite and makes Gene feel at ease. The goal is what matters.

While Megan makes coffee, Bill excuses himself. He returns with Sinead.

"Mr. Campbell," Bill says, "I'd like you to meet my daughter, Sinead. Sinead, this is Kaylee's father, Mr. Campbell."

She looks at him with her large and expressive blue eyes. Gene is struck by her seraphim beauty. Sinead curtseys and he rises from his seat.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Campbell," she says.

She's not. She knows he's a coward. Otherwise, KJ would not suffer the outrages and indignations that bring her such pain. Sinead is polite nonetheless. The goal is what matters.

"The pleasure's mine," Gene says. He shakes her hand and resumes his seat. "Tell me, Sinead, do you go to Laurel Highlands?"

"No," she says, "I'm homeschooled."

"I'm not sure that's a good idea," Gene says.

"I know four languages," she says, "counting English."

"Do you?" Gene asks.

She responds in the Irish. He has no idea what she said.

"I also speak French," she says in French.

He understands, though his spoken French is subpar. Unlike KJ, who used her two visits to France to increase her fluency, Gene was more interested in sex and drugs back when he visited Paris as a youth.

"You've done well with her," Gene tells Bill and Megan, "but home-schooling is not for everyone."

"Thank you, Mr. Campbell," Bill says.

He wants to challenge Gene's statement. He wants to ask which children should be condemned to the prison called public school; which white children. He knows that if Gene is honest he'll say almost all of them, except for the children of the elites and the powerful. Bill does not challenge Gene. The goal is what matters.

"I'd like to ask something of you," Bill says.

He opens a folder he brought with him when he came back with Sinead.

"I'd like to teach your daughter to drive a stick," Bill says, "She would be an invaluable asset to me if she could drive our Chevrolet pickup. I understand she doesn't have a license. What I propose is, I'll devote work time to training her and getting her one."

Gene is silent.

"She'll be paid for the time," Bill says, "It's an investment for me and an advantage for her."

Bill knows what Gene is thinking. He wants to ask Erica. Gene glances at Megan. She's preparing a fruit salad. He glances at Sinead. She looks at him, directly into his eyes.

Gene looks down.

"Sounds reasonable," he says.

"Excellent," Bill says, "Just sign this permission form and on Tuesday I'll start teaching Kaylee to drive."

Gene looks shocked. He wants to renege. Sinead's still looking at him. Megan turns and looks at him as well. Then she returns to the salad. Gene looks at Bill. Bill has laid a pen before him. He wishes Erica were here. She'd make it easy for him. He glances at Sinead. She turns to leave.

Gene takes the pen and signs the form. Bill waits until Gene is done signing, and then he closes the folder. Bill shows no emotion save mild pleasure. When the fruit salad is finished Megan serves her husband and their guest. Gene is quiet and picks at the food. About a quarter hour later, Gene takes his leave. After seeing him off, Bill returns to the kitchen.

"It would appear that his curiosity is satisfied," Megan says in the Irish.

"It seems that way," Bill says, "I realize just how special KJ is. That's the only example of a man she had as a child."

"She's a dear girl," Megan says. She comes around Bill and puts her hands on his shoulders. "I fear for her," she says.

Bill reaches up and squeezes her right hand.

The entrance to the Clay County property is a Jeep trail, and not a tame one at that. Deep in the woods, Garret Fogarty, Cristian O'Toole and Jimmy Ford wait beside the two dirt lines making the only vehicular pathway to the Coalsack site, which lies a half kilometer beyond. It's even colder here than at Deer Park, Maryland, or Washington, Pennsylvania. It doesn't faze any of the three men. They'll stand outside their Jeeps until Johnny Bowen arrives, whether it's another fifteen minutes or two hours.

Garret hears Bowen's Jeep a second or two before Cristian does. All three see the green Rubicon at the same time. When the Jeep pulls up alongside the men, they see John Boyle sitting in the rear. It's been an uncomfortable ride all the way from Lemont Furnace, on the floor, cradling an AR-10 rifle. Such is the life of a white man who crossed the border illegally. Such is the life of a member of the CIRA.

As Bowen drives toward Coalsack, Garret and Cristian return to their Jeeps and continue the trek to the Coalsack site. It lasts another quarter hour; not so much because of distance as due to the difficult terrain. Some of that difficulty is man-made. At present, the Coalsack site consists of nothing but a locked gate across the Jeep trail, John Boyle's austere campsite and a small shack surrounded by thick woods. Even in their leafless and snow-dappled condition, the trees are a formidable visual barrier. The shack looks much older and dilapidated than it actually is. This, too, is deliberate. Once the men park, they enter the shack to begin a very important meeting.

Inside is a table, a few wooden chairs and a kerosene heater, brought here last week by Garret Fogarty. He owns this property. It cost quite a bit of what remained of his inheritance and all his savings. Garret fires up the heater but before it can have any affect the men get down to business.

"Dullahan's dead," Cristian says, "even if Bill makes a test run. We all know that. Even if it could work, none of us have any faith in a reactionary system. I think we all know that reacting to atrocities won't mean anything in the long run. It's a Band-Aid on gangrene. Question is, where do we go from here?"

"Cells," Garret says.

"How do you mean?" Boyle asks, "Like the Provos?"



"Not flying columns," Garret says "We don't have the support that you did. We have to detach from the system. We have to be an independent organism."

"Who's going to be part of this?" Cristian asks, "Do you have an idea? And how long until we start? Dullahan took a while to get going, too long I think."

"We'll use the ghost of Dullahan," Garret says, "My emphasis will be the Old Core of the Celtic Society. They'll have a decision to make in the near future. If even a few of them agree, then we won't have to build a support structure. To answer your first question, we have to find out who wants to be a part of a cell system and who does not. I think we're past the time for orthodox measures, and, honestly, we don't have time to try and convince people peacefully anymore. They'll just shut down our voice if we try. They'll declare us racist and kill us in a raid, and life will go on for the white sheep."

"It should be obvious by now," Jimmy Ford says "that only extreme measures are going to make a difference in the long run. If the establishment says we're racist and guns us down with SWAT, who's gonna question their bullshit story? We're white racists, so we deserve it. How do you fucking deal with that peacefully?"

"The answer should be obvious," Garret says, "but it should be obvious that when anti-whites say they're anti-racist, they're really saying anti-white. It should be obvious the entertainment industry pushes white – non-white miscegenation. It should be obvious that an anti-white, Jewish minority controls the media and wields their power to produce constant anti-white propaganda. There should, in fact, be thousands of cells by now, but there aren't. It's up to us to be the first."

"The others will need to know in time," Cristian says.

"If we walk out of here with an agreement," Garret says, "they'll eventually know about our plans, and they'll have time to consider a course of action."

"You mentioned support, Garret," Boyle says, "I agree with your assessment. We can't be like the Provos. No one's willing to get their fat arses off the couch, let alone risk life and limb for their children. During the Troubles, if no one had been willing to risk, the Provos would have lasted a fuckin' week, tops. There's no support here. Fuck me, that makes it a lot harder, boys."

"We can't be like the Provos," Garret says "I know. But we will have support. The auxiliaries who support us will be few at first, but if others create cells the network could grow. At the start, and likely during the time

of the first combat cells, the auxiliaries will be people we know. They'll be those who are willing to sacrifice and aid our operations against the enemies of all white children, not just the children of heroes."

"Who is going to know our locations and identities?" Cristian asks, "Cause that's a big fucking deal if someone fucks us over."

"The leadership will know some important facts," Garret says, "but between the cells, there must be a need-to-know rule. Even the leaders should know only what's vital. That being said, there will have to be some exchange of information, including in certain specific cases, the knowledge of location. I cannot stress enough that members will have to choose death over capture. We cannot betray one another. We must choose death, if it comes to it."

"It will," Johnny Bowen says before Garret finishes, "My question is, what if someone doesn't choose honor? What if someone betrays us?"

Garret looks at him. Johnny does not look away.

"We give them a bad death," Garret says, his eyes never looking away from Johnny's.

"What about leaders dying?" Cristi asks, "A cell's going to be blind if a leader dies."

"Everyone will receive a code," Garret says, "and an email address for emergencies. One person from each cell will coordinate drop-offs, re-supply, and all the essentials, but each member will have an emergency contact email and code. If a leader dies, a member can inform their contact, who will in turn inform his contact. The code will have to be memorized, so that there's no paper trail. Each member of a cell will have a code, which will match the code of one member of another cell and one auxiliary. Auxiliaries will have to memorize two or three codes. Of course, for the first couple of years we'll have to go with a pared-down system, until the number of cells and auxiliaries grows. Until then, we'll be at our most vulnerable to betrayal, so it's vital that we start with the core and it's vital that we use code."

"Who's going to devise the codes?" Johnny Bowen asks.

"I will," Garret says, "I will not memorize any but my own set. Still, that makes it imperative that I never fall into their hands alive. Gentlemen, I mean that."

Cristian looks as if he's dying to ask a question. Garret continues, and in the process answers it.

"If only one member survives a catastrophic incident," Garret says, "he'll send a message to an auxiliary or other cell member, and they'll arrange a secure meeting. Returning to the auxiliaries for a moment, I know

anonymous contributions will require a great deal of security, but we have to preserve this possibility. There are those with children and families who can't risk, but they will help us if there's no danger to their loved ones."

"Yeah," Johnny says, "and we fight for their children while they watch us die."

Garret looks into his eyes.

"Yes, that's the plan, John," Garret says, "Sucks, doesn't it? But remember, they're not traitors. Tell me, John, what would you give so that white children can live in peace, in a homeland free from genocide and hatred of their own race? Even if they're not yours or mine?"

"You know what I'd give," Johnny says, "and you know I'm with you in this. I wasn't thinking of me."

"I know," Garret says.

"Speaking of others," Cristian says, "Any idea who will be in? Guesses? Assumptions that could end up being bullshit?"

"Is there any reason to make assumptions?" Ford asks.

"I didn't say it right," Cristian says, "What I meant was, we all have different skills and abilities. If we have an idea who might join us, then we can better arrange the cells according to each member's abilities."

"Rian will join," Johnny says, "He'll be in. Fuck, he'd already be back in the IRA if they'd fight white genocide in Ireland."

"He's got Jesse now," Boyle says.

"She'll be a part of this," Cristian says, "I don't have any doubt. Wait until you hear her talk."

"Would he risk her?" Boyle asks.

"Every day we do nothing, he risks her," Johnny says.

The trees moan in the breeze. Some of them still creak from wounds inflicted in the hard winter of 2009-2010. The five men of the Old Core can hear the wind howl. There are no shouts or furious diatribes or even cheers of joy during their discussion. The relative dispassion of these men is not some calm before a storm; it is the storm. Everything has changed for them. An innate love of peace and joy once kept them from responding with force to the relentless genocide of their race. Those days of anesthetic inaction have come to an end. The crack of a distant ash might as well be the shattering of their final restraint.

"What's the role of the active cells?" Boyle asks.

"There will be two types of cells," Garret says, "There will be an attack cell and a binary cell. The former will engage in a variety of missions, though sniping will be the most common. Binary cells will also have a wide range of activities, but supply and support are the most important.

I have not ruled out offensive operations for binary cells. However, their primary day-to-day focus will be support and supply.”

There is no outward change in Jimmy Ford’s stoic demeanor. Inside, the frustration of having to watch his people suffer degradation and genocide has finally gone up in flames. The cell idea has great appeal to him. They will no longer be sitting by and watching.

“In an ideal situation,” Ford says, “How many persons will there be in a cell?”

“I have a target of four active members,” Garret says, “depending on who joins and their respective abilities. Some cells may have more, some less.”

“Who do we kill?” Johnny Bowen asks.

No one is surprised by his choice of words. Killing is, after all, something that these men view as a necessity for their race’s survival.

“There will be various targets,” Garret says, “Traitors are the most important. We have to make it clear that there will be a price for treason. There will be non-white targets, particularly those who are most destructive to our race’s survival. For the most part, however, those who betray our race and our children’s future will be highest on the list.”

“The authorities will respond,” Boyle says, “Are we supposed to hold back when they do?”

“No holding back, ever,” Garret says, “We will not allow anyone to harm or capture one of our members without a fight. If that means killing police, so be it. They enforce the laws that are driving us to extinction. They’ve made their choice.”

“They’ll eventually send the army after us,” Boyle continues.

“Sooner rather than later,” Garret says, “They’ll escalate immediately. There’s no *‘posse comitatus’* for the white man. If we act like there is, we won’t last very long.”

“You say that most auxiliaries will remain anonymous,” Cristian says, “What about active cell members? They’ll find out about us sooner or later.”

“Yes, they will,” Garret says, “Then we go and from anonymous to notorious.”

“When do we start?” Boyle asks.

“By the end of the year,” Garret says.

“We can do a lot before then,” Cristian says.

“Right,” Garret says, “Keep working with Mason and the others. Jimmy, keep working on your projects. Detonators and reloading of shells will be very important. Don’t forget Blacklight, though.”

The Blacklight Project, an idea born of a conversation between Johnny Bowen and Cristian O'Toole, has already born fruit.

Last month, Jimmy Ford extracted a small amount of aconitine from monkshood plant material. He loaded the deadly toxin into a shotgun shell.

"Johnny," Garret says, "Help KJ when she visits Bill's place. See if she could be a shooter like Anna."

"I imagine she can," Johnny says, "For now, I'm helping her with self-defense. Physically she's very strong but she still needs training."

"Are you going to talk to Rian?" Cristian asks Garret.

"Yes," Garret says, "I'll tell him to keep sharp. He can use the Dodge I left at my parents' place."

Johnny glances out the window. Surrounding them is a thick, isolated woodland, perfect for training.

"Are we going to use this place?" he asks.

"Someone will," Garret says, "Once the cells are born we'll head for our theaters of war. The next step is training, and then we go active."

"America the war zone," Jimmy says.

"It's already a war zone," Garret says, "We just haven't fought back yet."

Cristian O'Toole turns off the heater.

"Time's up, gentlemen," he says.

"Gentlemen," Garret says, "We face this war whether we lift a finger or not. I say it's about time we fight it."

The men depart from the shack at Coalsack. There is a great deal for them to consider. Garret and Johnny are last to exit.

"Garret," Johnny says, "I'd like to speak to you for a minute."

"What's on your mind?" Garret asks.

"About KJ," Johnny says.

"We'd both love to tell her," Garret says, "I trust her, too. But I don't trust her life."

"I agree," Johnny says, "But when she's ready we'll give her the option. It'll be her decision. One thing though, I'd like to invite her to the core meetings."

"She should come," Garret says, "I'll run it by Bill."

"Good," Johnny says, "Hold on a minute."

John Boyle opens the passenger door of Bowen's green Rubicon. He stops and looks back at Johnny and Garret.

"What if niggers start killin' our people?" he asks, "Once things get started, if your plan takes off they might retaliate by killing innocents."

"I imagine they will," Garret says, "And we'll stay focused. No matter what, we have to stay focused. They already commit acts of violence against us for being white and we do nothing. But if they escalate because of our efforts, when the opportunity arises, we will respond. We will make them fear the white man again." He looks at Johnny. "And the white woman."

John Boyle cracks a smile and climbs into the Rubicon.

"Garret," Johnny says, "I've been looking at a piece of property. It'd be in a relative's name if I buy it, one of my uncle's second cousins who doesn't mind. He was tight with my uncle and he's cool with it."

"What do you have in mind?" Garret asks.

He looks into Garret's eyes. He will not mislead this man, his white brother who has pledged to fight to the death if necessary for their race's survival.

"If the shit hits the fan," he says, "KJ is going to need a refuge. She can't run away to Bill's, but if no one knows of this place, she can stay there until she's 18."

Garret says nothing for a moment, and then he nods.

"Don't tell anyone," Garret says, "not me, not Bill, not anyone. Keep this between you and KJ should she need it. She'll be safer that way. Anyway, you can tell us then if she needs any help."

"Thanks, man," Johnny says.

Johnny forces himself to tell Garret the other thought on his mind. It is a terrible and painful thought, but one he must confront. Such terrible thoughts are becoming more and more common.

"We could still use the place, even if we lose her," Johnny says.

Cristian opens the gate and returns to his Jeep. He and Jimmy Ford cross the rugged end of the Jeep trail and begin the tortuous route toward the town of Clay.

"Well, Jimmy," Cristian says, "I guess this is the end of our old lives."

"It's the end of our slavery," Jimmy says.

## Chapter VII





## Warrior Jane

Bill Donnelly picks up KJ on Tuesday afternoon. He's relieved to see that she appears to be well. KJ's safety has become a grave concern for the elder Donnelly. For Bill and Johnny, it is frustrating and humiliating that they cannot help her more. Anna feels this too, though the frustration is especially acute for the men.

"How are you, KJ?" Bill asks as they roll away from the Campbell House.

"I'm good," she says, "Thank you, Bill. How's it going today?"

"Good," he says, "How was school?"

"Alright," she says, "I didn't have any trouble, at least."

She doesn't tell him that the cowardly vandal has discovered her new locker location and for the first time today glued the dial. She is deeply concerned that Bill and Johnny will take a risk and help her escape, only to pay a severe price for their kindness. It is a powerful worry that compels her to withhold some of the abuses that she endures. She realizes that strong men suffer most when they are powerless to help someone beloved to them. When the victim is a kinswoman the desire and the devastation is much greater. KJ won't run away, at least not yet. First she must figure out a way to limit the risks to her beloved brothers and sisters in race. She'll mention the threats and the dangers, but she'll hold back mentioning the irritating problems like the locker saboteur. It is, after all, a nuisance rather than a peril.

Today at the Long Hall, KJ sees a vehicle that is unfamiliar to her. It's a black Dodge Dakota pickup; though in good condition, it must be an earlier model, perhaps from the 1990's. Bill pulls in beside the pickup.

"Rian's here," Bill says, "So is Jesse. Rian's going to start teaching you to drive a stick."

In a flash KJ looks away from the truck. Her face shows her surprise.

"My parents..." she says.

"Have agreed," Bill says, finishing her sentence, "Gene Campbell signed the paperwork. We'll get started at once."

He doesn't refer to Gene as her father.

"Rian will teach you the basics," Bill says, "Once you get the hang of it, Johnny will take you on the highway so you can get road experience."

KJ is still stunned.

"Thank you!" she says.

"Go on," he says, "There's a good girl."

KJ waits beside the black pickup while Bill enters the hall. After a few minutes, Rian Donnelly comes outside. KJ gets a better look at him in the cold winter light. He's a little on the thin side. His face is handsome and young. The glasses give him a look of intelligence and his strong hands, which he offers and she shakes, show a history of hard farm work.

"Nice to see you again, KJ," he says, "Let's get started."

The lessons are going to be serious and intense. Rian opens the passenger door and then climbs into the driver's seat. Today they'll drive around the Donnelly Homestead. Rian shows her the basics of the vehicle and then takes her on a short ride to Bill's house and back to the hall. There, he parks and looks into her eyes.

"Your turn," he says.

She leaps out of the cab and passes him on the way around to the driver's side. She's nervous as hell but also excited and elated. It's finally happening; a huge step toward leaving behind her terrible home life. Again, it's all thanks to her racially-aware kinfolk.

KJ tries to emulate Rian's every move. Her first attempt is less than successful. She pops the clutch and stalls the truck.

"No matter," Rian says, "It'll happen quite a lot. The clutch on this truck is a little touchy. Go ahead and turn on the ignition and get right back at it."

She does, and pops the clutch again. The third time is indeed the charm. The truck begins to roll. KJ waits a little long to shift to second and the transition is not very smooth. An hour and a few stalls later, she's doing much better. Rian has her drive to Bill's house, where they park.

"We'll just be a little while," he says, "Come on inside, Jesse would like to get to know you a little better."

"Sure, OK," KJ says.

She feels a little anxious. She remembers tall Jesse, the model.

The two enter through the front entrance. Once inside, Rian calls for Jesse. She appears through the hallway door a few moments later.

Even at a glance, Jessica Hanratty is a beautiful woman. Based on the twisted norms and expectations of modern America, even a rather

handsome man like Rian Donnelly would have little chance with a girl of her caliber. Most of her contemporaries are caught in the artificial feminist world; a world built upon the irrational hatred of the white man and an equally inane solidarity with non-whites who would exterminate their white children. Such women would notice Rian's handsomeness, which indeed they should, and they would show their interest. But soon they would learn that he will not bend to the whims of the anti-white establishment and popular culture that drives so many of them, and this would make him unattractive to his fallen white sisters. In an ironic twist of fate, obtuse feminists and their counterparts in the men's rights movements assume that all women believe in these lies.

Jessica Hanratty is no ewe; she is a white woman, a noble spirit of intelligence, defiance and fierce love for her people and for her man. She is not the slave of an oppressive, misogynistic religion, nor is she a parrot of her lover's beliefs. Rian Donnelly did not make Jesse who she is; he complements and completes her as only a strong white man can.

Upon seeing each other again, Jesse and KJ both smile and wave, with the former's smile large and her wave energetic, the latter's reserved and shy. Their beauty is so different yet its power is undeniable.

"Hi KJ," Jesse says, "How have you been?"

Her voice is low and sultry, a contradiction to her gently rounded face and supremely feminine body.

"I'm good," KJ says, "Thank you Jesse. How have you been?"

KJ often feels lacking in the social graces. Sometimes she doesn't realize the power of her raw sincerity. It more than makes up for her stumbling or her choice of words.

"Good," Jesse says, "Thank you."

Jesse wears a simple dark red dress and gray scarf. Her elegant, refined beauty is at its greatest when she is dressed simply, and wears little or no cosmetics.

"Congratulations on your engagement," KJ says, "Is there a date yet?"

Rian throws an arm around Jesse, who repays his gesture by putting her arm around his waist. There is no distance between them. Jesse knows that there must not be distance between a man and a woman in love, and their closeness is a sublime joy for both of them.

"Autumn," Rian says.

They share a discrete kiss, and then Rian goes about his task, leaving the two young women alone in the living room.

"Is this your last year at school?" Jesse asks.

"Yeah," KJ says, "I wish it was over."

"It's tough, huh?" Jesse says.

"The other students know about me," KJ says, "so they make it worse."

"I asked Johnny about you," Jesse says, "I hope you don't mind. We didn't get to talk much at Christmas Eve. He didn't tell me anything personal, and I didn't ask, so please don't be upset with him. He did praise you, to high heaven actually."

KJ looks down, a little embarrassed. It's not a bad feeling at all.

"Johnny's a good man," Jesse says, "I'd trust him with my life. He's not afraid of the truth, and from what I've heard, you aren't either."

"No," KJ says, "We can't hide from the truth, even if it hurts."

"It does hurt," Jesse says.

"Bad," KJ says, "Worse than bad, sometimes." She looks in Jesse's bright green eyes. "May I ask you something, Jesse?"

"Sure," Jesse says.

"What woke you?" KJ asks, "What made you realize that we're facing genocide, not just discrimination?"

KJ was so wrapped up in the euphoria of being around these amazing people that she never asked Jesse's personal opinion. She no doubt loves her race and embraces her identity; that doesn't mean that she recognizes the insidious genocide.

"If...if you do realize that," KJ says.

"I do, KJ, don't worry," Jesse says, "My parents are Roman Catholic and when it came to realizing the truth, that helped and it hurt. I know that dad would have died if I'd dated or married a non-white, but neither mom nor dad could bring themselves to condemn race mixing with any clarity. I figured it out with a little help from websites and books. And once I met Rian, I saw that I wasn't alone or mistaken. We want our children to look like us and to love us, and to be proud of who they are. That meant so much to me and it still does."

KJ can't help but be surprised that a girl like Jesse would admit to being awake. True, some of them might realize the existence if not the extent of an anti-white genocide. Thanks to her height and classic figure Jesse could no doubt have a lucrative modeling career. That would require silence, however. That would require abandoning her husband-to-be. Most such women, raised in the cult of political correctness, would do so without realizing the depth of their betrayal. For Jesse, betrayal is the death of the soul. If she must become a traitor in order to be a doctor or a model, then she will do neither.

Jesse interprets the silence.

"Most people are surprised that I'm like this," Jesse says.

"I shouldn't be," KJ says, "It's an insult, actually. I'm sorry Jesse."

Jesse smiles.

"It's all right, KJ," Jesse says, "I'm sure you get that, too. The surprise doesn't hurt me. What hurts is that we're expected to hate the truth. We're expected to hate our men and our children."

KJ feels overwhelmed. Just when she thinks that the Donnelly home-  
stead and the wonderful people she meets there cannot possibly surprise  
her more, along comes another soul whose beauty and truth leave young  
KJ spellbound and jubilant. KJ signs and pulls her strong arms together  
as she looks up at Jesse.

"Can this be real?" KJ says, "Sometimes I wonder if I'm dreaming,  
and then when I wake up I'm at home or at school and I'm alone. Every-  
one else shut their eyes forever and most of them are trying to shut mine.  
I hadn't had a really nice dream in a long time, and then I came here."

KJ rubs her left arm with her gloved right hand.

"We thought it was a dream when we met you," Jesse says, "You  
woke up all by yourself. That's amazing, KJ. You must be a very special  
person."

KJ smiles and thanks her.

"Do you go to college?" KJ asks.

"I go to Pitt," Jesse says, "Are you going next year?"

"No," KJ says, "they'll demand that I change and it won't go very well.  
Most of the time, it's just a place where they teach young whites not to  
think. I think it's just high school, part two, and they have at least four more  
years to turn us into sheep."

"That's usually how it is," Jesse says, "I don't think you'd accept their  
lies, but you don't need to hear that anyway. Some of the individual col-  
leges can teach you a valuable skill, but you don't need the lies."

"Do you mind if I ask what you're studying?" KJ asks.

"No," Jesse says, "Not at all. I'm in med school."

Jesse will not have the wealth of a model, or the esteemed career of  
a surgeon, and she knows it. She is a heretic in Martin Luther King's  
America. She will, however, keep her dignity. To most, that's a fool's bar-  
gain. For the very few like Jesse and KJ, there is no comparison. The dig-  
nity of an aware white woman is more valuable to them than the deceitful  
praise and dirty riches of traitors and parasites.

"It'd be nice to have a white surgeon who loves her people," KJ says,  
"I don't know if they'd ever certify you unless you hide who you are."

"I don't care for their praise," Jesse says, "I need to hone my skills. They might be useful someday."

Jesse smiles again. KJ shrugs.

"Yeah," KJ says, "I can see that."

"Hey," Jesse says, "I hope you don't mind if I ask you something a little personal."

She gets a friendly little smile.

"Sure," KJ says, "I'm cool with that."

"How did you wake up to the truth?" Jesse asks.

"When I was a kid," KJ says, "I was a good little tool. Even when I thought I was rebelling; no, especially when I thought I was rebelling, I was a good little follower. It's funny how you can act like a rebel according to what those more powerful than you define as a rebel, and you never get punished. But then I realized that I wasn't actually a rebel; I was a weak little tool. When I realized what's happening to us as a race I rebelled for real. Now, instead of defending me, my parents want me to apologize to the nigger who grabbed my breasts."

"Oh, God," Jesse says, "I'm sorry, KJ."

"Please, don't apologize," KJ says, "None of you are guilty for anything that's happened to me. Anyway, what's most important is that I realized the truth about race before they assaulted me. This isn't, like, a temper tantrum or a vendetta. That's one reason they assaulted me. I was awake and I loved my brothers and sisters, and I wouldn't compromise or insult my race. Last year I helped a white guy who stood up to one of them. I saw that they were going to ambush him so I warned him."

"God bless you for doing that," Jesse says, "If we all looked after one another, we wouldn't be facing our own extinction."

"Maybe we will, someday," KJ says, "Then you and Rian can have a beautiful life together. I hope you can."

"Thank you, KJ," Jesse says, "That's so sweet."

KJ smiles. It is an expression born of appreciation, tempered by sadness. There can be no peace until her kinsmen and kinswomen stop the genocide. KJ looks down and shrugs again. She continues speaking, eventually looking up into Jesse's eyes, and then down again.

"When I was a kid," KJ says, "I started to notice that white guys in shows and commercials were almost always evil or stupid. They were the rapists and murderers. The blacks portrayed in movies and on television are almost always smart and kind, and when they're not there's always an excuse and some white guy is always to blame. Then there are the white women, who always seem to make some fucking remark against their

own husbands or sons. They'll even side with non-whites against their own lovers and children. If white men degraded anyone like that, it would be considered the groundwork for genocide, but when white guys are the target, it's called comedy. Those are our brothers and our lovers, Jesse. The enemy wants to break us apart."

"I've noticed that, too," Jesse says, "and I reject it."

"So do I," KJ says. Her passions rise as she speaks to another kindred spirit. "How dare those Hollywood kikes and traitors try to rip me away from my brothers! They think we're that fucking stupid, don't they? I reject their lies and I reject them. I'm not some fucking idiot who swallows their shit. I'm a white woman and I decide what's right, not some god-damned kike. They assume that we'll listen to them and hate our own brothers, and that's a fucking insult because they think we're stupid enough to follow anything they tell us. Well, that assumption is going to cost them a lot more than money in the end."

They both hear Rian approaching from the interior of the house. Jesse turns toward the inside door and then back toward KJ.

"Be careful at school, OK?" Jesse says, "You know the teachers won't help you."

Rian enters the living room.

"How are you two getting along?" he asks.

"Wonderfully," Jesse says.

She steps over to KJ and embraces her younger sister.

"Good," Rian says.

Rian has very little accent, though sometimes he emphasizes it to amuse Jesse.

"I'll see you in a little while, sweetheart," Rian says. He puts his arm around Jesse. "Me and KJ have a job to do."

KJ waves to Jesse as she and Rian return to the black Dodge.

"Take care, KJ," Jesse says.

Rian instructs KJ for the remainder of her time at the Donnelly Homestead. At the end, he takes the wheel and drives around the estate. Just before he takes her home, he spins around the lot and stops beside the big Chevy dumper. KJ is stunned by his ability behind the wheel. Riding with him makes it seem even more impressive. If asked, she'd guess that he's some kind of stunt or racecar driver. What she doesn't realize is that he's holding back so there's no risk to life and limb.

Over the next three days, Anna alternates with Bill in picking up KJ from the Campbell House. While at the Donnelly Place, KJ practices self-defense with Johnny Bowen, who again emphasizes that she must not

grapple with the enemy or allow them to trap her. He tells her that for whites, especially white women, a fight is never a confrontation; it is always combat.

Although the band scheduled to play at Diamond Crossing does not represent one of her preferred genre of music, KJ looks forward to attending Friday's show with Anna. Fate, however, has something else in store. KJ's hopes of spending the evening with her closest sister come to an abrupt end when local authorities force Diamond Crossing to close for the weekend due to an anonymous bomb threat. KJ turns her rage into energy, and by Friday she's made great progress behind the wheel and at the pistol range. Before Bill takes her home on Thursday, he lets her know that no one will be at the homestead on Friday. KJ assumes that she'll have to spend a long evening at the Campbell House. She's completed her physical exercise and weight program for the week and wonders what she might do to while away the hours. She soon finds out that won't be necessary. Anna asks if she'd like to babysit with her. It's an excellent opportunity to spend time with the redhead, and KJ accepts the invitation with genuine glee.

Friday, January 19th, marks the beginning of a warming trend. The temperature rises above freezing and by the end of the school day it's overcast and raining. Knowing that she will be spending the evening with Anna, KJ is impervious to the insult scribbled with a sharpie across her new locker. At 4 PM, she is waiting beside the pin oak as Anna drives up to the Campbell House. KJ knows that Anna will be coming in a different vehicle - a Subaru Outback. It is still a surprise not to see the white Chevrolet.

KJ runs out to the Subaru and hops inside.

"Hey, Anna!" KJ says.

Anna greets her friend and sister. Anna's long red hair is bundled in a thick ponytail. She's as beautiful as ever. KJ is overjoyed by today's meeting. Still she is somewhat perturbed. There is uneasiness in her soul, and she can feel that a storm is rising. She has no idea what to do about it. She has no idea how to escape the oppression of the Campbell House without endangering her kin, some of whom would die to save her and for that very reason she cannot run away. This morning she stared at her wall calendar. There are still almost 10 months until she's 18.

"Hey KJ!" Anna says, "How you doin'?"

"I'm good, thanks, "and you?"

"Good," Anna says, "I think this is going be cool. It'll be a nice change of pace, you know?"



"Yeah," KJ says.

She looks forward to meeting Anna's cousin, Bryce, though he's just a baby.

Anna's home in Lemont Furnace is closer to Lindsay Drive than the Donnelly Homestead. The house is a quaint and attractive brick structure. On the smallish side, it still manages two stories, if one includes the garage and recreation room. The inside is smaller by far and more austere than the Campbell House. There has always been far more love and loyalty between these walls than there has ever been in any house that KJ called home.

Anna rings the front doorbell and Gary Murphy opens the door to greet the two young women. He's dressed for work at the mine.

"Hello, KJ," he says, "it's good to see you again."

"Hello, Mr. Murphy," KJ says.

"Gary," he says, "Call me Gary."

"Hi, Gary," KJ says, "how have you been?"

"Fine, KJ," he says, "you look well. How are things at school?"

"It's boring on a good day," she says.

She will not lie to this man, who is one of the very few who understands what she means.

"Hang in there," Gary says, "And remember, let us know if you need anything, OK?" He looks at his lovely daughter. "Anna, Bryce is in my bedroom. Check on him first, and then you two can have some fun. Try to check on him every half hour or so, and make sure you feed him if he needs it." He bends to pick up his lunch bucket. "Don't be too loud, OK?"

"OK, dad," Anna says.

KJ nods. She wouldn't think of making noise; not while a baby sleeps in the other room. It's another way that she's different from many girls her age. It's more proof of her worth.

"Wait, dad, I have to let you out," Anna says. "KJ, could you wait inside for a minute?"

KJ nods and enters the Murphy home. Gary steps around her and winks.

"I'll leave you two ladies alone," Gary says.

"Will you be back tonight?" Anna asks.

"No, hon, I've got cat-eye and overtime," he says, "Michael will come around at 9:30."

Gary kisses KJ on her cheek. He walks down the concrete steps, followed by Anna. Gary opens the garage and Anna pulls out so that he can leave. KJ watches his Jeep Liberty disappear down Main Street. Another

strong, white father departs for 12 hours of dangerous and backbreaking labor.

Anna runs up the steps to the kitchen and dashes inside. She leads KJ into the living room. KJ would like to ask about the woman who is in several of the pictures on the wall. Teenage Anna is in most of the other pictures, but never with the woman who greatly resembles her and who must be her mother.

"I'm going to check on Bryce," Anna says.

"May I come?" KJ asks.

Anna looks at KJ. A smile and a nod let her know that she may.

The bedroom is located through a short hallway that exists mostly to block noise and cold – or heat – from the kitchen and outside entrance. On the right side, opposite Gary's bedroom, is Anna's room. At the end of the hall is the bathroom and, inside, is a small storage closet. Such is the Murphy home.

Bryce is awake. KJ sees him behind the bars of a small crib. He's waving his little arms at a mobile that is suspended from the ceiling. Gary and Anna must babysit him often. This comes as no surprise; even white mothers are slaves to the system, thanks to feminists and the huge corporations that profit from the increased labor pool.

Anna walks up to little Bryce. He greets her smile with a laugh of his own. KJ is timid at first and only approaches when Anna turns and beckons with her hand. She looks over the edge of the rails. In an instant, her blue eyes meet his. The smile is still on his face. After a little baby talk, kissing and cradling Bryce in her arms, Anna turns toward KJ.

"You want to hold him?" she asks.

When she asked to accompany Anna to the bed KJ hoped she'd have this opportunity. Now that it arrives, she's a little unnerved.

"I might drop him," KJ says.

"You won't drop him," Anna says, "it'll be OK."

Anna could guess that KJ has little experience holding babies. She shows her sister where to put her hands and arms, and then she gives the little boy to KJ.

KJ knew that he would be beautiful. Her anxiety fades almost as soon as she takes him into her arms. She smiles at Bryce and he giggles. KJ laughs a little. It's easy to forget the loneliness and pain and everything else that's wrong in her life. It's easy to remember the good things worth fighting for.

"He's so beautiful," KJ says, "and those panda pajamas are adorable!"

"You ought to see his little hat," Anna says.

Just then, Bryce grabs a small lock of KJ's hair.

"Now, Bryce, don't pull KJ's hair," Anna says.

"No, it's good," KJ says. She looks down at Bryce. "It's OK, little man."

KJ holds him for a while, and would hold him longer if Anna didn't put him back to bed.

"It's getting dark," Anna says, "We'll check on him a little later. If he's up, he'll probably want to play."

The two young ladies go back to the living room.

"Did you eat dinner, KJ?" Anna asks.

KJ hesitates.

"That means no," Anna says, "You know, don't say yes just to be polite, OK?"

"Alright, I won't," KJ says, "I haven't eaten yet. I didn't have time to make anything."

"I'll throw something together," Anna says, "You can hang here if you want, or in the kitchen if you want to join me."

"I'll help you," KJ says, "Seriously, I like to make food."

Both Anna and KJ are skilled in the art of food preparation. They gather the various ingredients and food elements in the kitchen and decide to make pulled chicken and slaw sandwiches. During the preparation, Anna checks on Bryce, who is sleeping. She returns with a jar of pickled beets. Continuing a tradition from their ancestry in Ireland, the Murphy's and the Buckley's can their own preserves from local produce and wild edibles. Collecting those edibles is one of Anna's favorite activities.

The two young women enjoy the work and reap the rewards of a job well done. The meal is both excellent and filling. While Anna and KJ enjoy their supper, they share their thoughts on music and hobbies, on trips to mountains and natural wonders and concerts they've attended. Anna talks about Bryce and the Murphy and Buckley clans. KJ reminisces about Seattle, leaving out any mention of her relatives. Once they finish eating and cleaning the glassware, Anna and KJ return to the living room. Again, KJ glances at the pictures of Anna's family.

"Bryce is a little angel, isn't he?" Anna says.

"Yeah," KJ says, "He really is. He's so sweet. You know, I was thinking while I held him, we can't let anyone take away his future. People like my parents set us up to go through all this shit just because we're white, and all the while they lived their safe fucking lives. We can't do that to him. We have to be the ones to stop it."

"I know, KJ, thank you," Anna says and smiles for a moment, "We can't sell out the younger people. We're going to suffer for it, but when I hold Bryce, it makes it OK, you know? I can bear the suffering, because maybe he won't have to."

"That's exactly what I'm saying," KJ says. She leans forward on the couch. "What can we do? I'm willing to fight, I am. I won't run away. But... What the fuck do I do? I need to figure this shit out, because I don't know what to do, but I know that I have to do something. I want to have a baby someday, and I don't want him to have to think about this."

"I don't know what to do, either," Anna says, "I just know that we have to hold on and not give up. You know, the guys might have an answer. I think we should do what they say. I know they won't back down and they won't ask us to, either."

"I'll never back down," KJ says, "I'll never hate myself for being white, either. I'll always love who we are. Look at us. Look at how much we can do, and how much we love. It feels so good to love and to give everything you have inside. Our skin used to say who we are and it should again. Mine will say who I am."

"That's so huge," Anna says, "You know, when you have your own child, he's gonna love himself because of you. Your love's gonna make his father stronger and both of you are gonna make your child strong."

KJ is deeply touched by Anna's prediction. She never thought she'd find a proud white man to take her as his wife, let alone give birth to a child. For a moment she wants to believe, and it feels powerfully good. Just maybe it could happen; maybe she won't be trapped forever. Just as her happiness grows, it is cut off at the stem. The establishment would try to force her and her husband to live the deracinated American life, and when they resisted, it would destroy them. The establishment encourages the killing of untold numbers of babies, why would it hesitate to murder a conscious white family?

KJ looks at the pictures on the wall. They are a temporary refuge from her painful doubts. Anna notices what KJ is doing. She gets up and walks to the pictures. KJ follows her.

"You probably realized," Anna says, "that's my mother. Her name was Mary."

Raised in the darkness of her so-called family, KJ couldn't help but assume that Anna's mother had divorced Gary or perhaps run off. Anna's use of the past tense when she mentions her mother's name erases that assumption. Mary Murphy must have passed away. Natural curiosity urges KJ to ask. Her good sense prevents it.

"She's beautiful," KJ says, "Are there any newer pictures with her?"

There are few pictures of Anna with her mother, and she is very young in those.

"We lost her when I was really small," Anna says, "But she's still close to us. I mostly know her through dad. But, you know, it's kind of like I've known her all my life."

"I'm sorry, Anna," KJ says.

She looks away from the pictures and at her friend.

Anna takes KJ's hand and smiles.

"It's OK KJ," she says, "She gave her life for me. They told her she'd have to make a choice. She had breast cancer and they said they might be able to save her, but that she should abort the pregnancy. I was growing in her womb at the time and she told them no. They said the treatment would probably kill me, so she refused. She brought me into the world and then she died."

Each word is beautiful to KJ; each word is also a knife. Anna's mother chose death over sacrificing her white child. KJ's mother chose murder over inconvenience. KJ tries to resist the rising emotions. They are as potent as they were the night she ran to Justin. She cannot resist and she knows. She steps close to Anna and embraces her.

"I am so sorry you lost her," KJ says.

KJ closes her eyes and lays her face on Anna's shoulder. Anna is thankful for the sympathy. She also knows that there is more to this.

"Thank you, KJ" Anna says.

Anna moves a little and KJ pulls her tighter. There's a lot more to this. KJ tries not to fall apart. To her, it would be selfish. She has genuine sympathy for Anna's loss. She also feels the nobility and beauty of Mary Murphy's sacrifice. The joy that dying Mary must have felt when she held little Anna would overcome any fear of impending doom. She cannot help but contrast her own parents with Anna's. If her brother had grown in Mary's womb, his life would have been spared, even at the cost of hers. Anna can feel KJ's gentle weeping. KJ forces herself to pull away from Anna. She cannot look at her. She sits in the recliner to the left of the couch and covers her face.

"I'm sorry," KJ whispers, "You lost your mother and I'm the one crying. It's so fucking selfish."

Anna hurries over to her. She gets on her knees in front of KJ and puts both hands on her sister's knees.

"What is it, KJ?" Anna asks, "What's wrong?"

KJ, her face still buried in her gloved hands, shakes her head.

"Tell me," Anna says, "Don't run from us, not for my sake. We love you, KJ."

KJ drops her hands. She looks at Anna.

"Back in December," KJ says, "I had a fight with my sister over what happened in school. She ran off and my mother blamed me. I don't care, I'm used to that. But then she said that sometimes she wished she'd kept my brother and stopped with him."

Anna's grip on KJ's knees tightens. "She allowed a goddamned stranger to reach inside of her fucking body and kill my brother!" KJ looks down, and then into Anna's eyes. She takes a deep breath. "And then I grew where he died."

Anna rises and climbs up on the side of the chair. She runs her hand over KJ's head. The raw power of KJ's anger and pain is so intense that Anna feels the sharp edge of it.

"You know I wish she had kept him," KJ says, "He'd be here right now."

"KJ," Anna says, "Please, please don't say that. She should have had him and faced the difficulty, and then she should have had you. That's how it should have been. It'd be no less evil if she killed you."

"They want this," KJ says, "They say it's our right as women, when all they want is to kill our white babies. And we fucking do! You go, girl! You're so fucking strong, you let a goddamned stranger enter your womb and kill your baby. How the fuck is that strength? How the fuck is that right?"

Anna steps around to face the chair. She looks in KJ eyes.

"We are not like them and we never will be," Anna says, "They can't control us. We escaped, KJ, you escaped. You don't have to make that choice. I know you won't kill your baby. You don't have to listen to them. They tell us to hate our men and our children and to fuck non-whites, and to be dykes. You know what? We don't have to obey. We can defy them. When your mother chose to keep you, she didn't know it at the time but she hurt her evil fucking masters more than she can imagine. You rejected them. You defied them. You prove that it can happen; a girl can tell the anti-white power to go fuck itself. That means so much, KJ, and you've done it. You know what? I know you're not finished yet. You're not finished fighting them, and that's one reason we're gonna win. You're gonna be a champion someday."

In the pale white light of the ceiling lamp, Anna Murphy is both beautiful and frightening. The resolve in her body language and her voice is impossible to deny.

"I'm not finished with them and neither are you," Anna says. She caresses KJ's thick mane of hair. "You carry a pretty heavy burden. I knew it was bad but I can't imagine how bad. Just don't carry it alone, OK?"

KJ nods and reaches out. Anna takes her gloved hand and kisses it.

"If I ever have a son," KJ says, "I'll kill anyone who tries to hurt him. I know my brother might not have been like us, but he deserved a fucking chance to wake up. I could have fucking talked to him and... and showed him all the shit that's happening to us as a race. He could have been there when that nigger shoved me or when they assaulted me. If he wasn't awake then he would be now."

KJ looks at Anna and manages a wounded little smile.

"Oh, KJ," Anna says, "KJ."

Anna kisses her on the head. KJ looks up at her redheaded sister.

"You're right," KJ says, "We're not finished." She motions her head toward Gary's room. "Bryce needs us. Our children need us and they need our men, too."

The pain is still there, though the despair lies in ruins. KJ's resolve has smashed it to pieces. There is no desire to run from her unfair and unmerciful life. There is a fierce desire to face reality. For now, the desire is blind. Other than an urge to fight, KJ has no idea how to proceed. But the urge is there.

KJ wipes her face.

"I'm sorry," KJ says without thinking.

"No, no," Anna says, "Don't give me that sorry bullshit."

Anna knows it was a reaction; KJ laughs a little.

"You'd better check on Bryce," KJ says.

Anna grabs her hand and leads her to the bedroom where the baby sleeps. Between Anna's tucked-in shirt and her untucked sweater, held in place by the seam of her belt, is her .45 caliber automatic pistol. Bryce is precious beyond measure to Anna Murphy. These two young women are precious beyond measure to the future of their race.

Julian Lane resembles most boys his age. His dark brown hair is a bit long and wavy; his eyes are a deep, intense blue. Born in the Lincoln Place neighborhood of Pittsburgh, he is white and for a time in his early youth he was a practicing Lutheran. At church, he learned less about the love of kin than he did about the joys of diversity; we're all one under the skin, they told him. His church raised money for black nations ravaged by disasters. His pastor urged the adoption of non-white orphans. It was a good deed, he'd tell his flock. God didn't seem to mind the blending of white and black, or the destruction of both unique creations.

Julian could see the inconsistencies in their heretical doctrine. Instead of rejecting the anti-white nature of the corrupted church, he gave up entirely on his faith in God. He also succumbed to the intellectual depredations of the school system. Though Lane attended a private school, his professors made their money in the exact same way that public school professors make theirs. In the American educational system, a white man can make a lot of money betraying his race, and suffer little or no consequence. By the age of 17, Julian Lane had internalized the anti-white religion and, due to his good looks, he had become quite popular with female anti-whites as well.

Good looks and trendy clothes could cover only so much of his increasingly odious personality. Like a sexual gourmand, Lane often passed from one girlfriend to another, leaving behind broken hearts that couldn't quite embrace the unnatural notion of an open relationship. His temper had also grown and he began to alienate even those females who were more amenable to one night stands. The loathing of his own kinfolk and the magnification of his own shortcomings had destroyed the last vestiges of strength and courage in his soul. He sought refuge from his lonely existence in great quantities of pot and casual sex with easily conquered females. But Julian Lane was not entirely a fool. What was left of his soul yearned for the companionship of a strong woman; one that he no longer had a chance of winning.

Nearing the age of 21, Lane has become a marginal student at Seton Hill University. He studies history – it's more accurate to say that he regurgitates his professor's lies. He's never held a job. Within the last two years he's begun to call himself an anarchist, in spite of the fact that he shares his anti-white ideology with the most powerful corporations and armed states of the world, and would stifle freedom of speech and freedom of association with the ruthlessness of a tyrant.

On the 11th of January, Julian Lane attended the Chironex show at Diamond Crossing. A fan of the *Circle Jerks* and *Jello Biafra* among others, Lane heard that there would be an excellent hardcore band playing that night. He hoped that they would rage against the racist white establishment that exists only in his fantasies. When Hill and the men raged against the actual genocidal establishment, and attacked the American cult of political correctness, Lane was at first stunned and then outraged. Julian Lane was one of the first to leave the show.

As he drove away from Diamond Crossing, Lane considered mounting an attack on the club. In his fantasies he'd trap the racists and burn them alive. Fortunately for him, he reconsidered. Security at Diamond



Crossing is prepared for such a possibility. The building is designed with safety in mind, and Mason or Austin, among many others, would have shot him down as he attempted such a barbaric and stupid act.

On Tuesday, January 22nd, in broad daylight, Julian Lane strikes his blow for those he calls oppressed. He intends to destroy one of the last remnants of free speech left in post-racial America. Always athletic in spite of his lack of discipline, Lane manages to scale the outer fence at the cost of a few shredded fingers. On his back is a can of gasoline. He spreads the fuel in a thin layer around the building and then dumps the remainder at the entrance. His gesture will have to be more symbolic than efficient. His bleeding hands extinguish two matches before he lights the gasoline with a lighter. Most of it does not burn; only the entrance fire causes any damage, and that is confined to scorched paint. Again, Julian Lane lucks out; a passing police officer witnesses his act and apprehends him. If security had gotten to him first, his wounds would not be confined to his hands.

The Murrysville city council would love to close Diamond Crossing, which is gaining a reputation for pushing the boundaries of free speech. If the acts featured would direct their vitriol at acceptable targets, such as white males or the few remaining non-Zionist Christians, there would be little or no outcry. Were the club to offer displays of sexual perversity or degradation, there would be a mild controversy at best. Some of the acts at Diamond Crossing – *Chironex* in particular – attack the very heart of the anti-white American religion. For that reason the club becomes a target. It is inevitable that those who seek to silence free speech will organize against the club and it is inevitable that wealthy individuals and corporations, who have the most to gain by the status quo, will support the “left-ist” protestors from behind the scenes. For now, the doors of Diamond Crossing will remain open. The club is outside of city limits and the council finds it impossible to close the place.

Julian Lane calls himself anti-American. He is wrong. Lane couldn't possibly be a better citizen in a nation that seeks the extinction of the very race that gave it life. He thinks of himself as a rebel and an anarchist. He could not be a bigger tool for the establishment.

A sympathetic district attorney will try him for vandalism instead of arson. His punishment will be a fine of \$1000 together with community service. An anti-white organization that calls itself “anti-racist” will provide the monies so that he can pay the fine.

For KJ, the next few days are full ones. After school, she alternates between practicing self-defense with Johnny Bowen and driving the

Dodge Dakota with Rian Donnelly. Her proficiency at the former grows at a normal pace, although her arm strength makes her very powerful in spite of her lack of experience. Her progress behind the wheel is much more rapid, thanks to her lightning reflexes and sharp faculties. School is, as usual, an oppressive and mind-numbing constant, although the next few days are for the most part devoid of danger and drama. There is, however, one major exception, though KJ will never know the half of it.

On Thursday, January 25th, KJ arrives at Uniontown High to find her locker glued. It's nothing out of the ordinary. At least the locker isn't defaced with the usual idiotic slogans. She waits for Mr. Andrews to make his rounds. He knows to come by each morning. Since the administration won't try to catch the culprit, he at least tries to make her life less stressful by checking out her locker well before she has to report to her first class.

As Mr. Andrews walks the halls, passing by the line that includes her old locker, he looks at each locker door. Not one – including the new door of her old locker – shows the slightest damage or remnant of graffiti. He sighs, not knowing what to expect when he arrives at KJ's "new" locker. He looks at the clock. It's 7:30 AM; the beginning of another long and terrible day.

It is a pleasant surprise to find the locker glued but not defaced or damaged.

"I guess they took it easy on you today," Mr. Andrews says.

He winks.

"Yeah," KJ says, "Maybe I should try for prom queen."

He laughs. Mr. Andrews usually enjoys the levity, but today he regrets it a little. She's beautiful and smart and, as far as he can tell, a decent young woman. The sarcasm may be funny but it is also very sad.

"Don't let that prick get to you," he whispers.

"I won't," KJ says, "Thank you."

Mr. Andrews opens the locker. KJ grabs her notebook and a couple of pens. She thanks him again and heads off to class. Mr. Andrews follows her. He hopes to change the garbage bags from the hallway near her English class before continuing his rounds. As the two pass the row of lockers that includes her old one, KJ sees something that stops her cold. On one of the lockers, scribbled with a sharpie, are the words "oven dodger." Below the message is a swastika.

"What the fuck?" KJ says, quite loud.

Mr. Andrews sees the graffiti. There are at least seven students present; each of them is a potential culprit. KJ is not one of them.

"Do you see that?" KJ asks him. It's a silly question, but then again she's still in a state of shock. In a moment she regains her composure. "They'll blame me for that," she says, "They'll fucking blame me for it!"

"I know they will," Mr. Andrews says, "But we know you're innocent."

KJ turns and looks at him, her mouth open. Now she knows for sure that he sympathizes with her plight. She never dreamt he'd help her.

"Go to class, KJ," he says.

She takes a few steps, looks back once, and then walks into the classroom. Mr. Andrews guesses that Weems already knows about the graffiti. He's right. Andrews arrives at the secretary's desk and she tells him that Weems is busy. Mr. Andrews takes a seat. He has to wait for more than 15 minutes. Finally, the door opens and a student emerges, followed by the principal. The student is Avigail Spellman, one of three Jewish students at Uniontown High. Weems reassures her that the vandal will meet a just punishment. Then he notices Mr. Andrews.

"Ken? I'm glad to see you," Weems says, "Could you clean off Miss Spellman's locker? As soon as possible, please."

"Hold on a minute," Mr. Andrews says.

Weems does not try to hide the annoyed look on his face.

"What is it, Ken?" he says.

Weems steps by the door and looks at Andrews. For a moment, Mr. Andrews considers leaving. He's so close to escaping this place. He's so close to retirement. He won't have to watch the dumbing down of white youth that is perpetrated by public educators. He won't have to watch courageous students like KJ as they suffer the wrath of the oppressive administration. He suppresses the selfish desire to flee. He has to be a man.

"I passed by Miss Spellman's locker," Mr. Andrews says, "right before I went to Miss Campbell's locker, which was glued again. Miss Spellman's locker was clean at the time. When I returned, the locker had been vandalized."

Spellman told Weems that the locker was defaced when she arrived at 7 AM.

"Come into my office, Ken," Weems says, "You can return to class now, Avigail, thank you."

Spellman's expression reminds Mr. Andrews of a rat with its tail caught in a trap.

Andrews takes his seat in front of Weems' desk. He looks at Weems' wife and two children, who stare back at him from a photograph on his desk. The pictures are one of those ubiquitous family portraits meant for show. Mr. Andrews then looks at Weems. He's more fidgety than usual.

His Penn State football sweater looks ridiculous on his rather frail body. Weems hurries into his seat and asks Mr. Andrews to close the door.

"Are you certain about the time?" Weems asks.

"Positive," Mr. Andrews says.

Weems will try to convince him to lie. It will not work. KJ needs a man to protect her, not a coward who's willing to let her take the fall.

Weems sighs. He makes a temple of his hands and then taps his fingers together in front of his face.

"We both know who did this," Weems says.

"I know who didn't," Andrews says.

"I'm not sure what you want to prove," Weems says, "We have a witness and a motive."

"Pull the security tape," Mr. Andrews says.

"We'll look at it," Weems says.

"I'd like to see it, too," Mr. Andrews says.

"We can't let you do that," Weems says, "It's confidential. Hell, you know that, Ken."

Weems wants to get tough in his own way.

*Fine. We'll do it your way,* Mr. Andrews thinks.

"I'll swear under oath that KJ's innocent," Mr. Andrews says.

"Whoa!" Weems says, "Who said it would get that far? Look, Ken, you know as well as I do that she'll go crazy again. She's a timebomb, for Christ's sake! She'll say that word and we'll have a riot on our hands. A riot, Ken! We'll be on all the media, the NAACP could show up, and neither of us want that."

"Remember the truth, Nathan?" Mr. Andrews says, "Doesn't that matter to you anymore?"

"I can tell that you've become fond of her," Weems says, "I can understand that. All the times that you've opened her locker." Weems sighs. "But face it, she's a lost cause. Don't you ever get tired of it?"

"I'm not going to lie," Mr. Andrews says.

Mr. Andrews once believed that Weems was a weak man. Now he sees the full extent of his cowardice. He's both a coward and a miscreant.

Weems looks at Mr. Andrews.

"The faculty will support any disciplinary action we take," he says, "Ken, don't you get tired of opening and cleaning her locker?"

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Andrews says, "I do. I've often wondered why you don't punish the real perpetrators."

"She's a lightning rod," Weems says, "If we punish one of the students for vandalizing her locker, more will step up."

"Punish all of them," Mr. Andrews says, "You encourage them by doing nothing."

"Do I need to remind you who the principal is?" Weems says.

Mr. Andrews rubs his thumb on his left index finger.

"She's the one encouraging them," Weems says.

"How?" Andrews asks.

"For goodness sake, Ken," Weems says, "She's a racist!"

"So it's OK to destroy her?" Mr. Andrews asks.

"I would think that a man so close to retirement wouldn't risk his future on a racist," Weems says.

The words and the tone are passive-aggressive and pathetic, but the threat is very real. Weems must assume that Mr. Andrews will fold. And why shouldn't he? KJ's own father will not defend her.

"No matter what you say, Nathan," Mr. Andrews says, "The truth matters and Kaylee Campbell is innocent."

Weems stares at Andrews for a while before he speaks.

"OK, Ken," Weems says "That will be all for now".

Mr. Andrews stands. Before he leaves, he casts a sharp glance at Weems, who looks away. Mr. Andrews makes his way to the vandalized locker and cleans off the writing.

Ken Andrews never speaks a word of his conversation to KJ. She does not suffer expulsion or even detention; the administration will have to find another excuse to cast her out. Mr. Andrews will not escape unscathed for defending her, and he knows it. However, when he visits his daughter and granddaughter this Easter, he'll deserve the gratitude that they always give to him.

February begins warm and wet. By the first of the month, KJ is skilled enough to pass the driving test, though Rian will continue the lessons until he's satisfied that she is competent. Johnny Bowen tries to visit the Donnelly Homestead four times a week. He helps KJ further develop her self-defense skills, and Anna asks if KJ can join her at the range when she practices with the pistols. Johnny agrees, and on several occasions he sends KJ to the range when self defense practice is over.

The rain holds off during the morning hours of February 2nd, and, as predicted, the temperature is a warm 50° when Anna arrives with KJ at the Donnelly Homestead. Anna drops KJ off at the Long Hall, and then she departs. She has diving practice and must get going. Anna didn't have the key today, but KJ doesn't mind waiting outside the hall. The roof overhangs the entrance and provides some shelter should a storm arise. The temperature is comfortable for KJ and she enjoys the fresh winter air.

KJ expects Bill to arrive sometime this morning. The vehicle that does appear is unfamiliar to her. She stands and watches it approach, unsure whether she should wait to greet the occupant, or hide out of sight. She chooses to do the former. As the brown Jeep Wrangler enters her acute visual field, she recognizes the driver. It is Garret Fogarty. He pulls in three spaces to the left of the big Chevrolet. KJ puts her gloved hands in her jeans pockets and waits for him to exit. She watches him as he rises from the front seat. He's the most beautiful man she's ever seen, though not the most handsome.

"Good morning, KJ," Garret says.

"Good morning, Garrett," KJ replies, "Anna just left for diving practice which is, like, totally cool."

KJ gets a brief little smile.

"She's something special," Garrett says, "So how have you been?"

"Good," she says, "Alright, I guess."

"Don't hesitate to call us if you need anything," Garret says.

"Thank you, Garret," KJ says.

"Johnny has my keys for the Hall," he says, "Looks like we'll have to wait until Bill arrives."

He takes a seat on the little porch and she sits beside him.

"How is Johnny?" she asks.

She saw Johnny yesterday.

"Good," Garrett says, "He said you're doing really well."

She looks down and smiles, a little embarrassed.

"He's just being nice," she says.

"Perhaps," Garrett says, "But he's telling the truth. I know him well enough not to doubt him."

"Have you known him a long time?" KJ asks.

"Four years," Garrett says, "I knew his family a lot longer than that. His uncle worked with one of my uncles."

"Cool," KJ says, "How long have you known Anna?"

"I've known her for almost six years," Garrett says.

"Really?" KJ says.

"I met her at the old Celtic Society," Garrett says, "I was looking for an Irish tutor and Gary and Anna were willing to take me on as her student."

"It's awesome that Anna's speaks Irish," KJ says.

Garrett nods and smiles.

"Do you speak Irish?" KJ asks.

"Pretty well," he says, "Thanks to her, mostly."

KJ cannot resist looking at him. He's the most beautiful man she's ever seen. He must also be a man of courage, or else he would not be here. She imagines that he could make a girl like Anna very happy.

"Is she on the swim team?" KJ asks.

"No," Garrett says, "They eliminated diving, like most schools around here."

Another white sport dies a quiet death.

"You should see her sometime," Garret says, "You could even try it yourself. I'm sure she wouldn't mind helping you out. You wouldn't have to do anything dangerous, just jump in and have fun."

"I could jump in," KJ says, "but coming back up would be kind of a problem. A big problem, actually."

The sound of an approaching vehicle distracts them from their conversation. It's the green Cherokee. Garret jumps up to his feet, followed in an instant by KJ. They watch the Cherokee approach. When Bill arrives, he does not park; instead he pulls in lengthwise, with the driver's seat near Garrett and KJ. He lowers the window and calls to them.

"Garrett," Bill says, "Would you help KJ clean the rifles? They're in the hall. I'll be occupied for a while longer." He looks at KJ. "It's nice to see you again, KJ."

"You too, Bill," KJ says.

"Bill," Garrett says, "Could I have your keys?"

Bill, who is raising the window, lowers it again and tosses the keys to the hall. He departs with a wave. Garrett unlocks the front door and turns on the lights.

"Please," he says, and moves so that KJ can enter. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

KJ enters and removes her boots and jacket. The table in the entrance room is empty. She hears Garrett open the door of his Jeep. The interval between the opening of the door and its closing would seem to indicate that he's getting something out of the vehicle. When he comes through the door, her interpretation is proven correct. In one hand is a bow and in the other is a quiver of arrows. Garrett walks past KJ and lays the items on the table. She wants to look at the bow, which from a distance appears to be a beautiful piece of workmanship. Garrett turns and waves her over to the table.

"What do you think?" Garret asks.

KJ approaches and examines the bow. It is a gorgeous work of art. Ivy is engraved upon the limbs and each leaf is carved with meticulous care.

"It's beautiful," KJ says, "I don't know much about bows, but that looks really nice."

"Good," Garrett says, "I'm glad you like it."

"Are you going to shoot it today?" KJ asks.

"Actually, it's Anna's," he says, "It's a late birthday gift. Marlin Peterson finished it a few days ago, but it's worth the wait, I think."

Peterson, an artisan in Rockwood, carved some of the woodworking in the Donnelly Home. Garret figures that KJ's heard of him, and considering her interests and artistic aptitudes, she probably has.

"Definitely," KJ says, "So Anna's an archer?"

"An excellent archer," Garrett says.

"No shit?" she asks.

"No kidding," Garrett says.

"I'm sorry, Garrett," she says.

"Don't be, KJ," Garrett says, "I'm not offended. I'll be me, and you be you."

KJ smiles. "OK" she says.

"What do you think of the pattern?" Garrett asks.

She looks at the ivy engraved on the wooden bow. It has the same shape as Anna's tattoo.

"It's perfect," she says.

Garrett and KJ leave the bow and quiver on the table. They proceed to the room on the left. Today there are eight rifles that need cleaning. Four are Remingtons; two are from Parker – Hale, and two are Rugers. The cleaning supplies are beside the table. Garrett pulls out a seat for KJ and then sits alongside. He takes one of the Parker – Hale rifles.

KJ takes one of the Remington rifles and begins to clean it without hesitation. The two work in silence for a little while. Garrett not only cleans his rifle but also observes KJ on occasion. Even shrouded in gloves, her fingers are nimble and quick. He can imagine that, with the right training, she could be a force to be reckoned with.

"How's school?" he asks once he's satisfied the question will not distract her from her routine.

"Terrible," she says without looking up, "But then sometimes, some-one surprises me."

"Oh?" Garrett says.

His interest peaks.

"Just the other day," KJ says, "Someone vandalized a Jew girl's locker. I knew they'd blame me, but then the janitor, Mr. Andrews, must've told them that I'm innocent because I didn't end up with detention."



"I'm happy to hear that," Garrett says.

"Hey," KJ says, "Do you go to college?"

"I have an undergraduate degree in astronomy from Lycoming," he says. "I just graduated last May, in fact."

"Astronomy, huh?" she says, "Nice."

"That was a dream of mine ever since I was a child," he says, "I even wanted to win a Copley Medal, because it was different, I guess. But there are bigger things now. The stars will have to wait for us."

"Yeah," she says, "We'll never get there if we don't start giving a shit about our own."

Garret looks at her. He knows what she's thinking. If their brothers and sisters in race do not put aside their selfish desires and concentrate on ending the genocide against the entire race, there will not be any white persons left to travel to the stars.

"Didn't Sir Humphry Davy win a Copley Medal?" she asks as she wipes the barrel of the second Remington.

"Yes, he did," Garret says. "You've heard of it, then."

"Yeah," she says, "I was learning the constellations, on my own of course, as if they'd fucking teach that kind of thing at school. There was a link to the Copley Medal and I was curious, so I, like, read the list of winners. It was pretty cool."

Garret lays his rifle on the table. He looks into her face. KJ looks up and into his eyes.

"Tell me, KJ," he says, "What do you want from life?"

"A place in the mountains," she says, "Somewhere surrounded by forests. Last summer I went camping by myself, and it was, like, so nice to get the fuck away. I always have loved camping but this time it was so fucking nice. There was no one there who hated me for loving my skin. The mountains and vales would be a good place for my husband and me to raise a family. Honestly, a city apartment would be fine, as long as we love each other, and he's there with me."

"You could have a family, it's not out of the question," he says, "How badly do you want that?"

"More than anything," she says, "I know it's an ideal, but my husband would be awake and he wouldn't back down or act nice just to be liked. If some nigger hit on me, he'd tell him to fuck off even faster than I could. It'd be on my tongue, but he'd say it first, and I'd... Well, I'd show him later how much I appreciate it."

She looks down and shrugs, a brief smile on her face.

"There are still men like that," Garret says.

"I know," KJ says, "If there were more girls like Anna, there'd be even more men like that."

"Or more girls like you," Garret says.

She looks down again and shrugs.

"I hope it works out for you, KJ," he says.

"Thank you, Garret," she says. She looks into his eyes. "But it can't. The law would hunt us down. My husband would protect me and my honor, and maybe even my life, but instead of praising him, they'd call him a criminal and they'd hunt us down. I want a family, more than anything, and to be fulfilled. I'd give years of my life for it. I'd fucking fight for it, and I know I'll have to, or else I'll never have a family. I won't surrender my child to those who don't want him to have a future."

"Do you ever feel like this is all a dream?" he asks, "Like this place isn't real?"

"All the time," she says, almost in a whisper.

"KJ," he says, "For us, it's like a dream that we found a young woman like you, from outside of our insulated little group."

"I'm sorry there aren't more," she says.

"I'm sorry it's a dream for you," he says, "It shouldn't be. There's nothing wrong with us loving our race."

"Garret, I don't know what to do," she says, "I know what I'll never do, but it's not going to be enough to be passive. I feel like I'm in some shell. I want to move, but I can't and it's hard to breathe. The shell keeps getting harder and one day I won't be able to move at all."

He wants to tell her his idea. He knows that he cannot. Anything less would be a repeat of all she's heard: encouragement to persevere while the anti-white establishment demands that she be like the other lost and deracinated white girls. When she resists they squeeze the life out of her. He sits still and says nothing.

After a couple of hours the job is very nearly complete. They hear a vehicle approaching. A door closes, and then someone unlocks and opens the front door of the Hall. By the sound of the footsteps, KJ guesses that it's Bill; Johnny's are so light it can be difficult to tell that he's arrived. Garret sets the final unclean rifle on the table and opens the door to the entrance room.

"Hello, Bill," he says.

"Are you with KJ?" Bill asks from beyond the door.

"KJ!" Bill says, "Come in here, love."

KJ jumps up and comes to him. He looks a little haggard, as if he hasn't slept well.

"Good morning, Bill," KJ says.

"Good morning, KJ," he says.

Bill reaches into his jacket and takes out an envelope.

"Your parents have asked me to mail your check to your home address," he says, "and I agreed." Before she can feel the blow, he continues. "It will keep them off your back when you and Anna visit Diamond Crossing. Here."

He hands her the envelope.

"Hide that, or use it," he says, "Hell, waste it if you like. It's yours."

She looks inside the envelope. It's the cash equivalent of her pay. She closes it tight.

"Bill," she says, "I cannot take this!"

Her gestures are emphatic. He waves his hand.

"Please, KJ, not today," he says.

"But..." she says. He glances at her. He doesn't look too happy. "Alright," she says. She taps her gloved palm with the envelope. "Thank you, Bill."

"That's better," Bill says, "Be a dear and go help Megan with lunch. Garret and I have some business to attend to."

"OK," she says.

KJ heads for her jacket and boots. Before stepping out, she looks back.

"I really appreciate what you do for me," she says, "I want you to know that."

Bill smiles. She's worried about him. He looks so tired.

Megan greets KJ at the Donnelly Home. It's good to see Mrs. Donnelly again. She's still as attractive and full of life as ever. Sinead's there as well, gracing the room with her ethereal beauty. KJ wants to pay Bill back for his generosity in any way that she can. With enthusiasm she helps the Donnelly women with the food preparations. Once the meal is complete, Megan summons Bill on the cell phone. Together they share the Wicklow lamb and a spinach salad. Bill says nothing about what might be bothering him and KJ does not ask. It's a time for simple, pleasant conversation and some very good food.

After lunch, Bill has KJ help Megan with the cattle. He gives her a pair of tall Wellies and work gloves for the task at hand. Again, KJ is energetic, though she's a little more cautious since she's never dealt with livestock before, and relies on Megan to be her instructor. They feed and water the small herd and then tidy up around the barn. Again it is a time for light conversation, though Megan tells KJ a little about her childhood

in County Tyrone, Ireland. It wasn't that long ago that a war was raging there. It was yet another war between whites. As the conversation drifts into other subjects, pertinent to the here and now, KJ cannot help but make an observation.

"All the pain and suffering some of our people inflict on other whites," KJ says, "all the while bending over backwards to kiss some nigger's ass, it makes me wonder if there's any hope."

Megan takes her hand and looks into KJ's blue eyes.

"I know a young lady who gives me a great deal of hope," she says.

KJ cannot speak; only a "thank you" can escape her lips.

About a half hour before Bill has to take KJ home, he calls them both back to the house. There, they can wash up before KJ must depart. When he's in close proximity, his wariness is visible.

During the drive to the Campbell House KJ's concern overcomes her timidity.

"Bill, are you alright?" she asks.

He sighs.

"I'm sorry, KJ," he says, "We've had some hard times lately."

"If it's about money..." KJ says. She is about to tell him not to "pay" her anymore.

"No, sweetheart", he says, "Money's a trifle. If I had to beg or borrow to make your life a little easier, I would. You need it more than I do."

"Are you sick, Bill?" she asks.

"No," he says, "There are some troubles that need tending to. They'll be resolved in due time. But enough of that. How are you doing here? Are you learning anything?"

"Yes," she says, "I am."

It's time to quit asking about Bill's troubles.

"Good," Bill says, "Let me know what you like best and I'll make the necessary arrangements."

"Thank you, Bill," she says. She's not sure what to say. "I don't know yet. It might take a little while to figure out what I'm good at."

"We can try some more tests if you like," Bill says.

"Yeah," she says, "I think that would help."

She wants to ask if she can take her driver's test soon.

"We'll get you that license in a couple of weeks," Bill says, as if reading her mind. "Johnny says you can use the Chevy pickup once you've got your license."

"That's so cool," she says, "Please thank him when you see him. Tell him I said thank you." She repeats.

KJ wonders if she can ever repay even half of their generosity. This is her true family; her kinfolk. They are doing everything they can for one of their own. She looks at Bill.

"Bill," KJ says, "You've told me, and so has Johnny and Anna, that if I ever need anything, I'm to call you, right?"

"Of course, KJ," Bill says, "What can we do for you?"

"Call me if you need any help," she says, "Like, if you or Johnny need an alibi. I could say that you were with me, working on the farm, and there's no way that I'll change my story. Whatever I can do to help, I'll do it."

Bill is silent. When they stop at the Campbell House, he touches her cheek.

"Take care, KJ," he says.

"You, too," she says.

He waits a while after she leaves.

On Mondays, KJ does not usually go to the Donnelly Homestead. This Monday is no exception. She walks to the local grocery store and purchases food for the Campbell family. Gene lets her take his cell phone and she calls him when she's finished. About half the time he comes as soon as he can. That percentage has fallen recently.

As she walks to the store, KJ observes each movement, each house corner, and each obstruction. Some might call her paranoid. Those who do have never challenged the establishment or angered any entitled minorities. Most whites who recognize non-white violence against whites will not say a word about it in public. They just keep moving away from the dangerous mess that their opinions and votes usually help to create. KJ does not have the option of moving away. She must remain alert the entire way. It is not a question of robbery. She would surrender the grocery money even though most of it is hers. Money would not be the primary motivation of a non-white attacker. A young, beautiful and highly desirable girl like her would be the triumph of a lifetime for any depraved rapist. Ravaging a young white woman who was branded a racist would be a monumental victory for a non-white rapist. Sometimes KJ wishes she'd accepted Johnny Bowen's pistol, risks be damned.

Today the weather is cool and dry in the sky is overcast. The trip to the store is uneventful. KJ does not keep her hand on Gene's cell phone, which is in her jeans pocket. It is turned off. She knows that if there's any trouble, Gene will be the last to arrive. The police will show up in time to draw lines around her corpse, and then Gene might come by if Erica allows it. Should she be in peril KJ will practice the escape techniques she's learned from Johnny Bowen and the MacYoung book that he gave

to her. She doesn't have much experience, but what little she does have could save her. Fortunately, she will not have to test her knowledge today. It looks like boredom and the disgusting sight of white grandparents with half-breed brats will be her only nemeses.

KJ takes a cart and enters the body of the store. One of the first items she grabs is a box of yeast. She'd like to try and make bread like Mrs. Donnelly showed her a few days ago. Years of practice have trimmed the time required for KJ to make her purchases. It's a great boon to her; she's beginning to loathe the sights of the place, from the idiotic magazine covers with the latest white celebrity sell-out, to the more and more obtuse crowds and the surly, antagonistic cashiers. There are a few exceptions, like the butcher with whom she gets along very well. Still, she's quite relieved when she arrives at the beverage coolers. It's almost time to check out. She takes a bottle of pure apple juice and places it in the cart. Maybe her parents won't steal this one.

The next few days are typical. The contrast between school, life and the Campbell House, and the joys of being at Bill's place is reflected in KJ's demeanor. During English class she uses ear buds to listen to her iPod. It does not relieve the stress of having to be vigilant each minute of the day, though even the smallest pleasure helps. At least she doesn't have to listen to the teachers parroting the standard lies.

KJ has become almost persona non grata at home, a trend she hopes will continue. She does her chores and never starts a conversation with either Erica or Gene. Her responses to them are minimal. Then, when she jumps into the Cherokee or the white Chevy pickup, she can breathe and relax and smile a little. Even her work, in the form of self – defense training and tedious, repetitious tasks like firearm cleaning, has become bliss to her. This part of her life has a purpose; she can feel it, deep inside. She does not know the direction or the overall scope, but she does not doubt that events are moving toward some conclusion. And at the very least, she is among those who are dear to her.

The professors may not notice her classroom use of an iPod, but someone else does. He's also seen her *Hammerfall* T-shirt. They are one of his preferred bands. Tyler Kowalski is in most of her classes and has been since the ninth grade. He's tall and athletic, with a face girls find cute if not handsome, and his gray – blue eyes are quite expressive. KJ has noticed him, and he's caught her looking, though not in the past six or seven months. To him, she's wildly attractive, even more so over the last year. Any of the boys from the senior class would fuck her. Tyler does find her desirable in this fashion, but unlike most of the others, pleasures of

the flesh are not the extent of his interest. He was a friend of Donny Patrick and figured the two would become a couple. But then Donny left. When KJ did not hesitate to warn Donny of a surprise attack, her allegiance became clear. Subsequent events have proven its durability.

Tyler is not turned off by her racial awareness. If anything, it intrigues him. He's not so asleep himself. Possibly the fastest runner at Uniontown High, he tried out for track but the coach always seemed to put him in the worst lane when he competed against blacks. The frustration overcame his desire to run, and he left the team. He reads the *Caste Football* website and is aware of the extent of the anti-white agenda in America. He's heard that white men are the "new niggers" and he's seen mountains of evidence that it's true. Even if a romantic relationship is out of the question, he's sure to find a kindred spirit in KJ Campbell. He's sure she would benefit from knowing that she's not alone. He's seen the abuse she suffered, and can imagine what the cowards write in the notes they leave on her desk. He was not present when she was assaulted or when Trevon Chaney pushed her. He tells himself that he would have fought them.

He's lying. He wants to go to college and his parents will pay his tuition to Robert Morris if he keeps up his grades. He desires enough money to have a comfortable life. He wants a strong woman to be his wife; he wants to provide for her and together they'll watch their children grow. If he pursues KJ or even talks to her in public, he jeopardizes his chances for tranquility. The harassment that the "anti-racists" (he is aware that anti-racist is a code word for anti-white) would commit against him would destroy his ability to excel in school. Vindictive teachers would cut his grades. He's seen her tests when the teacher hands them back. KJ may be the most intelligent person in the class. She's at least in the top three, yet her grades are always lower than anyone would expect. He's worried that the "racist" label would follow him to college. University professors will be even worse. Their enforcement of speech codes is notorious, and any white student accused of racism will suffer their wrath.

Though he's not as afraid of physical harm as Justin Harris, Tyler does fear a surprise attack. Blacks often utilize the "sucker – punch" and usually attack in numbers. The thought of having to stay at home to avoid a beating, or worse, terrifies him. In post-racial America, non-whites and anti-whites can antagonize, harass and even harm white racists with increasing impunity. He knows who received detention after the sexual assault. It wasn't Duane Carter or his cohorts.

Tyler looks at KJ. He might as well be looking at a picture from another time. She has committed the one unforgivable sin. If he convers-

es with her, he'll be guilty by association. He won't dare tell her she's not alone. He won't offer to help her if she's attacked. He won't say he's sorry. He'll never say another word to her. He'll pursue a quaint, inoffensive, neutered life. He'll live among the other white niggers. His happiness and his family's future will rely upon the mercies of those who lust for his race's extinction.

Tyler Kowalski isn't the only one thinking of KJ. Samantha Frey has known her since middle school. Though not the equal of KJ, Sammi is a young beauty with long brown hair and bright green eyes. She's never had any difficulty being popular, both for her comeliness and her agreeable nature. Never unkind to those without a chance, she's neither easy nor is she a tease. Before KJ's awakening, the two were school pals. As KJ abandoned more and more of the conventions created to guide young whites to a life of racial treason, Sammi drifted away from her onetime friend. Sammi was appalled at the sexual assault but her American education tells her to be even more appalled at KJ for using the forbidden "n-word". Until recently that was the case.

Sammi has never been an anti-white zealot. She always believed that people are the same at birth; that blacks would be interchangeable with whites if only given a proper education and held to a higher standard. A year ago, she would cite Clayton Russ as proof of her belief. He's always been soft-spoken and polite. Clayton is in many of her advanced classes and he's also athletic, having earned a spot on the basketball team. During the summer, she would see him at the Cherry Tree Café and he eventually asked her on a date. She's never been attracted to non-whites, but her education tells her that such natural inclinations are racist. She accepted his proposition. What could go wrong? It would be like two old friends going to a movie or hanging out.

The day began as she imagined. Then things changed; Clayton's cousin and his friends showed up. She was the only white in a group of six black males and two black females. The females treated her with disdain bordering on disgust. On a few occasions, Clayton went too far, and one of his cousins' friends went farther; he put his arm around her and grabbed her ass. Sammi wonders in horror what might have happened to her if the boy's girlfriend hadn't thrown a fit. She considered herself lucky to have escaped without further harm. When Russ called her cell phone the next day she broke off with him.

Clayton Russ does not agree. He spreads rumors. Most of these involve some disgusting act he claims to have performed on her. He follows her and harasses her, alternating between asking her to "take him



back” and making crude sexual comments to her face, depending in what company he finds himself. In the last two weeks he has escalated. After school, he accosted her and threatened her with violence. Last Friday, he followed her. She’s afraid to go out without at least two other persons, and wonders if they would be of any use in a confrontation with Russ and his friends.

Sammi’s at wit’s end. She glances at KJ, who must notice but doesn’t show it. KJ gets a lot of abuse for standing up to both anti-whites and non-whites. She seems to be getting tougher. She certainly is getting physically stronger. True, KJ used the “n-word”, but is it really that bad compared to assault and threats of violence? It’s a word; a sound. Sammi knows KJ would not stand a chance against a pack of non-whites. KJ would fight, but she would fall. It’s possible that she has friends. Her friends might be the kind of guys who would destroy someone like Clayton Russ. Sammi’s heard of skinheads and believes the media’s gross exaggerations about them. Maybe KJ is one of them; or perhaps she’s a “Nazi punk.”

To Sammi, such a thing would be deplorable, but to whom else can she turn? The police won’t help until she’s already been raped or murdered. They will not call it a hate crime even if she is. Her mother cannot help. She’s always at work, anyway. Her brothers are away at college. Rather than sympathize, the one who thinks he’s bisexual would ask her how she provoked the attack. The other is far away at UCLA. There are no organizations or clubs, not even gangs that she can appeal to for help. If Russ were white, the authorities would put a stop to his threats. Since he is not, and she is, she has no options other than running and hiding. Sammi glances at KJ again. Perhaps there’s another option. She thinks about KJ’s defiance outside of the women’s bathroom. She thinks about the recent attack and all the letters left on KJ’s desk. She can tell that they are nasty based on KJ’s reaction. Often she shoves them off like so much garbage. Recently, KJ has been keeping them. Sammi wonders if KJ, who may have like – minded friends, will escape unscathed. She wonders if she’ll survive. A beast like Russ could attack her after school and the story would be hushed up and forgotten.

But then, KJ did use that word. There’s never an excuse for using the word. Sammi tries to lie to herself. She swears she wouldn’t use the “n-word” even if a nigger groped her. It makes a crime worse, she thinks. No, she cannot ask KJ for help. She’ll have to hope for the best with Russ. She just won’t go outside alone anymore. She’ll make sure the doors are locked at all times. She’ll look down and walk away when he says terrible

things about her. She'll never ask KJ for assistance, or even advice. She knows that whatever Clayton Russ would do to her would pale in comparison to what he and his friends would do to KJ if they ever got the chance.

KJ is her kinswoman. Their bond, born of white skin, goes far deeper than friendship. It should compel Sammi to reach out to KJ. The American idea of original sin, white "racism," dissolves their bond in the blood of future generations. Sammi will never smile and nod or leave an anonymous note of support on KJ's desk. She will never tell KJ that she's sorry.

When KJ arrives at her locker at the end of the school day, she sees a message written on the locker face. This one is smaller and different than the usual handwriting. It is neither from Tyler Kowalski nor Samantha Frey, nor is it from the usual "locker vandal."

*Do the right thing. Kill yourself.*

Winter returns to Western Pennsylvania, such that by Saturday, February 16th, there is a light covering of snow in the Uniontown area. Today's the first time since early January that Johnny Bowen will take KJ to the Donnelly Homestead. As usual, she's early this morning. When she sees Bowen in the white Chevy, she runs from the yard to the roadside. She doesn't think about it, but it's fortunate that Erica wasn't watching. No worker has such obvious enthusiasm, not even those few who are in love with their jobs.

Johnny opens the door for her and she greets him before she can completely enter the cab. It's good to see her so happy.

After exchanging the usual pleasantries and inquiries, KJ notices the band playing on the stereo system: *20 Bulls Each*.

"Nice," she says, "We really do like the same shit."

"I think so," he says.

There is something that's been gnawing at him. She deserves the opportunity to make a stand; to be a fighter. She's so young and so beautiful, and free from the suffocating weight of the American war on her people. KJ is an extraordinary young woman, with a sharp mind and a depth of passion and decency that to Johnny Bowen is without rival or even equal. She deserves a life free from the evils of the anti-white establishment and the lies that would divide her from her future mate, if she weren't so strong and defiant. She has faced the lies and will not betray her brothers-in-race. For that reason alone she deserves a life of beauty and happiness. She deserves a life without war.

Life for whites in post-racial America is a war, whether they realize it, admit it, or ignore the fact. Whatever Bowen would wish, KJ will not escape this war. Those who willed the world to her generation have forced

her and other white youth to face a terrible decision. They can ignore what is happening to their race and condemn their descendants to oblivion, or they can make a stand and suffer the wrath of those who profit from the extinction of white skin.

"What's up?" KJ asks.

"We'll be doing some more self-defense practice," Johnny says.

"Cool," she says. She looks at him. "Thank you for doing this."

He wishes that he could do more. He simply says "No problem, KJ."

After Johnny lets one of her neighbor's cars pass by, he merges on to Township Drive.

KJ is not finished showing her appreciation.

"I know that you work hard," she says, "You could be resting instead of training me, I know. I just wanted you to know that it means so much to me."

"You're welcome, KJ," he says.

She closes her eyes and breathes deep.

"I can relax now," she says without opening his eyes, "God, it's so nice to just breathe."

She deserves a good life. She deserves to be untroubled by the dilemmas and the threats that she faces. She deserves a peaceful life, full of love and loved ones. Her life is what it is. For now, in the company of the fierce and capable Johnny Bowen, she can at least rest her mind and her nerves. When she's among the Old Core, she can breathe without the weight of foreboding and loneliness.

At the four-way stop on Main Street, Johnny looks at KJ for a moment. Her eyes are still closed. If she gave in and became a tool, she could return to the anesthetized existence she once had. He knows that she will not. She would not be so happy to see him if she harbored such contradictory thoughts. She deserves their undying support and sanctuary. She faces the same war that they face. He will not leave her to face it alone.

Today there are four rifles on the table in the left – hand room. They are already clean. The entire time today will be spent on self – defense training. Johnny and his talented student waste no time getting started. He introduces nothing new today. It's all about repetition, pure and simple.

KJ is familiar with her center of gravity. She's learning to throw proper punches. Bowen will concentrate on moves that are not likely to lead to grappling. She does not need to stand toe-to-toe with someone; she has to stun or hurt them enough to escape. After three solid hours, they take a break.

Megan comes by with a simple yet filling lunch: two portions of a ploughman's lunch, to be exact. After the meal, Johnny and KJ go to the right – side room. There is a table not far from the heavy bag and a rolling metal cabinet with punch mitts and gloves. Bowen sits on the chair beside the cabinet. On the table are two Remington rifles. These two are brand new and have yet to be sighted.

"Have you had any trouble at school?" Johnny asks.

KJ shakes her head.

"Nothing out of the ordinary," she says.

"Good," he says.

He puts on padded punching mitts so that she can practice more punches. She doesn't move from her position as he stands.

"Johnny," she says, "This is really valuable, I know, and I want you to keep teaching me."

"Are you OK?" he asks, "Do you need to quit?"

Other than being a little sweaty she doesn't look tired in the least.

"I'm fine, Johnny, thank you," she says, "It's just..." She looks back up into his eyes. "We both know I can't fight them with my fists. I need to be able to strike and escape."

KJ turns to look at the table. She runs her gloved hand down one of the Remington rifles.

"I could help you, Johnny," she says. She looks back at him. "I could help you if you have to fight. I could be your guardian angel."

Bowen walks over to her.

"Teach me, Johnny," she says, "Teach me to shoot."

"I was in Iraq, KJ," he says, "I've seen men die, good white men. Combat is ugly even when no one gets killed. They'll recognize the sound of a high-powered rifle and they'll come after you. They will do everything they can to kill a sniper, whether it's a he or a she.."

"They'll try to destroy me no matter what I do," she says, "I refuse to be their slave. I'm a white woman who loves her race and is willing to fight for the future of her children. Someday they will try to kill me no matter what, because I'm fucking awake. If you fight, they'll try to kill you, too. I believe I can be good enough to help you. Anna said we need to stand together and I believe she's right. We can't stand behind our men anymore. We have to stand with you. It's not just that we need to, we owe it to you."

Johnny sighs. His theory of young white women being fighters, born long before he knew KJ, is coming to fruition. The fruit, though, is bitter, now that he knows and cares for one of them.

"Are you sure you want this?" Johnny asks.

Their eyes stare into one another's. His are steady and incendiary; hers are haunting and feral.

"I've been thinking about it," KJ says, "and I want to learn. I've read about sniping while I was at Bill's place. I think I can do it. I think we should try to find out." Johnny opens his mouth to speak, but KJ continues; her words are faster. "If you have to fight someday, I can't just stand there and watch."

"This won't be easy," he says, "in fact, it'll be the hardest thing you've ever done. What if you find out that you can't do it?"

"That's fine," she says, "I'll find some other way to help. I'll carry shells. Fuck, I'll carry water if you need me to." She looks back into his eyes. "And I'll make sure that the enemies you knock down don't ever get back up."

She doesn't avert her gaze. For this offer alone, to stand by him through heaven and hell, she deserves a life of peace and the love of a good man. Johnny raises his eyebrows and nods.

"OK, KJ," he says, "I'll start training you. I'll ask Irish John to pick up where I leave off."

She jumps to her feet and throws her arms around him, burying her head in his chest.

"Thank you," she whispers.

He knows that she has the skills. He hopes she has the temperament. He'd be thrilled if he didn't know what she might have to face, but he does.

"One condition," he says.

She's still hugging him.

"Anything," she says.

"John will decide if it's right for you," he says, "not you and not me."

He knows that John is an expert. He knows that John will be ruthless in his assessment of her abilities. She will need him to assess her without concerns for her emotions or her pride, or else they are making a terrible mistake.

"John will not take it easy on you," he says.

"Don't go easy on me," she says, "I want to help, not be a burden."

"Christ, KJ," he says, unable to resist, "You're not a burden."

He looks deep into her eyes. Her hands are on his shoulders; his are on her arms. Her eyes are so beautiful and blue.

"Thank you, Johnny," she says, "I'll help you, somehow. I'll be there when you need me."

Bowen lets go of her. His soul urges him to stay longer, but it is not proper, at least not right now. He resumes her training and raises his gloved left hand. She smiles and launches an attack.

On Tuesday, February 19th, Bill Donnelly drives to the Campbell House. He looks better than the previous days. He's also in better spirits, KJ's very pleased to see this. Bill notices that she wipes her nose a couple of times. He planned on sending her to the field for an observation test, but it's 20° outside and windy. Fortunately, Anna is already at the range, so KJ will have something productive to do. When the two arrive at the Donnelly Homestead, KJ goes straight to the range. She must be a little under the weather, since she's still wearing her toboggan. Bill yells after her, telling her and Anna to drop by the house for dinner. Ever since KJ missed dinner due to detention, it is becoming a custom on weekdays as well as weekends for her to dine at the Donnelly Home. Unbeknownst to Bill, KJ has begun to set aside a little money so that she might repay him someday. She knows he'd be displeased if he knew, but due to her sense of loyalty and decency she cannot resist.

Anna is loading a .45 when KJ enters the indoor range. Anna looks up and smiles when she recognizes her friend.

"Hi, KJ," she says, "How's it going?"

"Good, thank you," KJ says, "What's up?"

"Same shit as always," Anna says, "Take what you want. The cabinets are unlocked."

KJ walks over to the cabinets. She's familiar with them by now. She removes a 1911A1, her preferred sidearm.

It's warm inside the range. Before she loads her pistol, KJ removes her toboggan and her black Moncler jacket. She lays them on a chair beside the cabinets. After loading the gun, she turns toward Anna. Anna is wearing a green sleeveless top, one with two straps behind her neck. Her hair is in a thick red ponytail. For the first time, KJ can see almost the full extent of Anna's tattoo. Two lush vines of ivy began near the nape and continue in opposite directions along the back of her shoulders and down her upper arms. They circled each bicep and continue to do so until they come to an end on at her wrists. It is an amazing work of art.

"God, that's fucking awesome!" KJ says.

Anna turns and looks at, not sure what she means.

"Hmm?" Anna says.

"Your tat!" KJ says, "It's fucking amazing!"

"Oh," Anna says, flattered and a little embarrassed, "Thanks. It gets a lot of looks when I wear short sleeves."

It's not the main reason she gets the looks.

KJ gets closer and steps to the left to get a better look. Anna turns her back toward KJ so that she can examine the ivy.

"That is fucking awesome!" KJ says "The leaves are, like, so fucking detailed! Where did you get it?"

"It was a private session at a parlor in Pittsburgh," Anna says, "Well, several sessions, actually."

"I guess Gary was OK with it," KJ says, "That's none of my business. I'm sorry Anna."

"I'd be surprised if you didn't ask," Anna says, "But yeah, I wouldn't have got it if he wasn't OK with it."

"I didn't think so," KJ says.

"Dad laid down the law a while ago," Anna says, "There aren't many actually, but they're right. If he hadn't, I'd have messed up my life a long time ago."

"What are the rules?" KJ asks.

Her own father usually deferred to Erica, who had one set of rules for Stephanie, and another for KJ. When Eugene Campbell had to make a rule, he did so as a peer rather than a father, or as an angry teen whose trip had come to an abrupt and unpleasant end.

"No screwing around," Anna says, "No cigarettes, no drugs, no getting drunk."

"What about swearing?" KJ asks, "Mine never really cared about that."

"That's not on the list," Anna says, "but I try not to. I know he doesn't like it. You know, KJ, he was the first to know when I decided to get my tat. He asked why, and I told him. I promised him I'd never get one that harms my identity as a woman. Arms, shoulders, and back – not a tramp stamp though – but the others are OK, if it expresses your identity, then it's OK."

Anna looks into KJ eyes; blue meets blue.

"I'm a woman," Anna says, "I don't want to be something else."

Gary deserves to have a voice in such manners. He's a strong man and an excellent father to her. KJ's dad does not; he abrogated that right years ago when he decided not to be a man. Still, there is at least one masculine voice that matters to KJ.

"Maybe I'll get one someday," KJ says, "One that suits me, not a tramp stamp or an ugly nigger tatoo."

Anna laughs.

"I'm sure it'll be beautiful," Anna says.

"You know," KJ says, "It's still like to dream to know you. When you talk to me, or Johnny talks to me, I feel like I'm valuable. I feel like I mean something; quite a lot, actually."

She looks up, into Anna's eyes. Blue meets blue again.

"I won't let you down," KJ says.

Anna smiles, and then goes back to her station on the range.

"Now," Anna says, "let's get back to what you're getting paid to do."

She looks at KJ and winks. They put on their ear and eye protection and begin shooting.

After several hours of practice, Johnny Bowen drops by to take KJ home. Anna stands behind KJ as the latter jogs off to Johnny's white Chevy. Johnny, who is outside the pickup, glances at Anna. Anna makes a kissing motion while Johnny looks at her.

"Are you sure you're not Mason's sister?" Johnny says.

KJ turns to look at Anna, but keeps backing up toward Johnny. Anna shrugs when KJ sees her. Johnny stops KJ with his arm when she gets close to the truck.

"See you tomorrow, KJ," Anna says.

She begins walking toward her Subaru.

KJ doesn't know what happened. She doesn't care. She has something on her mind. Johnny and KJ begin the drive to the Campbell House and, after the pleasantries and trifles of polite conversation are done, KJ broaches the subject that she's been contemplating.

"Have you seen Anna's ink?" KJ asks.

"Yeah," Johnny says as he hits play on the iPod. They both like to have music on in the background. "It's pretty fucking awesome."

"What do you think about tattoos?" she asks.

"They can be cool or they can be a mistake," he says.

"What do you mean?" KJ asks.

She looks at him as he drives.

"Any tat can be ugly if the artist sucks," Johnny says, "but leaving that aside, most fuck-ups are due to location. No one, man or woman, should ever get one on his face. Breasts, either, for a woman. Ass, tramp stamp, those are all mistakes. When a woman gets a tattoo on her ass or her chest, it's like a slap against her beauty. Of course, a tramp stamp is just an ugly fucking cliché anyway."

KJ smiles a little.

"What about arms," she says, "or, like, your back. I don't mean a tramp stamp, I mean your upper back. What if it goes down to your lower back, but on the sides rather than the middle?"



"That's cool," Johnny says, "That kind of place is fine. Arms, upper and middle back, lower if it's done right, that's fine. Anna's is big, but it's cool, it doesn't contradict her femininity or fuck up her beauty."

"I agree with that," KJ says.

"But no fuckin' tramp stamp," he says, "God, I hate that, as if that's what I'd want to look at."

He stops. There's no need to complete that sentence; she understands what follows.

"You're thinking of getting one, aren't you?" he asks

"I was just wondering what you thought," she says.

"OK," he says, "Well, that's about it, other than what I just mentioned I'm cool with it. Just as long as it's art. And," he emphasizes, "And it means something to the person."

"Yeah," she says, "It'd have to mean something."

An hour after Johnny Bowen drops KJ off at the Campbell House, he calls Bill Donnelly. The two meet at the intersection of the long driveway and Old Braddock Road. For Bill Donnelly, the news that KJ wants to learn the art of marksmanship is as bittersweet as it is for Johnny Bowen.

"Can you get her started?" Johnny asks, "I have to work this fucking weekend."

"Yes, Johnny," Bill says, "I thought this might happen. Didn't you, my boy?"

"Yeah," Johnny says, "I guess I should be glad, but I'm not."

"Encouraged, yes," Bill says, "Happy or glad, no."

Johnny looks at Bill. Bill's children will make this kind of choice someday. Bill will be proud. He'll be encouraged. Like Johnny Bowen, he will not be happy.

"I need to talk to John Boyle," Johnny Bowen says.

"Do you think she's up to the task?" Bill asks.

"Yes," Johnny says, "But we have to find out for sure. She needs to find out for herself. If she can't, she's still in this fight. That I can guarantee."

"Fine, John," Bill says, "I'll ask John to come over tomorrow. See if you can't drop by."

John Boyle, one of the snipers of the Continuity Irish Republican Army, will be a tough mentor. Anna Murphy can attest to that. She can also attest to his lethal skills as well as his ability to teach them.

Friday the 22nd is another long school day. The anticipation of escaping the Campbell House, coupled with the coming weekend, makes the clock move in slow and spiteful fashion. Time is not KJ's only enemy.

The coward who sabotages KJ's locker does not bother her today; her locker is unmolested. Trevon Chaney does not trouble her, either. Since the administration will obviously allow him to attack a white racist, KJ avoids the brute when possible and keeps other students between them when not. Today, Mr. Dagostino is the one who decides to give her a hard time.

Although it is unrelated to the topics that Dagostino is supposed to cover this week, today's subject is civil rights in general, and integration in specific. February is, after all, black history month. It's a month for whites to loathe their "racist" brothers, and for blacks to enjoy a privilege that whites do not have. Should a white man declare some other month to be "white history month," he would surely be branded a racist, and punished accordingly.

Mr. Dagostino forces the class to watch footage of the forced integration of Arkansas schools. After 15 or so minutes, he pauses the video on his laptop, and begins asking questions. The first few, directed at students who will give acceptable responses, concern dates and personalities. Then he gets a smile on his face and begins to play his game.

"As we can see," he says, "America was, and in many ways remains, an institutionally racist nation. Hanging that picture on the wall," he points to the portrait of the 44th President of the United States, "is a small step forward. But racism remains alive and well. It is our civic duty to eliminate it in all its forms."

Of course, he means white racism. "Anti-racist" is always a code word for anti-white.

"Tell me, Ms. Campbell," he says, "wouldn't you agree that America is a racist nation?"

He's ready to argue. He can't wait for her inevitable protest.

"Absolutely," she says, "America hates white people with a passion."

Her classmates are silent.

"Ah, I see," he says. He strokes his chin. "So the US government is, what...non-white, right?" He asks, first nodding and then shaking his head.

"Aside from an inflated Jewish presence," she says, "it's mostly white."

"I see," he says, "So how do you explain that inconvenient fact?"

"Why do only white countries have to accept non-white immigration?" She asks.

"Not relevant," he says.

"It's more relevant than who sits in Congress," she says.

"Fine," Dagostino says, "Since you think so. I'll entertain your conspiracy theory."

"It's not a conspiracy," KJ says, "It's reality. Name one non-white country forced to accept non-native immigration. I'll start with the white ones that have to accept non-white immigration."

"Only a racist would care about the skin color of immigrants," he says.

"Belgium," she says, "With a population density greater than Japan. Your turn."

"Only a racist..." He begins to say, but she does not let him finish.

"Sweden," she says, "Far away from the Middle East or Africa. Sweden, where almost every rape is committed by an immigrant."

"And who runs those countries?" He asks in a sharp voice, "Whites! How can whites be anti-white?"

"Because they're traitors," she says.

"Traitors?" He says.

"I agree," she says.

Someone laughs from the rear the classroom. Others shift uneasily in their seats. The only black student in the class fidgets and snorts, while the white students around him will not look at him. Most of them look at KJ, or down at the floor. They're ashamed of what they are. They are good Americans.

"I thought you were going to say Martians run the government," he says, "They don't, do they?"

He puts his hands on his mouth acting as if he's shocked.

"I'm used to condescension, Mr. Dagostino," she says, "It doesn't intimidate me. It just shows your hostility to other opinions."

"No, no," he says, "Not hostility, amusement."

"Why do you hate your own flesh and blood so much?" she asks, "Why do you support white genocide?"

"OK, Ms. Campbell," he says, "This is been quite enlightening. Now let's move on."

KJ raises her eyebrows and looks out the window. The good Americans listen to his lecture and watch the end of the documentary. KJ looks at the featureless sky and the line of sleeping trees on this side of the street.

"Ms. Campbell," Dagostino says, "eyes up front."

She looks at him and blinks, holding her eyes closed for longer than necessary, and then she looks at the screen. After forever, the torment ends.

KJ does not get up when class is finally over. She knows that Dagostino will demand to see her. He waits until almost all of the students have left. Once he's sure that the few remaining students are sympathetic to his worldview, he begins speaking to her.

"Miss Campbell," he says, "if you turn my class into a hostile environment one more time, I will be forced to take corrective measures."

KJ looks at him with a bored expression on her face.

"Is that clear?" Dagostino asks.

"Yeah," she says. She gets up from her seat. "Anything else?"

"One more thing, Kaylee," he says, "Seriously, what happened to you? You weren't like this in middle school. I know Gene; and he's no racist. I know he didn't raise you this way. So, why? What do you have to gain by doing this?"

She starts to leave and then turns.

"I won't be a traitor," she says and then heads out the door.

"Gene will hear about this," he says as she leaves.

KJ knows that she will get detention on Monday. Once she's out of sight of Mr. Dagostino, she hurries to her locker only to find the dial glued. She leaves her coat in the locker and flies out the front door. Her hoodie and toboggan will have to suffice. If she gets home before Gene can find out, then she will be able to escape for the evening. For once, Gene is early. For once, fate smiles on her.

It is not the only fortunate event of the day. On the way to the Campbell House, KJ learns that Erica will be gone until next Saturday. She does not need to make a quick supper at home, since Bill insists that she eat at the Donnelly Place. After a brief rinse in the shower, she retires to her room to get dressed. The cell phone begins vibrating as she packs her handbag. It's Anna.

"Hey, KJ," Anna says, "I'm glad you had the phone on. Grab some clothes; we're going to Diamond at nine. *Nimbostratus* is playing. They're a folk metal band."

"Cool," KJ says, "You know, you couldn't have picked a better time. My bitch of a mother is gone all weekend and next week. Only thing, I'll be late Tuesday and the next few school days. What? Yeah, I'll have detention. Some asshole teacher made us watch a propaganda film, and then he asked me what I thought about it. Yeah, real smart, huh? I'll see you in a little bit."

KJ packs a pair of jeans, her newest boots, and a t-shirt. She puts some money in her pocket and a turtleneck sweater over the tee she's wearing. Her gloves and knit cap in place, she flies out of the room. Gene

says something as she heads for the door but she doesn't care what it is. KJ arrives early at the usual meeting point, so she walks up Lindsay drive, attentive to the surroundings and mindful of any signs of an ambush.

Bill arrives on time to find KJ walking up Lindsay. It dismays him to see her take the risk, but he will not mention it. She is young and strong and in a just world, she could walk alone without fear. This is not a just world. He will not mention the risk. He will not tell her to hide in her room. He will not tell her, however, to ignore the risk as if nothing could happen. In light of the threats of rape and violence, and the fact that the establishment will do nothing to protect her, it would be a travesty for him to tell her it's safe to walk around with impunity. Instead, he will try to guide her toward a better solution. He addresses his concerns as soon as she enters the Cherokee.

"KJ," Bill says.

"Hello, Bill," KJ says as she hops inside.

KJ begins to put her bag on the floor and then in mid – motion, she brings it up to the space between the two front seats. She looks at Bill.

"How are you, Bill?" she asks.

"Fine, KJ," he says, "Before we leave, there's something I want to mention." She hangs on each word. "You mustn't take threats lightly. If one of us cannot be there, do not trust your fists or your feet. Get some protection, a hammer in your bag or maybe a knife. I couldn't bear to see you hurt."

"Thank you, Bill," she says, "I'll figure something out." She looks up at him again. "But thank you!"

"I pray that we can be there should you ever need us," he says.

Bill puts the Cherokee in first gear and pulls out onto Township Drive.

"I understand you and Anna are going out tonight," he says.

"Yeah," she says, "Is that alright with you?"

"Of course," he says, "Do you mind if Johnny and Garrett go along?"

"No," she says, "Not at all."

"Good," he says, "Just be sure to get some rest tomorrow. I'll be by at 11 AM. You can stay a little later tomorrow evening if your mother and father won't throw a tantrum."

KJ looks out the passenger side window. The big rehab center passes by, followed by Kaminski's old garage. It is still empty.

"Now," he says, "going from one thing to another, we're going to do something different today. I've put some posts in the field and a few in the woods. I have a map; it's not impeccable but it will work. What I'd like you to do is figure out how many paces it takes you to go from one post to the

other. We're a little short on time today, so you'll only do three or four of the posts. Try to be as precise as you can. Afterward I want you to join us for dinner."

"Sure, Bill," KJ says, "Thank you for the invitation."

"My pleasure," Bill says, "How is your home life?"

"It'll be better this coming week," she says.

"Oh," Bill says, "Is your mother off on vacation?"

"Actually," she says, "she's gone today and all next week."

"In that case, we'll see if we can't get you your license," he says.

"Seriously?" she says, "That would be so cool!"

"Rian says you're ready," Bill says, "In light of your mother being absent, well, I say there's no time like the present."

"Bill," she says, "I'll be late most of next week. I'll have detention again."

"Deserved or not?" He asks, "If yes, I hope it was satisfying."

"Not really," she says, "Mr. Dagostino singled me out, but he didn't like my response."

"Thanks for letting me know," Bill says, "Call me on Monday and let me know when we can expect you."

"Expect me?" KJ asks, "Don't you mean pick me up?"

"No, KJ," he says, "Once you've got your license, you use the white Chevy pickup."

KJ is silent for a moment.

"Thank you, Bill, but..." she says, "But what if you need the truck?"

"Johnny insists," Bill says, "And it's his truck, not mine."

KJ looks at him and then she looks down at the floor. A tiny little smile is on her face.

It is not too cold today, and KJ is in perfect health. She wears her toboggan to prevent a return of the mild sinus symptoms she felt a few days ago. The posts in the field are easy to discern. KJ chooses two of them in the field and one that the map indicates is in the forest. For an hour and a half she does exactly as Bill requested: she walks from post-to-post, keeping track of how many paces are required and noting the change in paces between the field posts and one inside the forest. At 7 PM, Bill summons her with the radio. It is time for dinner.

KJ walks along the driveway to the rear entrance of the Donnelly Home. Sinead greets her at the door. Anna didn't mention if Bill's daughter will be going to the show. KJ assumes that she will not. Sinead shows her to the bathroom so that she can wash her hands and face. KJ can also change there before departing with Anna at 8 PM. Once she's done, KJ

makes her way to the dining room. She hears voices inside and identifies Anna and Bill. Upon opening the double door, she sees Garrett, Anna, and Bill seated at the table.

"Come on in, KJ," Bill says.

Garret and Anna rise. Garrett, being closer, comes forward and takes her hand.

"It's nice to see you, KJ," Garret says.

"You, too, Garrett," KJ says, "How are you?"

"Fine, thank you," he says, "and you?"

"Good," she says, "I'm good."

She might be trying to convince herself.

Garret steps back and Anna approaches. She embraces KJ, closes her eyes and hugs her sister-in-law. After the embrace, KJ looks around the table for the missing fifth person.

"Where's Johnny?" she asks.

"He'll be here," Bill says before the others can answer, "He had to work today. But he'll be here with time to spare. You can count on him."

KJ wants to tell Bill that she knows she can rely on Johnny Bowen, but it seems awkward for some reason. No matter; Johnny is coming, and he, Anna and Garret will accompany KJ to Diamond Crossing. It is a great feeling to be among such strong, kindred souls.

Megan and Sinead serve dinner and join the others for the meal. The main course is shepherd's pie and it is delicious. Afterward there is tea and johnnycakes. KJ glances at her sister and sees Garret hand her a small piece of johnnycake, which Anna takes with her mouth. It brings a discrete little smile to KJ's face.

In spite of her withdrawn nature, Sinead converses quite a bit with KJ as the two drink their tea. Anna and Garrett talk as well, sometimes in the Irish. Megan and Bill smile when they hear their native tongue, and he takes her hand beneath the table. At 7:45 PM, a vehicle stops at the road-side entrance and Johnny Bowen makes his appearance.

"Am I late?" He asks.

He doesn't take off his jacket, though he left his shoes at the door.

"No, Johnny," says Megan, "Have a seat."

She rises to get him a plate.

"No, please Megan," Johnny says.

KJ interjects before anyone else can speak.

"We have time, Johnny," she says, "You've been working all day."

Bill was going to tell him to have a bite to eat. He doesn't say a word; this is much better.

Johnny looks at KJ.

"OK, KJ," he says, "If you say so."

He takes a seat beside her.

"Long day?" KJ asks in a soft but, as always, powerful voice.

"Yeah," he says, "I bet yours was, too."

She nods. She doesn't mention the incident at school. He's had a hard day of labor and doesn't need troubling news.

Johnny finishes his meal and the little group departs. KJ is surprised to see that Johnny won't be taking the white Chevy. Anna and Garrett will leave in Garrett's Jeep. KJ and Johnny Bowen will travel in Johnny's Rubicon. She looks at the vehicle. She'd love to be with him when he takes it off - road.

During the trip to Diamond Crossing, Bowen turns on his iPod. A song from *Sonic Syndicate* begins to play.

"Hey," KJ says, "Bill said that when I get my license, I'll be driving the white Chevy. Are you sure you're OK with that?"

"Of course I am," Johnny says.

"Thank you, Johnny," she says.

"You're welcome, KJ," he says, "Maybe you can use it to get the hell out of there someday."

"When I can," she says, "It'll be thanks to you when I do escape."

She smiles and looks out the window and into the darkness. After a few minutes, she turns back and puts her hand on the glove box.

"May I?" She asks.

"Yeah," he says, "You don't have to ask."

KJ opens the glove box. Inside is a .45 caliber 1911A1 pistol. She closes the box.

"Nice," she says, "It looks new. Thank you for thinking of us, Johnny."

"Any time, KJ," he says, "That's one of the two reasons it's in there."

"What's the other reason?" she asks.

"It's waiting for its master," he says.

KJ looks down for a moment and then back at Johnny. She doesn't speak; she doesn't know what to say right now. It's like a dream that there are still men of passion and dedication like him. The music of the song "Enclave" plays from the truck's sound system.

Diamond Crossing is rather crowded tonight. *Nimbostratus* is popular enough to bring fans of their sound from places as far away as New York and Delaware. Bowen and KJ arrive first, followed by Garret and Anna. A few minutes later, Jesse Hanratty and Rian Donnelly pull into the parking lot. It's a pleasant surprise for KJ to see the two lovers, though the



others must have known since they all waited beside their vehicles. Once together, the group heads for the entrance to greet Mason Walker. As usual, they will not be passing through the metal detectors.

Mason sees Garrett and is first to speak.

"Damn," Mason says, "How the hell did you get him to come to a metal show?"

"It's folk metal," Anna says. She realizes that someone is missing. "Where's Austin?"

"On vacation," Mason says. He notices Rian and Jesse approaching. "Hello Jesse, Rian," he says. He pulls a pair of keys out of his pocket and tosses them to Anna. "Hold on to them until the end of the show. No one else will be coming around the side."

"Cool, thanks," Anna says.

Mason looks at Johnny Bowen.

"How's KJ?" He asks.

"She's right here," Johnny says.

Mason looks at KJ.

"How's Johnny?" Mason asks.

"Shithead," Johnny says.

He looks at KJ. KJ looks up at Johnny as she responds to Mason's question.

"He's good," KJ says.

"Uh-huh," Mason says, "Enjoy the show."

"Don't let anyone light it up," Johnny says.

"No worries," Mason says, "You got the inside?"

"Yeah," John says, "We've got it covered."

Jesse and KJ are the only ones without "heavy-duty" protection. KJ could guess that the others are carrying weapons. With the tensions of school and the strain of constant vigilance weighing on her young mind, it feels so nice to be safe.

Tonight's show is apolitical and to those who love folk metal it is an impressive experience. The feature songs commemorate ancient battles and the trials of life in a day long gone. There is a strong element of heroism and themes from history and legend. *Nimbostratus* is quite skilled at blending sharp – edge metal sounds with such lyrics and themes. Contrary to the belief of most of his friends, Garrett Fogarty is both impressed and pleased with the presentation. For KJ, tonight's show is another spectacular display of her race's ingenuity and artistic spirit. Anna, who favors groups like *Eluvetie* and *Celtic Frost* above all others, is of course thrilled by the band's performance. Even without bands like *Chironex*, Diamond

Crossing serves the vital role of encouraging groups that would otherwise have little chance of being heard. Without bands like *Chironex*, those who operate Diamond would still face the same genocidal enemies.

For Jesse and Rian, tonight is an opportunity to enjoy each other's company. It is also a chance to spend time with people who are dear to their hearts. During the two intermissions, the girls discuss the show and from there, share their likes and thoughts, which are not limited to music. KJ gets another glimpse of Jesse's soul. Their external beauty aside, the three are most definitely kindred spirits and sisters in race.

For the men, the evening is a chance to relax and enjoy the music with the women who are most dear to them. The band is responsible for only part of the night's enjoyment; even more satisfying is the sight of the three young women as they escape from the stress and afflictions of a society that hates them more than any other. They are strong, straight, race-conscious and dedicated white women. They are the death of the anti-white establishment. They are also its prime target. Tonight, these young white sisters feel safe enough among their men to forget about their myriad troubles and simply have a good time. The men see Anna embrace KJ, and they see the joy in her eyes and her smile. They see Jesse try to speak a little Irish with Anna and resort to English halfway through. It's all lighthearted fun without a hint of embarrassment. After a song that touches on family and eternity, Jesse and Rian embrace. She expresses her desire to someday have children.

KJ, the rising warrior, opens up to Jesse and says something that fills the men with hope. For the bruised soul of Johnny Bowen, they are the words of an angel.

"That's the greatest dream of all," KJ says, "Can you just imagine holding your baby? Can you imagine when he looks into your eyes and squeezes your finger in his little hand?"

For Johnny Bowen, these are beautiful words, but they also draw blood. He hides his apprehension so well that not even KJ notices. He feels the same hope and longing that the others feel. Although the others – KJ included – know that the future will be bloody and hard, only Johnny knows it on a personal level. They have a small idea of what war is like; he's lived it.

KJ is animate during the drive to the Campbell House. Her joy is sincere and irrepressible. When the song "Battered and Bruised" comes on Johnny's iPod, she begins to sing. Though she mentioned singing and singing lessons to Johnny, tonight is the first time she's sung in front of any of them. After a little while she stops and glances at him.

"I hope that wasn't annoying," KJ says.

"No! Jesus Christ, no!" Johnny says, "Please, keep singing."

She gasps, surprised by his strong reaction. Then she continues. Her voice is clear and commanding and well suited for powerful music. It is smooth and passionate and can easily sing ballads, or driving hard-core tunes and beauty-and-the-beast style doom metal.

"Denied" from *Sonic Syndicate* begins to play. KJ continues to sing, and when the singer begins to growl she does so as well.

"Goddamn, KJ!" Johnny says, "You're the only girl I've ever known who can do that!"

"Is that a good thing?" she asks, knowing full well the answer.

She bats her eyes and looks down. It feels so good to be shy and playful with this man.

"Of course it is!" he says, "That's fucking awesome. You can sing *Mazzy* fucking *Star* and then growl to death metal. Jesus Christ..."

When Johnny sees how happy she is, he doesn't want to ask the question that is on his mind. He resents introducing any sobering thoughts into what has been a beautiful evening. He must, however. It is vital that he speak to her, and he is a man.

While the two approach Kimberly from Township Drive, Johnny finds a wide spot and pulls over. KJ gets a little nervous. She guesses that he wants to talk about something important. Johnny puts the Jeep out of gear and pulls emergency brake. Then he looks at KJ.

"KJ," he says, "I need to talk to you. Don't answer right now. Just listen."

"OK, Johnny," she says.

He hates asking her right now.

"Tomorrow, I'm meeting with Irish John," he says, "You have to think about where you want to go with this training. This is going to be very hard and it's going to change your life forever. On your worst day at Uniontown High, if you ever found yourself wanting to return to your old life, then you have to ask yourself if you're willing to follow this difficult path all the way to the end. Don't forget, once you begin this, you cannot go back. There are other ways to make a difference. All of them will be hard, but this one will try you like you've never imagined. And if you pull the trigger you will never, ever be able to have anything like the life you used to have."

KJ keeps looking into his eyes. She agreed not to respond when he asked her and to her it's a promise. She says nothing.

"Now," he says, "if you commit to this, it will be ugly and difficult at times. You will wonder what might have been. I don't mean giving in and

becoming a traitor. I mean helping in some other way. Before you commit, ask yourself if you're willing to give up the chance for a new life away from your parents and that fucking school. Not a traitor's life; that's not what I mean. I want to make that very clear."

KJ nods.

"I know you'd never asked me to do that," she says.

"Never," Johnny says, "I'd never ask you to betray who you are, not for any reason whatsoever. I know you'd never be like that anyway."

She shakes her head and he continues.

"Still," he says, "you have to ask yourself and you have to be sure that you're willing to make the necessary sacrifices. KJ, I've seen a man killed by a sniper. I saw the response and it would be the same. They'll throw everything they have at you. You would be their worst nightmare. They would want to kill you more than anyone else. If they could, they would destroy you and humiliate you and then they'd kill you."

"You wouldn't let them," she says, "You'd do whatever it takes to prevent them from hurting me."

He looks at her. He doesn't have to agree. She already knows.

"That's one reason you are so special to me," she says.

"If you choose this life," he says, "I will stand by you. If you choose another path, I will still stand by you. I will not think less of you, KJ. You may find out that even if you want to do this it's not the right path for you. If it is, then you have to be sure that you can take it. Your life will not be the only one on the line."

She looks out the window for a moment, and then back into his eyes. She says nothing.

"I'll see you again on Sunday," he says, "Think about it."

"I will, Johnny," she says.

Johnny starts the Jeep and begins the final part of the trip to the Campbell House. His mouth is dry and there is a weight on his chest. It was right to speak to her about this. Time is short. It had to be tonight. He still feels terrible for interrupting her blissful evening.

Once they arrive, KJ opens the door of the Rubicon. Before exiting she looks back at Johnny. There are no tears or hurt looks on her face.

"Thank you, Johnny," she says, "Thank you for doing what you have to."

She hops out and closes the door. Johnny waves and drives off. In the dark and out of sight of everyone, KJ blows him a little kiss and then walks up to the house.

Before Anna shuts the door of Garrett's Jeep, he begins to speak.

"I'll see you Sunday, Garret says, "Let me know what you think."

"OK, I will," Anna says, "Thanks."

Anna smiles and waves as Garret drives away.

KJ awakens at 9:30 in the morning on Saturday. She prepares for another day at the Donnelly Homestead. Perhaps she'll be practicing with the posts in the field. She knows that this is a range test and it will give her a grasp of estimating distance. Perhaps she'll be cleaning rifles. As long as she's among her kin; those who encourage rather than condemn her pride and dignity, no chore is unappealing. Once she's dressed she hurries to the kitchen to make breakfast. Gene stops her at the kitchen door.

"How was school Friday?" Gene asks.

Of course he knows. Of course Dagostino called with his deceitful side of the story.

"Dagostino showed us a film about integration," KJ says, "and he asked me what I thought."

"Well?" Gene asks.

He's still wearing his robe.

"What?" she asks, "I told him what I thought. I'm going to be late..."

She tries to go around him.

"Oh, you're not going anywhere," he says, "You're grounded."

"For speaking my mind when he asked me?" She says.

"For offending others and making an overall ass of yourself," he says.

"Call Bill," she says.

"What?" He asks, "Who's that?"

"My employer," she says, "Call him and tell him that I can't make it."

"You made this mess," Gene says, "Why the fuck should I clean it up?"

She wants to call him a coward. She refrains. She knows the misplaced courage on his behalf did not just spring up overnight. Either the principle made a comment or Gene conferred with Erica. She takes his cell phone from the table near the front door and calls Bill.

"Hello, Bill," she says, "I'm good, how are you? I'm glad. Well, not right now, actually. Dad says I can't come today. Hold on a minute."

KJ looks at Gene. She holds the phone to her chest.

"What about tomorrow?" She asks.

"I haven't decided yet," Gene says.

"I don't know," KJ says into the phone, "He says he hasn't decided. I'll call as soon as I know. I'm sorry, Bill. No, really. Thank you. Bye."

KJ closes the phone and looks at her father. She cannot hide all the anger and hurt.

"What the fuck do I do if I lose my job?" KJ asks.

"People lose their jobs over inappropriate comments," Gene says, "You should keep that in mind the next time you open your fucking mouth."

Gene enters the kitchen and KJ follows him.

"We're finished, Kaylee," Gene says.

"Don't I know it," she says, "I'm going to make breakfast." He remains, as if he wants to say something. "I'll only use what I paid for, alright?" She says.

Gene sits down without a word. He doesn't tell her not to worry about it. He doesn't even tell her that he doesn't care, or that she better march up to her room. He just sits there and reads the newspaper. When the meal is finished, KJ sits down opposite him. He's still sitting and drinking coffee when she finishes eating. Neither says a word. He hoped that she would remain quiet. For KJ, Gene is a million light years away. She is thinking about what Johnny asked her. It kept her up a while last night. When she's done eating, KJ takes her thoughts upstairs for a couple of hours. Then she decides to talk to Gene. There's nothing constructive about it; he's made her day miserable and she might as well repay the favor.

Gene's in his chair watching the pregame discussion of a Pittsburgh – West Virginia basketball game. Two buffoonish white commentators salivate over both teams' all-black rosters. KJ enters the den and sits on the couch in the spot closest to her father. Instantly he begins to fidget. She has no interest in the worship of these false black idols. Gene wants to see his team's blacks beat the other team's blacks. KJ wants to punish him for denying her a day spent among those she loves. He wants her to go away. For a while she sits and watches. She's not sure how to begin. Then the servile capitalist devotees of the anti-white American religion inadvertently give her an opportunity.

It's an Old Spice commercial this time. A muscular black male walks into view. KJ, who has seen this set up for years and recognizes it as anti-white propaganda, eagerly waits to discuss the commercial with Gene. It will shatter his peace. Her choice of words will ensure that.

"Does your man look like me?" the black male asks, "or is he flaky and white?"

Gene squeezes the arms of his chair as if he's expecting a root canal. He is not upset at the thinly-veiled insult directed at his race in general and his sex in particular. He's afraid of what his own flesh-and-blood daughter will say. She does not disappoint him.

"Better to be flaky and white," KJ says, "than a goddamned nigger."

"For Christ's sake, Kaylee!" Gene exclaims.

"I mean," she says, "how much fucking Old Spice is he going to need to cover that smell?"

Gene throws a sharp glare at her.

"You know," she says, "There are some guys who aren't flaky, but they are white. They'd tear his fucking heart out if he said that to them."

"Who?" he asks, "What guys?"

She looks at the man who impregnated her mother and who said nothing when that same woman disposed of their son.

"Not you," she says, laughing a little as she speaks, "That's obvious."

"Alright," he says, "You want to provoke, me, fine. Enjoying yourself?"

"Yes," she says, "Actually, I am. But, daddy, can't I rap with you? A little daddy-daughter chat?"

"Don't you have weights to lift?" he asks, "or homework?"

"My homework's done," she says, "and I've lifted the maximum times this week according to my workout plan. I can't read anything, because you took care of my books, remember?"

Of course, she does not tell him about *Street E&E* or the other two MacYoung books that Johnny gave her last week.

"Alright," he says, "That wasn't the best thing to do in retrospect. Are you going to hold that against me forever?"

He stares into her face. His pitiful look is repulsive.

"No, dad," she says, "You were just following orders."

"This isn't going to get you out of trouble, you know," he says.

"That's OK," she says, "But if I can't work I should at least have some entertainment."

"Go to your room!" he says.

The game is about to start.

"No!" she says.

They lost whatever relationship they had when she awoke and he disowned her in his own gutless way.

"I want to stay, dad," she says and motions toward the television. Pitt's starting forward is on the screen in high definition. "Maybe that big nigger will break his leg. I wouldn't want to miss that."

Gene hits the mute button and stares at her.

"Would you like to go back to anger management?" he asks.

"I'm not angry," she says, "Are you?"

"You need help," he says,.

"What do I need, dad," KJ says, "A shrink? Pills? A lobotomy? Then you could wipe the drool off my fucking chin and imagine that I was a good girl like my bi-curious sister."

He opens his mouth to speak.

"Are you my biological father?" she asks.

It's obvious from her looks that he is. She does not ask him out of ignorance, but rather to drive home a point.

"How dare you ask me that!" Gene says.

"A real father wouldn't let some nigger grab his daughter's breasts," she says.

Gene doesn't avert his gaze. He presses the mute button again to enable audio. The sounds of the game return to the television.

Bill is watching Anna practice archery outside the Long Hall when his cell phone rings. He recognizes the number.

"Hello, Bill," says a monotone yet stirring female voice.

"Hello, KJ," he says.

He waits for the reason behind the call.

"I know it's late," she says, "But could you..."

"I'll be right there," he says, "You're not gettin' in any trouble now, are you?"

"No, sir," KJ says, "Dad practically insists that I leave."

When Bill closes the call he cannot help but laugh.

KJ would like to watch Anna practice, but she has work of her own. For three hours until supper is served, Bill has her measure paces between the posts in the field and those in the woods. She's starting to get an idea of the distance between the posts, even in the uneven terrain of the forest.

Today, Anna and KJ dine alone at the Long Hall.

Megan and Bill are meeting someone for dinner. Anna seems more relieved than happy to see KJ; she'll be driving KJ home tonight. There's something on her mind but she does not share her thoughts. After the meal, KJ cleans the six rifles on the table in the left hand room. Then, she and Anna practice the self-defense training that Johnny Bowen has been teaching them. A little later they hit the range. At 11 PM, Anna has to head home. The two leave in Anna's Subaru, with KJ hoping to find out what's troubling her redheaded sister.

It does not take long. Before they advance very far down Old Braddock Road, Anna cuts off the small talk.

"Did you hear about what happened?" Anna asks without looking away from the highway.



"No," KJ says, "I don't think so."

"Some dirty black whore threw acid in a white girl's face," Anna says.

"Fuck," KJ says, "She wasn't a mudshark, was she?"

"No," Anna says, "This girl has a white boyfriend and hardly knew the piece of shit."

KJ doesn't need to ask how bad it is. She's seen the pictures of the "enlightened" white girl who dated and then broke up with a black male. He did the same thing to her.

"The first thing I thought of was the letter on your desk," Anna says. It's the first thing KJ thought of as well. "I thought about it all night," Anna says, "I know you don't want to put us in jeopardy, but please, KJ, get the hell out of there. Tell Johnny and get the hell out."

"Anna, I..." KJ says, but Anna cuts her off.

"If they do that to you," Anna says, "Johnny will kill all of them. All of them, and then the pigs will kill him." There is a brief silence and then Anna continues, "He's not the only one."

"Anna," KJ says.

Anna cuts her off again.

"It'll be hard to stop that kind of attack in a school," Anna says, "How could you stop it?"

"I'm always careful," KJ says.

"Didn't one of them push you on your ass?" Anna asks.

"That's a lesson I've learned," KJ says, "It won't happen again. Anyway, I saw his hands. They were empty."

"How can you notice everyone's hands before they're in range?" Anna asks, "There are crowds at school. It could be a traitor rather than a nigger."

"I stay out of crowds," KJ says, "I'm careful, Anna. I can't leave yet. I can't do that to you or Johnny, or Bill. I know..." Anna tries to cut her off but KJ stops her from interrupting, "I know you're right, but so am I. We can't fuck up what the men are doing. I have to bear this burden right now. I know Johnny would spill all kinds of fucking blood if they hurt me like that, and it rips me apart thinking about it. But you said the men will come up with something. Once they do, I am so fucking out of that place. But we don't know what's going to happen. Maybe they need a little more time."

"KJ," Anna says, and then nothing for while. "KJ, you owe it to Johnny to tell him why you won't leave."

"I know," KJ says, "I've talked to him about it but I'll tell him again tomorrow." She thinks for a moment. "Actually, I owe him quite a lot."

Once they arrive at the Campbell House, KJ unlocks her door and grabs her bag. Anna reaches over and squeezes KJ's left hand. Her voice is a whisper.

"God, please," Anna says, "I don't know how, but please, don't let them hurt you. Please run away if you have to. Please. Even if we never see you again."

KJ suppresses her powerful emotions.

"It's a war, Anna," KJ says, "I can't jeopardize you or the men. I'll do what I can to protect myself, but this is larger than me."

Anna lets go of her hand. She wipes her cheeks and smiles. "OK" she says and KJ slides out of the car.

"I won't be over tomorrow," Anna says, "Take care, KJ."

KJ looks into her eyes. Even in the dark of night and the soft light of the streetlamp, both women's eyes show their blueness.

"Thank you, Anna," KJ says.

KJ waits until Anna is gone before she walks to the entrance of the Campbell House. At the threshold her emotions get the better of her for a moment, and she wipes her eyes before entering.

Johnny Bowen arrives at his flat in Markleysburg at about the same time KJ locks the door at the Campbell House. This has been a fateful day for the Old Core group. Today John Bowen met with John Boyle at the Coalsack Site.

It was a nice enough day for late February in the thick wilderness of Clay County, West Virginia. John Boyle was outside working on the new garage when Bowen arrived at the camp in his green Jeep Rubicon. Boyle knows who's come as soon as he gets a glimpse of the vehicle through the sleeping trees. He doesn't move toward his .308 Armalite rifle or remove the .45 automatic pistol from its holster. Bowen parks the Jeep in front of the cabin.

Both John's are dressed in similar fashion, though Bowen wears a t-shirt under his jacket, while Boyle's button-down shirt is tucked in his jeans. Both men's jackets happen to be brown.

"Hello, John," Bowen says, "How's it been up here?"

"Good," Boyle says.

This is an unannounced visit. Johnny Bowen didn't drive all this way for idle chitchat. Johnny wastes no time getting to the point.

"Listen, John," Johnny says, "KJ wants to be a shooter. Will you train her?"

John Boyle wastes no time answering.

"Do you think she has the temperament?" he asks.

"Let's find out," Bowen says.

"When do we start?" Boyle asks.

"I'll show her the basics first," Bowen says, "About two weeks, I'd say."

"Fine," Boyle says.

"John," Bowen says as Boyle kneels down to open the toolbox that's near his feet. Boyle looks up into his eyes. "I know you'll be tough on her. For her sake, I hope you are."

"Are you sure she wants this, Johnny?" Boyle asks.

"I wouldn't waste your time if I wasn't," Bowen says.

"Good," Boyle says, "We'll see what she can do."

"One other thing before I go," Bowen says, "I think you'll appreciate some news. It's going to be a while before we can go active, but we're definitely on a countdown. It'll take several months, but by the end of the year we should be ready."

John Boyle says nothing more. For even the most patient members of the Old Core, the watching and waiting while innocents die has been a source of constant frustration. At long last, the lassitude is coming to an end. Boyle's silence is not a symptom of unease or disapproval. It is born of anticipation and the desire to strike back. John Boyle has prepared for the day when he can take his gun into the field and make life a little more dangerous for anti-white traitors. That day appears to be coming.

Both KJ and Gene are happy to avoid each other the next morning. At eleven AM, KJ is waiting outside for her ride to Bill's place. Five minutes later Johnny Bowen shows up in the white Chevy. He opens the door and KJ climbs inside. She expects that he might ask her what she's decided, but he does not. She doesn't doubt that he will. It will be when he desires to know. For now, she asks how he is, and he asks her the same.

The Long Hall is abandoned today. It's cold outside, but the prognosticators are calling for a warming trend; Punxsutawney Phil disagrees. Once inside, KJ waits for Johnny to inform her about the day's activities. Instead, he pulls out a chair for her at the little table, and then sits on the opposite chair, backside-forward, his legs straddling the rear of the chair.

"Did you have breakfast?" he asks.

The question takes her a little off-guard. She nods.

He takes a deep breath. She feels nervous all of a sudden.

"Have you had time to think about all this?" he asks.

His eyes never waver from hers. Again she nods.

"Did you think about the life you would have?" He asks, "Or the life you could have?"

She looks into his eyes. God knows what he's seen. There's no going back for Johnny Bowen. KJ tries to see him happy, with a family and a wife who adores him, and he deserves it but it won't happen if things remain as they are. He's a fighter and he can't live as a slave.

"I thought about what might happen if I walked away," KJ says, "Maybe I could still help you in some other way. But if I could have stood there with you, and I refuse to accept that responsibility, then I'd be turning my back on everything that's dear to me. If I can't learn the art of marksmanship, that's just how it is. Johnny, there was a time when white girls could stand behind our men. I thought about that, quite a lot, actually. It's different now."

KJ touches his hand. Her glove is smooth on his skin; her perfect white skin would be no less smooth.

"But you know what?" she says, "What we used to do was wrong. When the fate of our children, our white children, is in the balance, we should be beside you, not behind you. We should have always been beside you. And when our children's future isn't in jeopardy, we have no right to demand that you go to war and, like, bleed and die in some far-away shithole. None of us should be there. Those never were our wars. Our people have never faced the threat that we face right now. Each of us lives it and it's here, all around us. It's a war on our identity. It's a war on all white men and all white women. That's our war, the only one that's right, and we have to fight this one together."

KJ begins to show her nervousness and raw, emotional energy as her body starts to fidget and bounce in her seat. The look on her face is indicative as well. Johnny ignores the signs and says nothing. His stare never changes, and it captivates her again. She settles down and continues.

"A lot of us have already died," she says, "and the rest are waiting for some fucking asshole in a black dress to tell them if they can say a word or own a gun. We face genocide and what the fuck do we do? We put our fate in the hands of an establishment that profits from our decline. I've asked what this life is for. What's the purpose of my life? I won't be a tool or one of the sheep, that's not a life, that's self-betrayal. I can't walk away from this shit just because it's hard. If I can't learn to shoot, fine, I'll find some other way to help you. One thing I will never do, ever; I will not walk away. I won't do that."

Johnny looks at this beautiful person before him.

"If nothing comes of it," he says, "If God knows what happens and our plans fall apart, what will you do?"

"We won't let it fall apart," KJ says, "I don't know how, but we won't let that happen."

She reaches across the table and lays her gloved hand on its surface, palm up. The smallest smile is on her face. Johnny squeezes her hand and holds on for a short while.

"What if you're alone?" Johnny asks.

"I won't let it fall apart," she says before he lets go of her hand, "and I won't forget who pulled me up from the bottom."

"You won't leave home, will you?" he asks.

"I can't," she says, "I would have left already, but I can't yet."

"I'll kill anyone who hurts you," he says.

His eyes are alight with green flame.

She wants to tell him that if anyone hurts him, she'll do the same. She does not; he's a man, and she knows enough not to say such things to him. But the thought is in her mind. If, God forbid, he should suffer at the hands of another, she will find a way to fulfill that secret promise.

"I'll be careful, Johnny," she says, "Please, be careful, too."

She can sense that the subject will change, and that it will be no less significant.

"I talked to Irish John," he says, "He agrees with me. I'll start training you and then he'll take over. He's the best marksman I've ever known. This is going to be very tough, KJ, don't be fooled."

"I can't thank you enough," she says, "Seriously, I can't."

"You can do one thing for me," he says.

"Sure," she says and gets a little smile, "Anything."

KJ knows that he will not make an ordinary request. It will be something that will, ultimately, be in her favor. She's beginning to know Johnny Bowen's character quite well.

"Try to be aware of everyone around you," he says, "and stay the fuck out of range if you see a cup or shit like that in their hands. Even if you have to be late for class. Fuck class. Fuck those worthless fucking teachers. They're just going to tell you to hate your race, anyway."

"I will, Johnny," she says, "I promise."

"We're gonna work on maps until lunchtime," Johnny says. He stands. "We can use the computer over at Bill's house."

She doesn't get up just yet. She looks up, into his eyes.

"I'll do what it takes," she says, "Whatever you need, Johnny, I'll be your angel."

He looks at her for a few moments. The hall is tranquil right now, and the skies and trees are quiet and sleeping.

"Don't let them hurt you," Johnny says and draws a deep breath. "Now let's get started."

KJ jumps up from her seat. Soon they arrive at Bill's. Megan greets them at the rear entrance and Johnny and KJ head for the interior of the house. The computer is already running and Google Earth is loaded. Johnny shows her several tools that will help her develop a sense of distance. He also removes a large book from one of the shelves. KJ's noticed it before as she perused the titles on the shelves. It is a book of detailed maps. For several hours the two use various tools to calculate distances between two and more points, including mathematical formulae and numerous pictures of objects at known distances. Bowen disappears shortly before lunch. He returns with two bags. To KJ's pleasant surprise, they'll be taking lunch in the woods.

Kaylee Jane Campbell and John Ashley Bowen walk the gravel road to the Long Hall and continue their little excursion into the forest beyond. At a picturesque glen not far from the little workshop, Bowen takes a seat on a large sandstone outcrop. KJ follows his lead. She feels so nice she lifts her boots and kicks at the air a few times. The day is warm for February and she removes her jacket and the long-sleeve shirt that she wears unbuttoned over her shirt. He looks at her as she kicks the air again. Her t-shirt is very tight, and although he has seen her arms many times he cannot help but marvel at their size. She notices him looking, and turns toward him. Her eyes make brief contact, but her shyness makes her look down. She smiles. The pleasant weather could mean a snowy and miserable March. At least today is beautiful, and the two young warriors take advantage of the first out-of-doors meal of the season.

KJ opens her lunch bag and the first thing she sees is a bottle of apple juice. She remembers mentioning once that she likes apple, among other natural beverages, but it was only once and Johnny was busy at the time. She looks at him as he pulls a cranberry drink out of his bag.

"Johnny," she says, "If I'm not good enough to be a marksman, please help me find something to do. There has to be something, please."

"Of course there is," he says, "We'll figure out a few options and you can choose."

"That's easy," she says, "I choose whatever's most important to you and the others."

"How about choosing what you enjoy?" he asks.

She smiles again.

"This is what I enjoy," she says, "I'll still have time for lunch in the woods and listening to music, and even, like, writing music. No matter

how hard my life will be, I'll still have moments like these, and they'll be just as precious to me as they are now. More precious, actually. I'll be there with you and the others, and just knowing that we're not part of the death spiral anymore is going to be so huge to me. Even if I'm just a flash of lightning, at least I won't be suffocating in their fucking lies anymore. I can escape their death cult and all the despair I've felt since I opened my eyes and began to live."

Johnny wants to run his fingers through the endless strands of her thick chestnut hair. He feels very close to her right now, though he knows it's very early and he does not yet know the full depth of her soul. He could tell the first day that it is deeper than any ocean or gulf of space.

"We'll do shit like this," he says, "Time and weather permitting, of course."

KJ smiles and begins looking at the plastic containers in her bag. She opens the salad. A few minutes later she feels the weight of his stare. She looks up from her salad and into his eyes.

"I won't let it fall apart," he says, "We're not going back to sleep."

"I know," she says.

She smiles again. A simple gesture that was once rare is becoming much more common, at least while she's around him.

They both finish their salads and move on to the homemade caviar that Johnny prepared. Cristian O'Toole taught him how to make it. It's a gift from Cristi's Romanian ancestry.

"You like it out here, huh?" he asks.

She nods.

"Yeah," she says, "But I don't go out if it's too hot or sunny. The sun's not my friend. Not to mention, I sweat like a fucking pig when it's hot."

"Like a pig, huh?" he says.

"Yeah," she says, looking into his eyes.

"Do you like the caviar?" he asks.

"Yeah," she says, "It's really good. I've had sturgeon caviar but not this."

"Good," he says, "I'll keep in mind that you don't like hot or sunny weather. Shit, I don't either. That'll be our indoor time."

Johnny Bowen is extremely resistant to sunburn, unlike most of his sensitive relatives. He doesn't mention his resistance, though it is true that he prefers cooler weather.

"You know," he says, "if you really like camping, maybe we should get together with Garret and Anna and head down to Coalsack or Parsons, maybe for a weekend camping trip. What do you say?"

"Could we?" KJ asks, her enthusiasm obvious in her rising voice. "I'd love that! I fucking love to take walks in the woods. It's always felt like my element, you know? And anyway it would nice to be away from my parents and their fucking world. It's kind of nice to be alone in the woods."

KJ pauses and looks up from the caviar and the fresh French bread and into his eyes.

"It'd be even nicer if I didn't have to be alone all the time," she says.

Johnny stares into her eyes. If only the property that he bought could be ready for inhabitation.

"You won't leave, will you?" he asks in a voice that is almost a hush.

There is a sad expression on her face that she cannot hide.

"I will when they can't hurt you," she says.

He takes her hand for a moment. The tight black glove feels so nice, as does her warmth that comes through it.

"OK," he says.

He wants to say more but cannot find words. He sighs.

KJ cannot leave. To her, the risk to those who are now her dearest and most beloved friends is greater than the danger she faces at home or at school. If she jeopardizes Johnny and Bill and the others, she might accidentally destroy a tiny light in the darkness that threatens the future of children like Bryce – white children who look like her. John Ashley Bowen cannot pursue his heart's and soul's desires, those of finding a good, strong white woman and the two of them falling madly and permanently in love. His and KJ's fate may not be in unison. She may have to take a different path; he will no doubt be a fighter. The fight to save the future of children like Bryce – white children who look like him – is of more importance than the yearnings of the heart, as deep and powerful as they are.

They pack the empty containers and rise.

"That was really good," KJ says, "Megan can make anything, can't she? That caviar was, like, fuck..."

"Yeah," he says, "It was good, huh?"

Johnny doesn't tell her that he made both the caviar and the salad.

Johnny Bowen leaves for the Long Hall. KJ remains in the woods. She'll continue counting paces between posts until he returns. She's starting to get an idea of how many paces it takes to get from one point to another before she even begins making them. She repeats the procedure for two hours. It's getting late but she does not allow the growing anxiety of another school week interfere with her practice.

A slight movement behind the posts and surrounding trees catches her attention. She freezes. There is no more movement for a while. She



doesn't move, either. The world is deathly quiet beneath the naked boughs and sterile gray sky. KJ catches another very small motion to the left. Then all is still. After a while, she hears very soft sounds, again to the left.

"When did you see me?" asks the voice of an invisible Johnny Bowen.

"Straight ahead," KJ says, "By the black cherry tree. But I wasn't sure it was you."

"What did you think it was," he asks.

"A person," she says.

Bowen emerges from a location that is surprisingly close. He walks over to her.

"You froze," he says, "In time, you'll learn to hide or flee, depending on the situation. That aside, I'm highly impressed. You have real talent, KJ." He smiles. "I'm glad you're on our side."

He winks and she smiles.

"Thank you, Johnny," she says. She looks down, the smile still on her face, and then she looks back into his eyes. "I'll always be on your side." She pulls off her left glove and takes his hand, lifting it so he can see both. "We share this skin color and that's not all we share. My skin doesn't scare me or make me ashamed. It's who we are." She puts her glove on again. "It's what binds us together," she says.

He looks into her eyes for a while. In the fading gray light they are as bright and beautiful as ever.

"Once you told me it's like a dream to know people like us," he says, "You're not alone in feeling that way. In spite of all you've been through, and being alone on top of it all, you never gave in. You're real." His hands are on her shoulders. He feels her strength with a gentle squeeze. "None of us could have dreamt that there was a girl like you. Anna came up among us, but you rose from the dark."

She is touched by his words and does not try to hide it on her face. He looks at her for a while without speaking, and then finally begins walking to the Long Hall, where his Rubicon is parked. She follows after a moment of watching him move. There is a pistol tucked under his belt at the back of his pants.

Once they arrive at Kimberly Drive, Bowen slows to a stop. He'll pull up to the Campbell House to drop her off, and leave only after he's convinced that no one is waiting to ambush her. He wants to talk to her first.

"You were magnificent today," Johnny says, "You were really sharp and your ability to observe is very impressive."

KJ looks at him. She'd thank him but there's so much more to say and a simple thank-you isn't enough.

"That makes me feel a little better about you not leaving this place," Johnny says, "Better, but not good."

Johnny lets off the clutch and the Jeep starts toward the Campbell House. When they arrive, KJ opens the passenger door. She looks back before climbing out.

"Keep safe, KJ," he says.

"I will, Johnny," she says, "Thank you."

KJ jumps out of the Jeep. Again, Johnny waits until she enters the house and locks the door.

On Thursday, the final day of February, KJ meets Johnny Bowen outside the Campbell House and the two proceed without hesitation to the Donnelly Homestead. Today is a very important day in the course of KJ's marksmanship training. Today she will fire a high powered rifle for the first time. She knew to eat a quick supper before meeting Johnny since there is no time to take a break until she has to return to her so-called normal life; the life she hopes to escape.

Johnny shows her how to hold a rifle. The two carry their rifles as they traverse the Donnelly properties. KJ carries a Remington 30.06 rifle. Bowen carries one of the Parker-Hale .308's. The guns are fully loaded so that KJ can feel the weight. The years of strengthening and maintaining her arms pay off; she feels no fatigue. After a few hours of travel, discussion and demonstration, it is time for her to pull the trigger. When they arrive at the field, Johnny gives her a pair of ear-plugs. She sees that someone has already set up a target along the wood line. He tells her to observe as he stands and aims at the target. It is 100 yards distant, at the end of the field. Today is not about precision; today is about proper form. Johnny tells her to put in the earplugs. He does the same. Then he takes aim while standing and fires the rifle. His shot strikes dead center.

Some time ago, KJ read a little about marksmanship. During recent breaks, she's perused books on the subject, mostly at Bill's home, but on occasion at the public library in Uniontown. She has an idea how to hold a rifle. With Bowen's instruction and her attention to detail, she adapts the proper techniques. As she looks through the scope, for the first time with a loaded rifle, there is a peace and clarity she hoped but could not expect to feel. She figured she'd be nervous and have difficulty keeping the rifle from bouncing around. The reality is quite the opposite. Her nervousness and anxieties from a life of persecution and hostility vanish the instant she takes aim. She breathes easy and although it will take time to master her

breath, she realizes that she will be able to control her respiration while looking through the scope. She doesn't hold her breath or allow it to become irregular.

KJ looks through the scope at the target, holding the rifle in the exact manner that Bowen showed her. It will all fall into place and become routine, should she be able to continue her training. KJ applies steady pressure to the trigger. There is no jerkiness or irregular application of force from her gloved finger. The .30-06 fires. It does not strike her shoulder as one might expect in the case of an amateur. The rifle lifts from the recoil but she brings it right back to its original orientation. She looks at the target through the scope. The bullet struck right where she aimed. It's a pattern that repeats the entire evening, even after Johnny brings two lanterns from the Long Hall and the target is bathed in a soft glow.

For the last hour of her visit KJ and Johnny clean the rifles. When the time arrives for her to depart, she walks to her customary place at the right side of the white Chevy pickup. Instead of walking to the driver's side, Johnny comes over to her. She looks at him. He must have something important to say.

"Here," he says and tosses her the keys, "Tomorrow's a big day for you, KJ. Better get some last minute practice."

"OK," she says, "But I can't stay any longer. I'm already pushing it."

"Oh, you won't be late," he says.

She realizes what he means. A smile forms on her face.

"Rian says you're ready," he says, "He'd know."

KJ gets close to Bowen and uses the key to unlock his door.

"Thank you, KJ," he says.

"Of course, Johnny Bowen," she says.

Even with the excitement of her first night drive with Johnny Bowen as a passenger, she did not forget to unlock his door. He opens the passenger door and she walks around the driver's side. Before she can unlock her door with the key, he reaches over and unlocks it. She climbs into the cab.

"Thank you, Johnny," she says.

On the way to the Campbell House, KJ concentrates on the road and is not very talkative. By the time they reach Lindsay Drive she's comfortable enough to speak.

"How did I do tonight?" she asks.

"Excellent," he says.

She laughs. It is brief and laced with embarrassment but it is genuine.

"It's just beginner's luck," KJ says.

"Not in your case," Johnny says.

"I don't know," she says, "I've had a lot of luck lately."

KJ parks the truck in front of the Campbell House.

"Thanks again, Johnny," she says before the two part ways.

"It's just a first step," he says "But you went in the right direction."

As previously arranged, Bill Donnelly picks up KJ after school. He's driving the white Chevy. Friday is a half-day due to teacher conferences. It's also the day KJ takes her driver's test. She's a little nervous on the way to the police barracks, but doesn't let it affect her thoughts or reactions. Bill assumes she's anxious. Aside from reassuring her, he leaves her to her thoughts. It's 2PM when she finally gets the chance to drive around the course with a police officer. The test is easier than she imagined and she passes without incident.

The rest of the day is a celebration. Megan made a small cake and brewed some excellent herbal tea. Bill opens champagne and gives her a small taste. A little later, Anna drops by to congratulate KJ, who seems last to realize that this is a huge step toward escaping the perils and pains of her home life. Perhaps she doesn't want to get her hopes up, not just yet. She still has eight months until she can legally leave behind the Campbell House. When the time comes for her to return to her parents' house, KJ and Anna walk out to the parking lot beside Bill's house. The white truck is waiting for its new master. Before departing, KJ looks into the glove box. If the gun is there, she will remove it and give it to Anna, or to Bill. The gesture would be dear to her but she cannot accept the weapon. To her relief, the pistol is absent. In its place is a note and a can of pepper spray. The note is from Johnny, of course.

*As soon as possible we'll upgrade your protection.*

She smiles and folds the note.

KJ rises earlier than usual on Saturday morning. She knows Erica will be arriving sometime around eight in the morning. Her flight is into Pittsburgh at 5:30. In order to avoid her mother should she arrive early, KJ is ready to leave by seven. After a quick breakfast, she flees the house. It is a very close victory; Erica passes KJ as she enters Township Drive.

Johnny Bowen is waiting for KJ when she turns off on to the long driveway of the Donnelly Homestead. It's warm again, though not as warm as on the last day of February. Today Johnny wears a jacket over his flannel shirt. Beside him is a long bag that is quite full. Based on the look of things, KJ figures they'll be going somewhere. She pulls up and stops, and then opens the driver's side door before sliding to the passen-

ger side. Johnny comes around and puts the bag behind the seat in the cab. Once he's inside, he leans forward and pulls an automatic pistol from under the back of his jacket. He places it under the seat.

"Hi, Johnny," KJ says, "Thanks for the note."

"I thought you could use some pepper spray when you travel," Johnny says, "It's not enough, but it's better than just a fist."

"The gun that was in there was a .45, right?" she asks as Johnny pulls on to Old Braddock Road, "I think I read that on the side."

"Yeah," he says, "It's a brand new Smith & Wesson 1911."

"Sweet," she says, "How much was it?"

"Come on, KJ," he says, "You know better than to ask the price of a gift."

Her impulse is to tell him that he gives her too much; that he makes too many sacrifices on her account. It's another way that she's almost unique among her peers, resembling Anna Murphy in that regard. KJ stifles the urge. He's not like most guys; this she can see. He's not like the image of a man portrayed in the constant propaganda of television and film. He's not even like most the men she's met in her lifetime. No race-denying male is like Johnny Bowen. There are those who would give her gifts to impress her, hoping to conquer her body. There are those who would offer her genuine friendship and compassion – rather, they would have, before she awoke and professed her love for the white race. There are those who would act cold and distant in hopes that she's a "liberated" young woman; a feminist fool attracted to the brutal and callous Lotharios that hypocritical feminists condemn in public. There are others who could have loved her, but lacked the courage to love a true rebel and fighter for their race – the white race – and who do not possess the strength to defend her when she is in need. Their effeminate mannerisms betray that weakness and their unworthiness, in spite of their sweet and often sincere words.

Johnny Bowen is no cad. Of that she is convinced. He is not one of the false "Alphas" so attractive to flighty, insecure, man-hating feminists. He won't abuse or betray his woman. He will not cheat on her. He will demand the same loyalty from her. He won't flirt with others, nor will he tolerate such behavior. He will treat her with the utmost respect and dignity if she deserves it; if not, he will not give her another minute's consideration. He is powerful and sincere and passionate. KJ believes this with all her conviction.

Today's "Alpha" will abuse other white males to attract a sexual partner. If faced with the accusation of racism, the accusation that destroys careers and lives and increasingly puts the accused in peril of bodily

harm, the so-called "Alpha" will fall into line as fast as the most despicable "Beta" coward. Johnny Bowen is not a Greek letter. He is a man. When he told KJ that he would kill anyone who hurt her, he did not mean only white malefactors and traitors. He also meant the protected races. He doesn't need to humiliate his kinsmen or ravage his kinswomen to prove his manhood. Should the need arise, he will prove his manhood in the fury and purity of battle. KJ looks at him in discrete glances as he drives toward the hills and woods of West Virginia. She has not yet seen him in action, though she does not doubt any of the conclusions she has drawn. His body is powerful and his arms are huge and tight. His look is severe, yet his smile is warm and irresistible to her. These last few weeks, his body language and mannerisms have convinced her as much as his words that he is not simply a fighter or a lover. He is both and more.

Without explicitly telling her, Johnny has convinced KJ of another truth, one that is not only vital to her sense of right and wrong but also endears him even more to her on an emotional level. Should she not be what he believes her to be; should she be a mirage, a fake, a façade of tremendous promise that hides an empty interior, he will not fall down or forsake the fight. He will move forward. He would not escape the pain and disappointment, but survive he would, and continue the hard road he's chosen. His hope in a young white woman would not die with her failure.

Whether or not she succeeds in becoming a markswoman, KJ is resolved not to fail him or her people. She looks at him directly, without glances from the side. As a strong young white woman, she has many gifts. Some of these gifts are the greatest of all. One of them she will give to him right now.

"You could be home right now," she says as she looks at him, "but you're not. You're here on a Saturday morning, when you could be in bed with something warm lying beside you. But you're here, on the road, getting ready to teach someone else a skill that you already know. You won't get paid for it. Actually, you're paying with your own money to teach her the skill."

He listens to her, his eyes on the winding road.

"I know you're not certain where all of this is headed," KJ says, "I know you can't be absolutely sure that I am who you hope I am. Maybe in a year I'd take off and you'd never see me again. I know you must have thought about that. You won't tell me, but I know it's true. If that happened, all this would be wasted time. Worse, actually. I know it's a big risk on your part. You could be having a beer or spending time with a girlfriend or a wife, or just chilling out with Cristi. But you're here, taking a risk and hop-

ing I'll still be around in a year. Johnny, I think I know why. There are so few girls with the courage to be awake and love our people and our white brothers. I don't mean profiting from you or using you. I mean real love, love with all our hearts and everything else inside. Fuck the cost. I'm talking about love, real fucking love. Anna and Jesse are awake and they love like that. The risk and the time are worth it to you, even if there's just a spark of hope. So you're here with me on a Saturday morning, because I might be the one."

Johnny doesn't turn his head. He doesn't make a sound. The deep woods go by in a blur.

"There is no way that I can ever tell you how much you honor me with that hope," KJ says, "There is nothing anyone has ever done for me that approaches it." She shrugs. "I could drown and you could give me your breath to save me, and it still wouldn't be half as wonderful as what you've already done for me. I could tell you that I promise this and that, or I'll be here in a year, no matter what. Those are just words and anyone can lie. So I won't tell you, Johnny Bowen. I'll just do it."

Johnny glances at her for as long as it is safe. The breaks in the winter sky are not as blue as her eyes. He returns his gaze to the road.

"You could be sleeping in your bed," he says, "dreaming of which expensive university you'll be attending. Your parents would be beaming with pride, so much that they'd ignore the weed you smoke or the shit you've done to degrade your body and your mind. They'd love your feminist traitor friends and your pussy anti-white boyfriend. You could be there, sleeping without anxieties, just sleeping away. But you're not. You're here. No one has ever given me hope like you do, KJ. No one. We all had a helping hand in our awakening, but you were alone. You came to us, with a little luck you found Anna but make no mistake, KJ, you came to us. You could have let yourself drown in their sweet fucking lies, but you fought, down in the depths with no light to guide you, and still you fought. Fuck, you still fight like hell. You're not in bed right now, you're here. On a Saturday morning, heading to Coalsack for the toughest challenges you have ever faced. "

The pickup nears Flatwoods on interstate I-79 south. Glimpses of the small town flash through the bare trees. All the snow is gone from the forest.

"You mean so much to us, KJ," he says.

She begins to speak but he stops her.

"Shh," he says, "Hold on, I'm not done. You fight so hard to be who you are. That's enough proof of your value, right there. But even beyond

that, you mean more than anything to our race. That's the truth, KJ. It's the way it is. It matters for me to be awake; it matters a fuckload, to be honest. I've been awake for a while. I know that we're facing genocide as a race. I joined up so that I could learn to fight, and to make war. Here. It means a lot for a man like me to be on our side, it means a hell of a lot. It's almost the best thing we can hope for. There is one thing better, though, and it's much better. It's sitting right here beside me."

KJ holds back her emotions. She's not done giving him hope.

"Any person," she says, "especially a white girl who hears words like that and turns away is a fucking disgrace. They'd be fucking worthless. If I walked away after hearing what you say about us and knowing that the anti-whites want us to die out forever, I'd be a piece of shit. A worthless piece of fucking shit. You can't be white and not see at least a little of the truth. So many of us turn our backs or even attack other whites. If I did that, I'd be so far beneath contempt, I'd deserve to die."

"But you didn't turn your back," Johnny says.

"Maybe I did come to the truth all by myself," she says, "but you make me believe in it. Boys might find their courage knowing there are girls like me, and maybe they'll become men, but without men like you, girls like me will fall into despair. And that will fucking destroy us faster than anything. It's just a matter of time before it does."

Bowen glances at her for a second, making sure to look at her immaculate white face.

"I want peace for you," he says, "A man and a woman long for peace. It's normal for us. It's normal to want a family, and maybe a big furry dog, something natural and organic to eat, not some shit full of chemicals. You want your kids to look like you and love who they are. You want the boys and the girls to be strong in their own way, like boys and girls should be. You want a gun but you don't ever want to use it on someone. One day you want to visit your daughter and see grandchildren who look like you and love who they are. If you can't have that, you want someone else who looks like you to have it, a long, long time from now."

He is silent for a short while. The Sutton exit comes and goes on the left.

"They call it hate when we want our race to survive," he says, "Just fucking survive."

KJ looks at the road and nods.

"There's no peace in our lifetimes," she says, "There never really was."

"No," Johnny says.



"Thank you, Johnny," KJ says, still looking at the highway, "Thank you for doing all of this for me, and not just for me, for every little white baby. That means so much to me."

She smiles a little and looks down, but when she looks at him her expression is serious.

"I know they're just words," she says, "but I promise you, Johnny Bowen, I will never betray you or our people."

If he heard her words in a dream he might doubt them. If he heard them from a woman who still sleeps, though she might truly be in love with him, he would doubt. Today he does not. This is no dream; Kaylee Jane is very real.

Garret Fogarty knows that KJ will not be at the Donnelly place today. He arranges to speak with Bill. The two meet outside the Long Hall. It's nice enough on this first of March to take a walk around the homestead, which suits both Bill and Garret fine. The two meet in the early morning hours, right after Johnny and KJ depart for the Coalsack Site. Garret doesn't enter the hall. After an exchange of greetings, the two begin their stroll, with Garret getting right to the point.

"How's Michael?" Garret asks.

Bill knows the question is not about his eldest son's health. Garret already knows from the phone conversation that Bill's family is doing fine.

"He's in agreement," Bill says.

The Donnelly Patriarch is looking a little thinner and older as of late. Garret is not the only one to notice Bill's slight decline. They all know Bill well enough not to ask him to take time off from the struggle. War does not permit rest for those dedicated to fighting it.

The two continue walking to the outskirts of the field. The range markers are still standing. KJ is not finished with them yet. Here, Garret continues the conversation.

"How long until we go active?" Garret asks.

"No more than 12 months," Bill says, "no less than 6."

"Do we have any safe houses?" Garret asks.

"One at present," Bill says, "There are sites for others, and the possibility of RV's for mobile safe houses."

"Great," Garret says. He stops for a moment. "Thank you, Bill," he says.

"No need," Bill says, "If we do any less, you can call us scoundrels."

The two continue walking over the field, in a big loop around the forest workshop.

"What about medical support?" Garret asks.

"Tom can get you antibiotics," Bill says, "He could probably obtain other medicines. If he's not in, we have other methods though the choice will be limited. Some might even be veterinary supplies. I can imagine you're wondering about food. Jimmy Ford will make supply runs to any eastern safe house. Whoever goes west will have to establish their own supply system."

Garret feels his anxiety ebb. There were no guarantees that Michael or his people would agree to abandon Dullahan or some other – possibly non-violent – self-defense plan. Perhaps they, too, have grown weary of watching their people driven further and further to extinction. Perhaps they ran a test and found Dullahan wanting.

"It's a fine line," Garret says, "We have to be meticulous, yet it's more and more dangerous to wait. 'Big Brother' is watching. Not to mention, the longer we wait, the more our people suffer and die without any justice."

"Most of our people will hate you," Bill says, "and they'll betray you faster than many non-whites. I tell you this so you have both eyes open, though I believe you've already considered that unpleasant fact."

"Yes, Bill," Garret says, "Thank you nonetheless. This may not be the start we need. It may well be our last stand as a race. Either way, I will be there, in the field."

"I pray it's a start," Bill says, "There will still be martyrs. It is wrong, terribly so, but it's the way of the world. It could even be you."

"So be it," Garret says.

Bill stops walking.

"It could be Anna," Bill says, "should she choose to be part of this."

Bill doesn't mention the other possibilities. It's hard enough to think of Anna as a martyr.

"Nothing will change," Garret says, "We'll carry our shields and bear our crosses."

Bill and Garret follow a well-used deer trail through the woods. It is pleasant outside, though cloudy and cool.

"May I be earnest with you?" Bill asks.

"Of course you can," Garret says.

"You feel more for Anna than an officer feels for his men," Bill says.

"Yes," Garret says without delay.

Garret can see the machine shop through the trees. Bill stops and turns toward him.

"Could you watch her die?" he asks.

"I'm already watching her soul in agony," Garret says, "But no more. Soon I won't have to just watch, and neither will she."

"Will you continue fighting if you lose her?" Bill asks, "And what if she chooses to stay with her family?"

These are the brutal and honest questions that Garret needs to hear.

"I wouldn't be worth her time if I'm not committed to this fight," Garret says.

"And if you have to leave her in the enemy's hands?" Bill asks.

"I will not let them have her," Garret says, "They will not lay their filthy hands on her white body."

Bill does not know that Anna and Garret have spoken of this. It is Anna's wish to never fall into the hands of the enemy, even if it means that the man who loves her must end her life.

"Could Johnny do the same for KJ?" Bill asks, "Don't speculate. We both know you can't answer. Consider the question."

"I'll see him next week," Garret says.

"Forgive me for asking," Bill says.

"There's no need, Bill," Garret says, "We have to consider these things."

"I'm glad you understand," Bill says, "There's nothing more serious than this decision you've made."

Bill would know.

"Luck be with you, my son," Bill says.

The wind picks up during the return trip to the hall. Casual observers would not catch the flash of a pistol under Garret's long coat.

There is a small cabin at Coalsack that sits beside the original shack. A water cistern rises among the trees to the left of the cabin. Further left, there is a clear lane through the trees. It is around 300 yards long, and at certain intervals there are frames for targets. When there are leaves on the trees, it will be mostly obscured from above. It will also be bathed in shade. There are four shooting stations at the close end. All four are under a wide roof with large side slats that will protect from sun and rain.

Johnny gets KJ started as soon as possible after they arrive. He outfits her with safety glasses and ear protection, and remains with her for the duration of her practice. He tells her to aim at the first target, which is 100 yards distant. She sights it in her scope. It startles her for a second. There are large eyes painted on the head. Johnny observes and corrects her shooting position, which for today is a standing position. Before she even fires the first shot, Johnny emphasizes the vital importance of seating the weapon properly. It will have quite a bit of recoil, and he does not want her to develop the fatal habit of flinching as she pulls the trigger. He also reemphasizes the proper breathing techniques. KJ fires 50 rounds

today, her first at the Coalsack Site. Her performance has been nothing short of extraordinary and today is no exception.

At the end of the day's action, KJ and Johnny Bowen have a celebratory meal inside the new cabin. Its furnishings are austere, but it is very clean and pleasant, and a small bag of potpourri adds a lovely vanilla scent to the natural wood smell. As the time comes to leave, Johnny washes the food containers with water from his Jeep and the two collect everything that they brought.

Johnny and KJ were not entirely alone at the Coalsack site. Other than the plentiful wildlife and cacophonous crows and pileated woodpeckers, there was another man in the vicinity. Just over the ridge is the temporary camp of John Boyle – "Irish John." Bowen knew of his presence, though Boyle did not interrupt their exercises. He was content to clean the fish he caught this morning.

The drive to Uniontown takes around three hours. The time is 9PM when KJ and Johnny arrive at Lemont Furnace. A little short of their goal, KJ pulls over on to the shoulder. It is unexpected.

"Are you OK?" asks a surprised Johnny Bowen.

She doesn't answer right away. She wants to tell him she'll leave the Campbell House. She wants to tell him that she'll leave tonight. She can replace her iPod and pairs of boots and her jeans and leggings and t-shirts. Maybe he has a place where she can stay. She'd stay in the cabin at Coalsack; anywhere, as long as she escapes Uniontown High and Gene and Erica and those who despise her for being strong and loving her race. She wants to tell him she's ready to have the pistol in the glove box. She wants to tell him she's leaving her old life of torment so that she can be with them; so that she can be with him. It's such a strong feeling. She cannot indulge it. If she does, it will hurt her brothers and sisters, and it will destroy John Ashley Bowen in the end. She cannot leave.

"Yeah," she says with a tiny smile on her face, "Yeah, I'm fine."

KJ starts the truck and returns to the highway in a minute or two. When they arrive at Bill's, KJ pulls in beside Bowen's Jeep. Johnny looks at her, his right hand on the passenger door which is still closed.

"Be careful, OK?" he says, "Technically you're not supposed to be driving alone after dark, so drive safe and keep your speed down. Lock the doors when you're inside. KJ? Keep your speed down."

He noticed that she is not timid behind the wheel. She's certainly not afraid to push the accelerator.

"I will," she says, "I'll take it easy."

She smiles at him. He loves her little smiles.

Johnny opens the door but turns back to address KJ before he exits.

"I'd feel a lot better if the glove box wasn't so empty," he says.

"So would I," she says, "Will you be here tomorrow?"

She quickly changes the subject.

"Yeah," he says, "We'll go back to Coalsack."

"Cool," she says, "Bye, Johnny."

It's Johnny Bowen's turn to watch the white Chevy drive off into the night.

Erica is in the kitchen when KJ enters through the backdoor. It's 10PM and Erica is dressed for bed.

"Do you get time and a half for overtime?" Erica asks.

At least she's honest enough not to ask KJ about her health or well-being. KJ is alarmed at the question, however; she knows enough about labor laws to realize that Erica could end her employment should she press the issue. Although technically, time spent in transit is not work time, a case could be made that Bill is keeping her beyond the number of hours a teen can work in Pennsylvania. He'd cite her time actually on the clock, lest there be legal troubles – although he would not short-change her when he pays her cash under the table – but the mess would likely end her overt meetings with him. It's a risk they both must take for the moment.

"It'll be in the check," KJ says, "By the way, did the last check come?"

"Yes," Erica says.

She sips her coffee.

"We can figure it out if you want," KJ says, "Just let me know what you need for food and stuff, and you can give me the rest."

"Detention," Erica says, "Mouthing off to your father, how about nothing this time?"

"Can I have some coffee?" KJ asks, to irritate Erica.

"Clean up and go to bed," Erica says.

After her shower, KJ looks at her body in the mirror. Though modest and usually reserved in public, she's not blind. Her sexuality is blossoming as she becomes a strong and beautiful young woman. She looks at her back. As lovely as it is, there's something missing that should be there; something that a special someone might really like. It would go perfect with her flawless, porcelain white skin.

Sunday is almost a repeat of Saturday's agenda, albeit truncated so that KJ can arrive home for much-needed rest before the school week begins. At Coalsack, she remains under the tutelage of combat veteran Johnny Bowen. She fires 50 more rounds with the Remington.

Johnny and KJ arrive at the Hall just after nightfall. Once KJ departs for the Campbell House, Bowen remains at the entrance of Bill's private drive. He knows that Garret will be arriving soon. He doesn't have long to wait. Both men will have work tomorrow, so the meeting will be brief. Fifteen minutes later, Garret pulls up in his Wrangler. He exits and the two begin walking down the road toward Bill's home. They are away from the vehicles before Garret begins the conversation.

"Six months to a year," Garret says.

Johnny knows what he means.

"Good," Bowen says, "Do you have any idea where the others are going to go?"

"Not at present," Garret says, "I'll work out some possibilities based on each person's abilities. As you know, Bill will make the final decision."

"Fine," Bowen says.

"Do you have any suggestions?" Garret asks.

"Do what's best for each person," Johnny says.

Garret expected as much. He looks in Bowen's fiery green eyes. The starry sky is as cold as mid-winter, though neither feels it at the moment.

"Do you think that KJ will be a part of this?" Garret asks.

"Yes," Johnny says, "I wouldn't waste Boyle's time if I didn't think so. I'd teach her self-defense and shooting, but not what he'll teach her."

Garret puts his hand on Bowen's shoulder.

"If she's with us," he says, "We may lose her someday."

"Yeah," Johnny says, "I know that."

"Will you keep fighting?" Garret asks.

"You know I will," Johnny says, "I'd be a piece of shit if I didn't. I wouldn't deserve to look her in the eyes. Don't ask me that again."

Garret removes his hand from Johnny's shoulder and grabs his hand.

"I trust you would," Garret says, "I trust you with our lives, John. Take care of your own."

During first period on Monday, Ms. Bailey, who never seemed to care much about KJ's wardrobe, decides to have a problem with KJ's *From Autumn to Ashes* t-shirt. The two march off to Weems' office. When he learns the reason for the meeting, he is much relieved. For a moment he feared that she said the n-word again. It's a constant source of anxiety for a coward and an appeaser like Weems. Truthfully, Weems doesn't know why Ms. Bailey is upset. He still tells KJ to change shirts. He pages the gym teacher who brings her a white t-shirt to wear for the rest of the day. It's not good enough for her to put the shirt on over her own. The battle isn't worth the price, so she obeys – this once. KJ is sure to don her shirt

before Gene can arrive to pick her up. As she waits for him, she laments not having her own parking spot. If she did, she could borrow the pickup and drive to school.

The next day during English class, Ms. Bailey takes the occasion of having a captive audience to discuss feminism and women's rights. The class examines several feminist screeds, some of which decry the power of the patriarchy while others gloat over the rapid decline of the white male. Amber Terry, a student who has been neither a friend nor an antagonist of KJ, is first to speak. She parrots the words of the feminist who wrote the anti-patriarchy piece. The supposed oppression of women – all women, regardless of race – is due to some ambiguous white male power structure, and an “old boy's” club, both of which obviously did not include white factory workers or white coal miners who died by the thousands while rich men's wives lived lives of luxury. Of course, Miss Terry ignores those facts. KJ does not miss the omission. She knows that feminists have joined the anti-white coalition that has become rich and powerful at the expense of KJ's race and her children's future.

KJ is wearing a zebra-striped t-shirt and Bailey doesn't seem to mind. It's no more and no less offensive than the t-shirt that peeved the English teacher on Monday.

Ms. Bailey notices when KJ rolls her eyes and looks out the window.

“It would seem that Miss Campbell disagrees,” Bailey says.

KJ glances at her but says nothing. The class looks at KJ. Most of them fear or hate her, but they do wonder what she'll say. KJ's silence gnaws at them. Like spectators at a freak show they stare at her, waiting for the curtain to unveil the latest abomination.

“You have the floor, Kaylee,” Bailey says, “Please, share your opinion with us.”

“Why should I?” KJ asks, “So you can give me detention?”

Ms. Bailey is on the younger side of middle age. She believes herself to be “anti-racist”. She either ignores the fact or is too blind to realize that anti-racist means anti-white. She's a feminist, though not known as a man-hater. Unlike most of the faculty, she has reservations about hate speech laws. Not for a noble reason; she's afraid such laws will eventually hinder the leftist groups that she supports. Still, she has some consistency with this particular belief, and though not appalled she is somewhat annoyed that a teacher would give detention to a student for speaking his or her mind when asked to do so.

“Not today,” Ms. Bailey says, “Not in my class. Please, Kaylee, don't be afraid.”

Bailey knows KJ is not afraid. It's an attempt to goad her into the debate. KJ is far too wily for it to work.

"Yeah, good one," KJ says, "Shaming doesn't work on me, but thanks for the flattery."

"Alright," Bailey says, "You're not afraid. I'm on the level and no one is going to run like a baby to Weems. If they do, they'll have to tell him I asked for it, alright?"

"Fine," KJ says, "Though I have d-hall right now because another teacher asked for my opinion and I went ahead and gave it to him."

The class is silent as KJ sighs and shakes her head. They're going to get their show after all.

"Whenever I hear a feminist talk," KJ says, "Every evil in the world, from the oppression of women to the destruction of the environment is always the fault of white men. So what if a woman had to make dinner back in the late 1800's? Most of the men in this region had to work in coal mines and steel mills. They worked long hours in terrible conditions and many of them died. What I'm saying is, both men and women made valuable contributions and both needed each other. There wasn't any white male privilege, because most of the men who slaved and died in the mines were white. It was rich men, Jewish and white, their corporations and banks and government ass-kissers, who oppressed the white working class, men and women, and forced those men to work under inhuman conditions just to support their families. White male privilege meant that you died in some goddamned hole in the ground, just so your wife and children could eat. Today those same elites support massive non-white immigration so that they can replace white workers with low-wage non-whites, or they just outsource the jobs to China and India, and sell us their worthless shit and make even more money, and lay off even more breadwinners. That's how they destroy white workers now, and their families. They make a white man and his wife work shit jobs, and they can't even afford more than one child. So much for white male privilege."

The class is silent.

Bailey looks at KJ. She looks at her tall black boots, which are covered by her jeans' legs lest the school have a problem with them. She looks at her zebra-striped t-shirt and her tight black gloves. She decides not to take her to Weems' again.

"You're an unconventional young woman, Kaylee," Ms. Bailey says, "You've probably thought a great deal about human history and the old power structures. You seem like an anti-conformist. You have to realize, Kaylee that just because they're out of fashion doesn't mean that racism



and sexism are radical ideologies. Being racist and sexist is a form of conformity. It's just conforming to an older power structure."

"Whatever," KJ says.

KJ just named that old power structure – the powerful mining companies and the robber barons who sent white men to their deaths – which the new power structure mimics in the exact same fashion. None of the modern ideologies are any different than those that they condemn; the Spanish inquisition is the ancestor of the political correctness inquisition.

"I'm all for free speech," Bailey says, "but you seem to like crossing the line. I know why you were suspended. Like I said, I'm for free speech, but there have to be boundaries."

"Yeah," KJ says before Bailey can continue, "I said the forbidden word that gets you fired and destroys your career. I guess your free speech isn't so free after all, is it? I mean, if I said the word, even if I say it in order to condemn its use, you'd still punish me, wouldn't you?"

"I can't let you say that," Bailey says, "Come on, Kaylee, you know that."

"Yeah, white racists are, like, so powerful," KJ says, "I say a word, you call me a racist, and then I'm fucked." She doesn't hold back. "I don't even have to say it. You can just accuse me and unless I wet myself and beg forgiveness, I'm still fucked. So it's alright to be radical as long as I don't upset the privileged groups or the powerful fucking elites."

"Does that word mean that much to you?" Bailey asks.

"No," KJ says, "but my right to love my race does matter to me. I have a right to love my brothers and sisters, openly, and without shame."

KJ looks at Amber.

"That means our men and children, too," KJ says.

"So you listen to a bunch of racist white men?" Amber asks.

"I listen to the truth," KJ says.

"Why do you think that they tell the truth?" Bailey asks KJ.

"It stands up to reason," KJ says, "Why else flood only white nations with non-white immigrants? Why demand assimilation, which would blend our white characteristics out of existence? Unless you want to destroy my race, why..."

Amber interrupts.

"I can't believe I'm hearing this," she says, "It's like we're in the Confederacy or Nazi Germany!"

"Why force assimilation and massive non-white immigration on white countries?" KJ asks, "Why say that having white babies destroys the environment? We're the only ones who protect the environment! Why con-

demn me when I say that I love my race? Others do it, and you anti-whites encourage them. If I advocate for my race, you call me a Nazi and end the discussion. You try to destroy me. You take away my ability to speak.”

Classmate Hilary Scheer sighs in rage more contrived than actual. KJ ignores her.

“This started a long time before 1800, by the way,” KJ says.

“Tell me, Kaylee,” Bailey says, “What do you want from us? Do women return to the kitchen? Do blacks return to the cotton fields?”

“A lot of male and female chefs would resent that attitude,” KJ says, “But if you’re asking me, have things changed, of course they have. From now on we have to stand beside our men, not behind them.”

“What about your sisters?” Bailey asks.

“If they’ll stand with us,” KJ says, “then they are my sisters. I’ll love them for it.”

“What if they’re black?” Amber asks.

There are no blacks in this class.

KJ looks into Amber’s blue eyes.

“Will you stand with your sisters if they’re white like you?” KJ asks.

“That wouldn’t matter,” Amber says.

“Why not?” KJ asks.

“Race is only important to racists,” Amber says.

“So flooding black countries with non-black immigrants would be fine?” KJ asks, “If blacks disappear, it’s OK, right? Race only matters to racists.”

Amber is quiet. She collects her thoughts for a rebuttal. KJ cuts it off.

“In the real world,” KJ says, “The one that matters, all white countries and only white countries are forced to accept massive non-white immigration.” Amber tries to interrupt but KJ talks over her. “The UN has a name for the forced introduction of an alien race or ethnicity. It’s called genocide.”

“Who holds power in the UN?” Baily asks.

“The elected,” KJ says, “Who happen to be opportunists who make money from our replacement with cheap labor. And hostile manipulators, who want to divide us from our men and even our children. Then there are the zealots, out to show how anti-racist and anti-sexist they are by being anti-white and anti-white male.”

“Aren’t the majority white men?” Bailey asks.

“Yes,” KJ says, “Congratulations on another feminist victory. Most of our men are as cowardly and worthless as most women.”

“You’re worthless!” says Hilary Scheer.

Before today, she had never spoken to KJ. Part of the reason was jealousy. Hilary is skinny and homely and has long been envious of KJ's intense beauty. The rest of her hatred comes from a pack mentality.

"Why would I speak my mind if I gave a shit what you think?" KJ says.

"That's enough," Bailey says. She does not raise her voice. "We'll move on, in the interest of time and peace."

KJ goes back to ignoring Bailey's words. Amber and Hilary won't even glance in KJ's direction.

After class, KJ walks up to Bailey, who sits at her desk.

"Are we going to Weems' office?" she asks, "Or do you just want me to go?"

Bailey looks in KJ's face. The English teacher is not unattractive for her age, and she chooses a longer hairstyle and feminine attire as proof that she doesn't entirely reject her sexuality. It makes her more pleasant to the eye. It also makes her a hypocrite.

"I'm going to keep my word, Kaylee," Bailey says, "You went too far, we both know that, and I think you need help." Bailey sighs. "A promise is a promise, but don't ever go there again."

KJ turns and walks away without saying another word.

Never have the trips to the Donnelly Homestead given KJ more solace than this week. She continues her practice in judging distances and studying maps, this time with Bill since Johnny has to work. It's nice to spend time with Bill. In spite of the genuine happiness she feels from his companionship and her attempts not to show any disappointment in the absence of Johnny Bowen, Bill realizes there's someone else she'd rather be with. It does not displease him. Still, KJ needed a week of peace, and Bill is happy to provide his property as a refuge for her.

School is torment. On Wednesday morning, KJ notices one of the sophomore girls staring at her from a distance. The girl won't show her hands. It's unlikely she'd be an attacker, but not impossible. KJ must avoid any chance for a splash or a ranged attack. She moves through the crowd in a manner that puts groups between her and the girl, all the while aware that it could be a ruse to mask the real attacker. These constant worries wear on her. She'd like to take out her frustrations and pain on one of her oppressors. She fights the urge; right now, it would be self-destructive.

As the start of the final period of the school day, while KJ wishes away the remaining hour of prison, Debby Zager, a mildly attractive girl who sits beside KJ tosses a note on KJ's desk. KJ looks at her.

"Hey" Zager says, "Before you hulk out, it's not from me."

"Who's it from?" KJ asks.

"Don't care," Zager says.

KJ opens the note. It is from a boy to female classmate named "Kim." The note is pathetic and sad; the author begs the female classmate, anyone, to tell him if he has any desirable traits at all, and if he should even go on living. There is only a first name, which matches no one in the class. On top, above the author's writing, someone has written a message to KJ: *I found you a boyfriend, Kaylee. You can finally be the man in this relationship.*

KJ takes out her pen and writes on the letter. Then she hands it back to Zager, who refuses to take it. KJ tosses it at her feet. After class, Zager waits for KJ to leave, and then she opens the note.

*Keep living, so you can see how much further you go than the skank who wrote the message to me. KJ.*

On any given Friday, when *Chironex* is scheduled to play at Diamond Crossing, KJ would be eager to attend. Her excitement would only grow as the day went by, reaching crescendo as Hill and company take the stage. This Friday, *Chironex* is scheduled to play at Diamond Crossing. KJ will not be in attendance. The show will last until at least 1 AM. If she hopes to practice marksmanship, KJ will need rest for the laborious task ahead. Bowen has told her he'll arrive by 7 AM. He knows she'd like to attend the show. So would he. He decides that teaching KJ is more important than any concert. He will stay in for the evening. Her decision is the same. On Thursday evening KJ calls Anna. When she tells her dear friend and kinswoman, the redhead is not disappointed. She's faced this kind of decision before and made the same choice.

KJ will miss the opportunity to attend the *Chironex* show and to feel the reinvigoration brought on by the music and the sympathetic message. The final school day of the week inflicts a great deal of pain upon her. She could use a little peace after a dreadful Friday at Uniontown High.

KJ never planned on going to the prom. Although she can't help but feel a sense of loss, as if something minor yet lovely is denied to her, she will concentrate on her new life and rise above the loss. However, the conversation she hears, pertaining to her and the prom, is far worse than not having a date or not going at all.

It's toward the end of the Friday school day, between third and fourth period, when KJ approaches the corner of the hallway and the line of lockers around the turn that includes her locker. She hears two familiar voices. She observes her surroundings for signs of danger and then listens to the conversation. It could warn her of an impending attack, if one of the

speakers notices anything unusual or mentions the presence of a third party. Of course, natural curiosity also plays a part.

Joey Goddard is speaking to a friend, Jonathon Sebree. Goddard is a basketball player for Uniontown High. He is a benchwarmer who, thanks to his good looks, is popular with most female students. His friend, also a basketball player, is not so lucky. Still, Sebree is not unattractive. It would seem that he hasn't had any luck in finding a prom date. Both boys are white, though Goddard is somewhat of a wigger.

"I've been thinking," Goddard says, "You know who you ought to ask to the prom?"

"No," Sebree says, "but I'm sure you'll tell me."

"I'm serious," Goddard says.

"OK," Sebree says, "who?"

"Kaylee Campbell," Goddard says.

KJ, who is about to turn the corner, stops in her tracks.

"Fuck you," Sebree says.

KJ hears Jonathon Sebree go back to dialing his combination lock.

"I'm not fucking with you," Goddard says, "What, you don't think she's hot? I mean, have you looked at that ass? Mmm...Seriously, dude, she's got the nicest fucking ass of any girl in this school. I'd fucking hit it."

"I know she's fucking hot," Sebree says, "but she's fucking nuts. If she was normal I'd ask her,"

"If she was normal she'd be going with me," Goddard says.

"Ha-ha, funny, douchebag," Sebree says, "Just in case you are serious, hell fucking no. I am not asking Kaylee Campbell to the prom."

"Sure, she's a freak," Goddard says, "and a nut job and all that shit, but, damn, you've been striking out and it's not that long to the prom."

"There's still time," Sebree says.

"Not to mention," Goddard says, "You might get lucky. She's probably desperate."

"I thought she plays for the other team?" Sebree says.

"So?" Goddard says, "I bet she's bi. Go for it, dude! Don't tell me you wouldn't hit it. Seriously, dude, I'd fuck her. That ass is so fucking fine."

Sebree must shake his head or make a gesture, which KJ cannot see.

"Bullshit," Goddard says, "I've seen you checking her out."

"Alright, she's hot," Sebree says, "But I'm not asking her to the fucking prom. My luck, I'd fall asleep and she'd cut my fucking dick off."

Goddard laughs.

"Fucking pussy," he says.

Sebree changes the subject to something mundane. They depart for their fourth period class. KJ remains at the corner for a while. Before she can leave, Donna Kretschmer emerges from the classroom to the left. She looks at KJ and laughs.

"That was too perfect," Kretschmer says.

KJ doesn't say a word. Kretschmer is insignificant. She can't hurt KJ. That's already been done. That night, when she's alone in her room and it's safe to release her pain, KJ opens the gate to her soul. Again, sleep comes to KJ through a veil of tears.

On Saturday morning, bright and early, KJ arrives at the Donnelly Place for her meeting with Johnny Bowen, who is early as usual. Today they leave the truck and take the Jeep Rubicon.

"I know it sucked not being able to go to the show last night," Johnny says, as they enter West Virginia. "But we've got a lot of catching up to do. Next week, John will take over your training."

"Yeah," KJ says, "the show's not a big deal." There is something else that is a big deal to her. "I'll still be seeing you, right?"

"Yeah," he says, "I'm not going anywhere."

"OK," she says, much relieved.

Saturday and Sunday are a repeat of the previous weekend. Each day, KJ shoots over 50 rounds. Each day she exceeds Bowen's optimistic expectations. She does not mention the painful events of the previous week. It's not out of a desire to hide feelings from him. His very presence relieves her stress and anxiety. The experiences remain, but they fade to unimportance when the two are together.

During the trip back to Lemont Furnace, Johnny and KJ listen to the music of *Casey Jones*. He, too, likes hardcore, though today he's in the mood for *Moonspell*. He saw her nodding to the first song and he lets the hardcore playlist continue. They listen for a while. Then KJ reveals what's on her mind.

"Johnny?" she says.

"Yes," he says.

"How did you learn all the shit that you know about fighting?" she asks, "You mentioned Iraq." She reaches over and touches him. "Please, Johnny, if you don't want to go there, I understand if you don't want to talk about it."

"I can't speak for the others," he says, "They'll have to tell you if they so desire, but I don't have any secrets to keep from you."

"Maybe I shouldn't ask," she says, "I don't want to jeopardize you. I'm sorry for asking."

KJ shakes her head and looks down.

"It's alright, KJ," Johnny says, "You're not going to jeopardize me. If someone like you betrayed me after all you've been through, there wouldn't be any hope left anyway."

"Don't say that, please!" she says.

There is despair, not in his resolute voice, but his words are rife with it, and she's an expert at recognizing its evil presence.

"It's cool," he says, "Years before I joined up, back when I was in middle school, I used to hang with Cristi and we'd practice for hunting and self-defense. We did a lot of shit that made us stronger and honed our skills. Eventually I decided the army could give me what I couldn't learn on my own."

"You knew they'd send you to war," she says, "You risked your fucking life!"

"Someone had to learn how to fight," he says, "I went in knowing it was for my race, and in the hardest times I held on to that knowledge. I never lost sight of the true mission."

"You've already fought for us," she says.

"Not while I was there, that's a goddamned Jew war," he says, "I went to war so that I can make a difference here."

"I know who wanted that war," she says, "But you still fought for us, not them. Fuck, I can't imagine what you must have gone through..."

"My unit was the Tenth Mountain Division," he says, "U.S. Army."

"Are you still in the reserves?" she asks.

"Yeah, that's what they say," he says.

"What if they call you back?" she asks.

"I'll tell them to go fuck themselves," he says.

She laughs. It doesn't last. She thinks about what he's said, and again about what he must have been through; what he must have seen. She stares at him.

"You went to hell so that you could help us," she says, "People you don't even know."

"You go through hell so you can help white people who would spit on you and call you racist," he says.

"It doesn't compare," she says.

"Yes it does," he says, "You're a beautiful young woman, don't kid yourself, KJ. That will make traitors hate you all the more. They'll hate you with all their fucking souls and the goddamned sheep will follow their lead. You didn't have to be an open traitor, you just had to ignore the genocide of our race and keep your mouth shut. Then you would have escaped their

attacks. But you won't do that, even when you were truly alone you didn't back off, and you won't now. That means the same, KJ. It means more."

"Thank you so much Johnny," KJ says, "I'll never go back."

"You need to know all of this," Johnny says, "That way you can decide. I don't mean going back either. I know you won't. I mean other shit, personal shit. I've killed before. Three that I know of in Iraq. One was a hell of a lot closer."

KJ looks at him but says nothing.

"In Iraq, it was kill or be killed," he says, "I knew that before I left. I saw good white men die; three of them from my company. I killed at least three Iraqis. I know you won't ask, but you should know. I also killed a man in Glen Burnie. My cousin was raped and no one did shit about it, not her father or her brothers."

"But you did," she says.

"Yeah," he says, "I cut him."

"Did you do time?" she asks.

"No," he says, "The case is still open."

"Fuck, Johnny!" she says, "Don't tell me shit like that! I can't know that kind of shit!"

"You need to know," he says, "You have a decision to make. It's not right for you to be in the dark."

"If I hurt you, even accidentally, I'll fucking die!" she says, "I mean, what the fuck? Johnny, I'll fucking die if I hurt you!"

"You won't hurt me," he says.

"They could fucking drug me," she says, "What if I talk in my sleep and I don't know it?"

He laughs.

"Seriously!" she says, "Don't fucking laugh! I can't take that risk!"

"There's no evidence, OK?" he says, "There's nothing putting me at the scene. It ended up perfect. I had a lot of luck, and it's too late for them to figure it out now."

"Fuck," she says and exhales loud, "Just be safe, alright?"

"Will that drive you away from me?" he asks, glancing at her for a second.

"Did you think that it would?" she asks.

Johnny smiles.

"No," he says, "Not you."

After another hour of travel, the two arrive at Bill's driveway. As usual it is dark. Before KJ exits the truck, she looks at Bowen who returns her stare.



"Nothing's changed, Johnny, "KJ says, "I'll see you later."

But something has changed. When he mentioned Iraq, she wanted to bury her head in his chest and hold on to him tighter than she's ever held a human being. The thought crossed her mind, how much she'd like to help him heal the wounds that he must carry in his soul. It's a thought; she wouldn't go that far, and he wouldn't let her. It's just a thought. It's also a step forward.

When she arrives near the Campbell House, KJ parks the truck alongside Kimberly Drive, within sight of her home. She won't tell her parents about the vehicle unless absolutely necessary. Erica may not even know that she has a license. Before exiting the pickup, she looks around to be sure there is no danger. She promised Johnny she'd be careful.

KJ has trouble sleeping on Sunday night. Another school week looms and there is no way it can be anything but terrible. Second period on Monday proves her apprehension correct. The calculus teacher hands back the most recent test. In spite of KJ's test being worthy of an A- grade, she fails. KJ raises her hand out of old habit and when Ms. Stocker ignores her, she yells out.

"What's wrong with my test?" KJ asks.

"We can discuss your grade after class, Miss Campbell," Stocker says.

KJ waits an agonizing hour and a half before class comes to an end and the classroom begins to clear. She accosts Ms. Stocker before the teacher can depart.

Denise Stocker is a small, squirrely, middle-aged woman who crafts her opinions according to the teacher's union and, by extension, the Democratic Party. Though white, she never married and now tries to content herself with group meetings and cats. In ordinary circumstances, she'd dislike the beautiful KJ out of jealousy. Since KJ is awake and racially conscious, Stocker simply despises her. Until now, Stocker was afraid to act in a blatant, discriminatory manner against KJ. Her cowardice was the only reason she hadn't failed KJ on previous exams. The lack of an administrative response to the "locker vandal" together with the undeserved punishments meted out against KJ has encouraged Stocker to become aggressive in her own persecution of Kaylee Jane. She cannot strike KJ – the strong young woman would destroy Stocker – so the petty tyrant wields what power she has.

Stocker is wiping her wire-rim glasses when KJ approaches the desk. The other students are gone or nearly so; KJ lays the test paper on Stocker's desk. Stocker does not look at it.

"None of these are marked wrong," KJ says, "But I still got an F."

"That's because you cheated," Stocker says.

"What?" KJ says in shock, "No, I didn't!"

"The two incorrect responses precisely match those of Miss Thayer, your neighbor," Stocker says. She puts down her glasses. "Your work is the same. The odds that this is a coincidence are zero, Miss Campbell."

"I want to see her paper," KJ says.

She has difficulty containing her rage.

"I've already given them back," Stocker says, "That wouldn't be possible in any case, Miss Campbell. That would violate Miss Thayer's confidentiality."

"I did not cheat!" KJ says, "And you know it!"

"If you raise your voice once more," Stocker says, "I'll call security. Do you understand, Miss Campbell?"

KJ storms off. She leaves the paper on Stocker's desk. No one at Uniontown High will defend her; certainly not Weems, and not even her parents. She'll have to take the zero. Her average will drop from a low A to a D. If Stocker continues this course of action, KJ will fail calculus in spite of earning an A or B grade. She's powerless to stop it.

In the women's bathroom, KJ washes her face. She is full of rage and hurt and she comes very close to smashing the mirror or just curling up and weeping. As nervous and upset as she is, her hands do not tremble. KJ thinks about her double life. Bill treats her with respect; Johnny does too. They cherish a young white woman who sees the truth and who is unafraid to embrace it. At high school, as well as in the Campbell House, she receives nothing but disdain and abuse. Her parents never loved her. They gave their affection to a fool who parroted their hatred for their own race. They appreciated her as long as she conformed to the status quo of hostility between the sexes and hatred among white brothers and sisters. Now that she's a heretic, a true rebel, they loathe her in the open and spare her no wrath. If only they'd let her go, she'd leave today. They would not allow it. They would follow her and destroy Bill and his family. They would kill Johnny when he tried to protect her. He'd fight them and they'd gun him down. She could not live knowing she'd caused his death. She has to bear their abuse. It's her burden until they can no longer follow her. KJ washes her face again. The cool water erases the few tears that have escaped.

Tonight, KJ falls asleep more from exhaustion than peace of mind. She comforts herself knowing that she'll be going to Bill's place tomorrow afternoon. Though she'll be there for a fleeting three hours, it will be a

much-needed break from the rising pressures of school. When she awakens the next morning, she looks at the clock. Only nine or so hours remain before she can leave for Bill's. She can suffer through it. Maybe Anna will be there and KJ can ask her about the *Chironex* show. Maybe Johnny will be there as well.

KJ almost gets through the day. The first three classes are boring and seem endless, but nothing out of the ordinary occurs. Then it's time for Dagostino's European History class. If he could read KJ's mind, he'd know that KJ doesn't want a confrontation. She just wants to escape the public school prison. It probably wouldn't matter.

Mr. Dagostino beckons KJ to his desk before she can take her seat. It would appear that one of the guidance councilors, Mr. Metcalf, would like to talk to her. She shoulders her backpack and heads back into the hall. Her course will take her past the bathroom where she fled when Trevon Chaney shoved her. It will also take her past her locker.

David Epstein wasn't always a cultural Marxist and an anti-white zealot. Once, he was a more or less normal young boy. He played with whites and even engaged in pick-up basketball and softball games, though his physique was always rather frail. His best friend in elementary school was a white kid named Rob Hendrickson. His favorite football player was Tyler Palko and his favorite hockey team was the Penguins. His mother and father, who work in Pittsburgh, took him to many Panther games during his childhood years and he often wore jerseys with white players' names on the back. Although he always enjoyed Jewish music, it was due more to familiarity rather than any deep loyalty. His parents, in particular his mother, taught him what most white parents would be terrified to teach their children; namely, to love and have pride in his people. Aside from that rather enviable lesson, Epstein was like most of his white classmates during his pre-teen years.

That changed forever during the summer of 2009. Instead of letting him enjoy the lazy days of June and July, Epstein's parents sent him with a group of Jewish youth to Germany, Poland and Israel. He saw Auschwitz and Dachau. He visited museums created by anti-white whites who can only absolve themselves of sin by going extinct as a race. These same whites do not seem to mind paying huge sums of money to Israelis, who are forcing a similar genocide on the original Arab inhabitants of their desert nation. David Epstein hears of the ever-present peril of "anti-Semitism." He hears that a majority white nation would be a grave threat to the ascendancy of his people. White nations must accept massive non-white immigration, lest the Nazis rise from the grave and finish the anti-

Jewish genocide that his guides tell him began in the 1940's. It is unimportant that such open border policies will result in the death of the white race. If that is the price for Jewish peace of mind, so be it. All of the subtle and non-so-subtle anti-white comments made by his relatives and sympathizers in the mass media fall into place, and he has his dark epiphany. He returns to his family's million-dollar home as a member of an oppressed minority.

David Epstein returns to America as a traumatized Jewish nationalist. His parents, supporters of various anti-white causes, set him on a similar path of Marxism and cultural critique. He begins to report imagined slights as anti-Semitic hate speech. He stops associating with any white who won't kiss his ass for being a Jew. Now all that he needs is a concrete target for his hate. He's not above condemning a groveling white sheep. It's not as much fun as harassing or destroying a white with courage, but they are rarer and rarer these days. Epstein can only go so far with the cowards. He once thought that Donny Patrick might be a worthwhile target, but Donny moved away, and Epstein's revenge for crimes he never could have suffered went unsatisfied. Then the unbelievable happens: he finds his so-called Nazi, and it's a girl.

Thus far, Epstein's attacks against KJ have been bothersome but not unbearable. He continues them, getting his jollies from his petty acts, all the while hoping that some white traitor or black savage will do the heavy work, as usual. Aside from Trevon Chaney, none have stepped up. Epstein will continue his acts of vandalism. He can at least have that satisfaction.

Today is Tuesday, March 12th. Epstein leaves class to gather his music and soprano saxophone for jazz ensemble practice. That's what the teacher believes. He's such an excellent pupil, what else would he be up to? Those with access to security tapes know better. They're petrified with fear and won't dare punish him. His parents would accuse them of anti-Semitism, a charge serious enough to get a white man fired or even jailed. They've done it before. Epstein heads in the direction of the music room. Just past the women's bathroom where KJ fled from Trevon Chaney, Epstein stops at a bank of lockers that does not include his.

KJ notices Epstein as soon as she rounds the corner by the bathroom. She knows he's fooling with her locker. She realizes that she's finally caught the coward who's been vandalizing the door and lock. She lays her backpack on the floor and creeps closer. She's been practicing silent movement since her childhood days and the many hours of practice pay off. Epstein has no idea that she's approaching. The pain and misery of

the past few days ignite a mighty flame of retribution. Her footfalls are silent, much as the sky becomes before a crack of thunder. As she approaches attack range, she considers her actions. This is a huge risk. The school will expel her. Erica will punish her severely. She'll want to strangle KJ. If KJ proceeds, no one will awaken, no one will stand by her. It is the echo of despair in her soul. She fights its return. There are people who will stand by her – Bill, Anna, Gary, Mason, Jesse and Rian, Sinead, Megan, Irish John and Cristian and Garret and all the others from the Christmas party. Most important, Johnny Bowen will stand by her. She will take the administration's worst punishment if she can set an example for other white students. When she reaches an effective attack range, she can see that Epstein has a sharpie in his left hand. He's writing a message for her. He's on the last word.

*Ignorant redneck cu-*

Her race always takes the abuse. They say nothing when the establishment tries to make their children hate who they are. Creatures like Epstein demand and abuse and take without fear of retribution. Today, however, there will be a price.

The second he finishes, Epstein feels a shove on his right shoulder. He wonders if Mr. Andrews has caught him. He should have been more careful. No matter; Andrews won't be able to do shit to him. If he tries, he's finished. The school will not fight for a white male janitor. Epstein's parents will threaten the administration into submission. He rolls his eyes and turns to face Mr. Andrews. The face he sees is not that of the janitor. Epstein's cocky look is gone in an instant.

KJ lays into him. Her first right-hand strike opens his eyebrow. In no time, blood is flowing down his face. He jumps to his feet, but not before catching a left jab and another right to the cheek. In the limited time that KJ trained with Johnny Bowen she could not learn proficiency. She did learn to increase her speed. Her powerful arms provide more than enough strength to hurt Epstein, who is even less skilled than KJ. Instead of defending, he attempts to fight back. He manages to strike the top of her head, a blow which inflicts more pain on his hand than on her head. He tries to tangle with her, but she simply dances away. When he follows, he walks into a powerful right across the nose. He'll have two black eyes in the days to come. This blow staggers him and, pride be damned, he flees.

KJ is faster on foot. She overtakes Epstein and shoves him from behind. He stumbles toward Ms. Rouse's classroom. It's the refuge he needs. KJ tries to grab him from behind, but he ducks into the class. Rouse is in utter shock. The sophomore students become quiet as death.

"Help me!" Epstein yells, shrill with terror, "That crazy bitch just attacked me!"

He doesn't realize that he swore. Both Epstein and KJ are beyond worrying about their language.

KJ pulls up after entering the room. Epstein turns around toward the door. He's on the other side of Rouse's desk, facing KJ.

"Bullshit!" KJ says, "Go and look what he was writing on my locker!"

"She faked it!" yells Epstein. He holds his bleeding face. "She faked it so she would have an excuse!"

"Fuck you!" KJ yells. It shocks Rouse out of her trance. She hurries around her desk. KJ continues, "Watch the fucking security stream!"

"Nazi whore!" Epstein yells.

"Fuck you, kike!" KJ yells back.

KJ feels two hands grab her arms. They jerk her back through the doorway. She sees Epstein. No one lays a hand on him. Rouse runs over to the door. Before she does so, KJ glances at the class. The sophomores are staring at her. One of them is a red-headed girl named Taylor Correll.

As two strong arms march KJ to Principal Weems' office, school nurse Ellen Rohrbaugh rushes by on the left. She doesn't ask if KJ is hurt. The two male teachers who pulled her from the room – chemistry teacher Phil Sullivan and history teacher James Vigliotti remain with her as she waits for the principal. She is still tightly wound and full of rage. She wishes Epstein hadn't run away so soon.

Johnny Bowen is walking to his Kenworth tractor outside of Snyder Trucking when his cell phone vibrates in his pocket. He checks the number. It's Bill Donnelly. He glances at the time before answering. It's 6PM.

"Hello," Johnny says.

He doesn't say Bill's name out loud.

"Real quick," Bill says, "KJ didn't drop by today. Before you get worried, it's probably nothing. Be ready to move if necessary."

Bill closes the connection. Perhaps her resolve has broken. Perhaps she's at the police office, spilling her guts to those who protect the guilty. The thought never crosses Johnny Bowen's mind. He believes there's been some trouble. It gnaws at him to be helpless. It's even worse to imagine what might have happened.

Gary Murphy called Laurel Highlands High School this morning. Anna won't be in today or tomorrow. He doesn't tell them the real reason for her absence. She's at Coalsack with John Boyle, continuing her advanced training. At 11:30 PM, she's nearing the Pennsylvania border when her cell begins to vibrate.

"Anna," says a hushed voice.

Anna knows who it is. By the sound of the voice, Anna fears that there's been some trouble.

"Are you OK?" Anna asks.

"I'm getting expelled," KJ says, "I can't talk right now. Do something for me."

"Whatever you need," Anna says.

Anna doesn't let the shock interfere with her duty as a sister.

"Please...please tell Johnny I didn't run away from him," KJ says, "Please tell him." She falls silent for a moment as she fights her emotions. "Promise me."

"OK," Anna says, "I promise."

"Thank you," KJ whispers.

KJ closes the call before Anna can ask another question.

It's well past midnight when Anna arrives home. She calls Johnny Bowen before exiting her Subaru. He has work tomorrow, but she guesses he can't sleep. She's right. He answers on the first vibration.

"Anna," Johnny says, "Tell me straight."

"KJ called me a little while ago," Anna says, "The school's expelling her and I assume she's in a lot of trouble."

"Is she hurt?" he asks.

Anna hesitates.

"I don't know," she says, "She whispered but I think she's OK. I can't be certain. Johnny, she had a message for you. She said she didn't run away from you."

There is silence for a while.

"I'll call Bill," she says.

Johnny thanks her before closing the call.

Wednesday's dawn shines through thick clouds and rain showers. Anna is up at 5:30. She calls Bill Donnelly. He got very little sleep last night and appreciates the new information. Johnny Bowen is also awake. He has three hours before he has to go to work. He'll drive to Deer Park this morning and although it will cost him much more than if he'd exhausted all purchasing options, he will pay for the construction of a cottage on the property he purchased in West Virginia. Then he will go to the terminal and begin a long day and evening of driving. On the way to Deer Park, he calls Garret. Garret's second cousin, it turns out, is good friends with Taylor Correll.

Bill takes half the day off from his responsibilities at the garage in Meyersdale. Surrounded by Megan and Sinead, he attempts to call KJ.

It's a risk well worth taking. There will be no easing of his anxiety. KJ's cell phone is off.

KJ is in her room. She's dressed in jeans and a t-shirt as if it's another school day. The hour to depart is passed. She stares at the white ceiling. Last night, after talking to Anna, she turned off the cell. It's too dangerous to leave it on. Even the vibration could give it away. She'll call Bill as soon as it's safe. For now, Bill and the others aren't the only ones in the fog of confusion. KJ has no idea what will happen. Her mind contemplates Bowen's offer. One call and he will come as soon as he can. She could escape this soul-crushing misery. It's the same dilemma. He'll tell her it's worth the risk. What would she tell him if the roles were reversed? To accept the pain and anguish and remain among those who do not love her? Of course she would not. She'd echo his words. Right now, it's far too dangerous for her to flee. She will have to wait, and so will he.

"Kaylee!" Erica yells from downstairs, "Get the hell down here!"

Last night her parents were eerily silent. KJ jumps to her feet. She looks at the closet. Her bag and important possessions are there. Johnny's one phone call away. He'd never betray her to enemies and fools like the ones downstairs. KJ averts her gaze and goes into the hall.

Erica and Gene are in the den. KJ walks in to find Gene seated, and Erica standing over him. KJ takes a deep breath, approaches, but stops just outside of slapping range. Erica's arms are crossed and she shakes her head. Gene looks up at KJ. He does not look down or avert his gaze as usual. Today he must feel like he has some moral superiority over her.

"Something inside me told me that it would come to this," Erica says. She's dressed in a smart top and slacks; not what she'd wear for work, but the kind of rather expensive clothing she often wears around the house. "I wondered why you were working out and getting so big. I hoped you'd find your sanity in spite of all the signs. It's my fault that we didn't get you help when you needed it. Now it's too late. You attacked a student and used hate speech. I can't...I can't even go on."

KJ is silent. So is Gene, though he still looks at her. KJ looks away. Erica turns back toward her.

"Epstein's parents will likely sue us," Erica says, "They may press charges, I don't know. I don't know what's going to happen. I'd pay the money and beg for mercy if I thought it would help you. But what can I even say to you anymore?"

Erica uncrosses her arms and moves very close to KJ.

"I used to wonder if any university would take you," Erica says, staring into KJ's eyes, "Now I can't find a school for druggies and criminals



that will. I have tried four times to send you to an at-risk school. Not one of them will accept you. These schools take drug addicts, teen prostitutes and gang members. Not you, oh no. The word's out. How many clients will my bosses lose thanks to you? What about your sister? Do you even think of her? Our name is becoming synonymous with the worst things a person can be."

KJ says nothing. She looks away from her mother, not out of fear but out of disgust.

"Of all the daughters born in Washington when I brought you into the world," Erica says, "If someone has said one of them would be a Nazi, and asked me to guess which one, I would figure some white trash brat from Adams County. Oh, no, the one and only Nazi born that day was right in Kirkland."

"Call me whatever you want, mother," KJ says.

"Do you have a plan for the future?" Erica asks, "Or are you content to shovel shit all your life?"

KJ looks at her but doesn't say a word.

"We spoiled you, I admit to that," Erica says, "But we didn't make you an outcast. You did that all by yourself."

"I'll go away when I'm eighteen," KJ says.

"Damn right you will!" Erica says, "Now go upstairs. I don't know what to say to you anymore. You're like a stranger here. We tried to protect you from the things that you've become, but here you are, and I don't know how we can ever go back."

"We can't," KJ says.

"Go," Erica says.

At 4PM a familiar Jeep Wrangler parks along Cleveland Avenue in Uniontown. Garret Fogarty climbs out of the vehicle and walks to the entrance of the brick house to the right. His cousin Sandra sees his approach and hurries to the door to greet him.

Sandra has put on a little weight, though she insists she's not pregnant. She is pleasant to the eye, with blonde hair like Garret's. Her demeanor is also pleasant enough, as long as the subject is unimportant. She sleeps like most whites and will likely never awaken to racial realities.

"Garret!" she yells, "How nice to see you!" She kisses his cheek. He returns the greeting. "Will you stay for dinner? Please do."

"It might do me well," Garret says.

"Come in," she says, "It looks like it's going to pour the rain."

Inside, the house is splendid. The Slavik's have remodeled in the last three months and the living room is now well-lit by a new chandelier.

There is a hutch full of curios and small painted plates. Many of these items belonged to Garret's great uncle, a miner from Ireland who worked long hours at a Pennsylvania coal mine in order to build a beautiful home for his wife and children. In the end it cost him his life. His lungs destroyed by coal dust, he spent his last days struggling for breath in a Pittsburgh hospital. He was sixty when he died.

"You still work at Terradox?" Sandra asks.

"Yes," Garret says.

He takes a seat near Brad's chair. Though his courage is often shallower than it should be, Brad is a loving father and not entirely ignorant of racial realities.

"Why don't you go back to school," Sandra says, "Get your physics PhD?"

"Maybe someday," he says.

Sandra smiles and touches his knee. She rises and excuses herself. She has supper to make and the conversation can continue when Brad comes home and they eat. Garret is not alone for long, however. The real reason for his visit walks past the room and does a double take. Once she recognizes Garret, Deanna enters the living room. She is becoming quite a lovely girl as she grows. She's also bright. Garret has not given up on her. She may someday awaken to the harsh realities of life. Today, however, Garret has other business with her.

Garret rises and embraces his second cousin. They sit and share greetings and small talk. Once the necessary banter about health and grades is over, Garret gets to the point.

"I've heard there was trouble at the high school," he says, "What happened?"

"Oh," Deanna says, "It was just a fight. Why? Where did you hear that?"

"On the police scanner," he says.

"Oh, wow," she says.

"How many went at it?" he asks, "Four? Five?"

"No," she says, "Just two, that Nazi girl I told you about, and a boy."

"A boy?" he asks, "You know him?"

"No," Deanna says, "Taylor said it was David Epstein. He's in the band and jazz ensemble."

"Was it bad?" Garret asks, "The girl, did she get hurt?"

"No," Deanna says, "Actually, he was the one who was bleeding. It was crazy."

"Yeah," Garret says, "Sounds crazy."

Though it doesn't show, his relief is great. KJ is one of his kin. She is one of his family now.

Garret takes out his iPod, pretending to check the batteries. He's obtained what he wants, now it's time to change the subject.

"How's that iPod Touch I bought for you?" he asks.

"I use it all the time," Deanna says, "Mom and dad aren't into that kind of stuff, or I'd buy them one for their anniversary."

The evening is long. Garret would like to fly back to Bill's or at least call. It will have to wait until after supper.

On Thursday morning the sky is gray and threatening. Garret turns on the radio as he drives to Bill's place. The weather report calls for some wet snow or mixed precipitation. Garret arrives at the long hall before 8AM. Johnny Bowen is already there. He and John Boyle are standing outside the door. Bowen offered to drive all night in exchange for being off from work during the daylight hours. He already knows that the night will be torture. Little balls of ice begin to fall from the sky. No one notices.

There was little time to prepare for this gathering. Bill and his wife sit at the small table in the entrance room of the hall. Garret, Bowen and Boyle will stand. Garret is still wearing his jacket when Bill begins to speak.

"Since we're all here," Bill says, "I'll assume we're all doing well. Anna called me yesterday. I trust we all know what she had to say. Garret called late last night. I'll let him tell you what he's discovered."

"I spoke with my cousin's daughter," Garret says, "Her friend witnessed what occurred at Uniontown High. KJ was involved in a fight with a male student named David Epstein."

Johnny Bowen exhales in a sharp short.

"I don't believe she was hurt," Garret says, "I'm sure the administration will inflict a heavy punishment on her."

"Goddamn kike cocksucker," Johnny says, "I saw white men die in that fucking Jew war, and this is how they repay us."

"KJ told Anna about abuse at school," Garret says, "Someone was vandalizing her locker and leaving notes. One of those notes we know about. I believe Epstein is the perpetrator, at least in some of the cases. If not, he must have thought he could get away with abusing her. She didn't just start a fight out of nowhere, of that we can be sure. We know that he won't be punished, but she will. From the sound of things, he suffered quite a bit in the fight."

"Good," Johnny says.

"Until we hear from KJ," Bill says, "we'll just have to be patient." It is a painful conclusion, but Bill sees no other alternative. "Johnny, perhaps

you could pass by her home for a brief look tomorrow night, if you're not working."

Bowen nods. He was going to tell Bill that he planned to drive by the Campbell House as soon as he could.

"John," Bill says to Boyle, "Anna will be over this weekend."

"Good," Boyle says, "Send her as often as possible."

"I'd like you to keep making preparations for training KJ," Bill says, "I have no reason to doubt her eventual return."

John Boyle is a fluent speaker of Irish. So are Bill and Megan Donnelly. Garret speaks very well and is near fluency; in a year or so, with Anna's help, he will be fluent. Of those present, only Johnny Bowen does not speak Irish. The others speak English so that he will understand.

"What do you see in this girl?" Boyle asks, "I know she's not like those fucking tarts, and God bless her for it."

Bill doesn't answer. Boyle continues.

"There's a possibility that she's lost to us, Bill," he says, "We have to consider that."

"She's only lost if she chooses to be," Bill says before John Bowen can respond, "If she does not renounce her beliefs then she is not lost to us and we will help her."

"What price are we willing to pay?" Boyle asks.

"It never should have come to this," Bill says, "This denial of our kin. This...madness. It's a travesty the way we've left the world for girls like KJ. If she says the wrong word she becomes a pariah, and it's acceptable to abuse her. Blacks and browns understand the rules, and are encouraged to be aggressive and bloodthirsty. We gave our children a world where they are despised for their skin color. From out of the anti-white world that is driving our race to extinction, a handful of young white men and women have risen to challenge the most powerful establishments and armies of killers in human history. Anna, Jesse, each of the young men of the old Society, and you, dear gentlemen. You will notice that I did not mention young KJ, because each of us had a hand in our search for the truth. Mine was the revolting sight of beautiful Irish lasses who willingly gave their bodies to non-white invaders, and who did not give a shite about the future of white Ireland. It turned out that my natural disgust wasn't enough, and now the blood of my son David stains my hands forever."

Bill looks at Megan, who looks up into his eyes. They can feel each other's sadness and pain. Because they did not prepare their son for the realities of race, Bill and Megan must now relive his death. It is their earthly punishment. Bill turns back toward the men and continues speaking.

"Our dear Anna has her father Gary," Bill says, "who's a greater man than I could ever hope to be. Each of you, as well as Jesse and the others, had a helping hand in your awakening. KJ had nothing but darkness in her life. No one helped her. Like most of our people, she was blind; unlike most of them, she would not accept the lies that choked her young mind. Even though she could not see, she searched for the truth and when she found it, she fought those who would silence her for speaking it. She held on in the dark, and faced the whole goddamned anti-white world. While we talked theory and organization, she risked and sacrificed and fought. Alone. Well, KJ will not be alone anymore. We are white men and women. We will make our own decisions, and God Almighty, I will give her that choice. If they bundle her off, I will find her and set her free. She will decide her own path, not them. I've decided to call her parents this afternoon. I will request to see her. Somehow, I will get a message to her. Damn the risk. That's why we are here, and why we stayed together throughout the uncertainties and frustrations. Words will not solve our problem nor will words win us this war. Gentlemen, we are coming upon the time to act if we are to save the future of our race. If we are afraid to help one of our own, then we have already lost the future."

"Bill," Johnny Bowen says, "I'll take the risk. You have a family..."

"We'll take the risk," Bill says, "You're part of my family, Johnny. Each of you is part of my family. And so is KJ." He looks at Johnny Bowen. "We will fight for our own whenever they cry out to us." Bill looks at John Boyle. "Are you with us, John?"

"Of course I am," Boyle says.

"I'll keep each of you informed of the situation," Bill says.

Johnny Bowen nods. He doesn't tell Bill he's already creating a refuge for KJ, at immense cost to himself.

At 5PM, Bill is in his den, again surrounded by Megan and Sinead. He dials the Campbell House on one of his cell phones. A voice responds on the third ring. Bill recognizes the voice as Erica's.

"Good afternoon, Ms. Campbell," Bill says.

This is another occasion for diplomacy.

"Who may I ask is calling?" Erica says.

"Bill Donnelly," Bill says, "KJ's employer."

"I see," she says, "I'm busy at the moment, Mr. Donnelly, could you try back at another time?"

"Certainly," Bill says.

He feels the urge to strangle Erica, who hangs up without saying another word.

Sinead leans from her seat and holds on to her father's arm. He looks at Megan, who takes his hand.

"It's time to take a risk, my love," Megan says to him in the Irish.

By seven in the evening, the sky is almost clear over Pittsburgh. It's just cool enough for a jacket, but winter's bite is weakening. Rian Donnelly climbs the steps of an apartment complex not far from the University of Pittsburgh campus. It is a routine he follows most days after work. His destination is apartment 31, a one-bedroom apartment of the type often rented by students. It's Jesse Hanratty's domicile while she studies nursing at Pitt.

At 9 o'clock, Rian Donnelly and Jesse Hanratty retire to the living room of the apartment. They enjoyed a pleasant supper together, one so nice Rian didn't bring up what was on his mind. Now that they have an hour or so to spend together, he can open up to her. She knows that something important is troubling him. She lets him choose the moment to tell her. It's something big, or else he'd have come out and said it over dinner.

"Dad called this morning," he says. Jesse rubs his shoulder as they sit together on her green couch. "He said KJ was in some kind of trouble."

Jesse groans and takes his left hand. She kisses it twice. He reaches over with his right and rubs it across her head and cheek.

"Is it bad?" she asks.

"I don't know," he says, "It could be. Dad wouldn't say much on the phone. He did say she's expelled from school."

"God," Jesse says, "I hope she's not hurt."

"I think he would have said something if she was," Rian says.

"I wish she'd just leave," Jesse says, "But where could she go? Anyone who took her in would be in jeopardy. I know she knows that, or she'd have left already. It's so wrong and sad. She just loves our race. What's so wrong with wanting that? It's so natural, so why does everyone fight it?"

Rian leans over and kisses her head. There isn't a trace of smoke or heavy sprays in her hair.

"I don't know what's going to happen," Rian says, "But there's definitely something on the wind."

Neither Rian nor Jesse needs the approval of the government for their union. They would not seek the approval of those whose power and wealth grows by increasing non-white immigration and assimilation. Those who buy the votes of non-whites by redistributing the wealth of working white families shall not have a say over who Rian Donnelly calls

his wife, or who Jesse Hanratty will honor with her hand in marriage. Nor do the two lovers need a hypocritical priest to bless their union. The blessings of a man who urges white couples to adopt non-white children, or who shames good white families into giving their hard-earned money to non-white nations, are meaningless to a couple that loves their kinfolk and is willing to fight for their children's future.

Out of honor for her purity and the strength of the bond that will be made eternal on their first night together, as man and wife, Rian Donnelly shall not remain the night. Out of honor for him and for the gift of her body that she shall give to her husband and only to him, Jesse shall not entice Rian to remain. She will, however, remind him of all that shall be his when he takes her to be his wife. Before leaving, they kiss and rise from the couch.

He puts his hands around her and they embrace.

"Only a fool wants to go to war," Rian says, "Sometimes I wonder if I'm such a fool."

"I know you'll do what you have to," she says, "For what it's worth, sweetheart, if you go to war I'll be with you."

"I know, Jesse," he says, "That promise makes me stronger."

She kisses his cheek and smiles. His arms tighten around her. It is very hard to leave, but he does.

Friday morning is clear and cold, though the sun will warm the earth by early afternoon. Several vehicles drive down Lindsay Drive as the people of Uniontown depart for work. Passing them from the opposite direction is a green Cherokee. It continues to Kimberly Drive where it passes by a familiar white Chevrolet pickup. Once the Cherokee arrives at a large house on Kimberly, it stops just ahead of a massive pin oak and within sight of the driveway. A big, middle-aged Irishman emerges from the Jeep. The man is dressed in a dark gray gardener's jacket. He adjusts his tweed cap and removes his briefcase before walking to the door of the Campbell House.

Bill does not hesitate to ring the doorbell. His employee hasn't been to work in three days and he'd like to know why.

The hour is 6:30 AM. Gene is almost ready to go to work when the doorbell rings. The timing is not coincidental, though Gene has no idea. Erica is still getting ready for her day at the law office. When Gene answers the door, his look of surprise – almost horror – is quite evident.

"Good morning, Mr. Campbell," Bill says.

Bill sets down his briefcase and removes his hat before offering his hand. Gene shakes it out of habit.

"Your daughter hasn't been to work this week," Bill says, "She's one of my best workers, and I'd hate to lose her. I hope she's in good health."

"She's had some trouble at school," Gene says, "There wasn't any way that she could go to work."

"I see," Bill says, "Might I expect her this weekend or next week?"

"Once the problem's resolved," Gene says, "I don't see any reason why she can't return to work."

"Excellent," Bill says.

He hears Erica flying down the steps. It's disappointing but not unexpected.

"Who is it?" she asks from the hallway.

"Mr. Donnelly," Gene says.

Erica arrives at the door and steps between Gene and Bill. Mr. Campbell slips back inside. He'll disappear in a minute or two. Bill offers his hand and after a long delay Erica shakes it.

"I apologize for the intrusion," Bill says, "I'll be occupied all weekend with my business in Meyersdale. I hope to resolve the situation with..."

Erica cuts him off, a hobby she enjoys practicing. Bill reminds himself that KJ's fate is in the balance, so he takes the affront in stride.

"I'm afraid that won't be possible," Erica says, "We're very busy at the moment, Mr. Donnelly."

"I see," Bill says, "I thought that might be the case. I've brought her paycheck from the last two weeks, including her overtime pay. I need her to sign for it and I'll be on my way."

"I can't?" she says.

"Not in this case," Bill says.

If she refuses to summon KJ, he'll keep the check. Erica sighs.

"OK, fine," she says. She turns and walks to the foot of the stairwell, never inviting Bill to cross the threshold into the warm house. "Kaylee!" she yells, "Get down here! Now!"

Bill sees KJ's feet appear, and then her legs. She's wearing soft booties and jeans. The he sees her long, thick hair down her t-shirt and finally her unforgettable face. She sees him at that moment. She pauses. He looks into her eyes. She comes very close to bursting into tears. KJ hides her emotions in an instant. Fortunately, Erica does not see the brief display. She's walking toward Bill from the kitchen entrance and her back is toward KJ.

"Can you take care of this in five minutes?" she asks.

"Of course," he says, "Hello, Kaylee, I have something for you to sign, and then I can give you your check."



He turns and walks out to the Cherokee. KJ pulls off her booties and puts on her boots, leaving them untied. She goes out into the cool March morning. Bill leads her to the back of the Cherokee. He looks into her blue eyes at close range. He sees the sadness on her face. Her beauty is so powerful and haunting that his masculine impulse is one of protection and vengeance against those who have wronged this white angel. He has to fight the urge, since she needs him to be cunning rather than fierce.

"Listen, KJ," Bill says, "I have to be brief."

She almost loses it again, but then recovers.

"They're not going to tell me when you can come back," Bill says, "We'll be there for you when you do come."

"I can't leave right now," she says. Her powerful voice is full of pain, "They'll be watching me all the time and it's too dangerous for you and Johnny."

KJ fights the tears again. The wind plays with her thick mane. She is the image of beauty and courage, of defiance in the face of evil and the righteous suffering that always follows.

"I know, KJ," he says, "You have to hold on, we both know that. But the moment will come. Seize it. Let us know, and we will be there for you."

"Does Johnny know I didn't turn away from him?" she asks.

Bill glances at the door. Erica's watching. He lays his briefcase on the open rear of the Cherokee and removes the check and a blank sheet of paper.

"KJ," he says, "Not only does he know, he never doubted you in the first place. I'm going to send him over. Without pointing or looking, tell me, where should he leave your money? He won't meet with you yet. Soon, but not yet. Please don't look for him. We can't let your parents know about him, or the money he's bringing to you. Now, where would you like him to leave your spending money?"

"Under the yew," she says, "to the right of the kitchen window. Thank you, Bill."

"If you happen to see Johnny," he says, "try not to fall apart."

"It's that obvious, isn't it?" she says and then laughs.

It is a wounded laugh, born from the joy of knowing that he never doubted her, as well as the pain of not being able to see him.

"I'm proud of you, KJ," Bill says, "Thank you for fighting. Others would have taken the abuse but you did not, and it makes this old man very proud. Remember, KJ, we're always there for you." Erica is still looking. "Now we'd better finish our act, so that daft cow doesn't punish you some more."

Bill hands the check to KJ, who signs the blank paper. Bill puts it in his case, and then KJ shakes his hand and leaves for the house. A few steps from the door, KJ turns to look at Bill, and then she hands the check to Erica.

"Mr. Donnelly!" Erica yells from the door, "Send someone to remove your truck."

"Yes, ma'am," Bill responds.

Erica closes the door with a quick slam.

On Saturday morning, KJ is up at 6:30. After a shower she dresses in the usual attire and creeps downstairs. She puts on a pair of soft shoes rather than her boots. She worries that she might accidentally make noise while sliding them on or tying the laces. Once she's sure she's alone downstairs, she opens the door and slips outside. Tucked under the yew bush are a small Ziploc bag and an envelope. She snatches it and shoves it down her sweater top. Once she's back in the relative safety of her locked room, she opens the envelope. Aside from the money there is a note. It's in the code that she memorized after her first visit to the Donnelly Homestead. She translates it in her mind.

*We will wait for you.*

It is signed JAB.

This time there's no fighting the tears. They flow freely down KJ's beautiful white face.

## Chapter VIII



## Johnny

Although Erica and Gene are aware of KJ's immediate fate as early as Friday afternoon, they wait until Sunday morning to tell her. Uniontown High will accept her back for one final attempt to earn her diploma. First, she must serve a ten day suspension, to include the day after the fight. She will need to return for the fall semester if she hopes to have any chance of graduating. Last, she must attend sessions with an accredited psychiatrist. Erica set up the meetings on Friday; Dr. Righter will see KJ on Monday.

On Saturday, Gene met with Epstein's father. He presented Erica's offer to pay for Epstein's medical bills, which were greatly inflated by the doctor. The Epstein family physician just so happens to be a friend and fellow member of the tribe. Gene also offered to pay a "cash settlement," to be decided between the two families. Of course, Erica won't be paying the bills. Epstein accepts, although he makes it very clear that any further incident will result in a lawsuit.

It's a difficult weekend for KJ. She should be at the Coalsack site with John Boyle. She should be talking to Johnny Bowen in his Jeep, and listening to *Moonspell* or *Black Flag* or whatever, as long as she's there in the passenger seat. She continues her exercise and self-defense routines, both in her room and in the basement. Her iPod is hidden in her room. She can't enjoy this simple pleasure for fear of losing the device to her spiteful mother. The importance of the little device is enormous to KJ. It was a gift; another small connection to her beloved friends. The Campbell's would tear it away from her if they ever found it.

In the kitchen of the Murphy Home, Gary lays his lunch pail on the table. Anna sits down beside the fridge. She's been waiting for her father's arrival. He's worked twelve days straight. He'll work five more before taking off a well-deserved weekend. Gary steps over to his daughter and puts his big right hand on Anna's head. Not long ago, she was suspended for

fighting a girl who gloated over the increasing rarity of "gingers" like Anna. Anna thrashed the white traitor. Gary knows that KJ is in trouble for a similar act. Unlike Gary, KJ's father will not protect his daughter. KJ will suffer terribly for her courage.

"How's my girl?" Gary asks.

Anna spent all day yesterday at Coalsack with John Boyle. Today, instead of goofing off, she prepared supper and finished her homework.

"Good, dad," she says, "Are you OK?" she asks.

Her brow is furrowed.

"Good," he says, "Is there any news?"

"Bill called," she says, "He saw KJ yesterday. He only had a few minutes."

"How's Johnny?" Gary asks.

"OK, I guess," Anna says. She hesitates for a minute. "As well as can be expected, I suppose."

Gary puts his hand under her chin. She looks up at him.

"You're such a beautiful and strong young woman," he says, "A good Murphy girl, that's what you are. I can't tell you how proud I've been of you, through all the years we've had together."

"I love you, dad," she says and smiles.

He winks and smiles back. Gary bends over to remove his work boots. Anna slaps her legs and jumps up from the chair. Her long red ponytail flops over her shoulder.

"I kinda guessed what you might want today," she says as she steps over to the oven.

She stops before opening the oven door and looks at her father.

"I baked the ham we got last month," she says, "I made bubble and squeak, too, is that OK?"

"Anything cold to go with it?" he asks.

"We have two Guinness left," she says, "You better pick some up this week."

"OK," he says and looks at her. "Thanks, Red."

Gary kisses her on the forehead before heading off to the shower.

"Dad!" she yells before he enters the bathroom, "Can I go with Garret and Sinead next Saturday to Heinz Hall? The Orchestra's playing Liszt and Schumann."

"You like that stuff?" he yells from the hall.

"No," she says.

"I'd have been surprised," Gary says before he closes the bathroom door, "Yeah, you can go."

It's a rough weekend for Johnny Bowen. Knowing there'd be no resolution of KJ's situation, he signs up for overtime but finds it cancelled. He spends the weekend visiting the patch of property that he bought near Amblersburg, West Virginia. Within two months there will be a cottage sitting on the lot. Bowen spends both days finding and ordering household items and tools for the new place. He figures that the work will keep his mind off of the young woman in Uniontown. He's wrong of course.

On Monday the 18th, KJ undergoes a battery of tests, including a blood and urine test that are meant to show what recreational drugs she's been using. They will come back clean. Then she's off to the psychiatrist. She dresses in a tee and jeans and wears her green Colorado State hoodie over her top. She also sports a pair of tight black gloves and lace-up boots.

Dr. Leo Righter is one of those people who, based on appearance, are probably white. He may be Jewish. It doesn't matter; like most in his profession, he is "anti-racist," that is, anti-white. His office, just west of the city of Uniontown, is a modern little building surrounded by herbicide-treated lawns and town houses. Years ago, a lovely apple orchard and a copse of hickory trees grew there.

Righter is almost as short as KJ and is rather thin. His hair is thick and dark, and his eyes are dark brown behind his glasses. His voice is lower than expected and he has a certain confidence in his body language. As far as the meeting goes, he follows a typical line of questioning and dwells more on some seemingly unrelated trauma or mental condition that has led KJ to be, of all things, a racist. He seems hell-bent on diagnosing depression and many of his questions are more suggestion than inquiry. Though it causes her great disgust, KJ plays the game. She's aware of trick questions and questions that try to catch people who lie in order to appear "sane." She is smart enough to recognize these, and answers them honestly. If she dwells on race realities, no matter how right she is, he will squeal to her parents and KJ will likely be going to boot camp. So, KJ swallows her disgust at lying and plays the game. In the end, Righter declares the meeting a "very positive step" and writes KJ a prescription for sertraline. After he hands the prescription to Erica he turns toward KJ and smiles.

"I'll be seeing you next Monday," Righter says and offers his hand.

KJ shakes it but refrains from sharing her thoughts.

"Will she be able to return to school?" Erica asks.

"I don't see why not," Righter says, "As long as she takes the sertraline."

"She will," Erica says.

KJ burns to ask if she can return to work. She doesn't think it wise, at least not yet. For now it is more important to deceive. She must get through this if she is to escape the Campbell House. On the way back, KJ waits for Erica to pick up the prescription. She watches the pedestrians in the cool March daylight. Tired old men and women pass by with their grandchildren. Almost all of the grandparents are white. Many of the grandchildren are not. They do not belong to the once-proud white race, whose looming extinction is evident in the grandchildren's dark skin and nappy hair. Everyone says that such children are beautiful. Everyone is a liar and a coward.

KJ feels the strong desire to have a child of her own. He will look like her. She will teach her son or daughter to love their race, and, just as important, to defend their honor. No one will insult their race without paying a price. The few trees outside the drug store are still asleep. KJ's racial kin are still asleep. She would scream at them to awaken but her voice would choke and drown in the silence of their surrender. She folds her arms and looks down. KJ has great resistance to the cold, yet today feels colder than its 40 degree temperature should. She glances at the keys in the ignition. She could drive away. She could drive to him. Nothing would be nicer than to fall into Johnny's arms. He would fight for her. No fool could force her to take mind-killing poison like sertraline if he were around. He'd shove it down their throats. He'd protect her. She will show him her appreciation one day. She looks away from the keys. She has to wait. He would fight them and they would kill him. If she leaves now, she and Johnny wouldn't have a moment of peace together, and in the end he would die – and so would she.

Erica opens the door and the sound breaks KJ's trance. It was an understandable but dangerous lapse. The pressure is creating breaks in KJ's guard that could cost her dearly. She didn't even notice Erica's approach from the front, a task so simple it's ludicrous to think that she failed. KJ shakes her head. She has to stay focused or she'll lose everything.

That afternoon, KJ takes her first sertraline. Erica watches her drink the entire glass of water. After a short while Erica departs. Ostensibly, she has work to do after hours at the office. She's not the only one who can deceive. Once KJ is all alone, she spits out the brain-neutering tablet. She smashes it and washes the residue down the sink.

On Wednesday morning the sun rises into an unsettled sky. Cold rain is coming. In the pale light of dawn, a vacancy is apparent beside the



Campbell residence. The white Chevy is gone. KJ sees the empty space through her window. A sharp pain hits her soul. She falls on her bed and covers her face with her hands.

A little later, after a shower that does not reinvigorate her and a breakfast she forces herself to eat, KJ retreats to her room. She turns on the cell phone. The past few days it's sat silent. Today, at 9:30 AM, it vibrates. She recognizes the number and almost drops the phone in her haste to answer.

"Johnny," KJ says.

She doesn't know what to say next. She's nervous and full of emotion.

"Hi, KJ," Johnny says after a pause, "I'm sorry I had to leave without seeing you. Your mother came outside and I thought it was best to tell her I'm one of Bill's workers."

He doesn't tell her how hard it was to resist.

"Yeah," she says.

She hears the engine of a truck that is much bigger than his Jeep Rubicon.

"When all this blows over," he says, "you can use the pickup again. Until then it'll be at Bill's."

"I'm afraid to ask if I can go back to work," she says, "If they think I want to, they'll tell me no. I don't want to listen to them but what can I do right now? I can't run away."

There is a silence.

"KJ," Johnny says, "I want you to have your own life and make your own decisions. When you can no longer do so, I think it's time to make a move. Fuck the risk. Every one of us is willing to take that risk. You mean so much, KJ."

She closes her eyes. She cannot say a word.

"Ask when you can come back," he says, "If the answer doesn't suit you, remember, I'm not interested in pleasing those who hate us. I'll take the risk. It's worth it. You're worth it."

"Johnny," she says, but cannot continue.

The emotions are too strong right now.

"I never doubted you, you know," he says, "I never thought you ran away from me."

KJ covers the phone with her palm and breathes deep. She removes her hand before he begins to speak again.

"I have to go now, KJ," he says, "Ask them. Whether they deny you or not, I will see you again, if that's what you want."

"I want that so much," KJ whispers.

"Take care," Johnny says.

He ends the call.

KJ curls up in her bed, the cell phone lying beside her belly.

Those knowledgeable of Garret Fogarty's combat cell idea meet at the Coalsack site on Thursday, March 21st. Garret is off from his job at Terradox, John Bowen is off from Snyder Transportation, Cristian O'Toole is off from the heating and air conditioning company in Brandonville, West Virginia, and James Ford takes the day off from his garage in Somerset County. John Boyle is also available. He is living at the Coalsack site for the time being, preparing the site and working with whoever is available during weekends and the odd day off from work. Today, they all gather at the Coalsack Site for a second procedural meeting.

Clay County is beautiful in spite of the brown earth and sleeping trees. Their vast numbers hint of the luxurious green that will come later in April and May. At Coalsack, Garret and Johnny's Jeeps are parked in an arrangement that provides cover for the cabin entrance and also permits a rapid exit. This time John Boyle and Johnny Bowen alternate standing beside the windows of the cabin, taking turns holding a semi-automatic Armalite rifle. Each of the men present is armed. It's a matter of necessity and custom. To these men, being unarmed would be notable.

"Five to six months, gentlemen," Garret says.

They know what he means. The moment they've been waiting for, the moment they no longer watch the degradation and slow death of their race, the moment they begin to fight is no longer theoretical. It is real and it is coming.

"Good," Cristi says, "Now, as for the cells, are we trying to create cells with similar capabilities, or is the aim to create unique cells with unique combat skills? Who is going to determine the composition of cells?"

"Compositions will vary of course," Garret says, "My intention is for each cell to have a unique character, yet be flexible enough to fulfill many of the roles of other cells, at least in each cell's area of operations. In other words, each cell will be unique, though there will be some overlap in capabilities. When the time arrives and we know with more certainty who will join and who will not, I will talk to Bill and he will decide the composition of the first cells. His decision will be final. That decision will be the final collaboration that we have with Bill, at least in person."

"How many cells will there be?" Boyle asks.

"Three to five," Garret says, "Two or three sniper cells, and one or two support and unconventional warfare cells."

"That's not many," Boyle says. He looks at the others. He has a wry little smile on his face. "But then we got Mountbatten with just a few good men."

"You like those odds, huh?" Cristi asks a big smile on his own face.

"Love 'em," Boyle says.

"James," Garret says, "How does five months sound?"

Ford sits with his arms crossed. He has been listening to every word. The craftsman looks at Garret as he asks his question and doesn't answer until he's sure Garret is finished. Then everyone hangs on his words.

"I'll be ready," Ford says. Then he answers their next question before they can ask. "The trials have given me all the information I need. Big, small, I'll be able to provide what you need, but I'll need time for anything powerful. I will not rush something to you that will blow up in your hands."

"Don't," Garret says, "Most of what we do will not depend on explosives, but once operations grow it will be a welcome addition to our arsenal. I want to warn everyone, however, that we will never be first and foremost a pack of mad bombers. We are not interested in body counts or killing innocents. We are interested in killing traitors, and making other traitors reconsider their actions out of fear of reprisal. Slaughtering innocents with car bombs will not convince anyone to stop betraying our race. Precision execution just might. In fact, planning and precision will be our methods of operation. We will not kill indiscriminately and we cannot rely on luck to get us home. Luck is what the other guy has."

Johnny Bowen, who is currently standing guard near the cabin door, looks at Garret and nods.

"For the time being, James," Garret says, "I'd like you to work on grenades and smaller defensive explosives that could aid our withdraw from an area of operations. The big stuff will come later."

"I can do that," Jimmy Ford says.

"We'll need to train and get familiar with the area of operations," Cristi says.

"Yes," Garret says, "I estimate at least two months. The first missions will be soft and as low-risk as possible."

"Who chooses the missions?" Boyle asks, "For that matter, how will we know who's a target?"

"The group leader will have the final say," Garret says, "There will be one such leader per cell. He'll get targeting information from various sources, including the internet, personal reconnaissance, and information from auxiliaries. Once this is worked out, all group leaders will be informed of their respective auxiliary networks. One other thing, although group lea-

ders will have autonomy in their decisions, I urge leaders to discuss targets with their cell members. Listen to any reservations and consider them before making a final decision.”

Johnny Bowen broaches a topic that no one wishes to discuss, but that is vitally important.

“We all know one another,” Johnny says, “What if someone fucks us over? We all fucking die.”

“For now, that’s unfortunate but true,” Garret says, “I’ve thought long and hard about this. We really have no choice at the moment. Cells, once they’re free to act and engage the enemy, will someday attempt to recruit and train new members and new cells. At that time, I will not know any of the persons trained and supported by Cristian, for example, nor will he know my trainees or recruits. I envision a time when the first cells become training units, not only for the continued growth of the movement against white genocide, but also for personal and moral reasons. The original cell members will deserve to have families. Our women members will deserve to have children. The war will not stop until we win, but we can change our mission at that time, and we can recruit and train new cells as part of our new mission. That, and engage in a small number of very high priority assassinations.”

“How long until that happens?” Cristi asks.

“It will depend on the cell,” Garret says, “For cells that include women, when they reach the age of 21 or 22 it is time for them to go from offensive operations to training new members.” He knows who the likely female members might be, and both of them are 17 at the moment. “When the movement grows and more women join, for those over the age of 22, I would say three or four years of combat maximum, excepting as I said an occasional mission of high priority.”

“How will we contact one another in case of emergency,” Cristi says, “or even just coordinating operations?”

“Coded email,” Garret says, “among other options. Everyone who joins will have a code to memorize. This will correspond with the code memorized by one other member from a different cell. Leaders will be required to memorize three codes. Messages will be sent and received in code. If any message sent is uncoded or if the code does not match, the message will be treated as an enemy ruse, and will be ignored. I will create several email addresses and I urge each of you to do the same. If anyone receives a suspicious email, abandon that particular address and use one of the others. Tell your contact, be it auxiliary or another active cell member, that you are making a change in email address. Use the second

or third line of a new coded email to inform him or her. The system will be complete well in advance of our assignment date and I'll inform you of the particulars and any changes at that time. I'm also working on radio and cell phone options, as well as a nuclear option should we be compromised."

"Good," Johnny says, "By the way, Jimmy, how's Blacklight?"

"I had some time to play around and I think you'll like what I made," Jimmy says, "I'll send you some samples."

"Cool," Johnny says, "That's fucking great!"

Ford raises his eyebrows. He's done even more than Johnny realizes, and will give him quite a pleasant surprise in the coming months.

The discussions continue, touching on general themes and particulars, with Garret asking for Boyle and Bowen's insights into near-term and long-term training efforts. In general the men are in agreement though not in every case. John Bowen in particular is concerned about the identity of safe house owners, i.e. those at the end of a paper trail. If compromised, it will be the death of any who use the structure. Garret, too, has realized this great danger but due to the very small pool of individuals who might be open to putting their name on a guerrilla safe house, he finds no alternative at the moment. That particular discussion ends without resolution.

After a beer and some black walnuts and honey made by Cristi's Romanian mother, Garret wraps up today's meeting.

"Gentlemen," he says, "Let us never forget that we will be fighting the genocide of a race. Our race. Though their reasons are varied and some of them may not realize the inevitable result, the actions of the enemy will most certainly result in our extinction as a race. By dividing white women from white men, they are killing us. By forcing massive non-white immigration into every white nation, they are killing us. By forcing the assimilation of non-whites and promoting the miscegenation of white females with black males, of white males with Asian females, they are killing us. With the constant degradation of whites, particularly white males, via commercials, television and movies, the enemy leads our children into self-hatred and worship of the non-white other."

With each pause in Garret's speech, the other men remain silent. He is echoing their thoughts, perhaps not verbatim but certainly in spirit.

"The enemy deceives young whites into thinking that whites alone are responsible for the world's ills," Garret says, "He convinces them that whites are evil and unnatural. He calls whites the cancer of history. He deceives young whites into thinking that they are fighting the powers-that-be when in reality they are following the anti-white script to the letter. They

are following that script into oblivion. Whether the reason is money, such as large corporations profiting from massive non-white immigration and the subsequent fall in wages, or the reason is power, such as both the Democratic and Republican Parties pandering to masses of non-white immigrants, or if the reason is sheer hatred, such as Jewish directors and producers creating hateful anti-white films and shows that are meant to belittle and degrade us as a race and as individuals, the results will be the same. We will go extinct if we do not act. Gentlemen, do not be fooled. When we act, these enemies will use any method at their disposal to destroy us. They will also accelerate their pogrom against our race. But if we do not act, we will surely go extinct.”

Garret looks into Johnny's green eyes.

“We cannot save every white person,” Garret says, “But we will fight for those that we can save. Most of our people will revile us. Most will hate us. Most would betray us. We will still fight for them. The children of the sheep matter to us. The alternative is the way of a coward or a traitor. Death be damned. I am ready to die for this cause, because I am among the very few who have lived. I know the truth and I know our beauty as a race, and the magnificence that we can attain. That beauty and magnificence deserve to live in peace. Since there is no peace, there shall be war. This is not about saving the United States or Ireland or any other nation, since all nations are at war with our race. So we are at war with them. They create rules for whites which the traitors and their allies have no intention of obeying. We will not respect their rules. We will not respect them. We may not inflict much overt damage, but our existence and our defiance shall be of great significance. Gentlemen, we do not go lightly into war. Now that we are resolved to go, let us never doubt or look back.”

The men talk for a little while longer; perhaps an hour. They discuss Aaron Kelly's grandfather and the homemade whiskey he brought down before Christmas. They talk of recent fishing and camping trips and the flagging Penguins who have lost ten straight after such a promising beginning to the season. There is no more mention of the war until the group adjourns. Only Boyle will remain at the Coalsack Site. Cristian and Johnny Bowen, who have done some catching up during the final hour, linger a little longer than the others. Before these two leave, Cristi embraces his life-long friend. He holds Johnny tight as he hugs him. When it ends he still holds on to Johnny's shoulders.

“You sure you're OK?” he asks Johnny.

“Yeah,” Bowen says. Cristi can see the weight on his blood brother's soul. “How's Georgeta?” Johnny asks.

Georgeta is Cristian's cousin who lives in Romania.

"Fine," Cristian says, "I talked to her on Messenger last weekend. Her son's growing fast. Yeah, everybody's good."

Cristian's face takes on a serious expression.

"Johnny," he says, "I know you're doing everything you can for that girl. Just take care of yourself, OK?"

"Alright," Johnny says, "Thanks, man."

"I know you," Cristi says, his hand behind Bowen's head and his brown eyes staring right into Bowen's, "I know how you get. Give me a call if you need anything. I mean anything, OK? Doesn't have to be legal."

"OK," Johnny says.

Johnny steps back and shakes Cristian's hand.

"It's coming, John," Cristian says, "No more taking shit."

Before Cristian leaves with Jimmy Ford, he yells to Johnny Bowen from the cab of his Jeep.

"I'll see you at Bill's," he says, "Bring your friend."

Johnny waves and smiles. It's a small and weary smile, but a smile nonetheless. It is what Cristian hoped would happen.

On Thursday morning, after a day of building up her courage, KJ finishes her bicep curls and comes upstairs. She does not head for the shower nor does she change from her sleeveless top and tight exercise leggings. She heads for the den where Erica is working on a legal brief.

"Mom," she says from the door.

Erica looks up in surprise.

"What is it?" Erica asks, "Make it quick."

She has no idea that her next words will determine whether her daughter will be here tomorrow or never again. Erica picks up her tea and sips the dark liquid. She exaggerates the sound.

"I'd like to go back to work," KJ says, "I'll need Mr. Donnelly as a reference, and if I don't go back soon he'll fire me."

"You enjoy shoveling shit?" Erica asks and sips her tea again.

"I don't shovel shit," KJ says, "Actually, I'm learning a lot."

"At least he pays you well," Erica says, "Tell me, is there anything unusual going on at that place? Anything illegal?"

KJ expected condescension. The accusation is not surprising. It's easier to suppress the outrage than to tangle with Erica and doom any chance she has of seeing Bill and Johnny and Anna without fear of bringing the police down on them.

"My tests are clean," KJ says, "And I'm not a whore, alright? My urine sample proved I'm not a user and I'm not pregnant."

"Fine," Erica says, "Call him and tell him to pick you up tomorrow." She looks at her laptop. "One more thing. If you're going to drive their truck, don't block the driveway."

KJ doesn't argue the last point, even though she never has blocked access. She's content with Erica's answer. While in Erica's presence, she tries not to show her joy.

The pill routine is the same today. Erica watches her put the pill in her mouth and drink water, and then she leaves. Once she does, KJ removes the pill and destroys it.

At seven in the evening, KJ calls Anna. She thinks about calling Johnny first, but decides she'd like to tell him in person. Anna must recognize the number.

"KJ!" she yells into the phone, "Are you OK?"

"A lot better," KJ says, "My mother gave me permission to return to work."

"Oh thank God!" Anna says. She thinks for a moment, and then asks in a soft voice, "Would you have stayed if she said no?"

"No," KJ says.

"Well," Anna says, "In that case... I'm glad, KJ. I'm so glad. Hey, I'm babysitting Bryce tomorrow. You wanna come by?"

"Let me talk to Bill first," KJ says.

"I meant to say, you can come over if you're not meeting up with Johnny," Anna says.

KJ cannot see the ornery smile on Anna's face. KJ closes her eyes and holds the phone. Her shyness and embarrassment is no match for the growing fondness she feels for her sister Anna – or for Johnny Bowen.

"Well, no shit, Anna," she says.

Anna laughs.

"Then maybe I'll see you," Anna says, "God, it's so nice to hear you like this. You sure you're gonna be OK?"

"Yeah," KJ says. Then she speaks very soft. "Whatever it takes, I will get away from here."

"I'm so glad to hear that," Anna says, "Be safe, OK?"

"I will," KJ says, "Take care."

KJ closes the call and enters Bill's number. He answers on the second ring.

"KJ," he says just as Anna had, "Are you safe?"

KJ almost laughs. Then it dawns on her. They've been worrying.

"I'm fine, Bill," she says, "Thank you so much for caring about me."

"I'm not the only one," Bill says, "Will we be seeing you soon?"



"I have permission to go back to work," KJ says, "Mom said you could pick me up tomorrow if you'd like. Well, she didn't say it that way, but all that matters is I'm good to go."

She doesn't tell him that she would have run away had Erica refused.

"Wonderful," Bill says.

"Can you pick me up?" she asks.

"Of course," Bill says, "I'd be delighted."

"Umm, Bill," KJ says, "Anna asked if I would like to stay with her while she babysits her little cousin."

"Splendid idea," Bill says.

"Can you still pick me up?" KJ asks.

He knows what she's thinking.

"Of course," he says, "It's better that way. We have to keep her believing that you work for me."

"Is Johnny coming over to your place tomorrow?" she asks.

Bill gets a big smile. Like Anna's, his facial expression is invisible to her.

"No," Bill says, "He has to work tomorrow. He'll be very, very happy to hear you're back."

Bill would have told her to come to his place if Johnny was to be there. As it is, it will be good for her to spend time with Anna Murphy. KJ needs the rest. If she's ready, her training will continue on Saturday.

"What time can you get me?" KJ asks.

"You're not going to school?" Bill asks.

He hopes not.

"I'm suspended for ten days," she says, "I go back on Tuesday."

"I see," he says, "I'll pick you up at two in the afternoon."

KJ thanks him and Bill closes the call.

The next morning, KJ is outside the house an hour early. She takes a short walk around Lindsay Drive and then returns. The sky is solid overcast and the air is cold. They say it's the last breath of winter. That remains to be seen.

Bill arrives at the Campbell House about 20 minutes early. He knew he wouldn't have to wait. KJ, in her jeans and boots and Caterpillar jacket, runs to the Cherokee. She hops inside and looks at Bill. She holds her emotions in check as the two engage in small talk and expressions of joy at their reunion. KJ assumed she'd break down when she met him today. She does not.

"Bill?" KJ says as they roll down Township Drive, "I've wanted to tell you, I know it sounds crazy, but you've been like a father to me. I know we

haven't known each other for long." KJ reaches over and touches his arm with her gloved hand. "I just wanted to thank you for that."

"How I wish you had a father of your own," Bill says.

"Seriously," KJ says, "I don't know how I'd get through all this without knowing that you care about me. Thank you so much, Bill. You make so many sacrifices for me."

"Tell me, KJ," he says, "How is the world for someone like you? Away from me and Anna, away from Diamond Crossing, and most important, away from Johnny Bowen? How is the world for you, if you could never see us again?"

The question scares her.

"Please, how would it be?" he asks.

"A nightmare," she says.

"Then I'd say I owe you that much," he says, "At least that much."

"Bill..." she says.

"No, KJ," he says, "There's nothing to add. We let this world become a nightmare for you. It's up to us to help you make it to the light."

Rain begins to fall as Bill and KJ approach Lemont Furnace. For KJ, it's a perfect day. Anna must know they're coming. She flies out of the house and down the steps when the Cherokee pulls up. KJ matches Anna's speed as the former climbs out of the Cherokee, turning to wave when Bill yells farewell. He stays long enough to watch the two sisters embrace. As strong as Anna the diver and huntress is, KJ, who is a tad shorter, lifts her off the ground.

"God it's so good to see you," Anna says as she leans back and looks into KJ's blue eyes. They haven't lost any of their shine. "Are you OK? Really?"

"I'm good," she says as she nods, "How have you two been?"

"We're good," Anna says, "C'mon, let's get inside."

With her arm around KJ's shoulder, Anna leads her sister up the steps to the front door. Gary meets them at the threshold. Once again he's dressed for work. He has a big smile on his face and the brightness of joy in his blue eyes. He grabs KJ and gives her a hug that a bear would envy.

"Our fighter KJ," he says, "How are you, sweetheart?"

"Good," she says, "How are you, Gary?"

"Fine, KJ," he says.

He touches her cheek and she looks down and smiles.

"I know what you do is dangerous," she says when she looks up at the big man, "I'd like to thank you for everything you've done. I'm sure Anna says that all the time, but I need to say it, too."

He puts his big hands on her strong shoulders.

"I'd go in that hole as many times as Anna needs me to," he says, "I'd do it for a dear girl like you, too."

"Be safe, Gary," KJ says.

He smiles and winks. Then he kisses his Anna on her red head before leaving for a long night at the Dunkard mine.

When Anna and KJ check on Bryce, they find him awake. Anna picks him up and hands him to KJ. The enthusiasm to hold him is a strong as before; gone is the hesitation. This time, KJ cradles him and talks to him and laughs when he does the same. She nuzzles him and again he grasps her thick brown hair. When Anna pulls out a chair for her from the little desk in the room, KJ sits with Bryce and holds him. She rocks him and sings a few lines from "Yellow Ledbetter". Anna sits on the bed and listens, spellbound. She does not speak until KJ's singing fades to a hum.

"Wow, KJ," Anna says, "I didn't know you could sing like that. That was really good!"

KJ looks up for a moment.

"I used to have lessons," she says, "That was part of my old life. But it wasn't a life, it was a lie."

"Not anymore," Anna says.

KJ looks at Bryce and smiles.

"No," she says, "not anymore."

After a while, Anna makes a bottle and KJ, who is touched by the offer, feeds Bryce.

"He's precious, isn't he?" KJ says, "God, what it must be like to carry him and give birth, and then you can hold in your arms. He'd be yours. He'd be your little man."

"I knew you'd feel that way," Anna says, "Do you know how few of us do? Men and women, I mean. I hold him like you are and I feel all the joy in the world. How sad would you have to be to not feel joy when you hold him? No man or woman, nothing could force me to betray him. I'm not afraid of anything they could do to me, because I know I won't turn my back on him."

KJ looks at Anna again. She flashes a brief smile.

"That's so nice, Anna," KJ says, "Thank you. You know, I don't think most girls even think about it. We're taught to think only of ourselves and to think that we're a minority like blacks and Jews, all against Whitey. We should love our children and fight for them, but we don't do shit."

KJ catches herself and looks at Bryce, and then Anna. A startled and embarrassed look is on her face.

"I'm sorry!" KJ says, "I didn't mean to say that in front of him."

Her arms hold him close to her body, as if the silly word she said might threaten him. She's ready to defend this little life in her hands.

Anna laughs.

"It's OK," Anna says, "He won't remember that word. Anyway, keep going. It's nice to be able to talk about this kind of thing."

KJ relaxes. She cradles Bryce who looks into her eyes. He waves his hands and she smiles at him. She continues speaking as she watches the precious child in her arms.

"They tell us to wait until we're thirty or so to get married and have a family," KJ says, "We should have fun. Screw around, have fun, smoke and drink, build your career and kill any baby that interferes with your life-style. Then you can find a man to marry and have one child when you're thirty-three. That's how we die, Anna. We have one child when we're thirty and she has one child when she's thirty. Then, when we're too few to defend ourselves, we're like the Boers in South Africa and the world rejoices in our extinction."

KJ kisses Bryce's head and he laughs when her mass of hair tickles his face.

"I won't follow their plan for us," KJ says, "I'm not interested in a casual 'f.'"

KJ does not say "fuck."

"The man who f-s me is going to be mine, and I'm going to be his," she says, "We'll share our lives and have a future together, and we'll love each other and show it. For..." She almost says the "f" word here but tempers her passion, "For God's sake, why do we let them kill our affection? I mean, like, what the hell? I'm going to show my man how much I love him. He's going to know it every minute he's with me. I won't sleep with a man who won't protect me when I'm heavy with his child and since he'll risk his life for us, I'm going to show him how much I appreciate everything that he does for us. I'm going to show him how much I love him."

Anna looks at Bryce and then directly into KJ's eyes.

"Johnny's never slept with anyone," Anna says, "He won't take a woman unless she loves our people like he does. Garret's the same way. About a year ago they made a pledge to remain pure until marriage, and so did I."

KJ looks into Anna's blue eyes. She's speechless. She looks at little Bryce and finds her voice.

"I almost screwed up once," KJ says, "I almost gave away my virginity. I wouldn't have had that to give anymore, you know? It would have

really hurt my ability to love a man. But I escaped my own stupidity. I don't know how, but I did. I'm not surprised that you three made that promise. That's so f..." She laughs and closes her eyes for a moment. "That's so awesome, and it's, like, noble, you know? It's noble."

"It takes strength to make that promise," Anna says, "It takes strength, but it makes you stronger. You know that you're special, and another special person will have what you can give. He's the only one who will ever have it."

"I don't know the manner that the three of you made that promise," KJ says, "but I've made that promise, too. When I woke up that morning and I realized that I didn't have sex, I promised that I'd never fall down again, that I'd give myself to the man I love, and he'd be the only one. My body is precious, and when I find him he'll deserve to have it." She looks at little Bryce. "There's going to be a fight soon, and I'll be a part of it, even if I have to act alone. If I find my man before the fight then at least he can go to war knowing I'm his wife, and I'll be there beside him, and when it's over we'll have a life together. When he risks his life he'll know that he was the only one who could have me. I think that will mean a great deal to him."

"It will, KJ," Anna says, "That means more than anything to a man. It should mean more than anything to us. They divide us with sex, and take away our love and a man's reason to risk his life, or even give his life for the future of his race. We can give our love back to our strong, white men. We can reunite love and sex. It's in our power, you know? We have a lot of power, KJ, if we chose to do what's right. Those who divide white men and white women don't think that you and I can exist, but we do. If they thought we could they wouldn't be able to sleep at night. We're powerful, KJ. Girls like us, and guys like Garret and Johnny can win this war."

After a while, Anna takes Bryce and puts him to bed. The two young women return to the living room. Though she knows that Anna would want her to say something, KJ finds it impossible to tell her sister that she is hungry. It turns out that she doesn't have to; shortly after withdrawing to the living room, Anna invites KJ into the kitchen for supper.

Anna heats the chicken and vegetable casserole that she prepared this morning. She makes a beet and onion salad to go with the meal. This time there is little for KJ to do, so she sits at the little table where Anna and Gary share their meals. Even more than the grand dining room of the Donnelly Home, this place has a warmth and closeness that gives KJ a great sense of peace. Anna leaves the beet salad in the large mixing bowl and puts it in the middle of the table. In good old country fashion, the two will share the salad from the same bowl.

Almost as soon as she saw Anna, KJ noticed that she's wearing a necklace with a silver cross. She's hesitated asking before, and it's not often that the best topic of conversation over dinner, but it is one that has come up from time to time in her mind.

"Anna," KJ says, "I know you don't mind me asking shit, but if this is a bad time, forgive me, alright?"

"OK," Anna says, "What's on your mind?"

"Are you Catholic?" KJ asks.

"Yeah," Anna says, "born and baptized."

"Do you go to church?" KJ asks.

"Not anymore," Anna says, "The old priest died and the new one is a diversity-lover. You know, a white-hater. He wants amnesty for illegals and for us to pay for their needs. Dad was fit to be tied when he told us to give money to Haiti. He wants us to give them money and to adopt their children. He never mentioned what Haitians did to whites back in the day. Oh, and he also supports those assholes who leave food and water for illegals to cross the border. You know, steezers who come here and take jobs from our men and who'd join up with other muds and heebs to kill us off. Dad gave him a piece of his mind, so now Sunday is more about the Lord, and less about listening to some asshole in a robe."

KJ cannot help laughing.

"I don't think you need to go, anyway," KJ says. She takes a bite of her casserole and keeps her eyes on the plate. "I don't know," she says, "I know there's something out there, something good, because when I look at Bryce I see how beautiful things can be, and that's not, like, an accident. But it's hard for me to have faith." She looks up at Anna. "I'm not saying this to be like my asshole parents. I just don't know. I'd like to believe that if He does exist, believing in Him with all your heart and doing what's right for your kin would be the way to please Him, not sitting in some building, gossiping with people who won't stand up for the future of their race. If God is real, He's not locked up in a building or a book."

"No," Anna says, "He's not." Anna never averts her gaze from KJ, who looks nervous and uncomfortable. "God's about saving yourself. He's not about causes and politics. We're supposed to save our race and our children's future. He's not going to send a lightning bolt down to kill our enemies. He offers us a way to escape death. I don't think we can ever escape death if we don't fight for the lives of those to come. If all you care about is yourself it doesn't matter how often you go to church, or even if you believe in God. If you're not willing to fight for your own baby, why should God forgive you your sins?"

KJ sighs.

"It feels so nice to sit at this table," she says, "Thank you," she reaches over and touches Anna's hand, "and thank Gary, too, for letting me into your lives."

Anna smiles and rubs KJ's gloved hand.

"KJ," Anna says, "If I could have had a sister, I'd hope she'd be like you."

The words have tremendous impact on KJ, who realizes that she never had a true family.

"They don't think one of us could possibly exist, let alone three of us," KJ says, "Young white girls couldn't possibly love their race and want to be with white guys who feel the same way. That's one reason that they hate me at Uniontown, it's supposed to be a guy standing up for the white race. They can't imagine a white girl saying that I say. According to their fucking worldview, we don't exist. But they're mistaken. We do exist."

"Four of us, actually," Anna says, "Me and you, Jesse and Sinead. Anyway, you're right. That shows you what they really think of white women. They think we're sheep; just a bunch of stupid ewes."

"Actually, we're wolves," KJ says, "Johnny and Garret and Rian, Mason, Bill, all the others, oh, and Irish John. Yeah, we're wolves."

"It's a good group," Anna says, a smile on her face.

"I know," KJ says, "If there were more groups like us, we could do a lot of damage, maybe even end the threats to our children's future. I'm not talking millions, either. Maybe a hundred groups like ours. At least we could make a stand. Even one group could make a stand."

"What are you going to do?" Anna asks, "There's no one listening, KJ, so it's OK to talk. Do you have something in mind?"

"I know it's safe here," KJ says. She knows that Anna is armed again. "To answer your question, I don't know what I'm going to do. I'll leave those people behind when I'm 18, sooner if I have to. Beyond that..." KJ shrugs. "I know that there's no going back. Since I started to awaken, I knew I couldn't live what they call a normal life."

"I don't know either," Anna says, "but I don't see either of us standing alone unless we wanted to."

"I hope not," KJ says.

Anna motions for KJ to finish what's left of the salad. She takes the last bite and sips her glass of ice water.

"So," KJ says, "How was the *Chironex* show?"

"You're gonna get upset," Anna says, "but it was fucking awesome! Sorry!"

KJ groans.

"I knew it would be," she says.

"Hey," Anna says, "You can borrow my shuffle 'till you can bring yours over. Just yesterday I downloaded two new songs."

"It's in my bag," KJ says, "I don't leave shit like that at home."

"Cool!" Anna says, "We'll load it up when we're done with the dishes. Hey, is there room?"

KJ shakes her head.

"No," she says, "But we can make room."

"OK," Anna says, "One of songs they performed at Diamond is called 'Act of God.' It's fierce! I know you'll love it."

"How's David looking?" KJ asks.

"Still a little rough," Anna says, "He hasn't lost any of his force, though."

"I worry about those guys," KJ says, "Any asshole could take a shot and not one fucking artist or celebrity would give a shit. The assholes know that."

"I worry about you, KJ," Anna says, "I'm not the only one, you know."

"I don't know what to do right now," KJ says, "At least I can go to Bill's again, without the pigs on my ass. I'm thinking about my next step but it's not as easy as running away."

"Johnny will take the risk," Anna says, "We all will."

"I know," KJ says.

Anna lets the topic fade into silence as the two young women finish their meal.

"This chicken casserole is really good," KJ says.

"I thought it came out well," Anna says, "I'm glad you liked it. Dad taught me all I know. Well, most of what I know."

After they clean the dishes and check on Bryce, Anna and KJ go to Anna's room. It's the first time KJ's ever been inside. Opposite the bed is a small desk, its surface occupied by Anna's new laptop computer as well as a small stack of books. There is also a small wooden puzzle with a bird's head sticking up through a hole in the interlocking pieces. Flanking the desk to the left is the dresser and mirror. There is a little bookshelf beside the bed. KJ peruses the titles on its two shelves. Among the field guides and books on nature, hunting and survival, are well-worn copies of *Big Red*, *Les Miserables* and *Lucifer's Hammer*. Anna turns on the laptop and invites KJ to sit on her bed. As she does, she notices several dumbbells at the foot of the bed. She's not the only one who likes to be physically strong.



Anna loads iTunes and opens her *Chironex* playlist.

"So," Anna says, "any idea what you'd like removed?"

The iPod shuffle is still packed with the songs Anna gave to KJ.

"'Act of God' will fit," Anna says, "but we'll have to remove a song to make room for 'Broken Coke.'"

"OK," KJ says, "How about 'I Know You're Fucking Someone Else?'"

"OK," Anna says, "Perfect. I can add another one. How about a song from *Parkway Drive*? You don't have it; I just downloaded it from a Japanese release."

"Cool," KJ says, "Actually, I only have 'Horizons.'"

"Really?" Anna says, "Oh, OK, I see that. I'll give you the other albums sometime."

Anna checks to see if the shuffle needs charged. There's a green light; Anna ejects the iPod and hands it to KJ.

"Enjoy," she says, "Let me know what you think about 'Act of God.'"

"Thank you," KJ says.

The two ladies return to the living room. KJ takes a seat on the wooden chair by the bookshelf.

"Get in dad's seat!" Anna says, "He'd be pissed with me if he sees you over there."

"Alright," KJ says, "But only because you say he doesn't mind."

The two sisters in race and spirit relax for a while. The conversation is light, a necessary escape from reality, with is both beautiful and painful. The beautiful side of reality is blossoming for young KJ. She has met brothers and sisters in race who are of like mind and who cherish her for being KJ, not solely for her talents. The painful side of reality is especially sharp, since she cannot abandon her old life for a new one with her dear brothers and sisters. The painful side will return soon enough.

"I saw your gift from Garret," KJ says, "Let me tell you, it's a fucking piece of art."

"It is sweet," Anna says, "Not just to look at, either. It's the best bow I've ever owned. I tried to find out how much he paid for it but he won't tell. You know what that means."

"A lot," KJ says.

"Damn straight," Anna says.

"It's really nice of him to give you a gift like that," KJ says.

"He means a lot to me," Anna says. She gets a smile on her face, and then laughs a little. "It's pretty obvious I like him, isn't it? If I knew what was going to happen I'd feel a lot better. There's a chance I may never see him again. It just might have to be that way."

"That's so sad," KJ says, "I hope it doesn't go down like that. Fuck, I wouldn't be surprised. I might not ever see you again."

There is someone else she worries about not seeing, perhaps more than anyone, even her sister Anna. The thought is sobering.

"That's our life," Anna says, "We're not in the dark anymore. There's a penalty for that. But think about the reward. Whoever you end up with, he's gonna be yours and you're gonna be his. There will be no question he'll fight for you, and he'll do whatever it takes. There's no question he won't fuck around on you, and if you deserve him you won't fuck around on him, either. Just think about it. The two of you won't be slaves to anyone. He'll be strong and decent and passionate, and he won't take shit. You'll be the same, in your own way. You'll be devoted to each other, not just out of duty, but because you'll want to, you know? Because you'll love him more than you ever imagined you could love someone. It's kinda like a fairy tale. A real-life fairy tale. You know the truth and you're willing to fight for it, and you know our race is special. We create and we dream and we love stronger than anyone else on Earth."

KJ looks down toward the floor, toward the long booties she wears under her jeans and under the boots she left by the front door. She relives moments neither proud nor pleasant.

"Back in December," she says, "I had a fight with my sister, and then I figured out that my mother killed my brother." She stops, still looking down. Anna waits without making a sound. "I knew this guy at school, he'd broken up with a girl I knew, and he started after me, just a little, you know? Nothing scary or heavy. He ended up giving me his number. He insisted even though I told him I'd never call. I didn't want to lead him on, you know? I'm not a bitch or a tease. Anyway, I didn't know then how I'd feel the night that I realized what happened to my brother. I called that guy because I needed someone. I should have called you. I didn't know Johnny at the time, but if I had known him, I'd like to believe that I would have called him. But I know I wouldn't have, Anna. I wouldn't have wanted to bother him."

"He'd have dropped everything to come to you, even then," Anna says, "But now..." Anna shrugs. "You know he'd come right now if you needed him."

"He's special," KJ says, "All of you are. I lost it that day. I really lost it. I think that guy was almost as nervous as I was, and he's had sex before. I was just hurting so bad inside. Well, we smoked some weed. I knew it was stupid. I was hurting for a reason and numbing your mind won't fix the problem. Then I got drunk, and with that shit in my brain, it all seemed

OK. I tried to rage against it on the inside, but all that hurt and my own stupidity put me in a place I never wanted to go. I can't say I almost fucked up. I did fuck up. Nine out of ten times I'd have lost my virginity. I'd have lost another piece of me that I can't ever get back. My heart would have been a little darker. But I was the one out of ten, and Justin walked away instead of taking what I had thrown at his feet."

"You won't have to worry about our men taking advantage of you," Anna says, "They're so strong, seriously. They talked about that shit, you know. Garret, Johnny, Bill, my dad. Back when the Celtic Society ceased to exist and we took the next step. Anyone who Bill thought might tear up a white woman never got invited to come to his place. None of our men are players. But don't think that they're pussies, either. That would be a big mistake. Any dude who fucks with them or with us will find out what a real white man can do."

KJ thinks of what Johnny told her about the beast who raped his cousin.

"I see that," she says, "I don't want a guy to 'game' me, anyway. I'm not like most girls who fall for the enemy's lies. I don't think only of myself. They became callous, the more they believe the feminist bullshit about us versus men, the more they become shells with dead hearts. They can't see that they've become sheep. Of course it's only white girls who are like this. We're the target. What's happening to us is genocide. How is it not fucking genocide when you destroy the love between white men and white women? How is it not genocide when our race is the main target of man-hating feminists and fucking kike porn merchants?"

"There's no doubt about it," Anna says, "Imagine if we made ad after ad with black women and white men making fun of black guys. Hey, let's run a test."

Anna turns on the small television set in the living room. It is much older than the other electronics in the house. The volume is on zero; she turns it up just enough to be audible. She changes the channel from Animal Planet to one of the alphabet networks. When she sees a re-run of some inane police drama, she stops.

"Too easy," Anna says and changes the channel.

This one features yet another comedy about self-degrading white men and cynical, abusive white women. The show cuts to commercials.

"Here you go," Anna says, "Let's see how long it takes for them to promote our genocide."

They don't have to wait long. The very first ad depicts two women, a middle-aged black woman dressed in formal attire, and a young, very

attractive white woman with red hair and blue eyes. It's no mistake why she received the role. The male in the ad is white. He wears a long-sleeve button-down shirt of the type associated with white-collar workers. His physique is unathletic. His demeanor is meek. During the entire course of the commercial the two females savage him for blatant stupidity. It is very clear – painfully, even – that he is unworthy of the slightest human decency. Anna turns off the television.

“Blue eyes and red hair like mine are disappearing,” Anna says, “I’ve heard them talk about it on TV and read it in a magazine. They talk like it’s a goddamned triumph. That bitch, for a little bit of money and to have her skank face on TV, sides with some nigger to belittle one of our own. That’s non-stop, you know. There’s a security company that runs ads all the time, and the rapist is a blond guy. The criminal is always white and most of the time the guy who helps the hysterical woman is a nigger. That’s not an accident. Like you said, they want us dead. Too many white girls ignore that part. They think as long as it’s guys, it’s OK, it’s not us. Even if it wasn’t it still wouldn’t be right, but how stupid can you get? If there aren’t any more white guys, there aren’t gonna be any white women!”

“I won’t live like that,” KJ says, “I refuse to follow their script for me. If someone tried to hurt a little white child, I’d kill them. That fucking shit,” KJ motions toward the television, “threatens the future of all white children. It makes a young white girl think that all white guys are lame before she even meets one. It distances us and fucks with our emotions. We start flirting with non-whites, just like the powers that be want us to. Or we go out with players and fucking pigs because at least they don’t act weak around us. It’s the same as killing a little white boy. What the fuck’s the difference? Either they kill him now, or he suffers alone and dies later, all alone without a woman to love. Back when I had internet access all the time, I used to read forums where I thought I’d find kindred spirits. For every voice raising awareness were ten voices telling us we better never resort to violence. But why the fuck not? We talk and talk and talk, and feel good about ourselves, while white kids watch their future drown in shit. I can’t live like that. Words and more fucking words won’t do a goddamned thing. Meanwhile, our generation and Bryce’s generation suffer because we’re white. I can’t fucking live like that.”

“We won’t,” Anna says, “I know it doesn’t seem like it right now, but trust me, KJ, we’re done talking. Things are going to change soon. I believe that as much as I believe anything. Garret and Johnny are men. They won’t live like that, either. We’ll get our chance to stand by them.”

"Yeah," KJ says, "I know you're right. I just wish we could do something right now. Like, we keep training and we keep up our skills. That is something and it makes me feel strong and proud. But fuck, it would be nice to see some results, you know? Maybe we could inspire someone else to have courage."

"You are doing something," Anna says, "What was that, your second fight?"

"It was my first major fight," KJ says.

Anna smiles.

"Little heeb didn't see it coming, did he?" she says.

For the first time, KJ laughs over the incident. As usual, her laughter is discrete and almost silent. She looks down. Anna joins her in laughter.

"Have you ever been in a fight?" KJ asks her sister.

"Yeah," Anna says, "Two so far. The most recent one was with a girl named Sarah Springer. She made a comment about gingers going extinct. It wasn't like I was eavesdropping; the bitch said it right to my face. I guess she couldn't see my arms in my loose sweater."

Anna flexes her right bicep. She's wearing a t-shirt. Muscle, pale white skin and beautiful ivy bulge as she bends her forearm.

"Nice," says KJ, who has her beat by a tiny fraction.

"Springer liked the idea of us going extinct," Anna says, "Too bad for her, I didn't."

KJ laughs again. This time it's actually audible.

"By the time I was done," Anna says, "she was trying to run away. But that's it. I haven't had the pleasure of wailing on a rat-faced little prick like you have."

"I'd do it again," KJ says, "Even though I'm paying for it, I'd do it again. We can't let them push us around. We're white. We're not supposed to be cowards. We have to stand up for our race."

"We will, KJ," Anna says.

"You know," KJ says, "I was thinking, the schools teach white girls to hate white guys, and all whites to hate our skin color. They act like Martin Luther King, Junior, is some kind of god and our ancestors and fathers were nothing but shit. They make life miserable for us and wreck our future. You know, maybe we should make life miserable for them."

"Go on," Anna says.

She moves to the edge of her seat on the couch.

"Tear it up," KJ says, "Break shit, destroy their precious teaching instruments. We act like fucking sheep. If just a few of us tore it up they'd shit. They wouldn't know what to do."

"There are cameras everywhere," Anna says.

"Then we destroy them, too," KJ says, "Look, I know there are circumstances when we shouldn't destroy shit. I won't make extra work for our janitor, Mr. Andrews. He kind of takes up for me. But there's a lot that doesn't affect him, like all that expensive equipment in the chemistry and physics classes."

"I like this idea," Anna says, "We're powerless little lambs to them. They think we buy their 'independent thinker' bullshit at the same time they forbid us from talking about race. It would be nice for them to feel the bite – a little revenge for destroying so many young people's lives."

Anna stands up from the couch.

"Hold on a minute," she says as she walks toward Bryce's room.

KJ cannot see in the direction of the bedrooms without turning. Her ears tell her Anna's returning with Bryce before she takes three steps down the hallway. Anna comes over to KJ and hands Bryce to her. She holds him until Anna returns with a couple of stuffed animals and his little truck and ball. Bryce is bright-eyed and excited.

KJ looks up at Anna.

"How has he been?" she asks, "Are his parents alright?"

"Oh, he's been fine," Anna says, "His mom and dad are great. You won't see a more loving couple, you know. They really confirmed my beliefs about love. Them, and my dad of course. When he talks about mom..." Anna stops for a moment. "Come down here," Anna says as she crawls down on the carpet.

She looks at Bryce. KJ sets him down on the rug.

"Who's the little man?" Anna asks as she watches him crawl toward her.

Anna and KJ play with Bryce for a while, until the doorbell rings. The evening was such bliss for KJ that it has already flown away. Anna picks up Bryce and goes to the kitchen. KJ hears her open the door and greet her visitors. Then she leads them into the living room. KJ jumps to her feet. Anna is flanked by a powerful young man with dark red hair and blue eyes. It is clear that he is related to both Anna and Bryce. On his right is his pretty brunette wife, a well-built and healthy looking young woman. Anna introduces them as her cousin Michael Collins Murphy and his wife Emily.

The couple greets KJ and they shake her hand. Emily takes Bryce into her arms and returns to her husband, standing close to him as he puts his arm around her shoulder. Emily rubs Bryce's head and he laughs. The group, led by Michael, returns to the kitchen, with Anna and KJ following.

There, Emily dresses little Bryce in his panda toboggan and his little blue jacket. When KJ enters, she begins to put on her boots and jacket.

"You have to leave already?" Emily asks, "Please, don't go on our account."

"Oh no," Anna says, "KJ has a lot to do tomorrow. She'll need her rest."

She looks at KJ and winks.

"Yeah," KJ says, "It was so nice meeting you and Bryce."

She reaches over and touches his head and cheek, and smiles when he looks.

Before walking outside Michael and Emily shake KJ's hand again and wish her well. They hug Anna, who showers Bryce with her affections one last time for the evening. As the little family departs, KJ and Anna follow them outside. Anna locks the doors and then descends the concrete steps to her Subaru. She unlocks KJ's door first.

"This was beautiful," KJ says before they enter the car, "Thank you for inviting me."

"Hey," Anna says, "No problem. Maybe we can do it again soon."

KJ nods and follows Anna into the car.

The clouds are increasing from a nor'easter that is too late for snow. Only the edge will affect Fayette County. Further south, there will be rain. It feels warm enough for KJ to remove her jacket once she's in the car. Anna starts the engine and glances at her sister.

"I just realized," she says, "Your arms are bigger than mine. Damn, KJ. That kike must be hurting pretty bad right now."

KJ laughs a little.

"I'm not trying to be a man," she says, "I just think it's a good idea to be strong, you know?"

"Absolutely," Anna says, "You and I are going to have to carry quite a lot if we keep training. It's good to have strong arms. You know, I think we look damn good like we are."

"When anyone says that about me," KJ says, "there's always a 'but.' But she's crazy, but she's a lesbian, but she's drugged-out. None of that is true."

"Hey," Anna says, "It's one thing to hear it from me, I know, it's not nearly as nice as hearing it from someone else. I got an idea. Ask Johnny. Seriously, ask him. Say, how do I look? Or something, you know, innocent. He's not going to say you're a drugged-out dyke."

KJ looks down and gets a bashful little smile on her face.

"Alright," she says, "I will."

KJ waits for Anna to begin driving before she continues.

"Hey," KJ says, "I wanted to tell you how nice it was to see Emily getting all intimate with your cousin Michael. We don't do that anymore, and it hurts. I'll be a lot like that if..."

She looks down for a moment. It's easy to dream; hard to face reality.

"Yeah," Anna says, "That's another way they divide us. Convince girls to go after player assholes that are as intimate as a snake, and to be so self-centered and anti-feminine she won't curl up to him and kiss and nuzzle and all the shit that shows him how much he means to her. To hell with the rules, when I'm with my man he's gonna know who loves him. He's gonna know it something fierce."

"Fuck," KJ says, "Where did you come from? Seriously, I thought I was the only girl who says shit like that."

"I came from Mary Murphy," Anna says, "who died for me, and Gary Murphy, who gives all that he has so that I can be strong and do what's right, and enjoy everything that cowards and feminists and race traitors would deny me. Because of him, I can see clearly, and I refuse to become what this anti-white nation expects me to be."

"Fuck the rules," KJ says, "Fuck the establishment, too. What you have is real and, like, so fucking good. It's priceless, you know? Gary helped you become a woman. A pretty amazing woman, actually."

"Jesus," Anna says, "Thank you, KJ. You know, you brought us so much joy since you came into our lives. You're like some kind of angel, from a storm or something."

KJ looks down and smiles, before her unforgettable blue eyes rise to meet Anna's.

"I won't let any of you down," KJ says, "If it takes everything I have, I won't let you down."

"I know you won't," Anna says, "it's just, life is going to get harder whether we stand or not."

"We'll stand," KJ says.

Anna turns on her iPod. The first song to play is "Juneau" from *Funeral for a Friend*.

The drive to the Campbell House does not last long. Only two songs play before they arrive. Anna pulls up near the huge pin oak. The kitchen light is on inside the Campbell House.

"You have your keys?" Anna asks.

KJ rattles them in her gloved right hand.

"Wait a minute," Anna says.



KJ's hand is still on the door handle, but she stops and looks at her sister.

"You should think about leaving that place," Anna says, "We'll find a way to protect you, and when you're eighteen you won't have to worry anymore."

"I can't, Anna," KJ says, "I can't risk hurting you."

"How bad will it hurt us if they maim you, or worse?" Anna asks. KJ knows that "worse" means rape. "How bad will it hurt Johnny?"

"Maybe..." KJ says, "I don't know, Anna. I wish I knew what to do. I can go to Bill's again, and I think that'll have to be enough for now. At least I can be happy with that. I know what Johnny would say, but I can't leave. I can't put him in jeopardy."

"He's right," Anna says.

KJ looks down at the floor of the car.

"Do you feel for him?" Anna asks.

KJ looks back into Anna's eyes.

"Yes," she says.

"Just think about it," Anna says.

She starts the engine and shifts from neutral to reverse.

KJ exits the car. She waves as Anna backs up and turns around. The skies are cloudy and a few drops of rain fly in on a rising wind. KJ enters the Campbell House and heads upstairs, her boots still on her feet. Saturday is coming fast and she needs her sleep.

The alarm vibrates and KJ rises before the crack of dawn. Well-rested and dressed for what she assumes to be a day spent at the Coalsack Site, she eats a full breakfast and heads out before Erica crawls out of bed. At the hour of 7 AM, Bill pulls up in the green Cherokee. KJ jumps in and closes the door as Bill hurries to depart. He really does not wish to see Erica or Gene.

"Good morning, KJ," he says.

"Good morning, Bill," she says, "How are you this morning?"

"Good," he says, "Thank you. Any troubles since last we spoke?"

"No," she says, "Not yet."

"Let's hope it stays that way," he says, "But I don't want you to think that you erred somehow. Sometimes you have to take a stand, in spite of the risks."

As the two approach the entrance to the Donnelly Homestead, Bill cuts off the small talk.

"You might have figured that you're going to Coalsack," he says, "I've got business to tend to. Johnny's going to take you again."

KJ swallows hard. She can see the green Rubicon up ahead. John Ashley Bowen must be behind the wheel.

"I'll drop you off," Bill says, "Forgive me if I run off. Take care, KJ, we'll talk again soon."

When the Cherokee approaches Bowen's Jeep, Bill slows to a stop. KJ grabs her backpack and flies out the door before Bill can say another word. Bill shuts her door and departs. He does not look back.

Johnny Bowen is out of the Rubicon in an instant. KJ runs to him, dropping her backpack when she arrives. There are no words before she embraces him and buries her head in his chest. The sky is a mélange of white and gray, and the dark southern sky is the final hurrah of a dying winter. Johnny embraces KJ and kisses her on the head. His embrace chases away the demons of her old life and she feels the warmth of her new one, the one without despair and degradation.

"Welcome back, KJ," Johnny says.

He feels her nod. She grabs at his old denim jacket with her gloves hands. There's so much he'd like to say and do. She may not be his in the end; it may have to be that way. The mission is too big to spare his happiness. He closes his eyes for a moment and allows himself to dream.

After a while that doesn't last long enough for either of them, KJ slides her arms down to his hips and leans back. Before she can move her arms, he wipes away her tears. She looks into his eyes and very nearly falls into his chest again. He turns a little and puts his left hand on her back, and then he smiles. Three steps later he opens the passenger door for her. Before he can walk around the Jeep she leans over and opens his door. It closes on its own and he hears her swear and sees her reaching again. When he opens the recalcitrant door he thanks her for trying and she smiles. Neither says another word until they enter Hopwood going south.

"How are you, KJ?" Johnny asks.

"Good," KJ says and then smiles for a brief moment. "It's probably good that I didn't see you in front of mom."

They are both silent for a minute or so. Then she says something that touches him deep in his soul.

"No," she says, "That's wrong. I wish I had seen you. So what if they would have seen us? Fuck them. I give them too much power over my life. Who cares if they see what you mean to me?"

"KJ..." he says.

He can't find the right words as fast as he'd like.

"How do I look?" she asks.

KJ isn't looking for any specific answer. She hopes to spare him having to search for words that she believes describe what he feels, but that he cannot say.

"Beautiful," Johnny says. This time he does not have to search for the words. "Beautiful," he says a second time.

"Thank you," KJ says and smiles.

"Listen, KJ," he says, "There's something I have to tell you."

"Alright," she says.

"I'm going to drop you off at Coalsack," Johnny says, "but I won't be staying long. Before I leave, I'll tell you where to stand and what to do. Hold your rifle and don't move for as long as you can, OK? This is very serious, KJ. Stand still as long as you can until John tells you otherwise. If it rains, don't move. Do you have your toboggan?"

"Yeah," she says,

"Put it on before we get out," he says, "It'll probably rain."

"OK, Johnny," she says, "I won't move."

"It will be a while," Johnny says, "Maybe a long while. You'll know when it's over because he'll tell you. If you can't do it, it's not the end of the world. Remember we're trying to see what fits you best. I have no doubt you'll excel when we find out what's best for you."

"Thank you, Johnny," she says. KJ looks out the window and then back at hm. "Johnny, what if I'd been a traitor?"

"You're not," he says without pause.

"You and the others are vital to our future," she says, "You might be all we have left. I shudder to think what might have happened if I'd been a traitor. You took such a fucking risk with me."

"We knew about you," Johnny says, "It was unbelievable good luck that we found you. We heard about the assault and you calling that nigger a fucking nigger when he touched you. We went nuts trying to contact you. Then you did the work for us, and came to Diamond. God, thank fucking God for Anna."

"I still could have been a traitor," KJ says, "I'm not trying to fuck with you, just, you mean so much to me, to all of us. Johnny, it's just, they'll try this kind of shit in order to infiltrate the group. They'll have a girl act like she's awake and they'll make her look like a victim to play on your sympathy. They're fucking evil. They'll kill us in any way that they can."

"In a perfect world," Johnny says, "We would have waited for confirmation. In a perfect world, you wouldn't have to fight. There's little time and each day it gets worse. We decided to move." He glances at her. "Your value is worth the risk."

"Johnny," KJ says.

Johnny doesn't respond for a moment. He has a guess that she's going to say something that's hard to take.

'Yeah?' he finally says.

"What if it turned out that I was a traitor?" she asks.

He snaps his head toward her. It's a quick glance owing to the perils of driving the winding road toward Fairchance, but it has the sharpness of a razor. Then he looks back at the road.

"Don't ask that question," he says.

She continues to look at him. Then she reaches over and touches his shoulder.

"Thank you," she says, "Thank you for doing what you have to do. I can't imagine how hard it is sometimes and I'll never forget what you do for us."

Drizzle dots the windshield as they cross the West Virginia border.

"Have you ever noticed how the road surface is different here than around Uniontown?" she asks.

Bowen laughs. He reaches over and rubs her head. Her hair is so smooth and incredibly thick.

"Fly Away" by *Eyes of Fire* is ending as KJ and Johnny come to the gate at the Coalsack Site. As Bowen exits to unlock the padlock, KJ reads the new metal sign on the gate: *Coalsack Sportsmen's Club*.

It brings a smile to her face. Maybe a new hunter will be joining the club in the near future; one with pale white skin, blue eyes, and long, thick, chestnut hair.

Even though only two weeks have passed since her last visit, it is obvious that someone has been working on the site. The cabin is complete. There is a small shed and another one some distance away. The drizzle stops but the wind gusts and dark clouds promise more precipitation.

Bowen drives to the cabin and exits the vehicle. He walks around back of the structure. KJ waits in the Jeep, uncertain if she should exit, until Bowen returns and opens her door.

"Let me have your backpack," he says.

He shoulders the backpack and then takes her hand as she exits the Jeep.

"Wait here," he says.

He steps to the cabin and tests the door. Finding it unlocked, he enters the cabin for a minute or so and leaves her backpack inside. He returns with a Remington rifle on his shoulder. From a distance it looks to

her like the one she fired at the Donnelly Homestead. Johnny walks to a cleared area – from its appearance and a few tire ruts, KJ assumes it must be a parking lot – and then he beckons her to come forward. She dons her black toboggan and walks over to him. When she's at arm's length, he hands her the rifle.

"OK," Johnny says, "Now hold it in your arms. Are you OK?"

KJ nods. The wind gusts on occasion but it's neither cold nor powerful.

He touches her cheek.

"Stand there," he says, "Try not to move. John will let you know when it's OK to move. If it rains, stay put. No matter what, stay as long as you can until he tells you, OK?"

Johnny's green eyes look deep into her blues.

"Will you come and get me later?" she asks.

He smiles and nods, and then walks back to his Jeep. In a few minutes he drives away. Soon the groaning of winter-damaged trees is the only sound. She's surrounded by them and their luckier brethren. With her back to the cabin, all she can see is the vast forest and the ragged gray and black sky. Thus far there's no sign of Irish John. Whether he's here or not doesn't matter to KJ. She agreed to do what Johnny asked, and she will stand at attention for as long as her body will allow. Youth, strength and determination will permit her to stand for quite a long time.

The skies above tiny Lemont Furnace and the Donnelly Homestead are overcast and the light of day is dimmed by the thickness of the clouds.

"This isn't Tyrone," Bill says from under his black umbrella.

A light rain falls. It is not destined to last the day, but it is hard enough to soak a body if given enough time. Bill and Garret Fogarty will be outside for more than enough time. Bill's floppy hat might suffice without the umbrella; not so Garret's uncovered blond head.

"No," Garret says, "It's not Tyrone. We'll be behind enemy lines the whole time." Garret hasn't had time to change from his business-casual attire. He arrived not a half hour ago from a long night at his job in Pittsburgh. There wasn't even time to pay a visit to Megan and Sinead.

"With a maximum of twenty auxiliaries you won't find much comfort or margin for error," Bill says, "They'll do what they can, I have no doubt, but it won't move mountains."

"It doesn't have to," Garret says, "We'll do that, one rock at a time."

"Since this isn't Tyrone or Armagh," Bill says, "You won't be able to operate from homes and apartments. There won't be any hiding among the civilian population after a fight. If they see you, they will betray you."

"Auxiliaries or binary cells will set up base areas for each mission," Garret says, "That won't require much. In some cases all we'll need is a vehicle, some tents and other necessities. At the start our operations will be nuisance in nature. We'll take a traitor here and another there, or a priority non-white who is inflicting harm on our race. All except one of the cells will be able to have shadow lives among the general population, so they can live in homes and apartments until the system takes off and they have safe houses for more extensive operations."

"All except one?" Bill asks.

"There will be one cell that will not be able to have a shadow life," Garret says.

"Yours," Bill says.

"Yes," Garret says.

"Will you be alone all your lives?" Bill asks.

"If we must," Garret says, "I'd hope it can be otherwise, but we will do what is necessary to save our race, even if the children we fight for are not our own."

"Will you go on fighting forever?" Bill asks.

"I envision a combat role for each cell," Garret says, "and after a period of time, the nature of the first cells will change from combat to training. We will still go active on occasion, if and when a priority target becomes available, but for the most part we will train and coordinate and act as auxiliaries ourselves. That's when we'll be able to have some of the good things in life. Maybe even families. But as for the war, as long as this genocide continues we will fight it, one way or another, in the field or in the classroom. And we'll sacrifice. There are good things that we'll be giving up forever. But this is war."

"You're going to make an offer to the Old Core," Bill says, "or at least some of them. Have you thought of who you might approach?"

"First I want to talk to Robert and Aaron," Garret says, "I have some things to work out with the two of them. Robert probably won't go for my idea, but if he can keep up Dullahan I will help him as much as I can. I'm hoping he'll at least understand my choice and not condemn it."

Bill is quiet for a moment. The soft sound of rain on the umbrellas breaks the silence.

"I need to ask, son," Bill says, "Do you have feelings for Anna?"

"Of course I do," Garret says.

"Will you ask her to join a cell?" Bill asks.

"Yes," Garret says without hesitation, "I will not choose where she goes, but I will offer her the chance to fight."

"These are huge risks you're taking," Bill says, "There are reasons most armies forbid women from fighting. Good reasons."

"The army is not a soldier's entire existence," Garret says, "The cell will be our life. The cell will be our universe. Most of the time, it will just be us, the members of the cell; us against the most powerful and merciless establishment that has ever existed. We will be there for one another. We'll fight and live as one. Should any of us die, we shall comfort one another and we will move forward. We will live together and have lives together. Death will not be a constant terror if we have lives. The man who lives will not fear death, and we will live."

Bill nods.

"Garret, my boy," he says, "You must be confident that they will choose this life."

"Yes," Garret says, "Your son and his wife-to-be are as devoted to one another as to the future of our people. They have every reason to be. They love one another and they love their future children. They told me after the last meeting that they will not sacrifice their children to the anti-white system. I have no doubt which way they'll go. They may not come to my cell, but they will be in the fight. These young white women will be the ones giving birth to the next generation of white children and they have the most to lose in this genocidal system. I know why most armies forbid women from fighting. Most armies face other armies and there are usually rules of engagement. We face entire nations and every army on Earth. Our extinction is their eventual goal, whether they realize it or not. Our women have a right to choose their role. They have a right to fight for their children's lives."

"What will Anna choose?" Bill asks.

"She won't put aside her rifle for a lie," Garret says, "She's trained too hard and too long. After the *Chironex* concert we had a talk. I was already convinced, but if I hadn't been, she convinced me that night. Anna sees our people dying, especially those most endangered, redheads with pale skin like her. The enemy gloats at the loss of red hair and pale skin. She'll make them pay for it."

"We both know that Johnny will be a part of this," Bill says, "But KJ, don't you think she deserves a happier fate? After all she's been through?"

"They all do," Garret says, "I would give Anna the remaining years of my life if she could escape to a place where her red hair and white skin are cherished, and she could have a family and live in peace. There is no such place. The enemy will never allow it. All of them deserve happier fates. Even more, they deserve a chance to fight for the future of white children."

Bill smiles.

"That they do," he says.

The rain over Lemont Furnace tapers away. Further south, a light rain begins to fall on Clay County, West Virginia. KJ hasn't moved since she and Bowen parted ways. She wonders how long it's been. It seems like forever. There's nothing in the brush ahead nor has anything moved within sight of her peripheral vision. Now it's raining. Irish John must be in the cabin or else he's not even at the site. Perhaps he's watching her with binoculars from one of the forested ridges that surround Coalsack. KJ is tempted to look up at the trees. He could be in a tree stand. She fights the temptation. She continues to stand at attention. The rain begins to penetrate her toboggan.

The wait comes to an end in a shocking manner. One of the bushes in KJ's field of vision rises from the ground. It startles her for a moment, but then she realizes what's happened. Irish John must have been right in front of her the entire time. The bush begins to walk toward the little clearing. KJ remains standing at attention. Irish John hasn't relieved her yet. At the edge of the grassy area, the figure removes his incredible camouflage – his ghillie suit – which reveals his identity. It is indeed Irish John. He's wearing camouflage fatigues under the suit. If she had to guess, they're in the British Army's style. She knows better than to ask. He walks up to her and looks deep into her eyes. His are almost as pale blue as hers.

"Take a seat," Irish John says.

KJ sits on the ground. She has no idea she's been standing close to three hours. She maintains eye contact as he stands in front of her. His piercing stare and wiry yet imposing looks make it a difficult task.

"We'll leave the bullshit to your parents," he says "While you're here, I will tell you what to do, and you will do it. You're not some fuckin' dog but you'll listen like one. Why? Because I'm right. If you want this life you're going to have to be right, too. You pull that trigger," he nods toward her gun, "and somebody's going to hear it. The enemy will know what happened. They'll want to see that pretty heard of yours in pieces. They'll track you no matter what you do and if you fuck up, or you're just having a bad day, they will kill you. If you get through this training, the odds you'll fuck up will be much smaller. On the bad days, when the enemy gets lucky, you'll need your sentinel to protect you. That's what your fuck buddy is going to do for you."

KJ figured that Irish John would test her emotions. Still, she won't abide any objectification of Johnny Bowen, or what she's beginning to feel for him.



"He's not a fuck buddy," KJ says.

"Oh," Boyle says, "In that case, the poor bastard who won't be getting any."

"I didn't say that," she says.

KJ doesn't avert her gaze. Neither does Boyle, for a minute or so. Then he looks up into the trees.

"No wind," he says, "Let's do some shooting."

With those words, he's off to the shooting lane where she's fired so many shots of late. KJ jumps to her feet and follows. At the makeshift rest, there's the familiar ammo box covered with a clear plastic bag. If there were leaves, the trees would provide cover from the rain. Today they will be less effective.

KJ, who loves the rain, is glad the shooting stations are rooved, lest the precipitation interfere with her shooting. Down the lane, there are markers at certain intervals but they are covered. Out from certain markers are targets, staggered so that each is visible.

"You are right-handed, aren't you?" Boyle asks KJ.

He believes that she is, based on his observations.

"Yeah," she says, "I made sure the gun's right-handed."

"Good," Boyle says.

Except for Mason Walker, each member of the inner core is right handed, including Anna Murphy. That will make the earlier phase of training easier for the two young women. If necessary, they can exchange rifles without added difficulty.

"Try the first target," Boyle says.

Boyle hands her a plastic bag with disposable earplugs and safety glasses.

The first shot hits dead center.

At 3PM, Bill's business cell rings. He and Garret are still out in the field. He pulls the phone out of his left pocket. It's a familiar number.

"Good afternoon," he replies.

"Likewise, Mr. Donnelly," says Erica, "I wanted to check up on Kaylee. Is she available?"

"Not at the moment," Bill says. He feels no need to explain. "Perhaps I might be of assistance?"

"I believe you can," Erica says, "Have you noticed any changes in her behavior?"

"She's still a hard and diligent worker," Bill says, "Is there some reason for alarm?"

"No," Erica says, "Not at all."

"I understand the need for privacy," Bill says, "and I respect that need; however, as her employer, is there anything I should know about? Anything that might put her at risk? Medication that causes drowsiness, and so forth? I can alter her tasks if such is the case."

"She's taking sertraline," Erica says, "It says that drowsiness and dizziness are possible side effects."

"I see," Bill says, "Thank you, Ms. Campbell. I appreciate the knowledge, and I will take that into account when I make the daily schedule."

Bill looks at Garret and closes the call.

"They've got her on some feckin' mind poison," he says.

"She should leave," Garret says, "No matter what path she eventually chooses, that place could be the death of her."

"She won't yet," Bill says, "Out of dedication to us. We'll risk everything to save one of our own. She'll do anything to prevent any harm from befalling us. For now, we have our prayers and she has her defiance. Let's hope the two get us to November, when she turns 18."

Today being Saturday, Johnny Bowen is off from work. He spends the day at the Markleysburg place working on a Ford Ranger pickup that he bought for use at Coalsack. It is a five-speed four wheel drive, and considered among the best off-road pickups ever made. It should be of great utility for anyone who stays at Coalsack, especially John Boyle. Its first task will be to haul a couple of four-wheeled ATVs to the Clay County site. Johnny finishes his work at around noon. He then begins making a meal that he will not eat.

Umbrellas retracted, Bill and Garret skirt the edges of the field on their way to the forest workshop. This time the two walk side-by-side. Garret is in superb physical shape. It shows in spite of the somewhat loose clothing he wears. Bill shows his age. He's spent many restless nights worrying about his colleagues, at home and in the States. Another mission is approaching, this one back in the land of his birth – it will be vital and perilous.

Garret Fogarty breaks the silence.

"How have things gone back home?" he asks, "Have your efforts paid off?"

"Much remains to be seen," Bill says, "There's good and bad. Some of the lads have been receptive, though. I'll be talking to them when I make my visit. I was just about to ask you the same, Garret. How have your preparations gone thus far?"

"Cristian and I are hitting the weights and the cardio pretty hard," Garret says, "I believe we're both physically ready for the big move."

"And Anna?" Bill asks.

"Excellent," Garret says, "She's been going to the range in Oliver on most Saturday afternoons after her diving practice, and once or twice after school. As soon as John gives the word, she'll join KJ at Coalsack."

"Tell me," Bill says, "In the end, what do you, Garret Fogarty, want out of this? You're devoting your life to it. I'd be a liar if I told you you'll see any sort of victory in a short time. Without a shadow life, you will live this war, all of the time."

"I want our race to survive," Garret says, "I want there to be a price for those who betray our people and drive our race to extinction. I want to show the sleepers and our timid allies that the white man's courage still lives. We're not going to win some mythical white homeland or cause this wicked system to collapse. That will depend on those sleepers awakening. Right now, they show no sign of being willing to sacrifice anything, not a dollar or even their time, much less their blood. I want our cells to rip apart the silence and bring the anti-white genocide out into the open. I want the sleepers to have to choose whether they'll fight the genocide of our race, or accept it and betray their children to death."

"I pray the others will see reality as you do, Garret," Bill says, "I already trust that Johnny Bowen does."

"They will know the mission and what will come for them," Garret says, "The establishment bets its continued existence on our acquiescence and the acceptance of our own extinction. They will throw their entire arsenal at us. Anna and Johnny and all the others will have a choice to make. No one has the right to deny them that choice. If any one of them chooses a different path, I'll wish them the best. I know that none of them will forsake their people. I will make do with whoever remains. I'd bet my life that Johnny will join me, and John Boyle as well. But I won't walk away from this war, even if I'm alone. There's been a war on our race for longer than I've been alive. We just haven't fought back yet."

"If some choose to fight and others do not," Bill says, "then your suggestions for who is in what cell may not be the best. We all have personal stakes in these things, and they can blind us. It might be wise to consult a third and trusted party to make suggestions as to cell composition."

"I've thought about that, Bill," Garret says, "I'd like to ask you to decide who will be in my cell, and who will be in the others."

"Do you trust my judgment in such matters?" Bill asks.

"I know a little of your past," Garret says, "I know that you assembled teams during the Troubles and I know how effective most of them were. I will not question the lists you give me."

"What if you and Anna are separated?" Bill asks.

"So be it," Garret says, his eyes staring deep into Bill's.

"It is an honor," Bill says. He shakes Garret's hand. "I will not take this responsibility lightly."

"When the time comes and we know who's going to fight," Garret says, "give me the list of cell compositions. It will be our final conversation. Then I'll inform those who remain of their assembly locations."

Bill nods.

"When someone dies," Bill says, "it will be up to you to keep the mission in mind. Keep the radicals focused, and give them satisfaction when it supports the mission. That is important as well. Do not kill for revenge's sake, but should the cause and the thirst for justice both be served, do not deny them the satisfaction of avenging a fallen brother or sister."

"We'll grieve," Garret says, "We'll move on and we'll have revenge. In time, each will come to be."

Garret interrupts their stroll and stops along the deer path in the woods.

"I'm aware of the risks," Garret says, "We would be living together, most likely until the day we die or progress to a training operation. I've been pondering the list for some time. If my beliefs are correct, the proper pairing of members will help us fight harder. The war will be more than an abstraction. There will be deep personal reasons to give everything we have, like our love and the hope of someday having a family."

The sky is overcast though the rain has ceased falling. The trees, still barren in March, are poised to awaken.

"You'll need an option if your support is destroyed," Bill says.

"If the auxiliaries are destroyed or cut off," Garret says, "we will become our own auxiliaries. We'll engage in procurement activities. It will limit our offensive preparations, no doubt about it. We'll remain, though. We will be active. We'll work on another auxiliary network. If we need to become someone else's auxiliaries, so be it. Since we can't have shadow lives, I see a more direct type of auxiliary role, one that is more offensive."

"Such as?" Bill asks.

"Hitting the enemy's financial structure," Garret says, "among other types of missions."

"I thought about an auxiliary network when I contemplated the Dullahan project," Bill says, "Even if no one has money, you can still give life to the idea of an expanded network. Even small numbers of auxiliaries would sustain the movement. If we need a mechanic, an auxiliary learns the trade. If we need a programmer, someone will learn the skill. Money

can come from each auxiliary and from donators to form a money pool. It might cost a man his spending money, but we have to make sacrifices. This is war."

"We understand that," Garret says, "When our friends see that their children and grandchildren are facing degradation and eventual genocide like in South Africa, they'll be willing to make a few sacrifices on behalf of those willing to fight."

"There is one sacrifice that troubles me, however," Bill says, "Many fighters will want families, especially the women, should they elect to participate. They won't be alone in that desire."

"Elysium is my answer to that particular desire," Garret says, "Each cell will have an ultra-secret haven. Only cell members will ever know its location. Ours will be Elysium. After a certain time in the field, active cells will go to their havens. That will not be the end. The war won't be over, so we will not stop our efforts. We will come out for supply and to train new members. It will be dangerous, not like active service but close. We'll keep contact by code. We will still go on missions, but these will be exceptions. There will have to be a medical facility for the birthing of children, and I'll see if I can work on that well before we depart for our haven. I wouldn't send one of our women to a place where her baby won't have medical care, should he need it. The women among us can give the greatest of all gifts and we will make every effort to help them when the time arises. For those with shadow lives, they will be able to have families and have access to hospitals and doctors, and at least have a chance of normalcy. For the active cells like my own, we will need Elysium."

"I wager your Elysium isn't like the stupidity in *Atlas Shrugged*," Bill says.

"Not at all," Garret says, "First of all, we have no intention of abandoning our kin. This isn't about selfishness or creating a bold new society. It's about fighting white genocide the only way that we can. Rebuilding society in the teeth of the anti-white American nation is suicidal, anyway. They will find you and annihilate you. I'm aware that could still happen. Living on the fringe will help us evade the blow, however. Elysium won't be some mountain fortress that a few JDAMs can take care of. We're not interested in an atheist Jew's anti-white fantasy. We're interested in saving the future of our white children."

Bill laughs.

"You'll face the worlds' darkest powers," he says "and yet these young men and women are willing to fight, with stone and fist if necessary. How I pray my own countrymen could see as you see."

"It pains me that our cousins aren't racially aware," Garret says, "They are nationally aware, which is a huge step. The infrastructure and drive and warrior spirit is alive and well in Ireland. They fought so well and so hard these past fifty years. All they need is to realize the nature of the anti-white genocide and its implications for the future of white children in Ireland, and everywhere else."

"They will awaken, someday," Bill says, "But if they wait, I fear it may be too late. England is on the verge of becoming non-white, and occupied Ulster is soon to be under the thumb of a non-white London. The muzzies and nogs will not let the Protestants or us Catholics run the show. They'll see us both as white, and surely we are, and they'll force their will on all white Ulstermen, Catholic and Protestant. If our brothers thought it was bad before, we won't even share skin color with the enemy this time. We'll both realize too late."

Bull puts his hands in his jacket pockets, folded umbrella and all. He looks down and then back at Garret.

"I'll need the Lord's blessing to find good men like you," he says.

"Godspeed, Bill," Garret says.

The two resume their walk.

"I'll be meeting with Michael next week," Bill says, "Do you have any messages?"

"I think we should break things," Garret says, "Vandalism can be useful if we choose the right targets. If we can do enough damage there might be one less Predator in the skies."

The rain over the Coalsack site does not abate until the day's last shot strikes its target. John Boyle, ever observant, halted KJ from shooting when he believed the wind was too strong. There will come a day for that lesson.

In spite of the rain, KJ nails the targets out to 200 yards. In fact, she hits the inner circles with her first four shots; the fifth hits the bull's-eye. John Boyle can see that Johnny Bowen has taught her well. Not once did Boyle have to tell her to seat the weapon properly. For now, John Boyle will not say a word of it. There is more to her performance than just the training she's received. She has desire. She is very attentive. She has talent that is remarkable and may be extraordinary. Boyle won't tell her that either; not yet.

The stroll to the cabin is a short one. Boyle stops her a few paces from the door.

"Over there's the shower," he says, pointing to the shed by the cistern. "You can fill the shower bag with a hose from the cistern. When the

weather gets hot you'll need it. There are towels inside the cabin. Keep that in mind before you get all wet."

Boyle points to the other shed.

"That's the head," he says, "There's water and soap inside."

Boyle walks over to the cabin.

"Wait there," he says.

A soft light flickers and grows inside the cabin, and then Boyle returns outside.

"I'll be seeing you tomorrow," he says, and then gestures toward the cabin. "Now get inside until your fuck buddy comes along."

The interior of the cabin is lit by a Coleman lantern that sits on a table. The furnishings are Spartan; there is a dresser, a cooker and four wooden chairs around the table. There are cleaning kits on the floor near a large trunk and a shelf. KJ removes her toboggan and picks up one of the cleaning kits. She takes a seat at the table and lays her rifle on its surface. No one told her to clean her rifle, but it's become routine, and she begins the necessary task. It's been a very good day today.

About 45 or so minutes later, the sound of an approaching vehicle becomes audible to KJ's sharp senses. She's completed cleaning the rifle and sits at the table in silence. In the off chance it's not Johnny, she remains seated. Boyle did tell her to remain until her "fuck buddy" comes along. She looks down and laughs to herself. She hears John Boyle whistle and she jumps to her feet.

It's getting dark outside. Her night vision is more than sufficient to see that Johnny and his Rubicon have arrived. He climbs out as she emerges from the cabin. Boyle's standing to the right. KJ shoulders her backpack and goes toward Johnny Bowen, her gait going from fast walk to run. She tosses the backpack on the ground and throws a big hug around his neck. She wants to jump up and wrap herself around him. She refrains from that impulse.

*Irish John will fuck with me for this, she thinks. Oh, fuck it.*

She squeezes Johnny, her eyes closed in a brief moment of bliss. His button-down shirt is soft and smells so clean, without a hit of sweat or grease. She feels his arms around her. The two of them are not sharing a friendly embrace. He's holding her too tight for that.

Boyle walks over to the cabin.

"I'll see you two tomorrow," he says, "Don't play too rough."

"I love you, too, John," Bowen says.

KJ laughs. The two let go of each other's bodies. Bowen brushes some of her thick mane from her face.

"I think I did alright," KJ says.

Johnny looks into her eyes and face. Her smile is a beautiful sight.

"I'm sure of it," Johnny says, 'Let's get outta here before John gets jealous."

She laughs again. Johnny opens the door and in a minute or two they depart. Johnny pauses to open the gate, and then closes it once they're past. It's only open a few short minutes at a time.

"You must be hungry," he says after the Jeep gets rolling past the gate.

KJ nods. There's no use lying to save him trouble. She realizes that it would save him none, anyway; he'd just worry about her.

"Yeah," she says, "Anything's good. Please, not McDonald's. I don't eat that shit."

"Do you think I'd feed you that shit?" he asks with a little smile on his face.

"Fuck no!" she says, "I wasn't thinking."

"I'm just fucking around," he says, "but seriously, no fucking way. He slows the Jeep to a crawl and reaches behind her seat, bringing a largish paper bag from the rear passenger seat.

"Here," he says.

"Johnny..." she says.

"Here," he repeats. He puts it on her lap, "It wasn't a suggestion."

She looks at him and then at the bag. As the Rubicon picks up speed, she opens it to see the surprises inside.

Packaged inside is a beautiful cheese and spinach quiche. The next part of the meal is roast beef in some kind of sauce. When she opens the little lid to further investigate, she can smell the horseradish in the creamy sauce. Last are a sourdough roll, and a green glass bottle of drink that is capped with a cork and appears to be homemade.

"Do you mind if I keep driving?" he asks.

"No, it's cool," she says. She looks up at him. "Aren't you going to eat?"

"I've already eaten," he says, "Go on, let me know what you think.

KJ takes the metal fork that Johnny provided and samples the quiche. It is moist and firm, yet yields to gentle pressure, and the taste is excellent. The shredded beef is likewise delicious, as is the sourdough roll – the only element that Johnny did not make. It came from his great aunt, who baked bread at a store in Elk Garden for much of her life.

At the end of the meal, KJ finds a corkscrew in the bag and opens the drink. It is delicious. She's never had it before. She believes she



knows what it is - elderberry; she's read about an elderberry drink in a field guide on edible plants. The book claimed it has 1% or so alcohol, but the amount in the bottle is far below intoxicating amount, even for a young woman of smallish stature. The book also declared it excellent. They were right.

KJ stops drinking with a third of the bottle remaining. She holds it out in an offering to Johnny.

"No," he says, "It's yours."

"I know," she says, still holding the bottle out to him.

Johnny takes it and finishes it.

"Thank you, KJ," he says.

KJ strains her seatbelt and leans over. She kisses his shoulder and rubs his arm.

"Thank you so much for thinking of me," she says.

"Any time," he says.

The drizzle stops north of Clay County, and the drive to the PA border is uneventful. By coincidence, the song "Fly Away" is ending as they approach Lemont Furnace.

Up ahead, KJ sees the familiar white Chevy parked at the turn-off. There are breaks forming in the clouds as the nor'easter hurries off to the north Atlantic. It is the last of the season.

Bowen pulls in beside the Chevy. Though the night air is cool, KJ exits the Jeep without donning her black toboggan. She waits beside the vehicle as Johnny comes around front.

"Here," he says as he pulls the keys to the Chevy out of his jeans pocket.

Johnny unlocks the front door.

"This belongs to you," he says before laying the keys in her free right hand.

KJ grips his hand with the keys and looks into his eyes, not wanting him to let go. He holds her hand for as long as their present lives will permit.

"KJ," he says, "I'd like to keep taking you to Coalsack."

"Please do," she says.

"You'll have to come a little early so we can meet before we leave," he says.

She smiles.

"I'll make sure I'm here," she says.

KJ steps to the truck and opens the door, and then looks back at Johnny.

"Don't eat tomorrow morning," KJ says.

"KJ," Johnny says.

Before he can continue, she blows him a kiss and climbs into the Chevy. Johnny watches her leave.

The brightest stars shine through the clearing sky when KJ's vibrating alarm wakes her on Sunday. She puts the alarm back on the stand beside her bed and hurries off to the shower. She has work to do in the kitchen before she departs. KJ hopes to escape before Erica arrives and KJ is forced to feign taking a sertraline.

KJ cannot help but smile when breakfast is done. The cinnamon and polenta pancakes are divine – she eats one as part of her breakfast – and the blackberry sauce is neither too sweet nor tart, and has the taste of real, wild blackberries. In fact, they are; KJ picked them on a rainy day last August. A little bacon on the side, these from the same local farm where the Campbell's order most of their meat, completes an excellent breakfast.

It's almost time to leave when KJ takes out one of the sertraline tablets. She is about to close the bottle when she hears footfalls approaching the kitchen. She signs. It's not Gene.

"Good," Erica says from the door, "Maybe there's hope for you yet.

KJ puts the pill in her mouth. She hides it under her tongue. Someday, Erica may force her to prove she's swallowed the little piece of poison. She'll have to put on a good act to escape such an outrage. KJ drinks a full glass of water and then bends down to get her backpack. She then takes the bag with Bowen's breakfast off of the kitchen table. Erica either believes KJ's act, or doesn't feel like searching her mouth. She does force KJ to step around her before she can exit the kitchen. The pill is still under her tongue as she closes the front door.

Before KJ can spit out the pill, a sight makes her come to a complete stop. Johnny's Jeep is parked to the left of the big pin oak, just out of site of anyone inside the Campbell house. KJ gets a little smile as she hurries to him.

The door is open when she arrives.

"Good morning," Johnny says.

Johnny is wearing a *Garbage* t-shirt under his unbuttoned shirt. His clean-shaven face is very handsome.

"Hi, Johnny," KJ says as she climbs inside the Jeep.

She stows her backpack on the floor and sets the paper bag between them.

"That's sweet of you," he says.

Johnny starts the Jeep and edges onto Kimberly Drive.

"This is a nice surprise, Johnny," KJ says.

"I thought about what you said," he says, "About breakfast. I didn't want you to lose time at Coalsack.

"Thanks for coming," she says, "You know, we don't need to be too early. Find someplace to park so you can eat."

They approach Township Drive north.

"By the way," she says, "I have something to tell you. My parents sent me to a shrink after my fight and he put me on sertraline. I had to take one this morning, because my fucking mother was watching."

"Oh goddamn it!" Johnny says and slams his hands on the steering wheel. "Fuck!" he says, and looks out at the dark highway, shaking his head and at a loss for words.

KJ reaches up to her mouth and removes the pill. She holds it up with her left hand. The white pill contrasts with the black of her gloves. Johnny notices and glances at her. He sees her holding the pill between two gloved fingers. A smile is on her face. When the reality of what she's done dawns on him, he loses his rage. She opens the window and throws the pill outside.

"You're so fucking awesome," he says as he stares at the highway.

She looks at him for a while, the ornery little smile remaining on her face.

Along the Fairchance Road, Johnny finds a wide spot among the forest and fields and parks the Rubicon. KJ is as eager as he is when he opens the bag. He can tell in an instant that she gave her best effort, and the taste of the food is a demonstration of her talent. There is nothing harsh about the meal; the pancakes are just the right consistency and the sauce is sublime rather than overpowering.

After the first few bites, Johnny looks at KJ.

"You really put your mind to shit, don't you?" he says, "And then you do it. This is really good, KJ, thank you."

She feels a wonderful embarrassment. She doesn't have to wrap her inner self in armor. Here, in the Rubicon beside Johnny Bowen, there will be no infliction of pain upon her beautiful soul.

Johnny noticed a bottle of apple juice when he removed the containers of food. He figured she'd give him a drink he would share with her. He guessed she'd want to give him the chance to reciprocate the gesture she made the previous day. Johnny opens and drinks most of the apple juice, leaving about as much as she did of the elderberry flower concoction. He lowers the bottle from his mouth and then looks at her. She's sit-

ting at an angle toward him, her hands rubbing her thighs through her tight jeans. She is beauty incarnate to him, not only for her spectacular looks.

Bowen raises the bottle and finishes the juice.

She gasps, her look of outrage so overblown it's obvious that it's fake. He tries to look at her with surprise on his face, but fails to stifle the laughter, which first creeps on his face and then erupts in spite of his best efforts to contain it. He's still laughing – and fighting it – as he starts the Jeep.

KJ crosses her arms and pretends to be peeved. She turns her head and looks out the window. Even under her long-sleeved sweatshirt, her arms show their impressive size. When she finally looks at Johnny, he glances back at her and this time they both begin to laugh.

"How was breakfast?" she finally asks after settling down.

"It was the best I've had in a long time," he says.

"You're just being nice," she says.

"I'm not shitting you, KJ," he says, "It really was good. I had a feeling you'd make something good, but, wow, I really didn't expect it to be that good."

"I'm glad you liked it," she says and smiles.

The Clay County dawn is bright and clear, save for a few departing altocumulus puffs. Today will be cool but the temperatures will not be uncomfortable. As a precaution, KJ brought a thinner toboggan. The heavier one is back at the Campbell House, in a basket beside the washing machine. Again, Johnny Bowen has her stand at attention outside the cabin. She can't watch him leave though she hears the engine start and the Jeep begin to roll. She feels like she had more to say to him, so much more, but she cannot find the right words.

Today is not a repeat of Saturday. KJ stands for one hour today, and John Boyle approaches from behind. She hears him walking but does not turn.

"Next time," Boyle says, "turn around the second you hear me."

"OK," she says.

"Take a seat," he says. She obeys his command.

Boyle walks around front of KJ.

"Give me the rifle," he says.

She unslings it and hands it to him. He holds it with both hands, and kneels in front of her. Like Bowen and Garret, he's always clean and clean shaven.

"You must have risen in the wee hours of the morning," he says, "Now tell me, wouldn't you rather be getting out of bed in a few hours, still

wearing the leather from last night's concert? The smell of weed all over you?"

KJ stares into his eyes. There is no expression on her face, though her eyes are defiant.

"Wouldn't I rather be dead?" KJ says.

"Well then," Irish John says, "Let's quit wasting time."

He's off in an instant, as is KJ, who rises just as fast.

John Boyle arrives by the cabin. Still carrying the gun, he halts KJ and disappears inside. When he returns he's carrying another rifle. This one is also a .30-06 Remington, but the scope is very much different than the simple scope she's been using. This one has knobs and dots and lines and it is quite intimidating. Boyle hands her the new rifle.

"You'll learn to use all those fancy gadgets," he says, "But you won't learn today. You've got a while before you'll practice with the Leupold scope, so don't get too excited yet."

KJ has little time to examine the scope before Boyle starts walking toward the range. Today the range markers are covered.

"You remember the markers?" Boyle asks.

"Yeah," she says.

KJ puts in her earplugs and gets ready to fire. Seconds later, the sound of her bull's-eye shot echoes among the hills of West Virginia.

When Bowen arrives that night, KJ is on the cabin porch. A light shines through the cabin window. Boyle, who is nowhere to be seen, must be inside. KJ realized that Johnny would be arriving soon, yet she jumps to her feet as if his coming is a pleasant surprise. When Johnny exits the Jeep, she shoulders the rifle with the familiar scope and runs to him. Their embrace is a repeat of yesterday's, except that the rifle forces him to put one hand on the back of her head.

Johnny reaches up and removes her toboggan.

"Hey, Johnny?" KJ says, "Will I see you again this week? Before Saturday, I mean?"

It's been on her mind since the shooting stopped.

"Thursday," Johnny says.

She hugs him again, her head against his chest.

"I'll miss you," she whispers.

Her hair smells so clean, with the faintest fragrance of shampoo. It's mildness makes the smell all the more beautiful.

"You, too," he says.

Johnny pulls her back and looks into her blue eyes. He looks upon her pure white face and the combination of little features that make her

face unique and simply gorgeous. Her haunting beauty arouses potent desires in his soul. The thought of something so beautiful passing forever from the Earth is enough to make a man like John Ashley Bowen fight to the death to prevent it.

"Go on," Johnny says, "Get in the Jeep, angel. I need to speak to John. Oh, check out the back seat. There's something there for you."

"Johnny!" KJ says.

He gets a little smile as he walks toward the cabin.

"Thank you," she says as he climbs the porch steps.

John Bowen knocks on the door before he enters. He finds Boyle sitting at the table, reading *The Stories of Breece D'J Pancake*. It was a Christmas gift from Anna.

"John," Bowen says.

Boyle looks up. He puts the book on the table.

"How are you, John?" Boyle asks.

"I'm Good," Bowen says, "How's she doing?"

"Are you blind, man?" Boyle asks, "She's nuts for you."

"At the range, John," Bowen says, "Don't do that shit right now."

"I'm getting to it," Boyle says, "Let me get there on my own time. You'll see why I'm telling you this."

"OK, fine," Johnny says.

"You should have seen her when I called you fuck buddy," Boyle says, a grin on his face.

Bowen uncrosses his arms and steps forward.

"You motherfucker!" he says.

"Before you go fuckin' nuts on me," Boyle says, "I took her to the shooting range right after. Remember, John, I'm supposed to push her hard. What do you think they'll do? Play nice with her?"

"Alright," Bowen says, "Fine. How'd she do?"

"It's too soon to say for sure," Boyle says, "and she could certainly fuck it up."

Johnny Bowen can guess what follows. Boyle is impressed.

"She could be a feckin' prodigy, John," Boyle says.

Bowen sighs.

"Good," he says, "Very good. Thank you, John."

"You did well with her," Boyle says, "I didn't once have to teach her to properly hold the rifle." He leans forward, his voice much softer. "You know, John, there are times I don't see eye-to-eye with you and Garret. Like the whole waitin' for marriage idea, but I want you to know, right from the start, that there's no fucking way I'd deflower a white virgin without

marrying her, and I won't go after my brother's woman. KJ's a fine young woman and she'd do you a lot of good. I hope after it's all decided that you don't have to walk away from a woman like that."

Bowen always figured that Boyle hid a great deal of principle behind his cool, even cold exterior. Now he hears it.

"Thank you, John," Bowen says.

Boyle leans back. His face is long and dappled with shadow from the lantern light.

"You'd kill to protect her," Boyle says, "I know you and what you've done for the cause. She is the cause, right here in flesh and blood."

Bowen looks into John Boyle's face. The image is sinister from the shadows.

*I hope the traitors see you like this, Bowen thinks, before you kill them.*

He says nothing.

"I hope she proves me right," Boyle says, his voice soft again. "You two together would make an interesting couple."

"When are you going to show her the Leupold?" Bowen asks.

"She used it today," Boyle says, "We didn't take shots with wind, but if she does well next Saturday I'll try a few with her."

"Good," Bowen says, "Thanks, man."

Boyle smiles and nods. He knows why Bowen really thanked him.

Her gun stowed in the rear, KJ leans over and opens the driver's side door as Bowen approaches the Jeep from the right. She hasn't yet opened the bags in the rear.

"You have to be hungry," he says as soon as he's in the driver's seat.

KJ nods.

"I didn't want to just wolf it while you were gone," she says, "I want you to see how much I enjoy it."

He smiles.

"OK," he says, "I'll mind the road. Have at it."

She opens the bag. Today he's brought her stuffed mushrooms and a breaded fillet of trout. The drink is apple juice again, mixed with mineral water. When she sees the meal she realizes it's even more extravagant than it first appeared. The looks match the taste, which is delicious.

Johnny pulls over near the entrance of the private road to Coalsack. The two-lane Clay County highway is abandoned except for a fire department brush truck that passes by on its way to Duck.

At the end of the meal, KJ opens the juice. After a day at the range and cups of lukewarm water the only respite for her thirst, a cool bottle of

juice is most welcome. Though she could finish the bottle, she stops drinking once it's half empty. She takes it from her lips and looks at Johnny. Again she offers him her drink.

Johnny's expression is indignant.

"Bullshit!" he says, "You're just trying to make me feel bad for yesterday!"

"Yeah, actually," KJ says.

Bowen grabs the bottle and drinks it down.

"It's good," he says, his voice rough from a little errant juice going down the wrong way.

KJ starts laughing. Bowen joins her. It's a good, hard laughter. Even though KJ doesn't make much noise, her closed eyes and the expression on her face, together with the movement of her body show her amusement and joy. It's been a long, long time since she's felt this good. Then the laughter fades almost as fast as it began. There is another feeling, deeper than any amusement and far more powerful. She is not the only one to feel it.

Bowen looks at her.

"KJ," he says, "If I knew how things are going to play out, if I knew I could be a part of your life, I'd ask you to be a part of mine."

It's a risk, but he's never shied away from risks before. Even in the fading light of early evening, her eyes are stunning to behold.

"I'd say yes, Johnny Bowen," she says, "I want to be a part of your life."

She reaches over and squeezes his forearm.

He doesn't alter his gaze as he starts the Jeep, only after he releases the clutch and the Rubicon grabs first gear. The flame inside grows ever stronger from her words.

"You mean so much," he says in a soft voice.

She looks at him, and then removes the toboggan from her head. The feeling in her soul is stronger than ever.

"The River Flows Frozen," from *Eternal Tears of Sorrow* continues playing over the speakers. Johnny had turned the system down so that they could talk, but even at its low level the music is audible. Once the song is near to completion, KJ, still looking out the windshield at the trees and winding highway, takes a deep breath and begins to speak.

"You told me that you went to Iraq," she says, looking over at him. A troubled look is on her face, "Johnny, please stop me if you don't want to talk about this."

"It's alright, KJ," he says, "I was in Iraq from 2007-2008."



"What if you had died there?" KJ asks, "Or if you'd been crippled? It could have happened. You went to train so that you could fight for us, but you could have died."

"It was a risk I had to take," Johnny says, "I made the sacrifice and accepted the risk."

"It's another sacrifice you've made for us," she says, "Most people won't understand the reasons why, Johnny, but you're a fucking hero." She wants to tell him again that she'd be his woman, if fate had given them a chance to have a good life together. "That's so fucking awesome," she says instead.

He laughs a little.

"Thank you, KJ," he says.

The quiet returns for several more songs. Then she speaks again.

"They'll owe you their lives in the end," she says, "They'll owe you their lives forever."

"Knowing you're real is enough," he says.

"I'm worried they might call you up," she says, "That black bastard keeps sending more white men off to die in Iraq and Afghanistan."

"Remember, KJ," he says, "I'll tell them to fuck off. I'll tell them to send some Jew boy to fight Israel's fucking war. Oh, and Dick Cheney's son, too. I'll tell them he's willing to fight for fucking Halliburton, God knows they've made enough fucking money from it."

KJ looks down and laughs to herself. She believes he would tell them those exact words.

The white Chevy pickup is still sitting where KJ left it, to the right of the big pin oak, along a wide spot beside Kimberly Drive. Bowen pulls in behind the truck. He puts the Jeep out of gear and pulls the emergency brake. Then he looks into KJ's eyes.

"Do you go back to school next week?" he asks.

"I guess," she says.

"Be careful, OK?" he says.

KJ smiles.

"I'll pick you up after school this Thursday," Johnny says, "I'd like to invite you to a meeting at the hall. The guys from the Christmas Party will be there, and maybe one or two others. Would you like that?"

"That'd be so cool," she says. There's a lot on her mind right now. "Thank you, Johnny."

He smiles and touches her hair, running his hand down to her cheek. She grabs his hand and kisses his palm.

"Remember, Johnny," she says, "Don't eat breakfast next Saturday."

She smiles and winks.

Johnny doesn't pull out until KJ enters the Campbell House. He looks back and sees the light come on in an upstairs room. His thoughts turn to the little patch of land he bought, the one near Amblersburg, West Virginia.

## Chapter IX



## The Old Core

Monday morning is warm and pleasant. Aside from the normal loathing of a Monday morning, most people appreciate the start of a beautiful early spring day.

KJ looks out of her bedroom window at the white Chevy parked behind the pin oak. The sky is clear and the sun will be bright. It's just the kind of weather that KJ does not like. Though she is not a redhead like Anna, her milky skin is no less vulnerable to the searing rays. Being a lover of the outdoors is a curse in such weather. If she were free to walk in the woods, she'd don her gloves, a long-sleeve tee and exercise leggings or some such apparel. Today she is not free. Today she has a session with Dr. Righter.

KJ's meeting with Righter begins earlier than last week's. He seems hurried although he doesn't tell either KJ or Erica that he wants to play a little tennis before heading home. KJ must practice discretion and deception when she meets with Righter. She is thankful that her natural curiosity guided her to read about psychiatric sessions and ways to mislead those who might otherwise declare a person unstable, sick or insane. In the modern junk science of psychiatry, white racism is usually considered mental illness, and Righter no doubt considers her ill even before he talks to her.

This second session is not much different than the first. KJ paints the picture of a rebel without a real cause, just resentment for the over-the-top emphasis on tolerance and diversity that has permeated her school and home life. Of course she does not mention that tolerance does not extend to whites who love their race, or how diversity does not include the continued existence of whites as a unique, unmixed race. If she did, he would look at her not as a deluded troublemaker, but rather as a frightening monster. She doesn't try to argue her case and reveals only what she wants him to hear. The session ends with her feeling disgusted.

Erica doesn't say a word as she drives KJ back to the Campbell House. KJ is, of course, relieved that the charade is over. Erica drops KJ off and stays long enough to change clothes for work.

"Take your medicine and do something useful," Erica says before storming out.

After lifting weights and a little cardiovascular exercise, KJ takes a rinse in the shower and gets ready to go to the grocery store. She puts on the same long-sleeve t-shirt she wore to the psychiatrist, but changes her jeans for a pair of black leggings. She also wears her boots and gloves. She pulls the boots up over her pants legs as she prefers, but usually cannot do at school. KJ won't be taking a walk today, but she will still keep the sun off of her skin.

Since KJ is alone, she won't have to go through the act of taking the sertraline pill. She will simply destroy it. A second before she does so, she freezes. It is possible that Erica or Gene have installed a camera in the kitchen. The thought makes her wonder if she's becoming paranoid, but she cannot take even the slightest risk. She acts as if she takes the pill – this time she palms it – and then drinks a glass of water. Then she leaves. She'll dispose of the pill on the way to the store.

On the 14th of March, the Nyiragongo volcano in the Congo released yet another torrent of lava upon the city of Goma. The fast-moving flows inflicted serious damage to parts of the city and claimed over 100 lives, most of the dead killed in explosions while stealing gasoline from abandoned service stations. This is the third such fatal eruption; what makes this one different is the sleeping monster beneath nearby Lake Kivu. A major lava flow entering the lake near Goma triggers the release of carbon dioxide and methane. Two thousand Congolese asphyxiate in the late-night gas emission. Rival warring factions and what passes for UN-approved government leaders set aside their differences and demand relief from the white nations of the world. America is quick to respond, promising many millions in aid. In no time, Goma will return to its crowded, filthy self. Shortly thereafter, another lava lake will fill the crater of Nyiragongo. In spite of the severe and obvious danger that Nyiragongo presents to a city such as Goma, the monies extorted from the white man will rebuild the place in its exact same location, and the cycle of death will repeat.

In early March, Microsoft announces a gift of two hundred million dollars to America's public schools, with one condition: the money, generated by and large by white men and white consumers, must go to inner city schools. Not to be outdone, Apple will announce a matching gift for the technological improvement of schools in Africa. In a war to see which

white man can give away more money to non-whites, the battle ends in a draw. Both liberal and conservative whites will hail the gestures as progressive and Christian, respectively. The results are predictable. Due to low test scores among the target groups, some of the American schools will eliminate advanced science and mathematics courses in the years to come. The computers will look nice, however. The same cannot be said of the computers sent to Africa. Most will be sold by corrupt government officials. Those that remain will cease to operate due to failing power grids.

KJ parks the white Chevy outside the grocery store along Walnut Hill and Morgantown Street. Before exiting the truck, she checks to see if it's safe. The coast clear, she lays her sunglasses on the dashboard and hurries to the store. She hopes to finish the day's shopping before driving north to Pittsburgh. There's something that she's wanted since she turned thirteen, and she'd like to begin taking care of that wish as soon as possible. Today is a perfect day. Erica will be gone until late, as will Gene, who will be at a parent-teacher conference. Thanks to Bill, KJ finally has enough extra money to fulfill her desire. She will need the permission of one of her parents, but she is confident that she can force Gene into signing the proper forms. At the entrance of the grocery store, KJ grabs a cart and charges inside.

Mr. Lang is at the meat counter, as usual.

"Hi, George," KJ says once she's near enough for the busy butcher to hear.

"Hi, KJ," Mr. Lang says, "A little early for you to be here, isn't it?"

"Yeah," she says "I'll be back in school on Wednesday."

He raises his eyebrows. Lang's eyes are darkish blue and shine with a touch of mischief. He's a big man, a bit too heavy from beer and too much good food. His powerful arms and legs remain from his football days at Carnegie-Mellon, now fifteen years in the past. He still lifts and it shows.

"I won't ask," he says.

"It's OK," she says, "Just a fight, nothing serious like swearing."

He laughs.

"What'll it be today?" he asks.

KJ makes the usual requests, and then adds something new: blue crab. The Campbell's usually make such purchases at a market in Pittsburgh. KJ asks and George assures her that it's fresh. He's never lied before.

"Sure," he says, "Got something special in mind?"

"Someone," she says with a little smile.

Lang looks at her and bites his lip. He's never cared for the jeans (or leggings) and t-shirt look, being a bit of a traditionalist. Still, to his eye, KJ is an extraordinary young beauty.

"Have a good one," he says, and then goes back to work.

KJ thanks him and departs. She grabs two gallons of milk on a rapid pass through the dairy section. By the time she arrives at the registers, she looks at the clock on her Trac Phone. It's 11:30 and she's pleased at the time she's made. She chooses a register with one customer, a young mother with a little girl and a baby in a stroller. The woman is getting ready to swipe her bank card. KJ should be out of the grocery store in no more than ten minutes, having more than enough time for a trip to Pittsburgh and back.

There is a life-size picture of millionaire football player Troy Polamalu near the check-out line. Beside his cardboard effigy is a stack of Steeler paraphernalia. KJ pays no attention to the display.

KJ begins placing her objects on the counter. While doing so, she glances at the little girl who is looking at her. The little girl's hair is long and sandy blonde and her eyes are a bright hazel. She smiles but there's no joy in it. KJ smiles back at her. By the time KJ is finished loading up the counter, the young blonde mother should be on her way to her car. Instead the blonde woman sighs in exasperation and tries the card again.

"I don't know what could be wrong," she says to a white female cashier who couldn't care less, "They told him it'd be in on Thursday morning. There should be enough money."

The cashier, a hefty young woman not much older than KJ, snorts in annoyance. She does nothing to cover her disdain. KJ looks at the blonde woman. She is tall and attractive, and although she tries to look her best, stress is taking its toll.

"Could you pay with cash?" the cashier asks, "We're holding up the line."

"I can't right now," the blonde woman says.

KJ looks at the baby. It's a beautiful white child with blue eyes. Based on the blue color of his romper, it's a boy.

"Just..." the blonde woman begins to say. She puts her hand on her forehead. "I can't until the check comes." Her face flushes with embarrassment. "C'mon, Brittany, let's go." She looks back at the cashier. "I'm sorry," she says.

KJ looks at the register display. It reads \$75. Among the food and other items are children's aspirin and diapers. There are no cigarettes or alcohol. KJ knows exactly what the trip to Pittsburgh will cost. She's de-



terminated from internet sources and phone conversations vial her cell exactly what she needs to fulfill her desire. Seventy-five dollars will leave her thirty-two dollars short.

"I got it," KJ says as she takes her wallet from her handbag.

The blonde woman continues walking, her back toward KJ and the cashier. The little girl doesn't move. She stares at KJ.

"Ma'am," KJ says, "I'll pay for it. Don't go."

The blonde woman turns around. Her look of surprise turns to shock when she sees who is offering to pay. The cashier raises her eyebrows and then looks at the blonde woman.

"Excuse me, Debbie," KJ says after looking at the cashier's name tag, "Let's finish the transaction, alright? You're holding up the line."

The cashier hesitates and then takes the money. At that moment, the blonde woman steps over to KJ.

"I can't," she says, tears forming in her eyes, "Thank you so much, but I can't let you do this."

KJ looks into her tired gray eyes.

"Do it for them" she says.

The blonde woman covers her mouth.

"God, you're so young," she says.

"Everyone's giving money to Africa," KJ says, "I'll keep mine closer to home."

"How can I repay you?" the woman asks, "Honest to God..." She wipes her eyes.

KJ looks at the little girl and then at the toddler.

"You already have," KJ says.

KJ returns to her place at the counter. The woman grabs her gloved hand and shakes it. She stares into KJ's blue eyes.

"God bless you," she says, and then lets KJ's hand go. "What's your name?" the blonde woman asks.

KJ smiles and shakes her head.

"You're an angel," the woman says. She looks at her daughter. "Tell the nice girl thank you," she says and her daughter obeys.

When KJ leaves, she doesn't go to Pittsburgh as she had hoped. There are no regrets. Monday turned out to be a good day after all.

On Tuesday, KJ leaves for Bill's earlier than usual. She calls him before she arrives to announce that she'll be coming early. Bill doesn't mind; he does reprimand her for using the phone while she drives, however. Bill is waiting outside when KJ pulls up to the Long Hall. He looks like his old self. It's warm enough for a light jacket, which Bill wears over a brown

dress shirt. Below his tweed hat there's a smile on his face. The haggard and stressed Bill is gone for the time being.

"Good day, KJ," Bill says as she climbs out of the Chevy. "I trust you're well."

KJ hurries to him and embraces the man who has done so much for her.

"I'm good," she says, "Thank you, Bill."

KJ steps back and looks into his eyes.

"You look better," she says, "How are you, Bill?"

"Quite well," he says. "How's Johnny? You've seen him more than I have of late."

"Good," she says, "He's good."

"Excellent," Bill says. He slaps his hands together. "We have a busy day today. I think it would do you well to practice the 100 meter walks with the markers, then after lunch you can use the computer to reacquaint yourself with the tools you'll need to determine range. After that, we'll take a look at a formula you'll need to know."

"Cool," she says, "Bill? This all means so much to me. I want to do my part."

"You're sweet, KJ and very dear to us," he says, "We'll help you with whatever we can so that you can see what path is best for you. It'll be your decision what you want to do in the end."

"I'll never forget any of you, no matter what happens," she says, "and I won't let you down."

"I'm certain that you won't," Bill says, "Now, off to the field. Here's the radio. I'll call at lunch time."

The skies are mostly clear. KJ was prescient enough to wear jeans and a long-sleeve shirt over her gray t-shirt, the one with a faded radioactive symbol on the chest. She also wears long booties under her boots and, as usual, gloves on her hands. After donning her sunglasses to protect her eyes and her Seahawks ball cap to shield her face and nose, she makes her way out to the field, where she finds a shady spot among the trees. She'll spend most of her walking time among the posts located in the woods. She thinks of how thick and uncomfortable the air will become this summer, and longs for the days back in Kirkland, where the rain fell and she could wear shorts without fear of ruining her complexion.

At around 2PM, Bill calls and KJ comes in to the Donnelly Homestead. She shares a late lunch with Sinead, who's just finished her studies. The conversation is of a light nature, concerning the sights of Sinead's homeland and memories of KJ's past summer vacations to

Washington, Victoria and Vancouver, Canada, and to England and France. KJ never mentions her family. They have no claim to her happier memories, which occurred in spite of them.

When Megan passes through near the end of the meal, she touches KJ's head. KJ looks up and smiles at the Donnelly Matriarch. Megan returns with tea and sits next to young KJ, with whom she converses as they sip their Earl Grey tea. Much as Sinead shared stories of her days in Ireland, Megan shares tales from her own past, though these concentrate less on spectacular sights than on loved ones and interesting characters. Once the tea is finished, KJ, who always felt an emotional bond to Mrs. Donnelly, feels even closer to her.

For the next two hours, KJ uses various internet tools to answer a series of questions that Bill prepared for her a few weeks previous. As she finishes, Bill enters the large room. He has two books in his arms. One is a SEAL sniper manual. The other is titled *The Ultimate Sniper*. The first has a bookmark protruding from a place about 1/3 through the book.

"You'll be reading from these books most weekdays that you spend here," Bill says, "At least an hour, three or four times a week. Try to remember as much as you can."

KJ takes the books and looks through them. It may not seem like much, yet to KJ this step is enormous. It's another line crossed; another taboo destroyed. White women are supposed to hate white men, especially those who will fight for their race. With this step, KJ crosses the line from supporter to sister-in-arms.

KJ's alarm rings at 5:45 AM on Wednesday, March 27th. Today there will be rain showers and occasional gusts of wind. By nightfall, the rain should cease. It's a little cooler outside but not unpleasant. It's also a school day; KJs return to Uniontown High. It is cool and cloudy – her preferred weather, the weather in her dreams when she feels the warmth of Johnny Bowen's arms – yet it promises to be a day of anxiety and tension. Before getting ready for her first day back, KJ packs a bag of clothes and items. She will change clothes at Bill's before the big meeting on Thursday. Otherwise, she follows the old routine: she showers, dresses in a pair of jeans and a t-shirt, shines and dons her boots, hides her knife, and packs her backpack with important items like her cell and her iPod. Today her shirt differs from the band t-shirts she often wears – though still a tee, this one is black with a white star on the front. She likes the shirt, but also chooses it because it's less confrontational. As much as she enjoys troubling her teachers, she's more interested in being allowed to visit Bill's place.

Downstairs, KJ makes a quick but nutritious breakfast and then waits outside for Gene to finally drag himself away from the kitchen table. The sertraline is in her pocket, to be disposed of later. She wouldn't want Erica to count the pills and find one too many.

When the two arrive at the school, Gene finally finds his tongue. There are no surprises in his choice of words.

"Please," Gene says, "Try to behave."

KJ doesn't respond.

John Ashley Bowen will be working night shift again, driving a heavy load of asphalt over Caddell Mountain. In a few hours he'll be parked at the Creative Art Center of West Virginia University. He has an important email to send in the next few days.

KJ has become the most beautiful of all the girls at Uniontown High. On Wednesday morning, not a single soul welcomes her back. The students, boys included, treat her as a leper. She's not only a racist; she's an anti-Semite, the two worst sins imaginable according to the dogma of post-racial America. At least her locker is clean and unglued.

In the cafeteria, there are several long tables arranged in rows. KJ returns to her customary spot at the rear left. At first no one sits within five or six places from her. Ever aware, KJ notices the approach of Courtney Miller, a popular senior who is well-liked by teachers and desired by most male students. Before KJ's awakening, the two shared many middle-school classes. Her father teaches sociology at Waynesburg University. KJ assumes that Courtney will turn left and sit with the usual crowd, but out of habit and necessity KJ keeps her in her peripheral vision. When Courtney does not alter her course, KJ looks up at her.

Courtney is a cheerleader and runs track. She is tall and tanned, with greenish-brown eyes and long brown hair that is much lighter than KJ's. Even in the old days the two had little in common, though their relationship was cordial. Now KJ wonders why Courtney would come over to her. She is instantly defensive, but decides that this might just be humorous enough to encourage. There is no emotion on KJ's face as she awaits whatever Courtney has to say.

"Hi, Kaylee," Courtney says.

Today Courtney's hair is tied in a long ponytail that hangs over her shoulder and down the front of her pink blouse.

KJ does not respond. The scholastic universe is far too hostile for this act of decency to be genuine. Courtney lays her lunch bag on the table and sits down opposite KJ, who stares at her. Courtney looks into KJ's blue eyes.

"You know," Courtney says, "I've been wanting to talk to you for a while. Actually, I'd like to ask you a few questions. Are you OK with that?"

Courtney knows KJ's physical power. She's seen KJ's arms in weightlifting class, which she shared with KJ. She's also seen Epstein's black eyes and bruised face.

The two young women are both white and both 17, but could not have a different demeanor. Courtney is frivolous and plastic, much as the society that helped create her. Porcelain-skinned and deeply beautiful, KJ is a stark white contrast to the false beauty that Courtney displays with her makeup and suntans and low-cut tops.

"Go for it," KJ says, "but if I tell you to fuck off, it means we're done."

KJ takes her fork in her gloved hand and begins eating her salad. Her eyes never look away from Courtney.

"OK, that's fair," Courtney says.

She looks away for an instant, and then recovers her nerve.

"Was it the fight that caused you to start acting and dressing this way?" Courtney asks.

She forgets that KJ dressed like this even before the school branded her a racist.

"What fight?" KJ asks.

"When you said the n-word?" Courtney says.

"You mean when they sexually assaulted me?" KJ says, "No, it's not."

KJ notices that several other students are staring at them. They avert their gaze when she returns their stare.

"So you were racist before all that?" Courtney asks, "I never saw any symptoms when you were in middle school."

"Symptoms, huh?" KJ asks.

KJ lifts her bottle of water to her mouth and takes a swig. It's warm. She can't risk leaving it in the cafeteria refrigerator. Other students would have access – potential saboteurs like the coward Epstein.

"Racism's a sickness," Courtney says, "You need help and I certainly hope you're getting it."

"So I've heard," KJ says, "Are you here to save me?"

"I'll help you if you allow me," Courtney says.

"How?" KJ asks, "Are you going to give me more drugs?"

"We could talk," Courtney says, "You could join one of my father's groups or we could find one that fits your needs, one that addresses hate and racism."

"And sexism and all that shit, right?" KJ asks.

"So you don't want any help," Courtney says.

"Tell me," KJ says, "Your groups talk about haters a lot, right? Maybe they shouldn't look any further than the fucking mirror."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Courtney asks.

"If I say that black nations, and only black nations should be flooded with non-black immigration," KJ says, "and then I say the answer to the race problem is the assimilation of non-black immigrants by black nations, you'd call that racist. Actually you'd call it what it is, genocide. Black characteristics would be destroyed by the assimilation of non-black genetics. You'd be right to call that genocide."

Courtney stares at her. She agrees with KJ's words, but senses a ruse and keeps quiet. KJ loses her patience waiting for a response. She snorts and continues.

"White nations are forced to accept massive non-white immigration," KJ says, "We're asked to assimilate non-whites, even though it will destroy our unique genetics. You and your tolerance groups preach that forced integration and assimilation of non-whites by white nations is the answer to the race problem. In other words, the extinction of our unique characteristics, what makes us a race, is your final solution to the racism problem. Our extinction is your final fucking solution. Tell me who's the hater, when you and your fucking friends want to destroy an entire race."

"That's insane," Courtney says.

"Are we going to fucking talk?" KJ says, "If you insult me one more fucking time, we're finished, you understand? I'll throw you over that god-damned table."

KJ folds her arms and stares into Courtney's eyes. Most of her biceps are visible from the short sleeves of her shirt. She doesn't need to flex them to show their size; it's obvious and Courtney feels a little afraid.

"OK, Kaylee," Courtney says, "But it sounds a little far-fetched."

"Who are the real haters?" KJ says, "You call me a whore and a dyke because I love my race. You call me white trash. You call me Nazi and try to shut me up, even though you have no fucking idea what a Nazi is, you know that word will make others ignore me or worse. You want to silence people like me, whites who only want our race to survive and our children to live in peace. That's hate, Courtney. That's fucking hate. Funny thing is, hate can't match love in ferocity. Do you know that? Hate can drive a man to do evil, but love will drive him to fight to the death."

Courtney says nothing. KJ returns to her salad.

"Are you going to tell on me?" KJ asks, "Fuck, you might as well. Make up some story about how I came up to you and said the n-word."

She smirks and shakes her head after saying the acceptable version of the word nigger.

"How do you like being alone?" Courtney asks. KJ says nothing. "How do you like being all alone in the whole world? Look around you. I reached out to you and you refuse my kindness. When I leave, you know what you'll be? Alone."

Courtney Miller's boyfriend is Andy Steckler. He was once somewhat of a bully; now he's one of those "deracialized", so-called Alpha males who young females are conditioned to desire. He's a football player for Uniontown High and doesn't hesitate to throw his weight around. He'll browbeat and even abuse weaker white males when the fancy strikes him. If he was a man of character and principle, his aggressiveness would not be a detriment to his race.

His bravado, however, is a lie. At the first accusation of racism by a non-white, he'd lose all his faux courage and deny the accusation, degrading himself and belittling his race in the process. When Christina Keller needed assistance and Donny Patrick intervened to help her, Andy Steckler was one of the herd that ignored the conflict. If he'd been in the crowd when Trevon Chaney shoved KJ, Steckler would have said nothing. He'd wail on a guy like Justin Harris for the slightest transgression. He wouldn't dare fight a black unless facing imminent violence, and even then he would be eager to prove he's not a racist.

Justin Harris felt shame when he was too afraid to protect KJ. Andy Steckler would have felt nothing. When it matters most, in the growing flames of impending combat, Courtney Miller will have no one to protect her. KJ would have Johnny Bowen and the Old Core of the Celtic Society, including Bill Donnelly of the Continuity IRA, and Anna Murphy, who is already a lethal markswoman.

Courtney grabs her unopened lunch bag and departs. There was a time when her words would have wounded KJ. To an extent, they would have been true; she was alone. Courtney's words are hollow now. Instead of sulking, KJ just shakes her head and finishes her meal.

At about the time KJ is eating lunch, Johnny Bowen climbs the steps of one of the administrative buildings of West Virginia University. It's lunchtime for the employees; their rapid exodus to local bistros and Heavenly Ham franchises leaves the place all but abandoned. Johnny walks through the building with a specific mission in mind. In the middle of a long hallway is an open door. He glances inside and sees a table and a few bookshelves. According to the plaque outside the room, this is some kind of library. Bowen enters the room. There is a computer on a desk that

sits along the left-hand wall, out of sight of the hallway. It is not locked out. He turns away without taking another step and returns to the stairwell. Once he arrives at the outside exit, he opens his umbrella and takes a ten minute walk to the Creative Arts Center. There, he turns around and returns to the office building. This time he makes a quick pass of the little library room. It is still devoid of either staff or students. Johnny continues around the hallways until he reaches the stairs again. By the time the office workers return, Johnny's Rubicon is already on the road to Deer Park.

Johnny Bowen will return tomorrow at about the same time. Snyder Transportation is sending a load of asphalt to a construction and paving company just outside of Morgantown. Johnny will have a two-hour layover and will make the most of it. Instead of eating lunch or shooting the breeze with the workers at the construction company, John Ashley Bowen will be busy sending a very important email from WVU's computer system. He'll drop off the load and walk to a nearby mall, where a city bus will take him to his destination.

When the school day ends, KJ rushes outside. Gene makes her wait. As soon as he arrives, she dashes to the van and jumps inside. It's Wednesday and she'll be heading to Bill's with the clothes that Johnny told her to pack for Thursday. She's also eager to see what she'll be doing this afternoon and evening.

When KJ arrives at the Long Hall, she sees a Jeep Wrangler parked in the lot next to the large truck. Near the door of the hall stands Garret Fogarty. He's in a jacket and jeans, which for some reason strikes KJ as unusually informal for him. She waves as she pulls into one of the parking places. He waves back to her. Once he was the most beautiful man she'd ever seen. He hasn't changed. Now she can't help comparing him to the man who has surpassed him.

"Good afternoon, KJ," Garret says as she climbs out of the cab, her clothing bag and backpack in her arms.

"Hi, Garret," KJ says. The breeze caresses her long, chestnut-brown hair.

He steps over to her. She offers her hand around the bag, and he shakes it as much as he can without causing her to drop her things.

"Anna will be due in a few minutes," he says, "You two will be going for a walk. Here." He steps over to the hall and opens the front door for her. "Put your bags inside. There's a backpack on the table and one of the Remingtons on the stand over there. Shoulder the rifle and grab the backpack, and then come back outside."



Years ago, the backpack would have seemed heavy. No more; neither it nor the rifle presents a great challenge for KJ. She walks up to Garret and takes a seat.

"So, we march today?" KJ asks.

"Sort of," he says, "It doesn't hurt to carry the rifle for a while."

"Can I choose the cadence?" she asks, looking down.

She laughs a little.

"Metal or hardcore?" he asks.

"I don't know yet," she says, "probably hardcore."

"I'm glad this came up," Garret says, "I'd like to ask you a serious question."

"Yeah, sure," she says.

"Why do you like metal and punk music?" he asks.

"Sure, OK," she says, "First, there's the sound. I just like it. I like most genres of metal, and I really like hardcore. Some punk too, what's not cliché or lame. But it's not just about what sounds good. The musicians are mostly white like us, and they're usually full of anger and rage, or at least they're driven. They may not know why and most of them end up being tools or just fucked-up, but there's, like, real anger and drive behind the music. It's beautiful to me. Oh, and one other thing, you usually don't hear metal or hardcore singers whining about some stupid girl. Just listen to pop music or country, every white female singer complains about some white guy cheating or not treating her like some fucking princess. Every guy cries about some girl he loves, but then she, like, broke his heart. Most metal and hardcore isn't like that. Metal and punk are the angry voice of white youth. It's a blind voice, but it's angry and longs for direction. Bands like *Chironex*, though, they're already awake."

"Anna said you like *Chironex*," Garret says, "I'm glad we invited them."

"I can't tell you how much it meant when I heard them the first time," she says, "I'd fucking love to see more bands like *Chironex*; bands that aren't afraid of the anti-white establishment or the fucking antifas. Just sing the fucking truth. Who cares who gets offended? Those assholes are offended when a white man stands up, anyway. So fuck them and fuck their rules."

Garret looks deep into KJ's blue eyes.

"Let's bring this up in a few weeks at one of the meetings," Garret says, "When you're comfortable."

KJ is flattered; even a little embarrassed.

"Thank you Garret," she says, "Hey, can I ask you something?"

"You just did," Garret says. KJ hesitates. "Go ahead and ask, you're one of us now."

"You really don't swear, do you?" KJ says.

"No," Garret says, "But they're just words."

She smiles a little, and thanks him for the answer.

"Is there anything else on your mind?" Garret asks.

"Yeah, actually," KJ says.

Anna's Subaru comes rolling down the driveway. KJ jumps to her feet. She lays the backpack on the ground. The rifle remains slung on her shoulder. When Anna emerges from her Subaru, Garret smiles and Anna returns the gesture. Her hair is down and she's wearing the mushroom toboggan again. Under her jacket is a long green t-shirt. Her pants are camouflage and she's wearing boots. Anna is simply stunning. She is one of the very few who can rival KJ. KJ embraces her, and then Anna embraces Garret. She leans hard into Garret as he holds her. It's the first time KJ has seen Anna and Garret do this. It doesn't stop there. Anna nuzzles his chest. He slides back her toboggan from her head and kisses her red hair.

"Take care," Garret says to Anna, "I'll see you two a little later."

"OK," says Anna. She waves with her fingers.

"You, too, Garret," KJ says, "Take care."

Anna returns to her car.

"Hold on," Anna says as she opens the driver's side door. "These should fit." Anna returns with a pair of camouflaged pants.

"I don't want you to get your jeans all muddy," Anna says.

"Oh, thank you," KJ says. She turns and tries to open the door of the hall, but it's locked.

"Here," Anna says just before tossing her keys to KJ. "It's the top one." KJ tries the wrong key. "No," Anna laughs, "The other top one."

KJ looks back at her and smiles. She opens the door and then tosses the keys to Anna. Once inside, KJ changes into the camo pants, which fit her quite well. Anna locks the door once KJ exits. She goes back to her car and from beneath the rear seats she removes her bolt-action rifle. Once it's on her shoulder, she opens the trunk and removes a backpack much like the one KJ is carrying.

"Do you need a hat?" Anna asks.

"I got one," KJ says. She sees Anna put on a pair of gloves. "Got those too," she says, showing Anna her hands which are already gloved.

"We should be good now," Anna says, "I packed our bags yesterday and brought yours over this morning. There's food and drink and some useful shit inside."

"Cool," KJ says, "I hoped we'd do this someday."

"It won't be the last time," Anna says.

The two women start off toward the thick eastern woods, with Anna on point.

Garret rings the bell at the front entrance of the Donnelly Home. He's greeted by Megan, who hugs him.

"Hugs from two beautiful ladies," Garret says, "It'll be hard to top this day."

"Anna, too?" Megan asks.

Garret nods. Megan's attire is casual yet she wears her dress with elegance.

"No hug from KJ?" she asks, "Or did Johnny take all of them?"

"He deserves all of them," Garret says, "after what he's gone through for us."

"That he does," she says, "My, they are made for each other. Bill will be along any time now. Won't you come inside?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Donnelly," Garret says, "Perhaps a little later. How are Sinead and Michael?"

"Fine," she says, "Thank you. Oh, here's Bill."

She kisses Garret's cheek and then, when Bill approaches, she kisses her husband once, softly, on the lips.

"Ah, Garret," Bill says, "you look well."

Bill is in good spirits. He looks strong as a bull in his sweater and dark slacks. He takes Garret's hand and shakes it with both of his.

Even in its sleeping state, the woodland around the Donnelly Homestead is thick and rugged. Neither of the two young warrior women has any great difficulty moving along the deep paths and temporary creek beds. Anna's ability to traverse with ease comes from years of hunting and fishing with Gary. KJ owes her speed to the many hours she's spent among the trees and forests, one of the few refuges she's ever had from her family and the system that created them. After an hour of hiking, the two sisters catch a glimpse of the cool, clear waters of Dunbar Creek. They will not approach any closer. There's liable to be trout fishermen here and there along the banks. Instead, Anna and KJ turn right and head in a southern direction. About one half hour later, with Anna still in the lead, the two find a small area devoid of most debris and old floor growth, excepting a recently fallen tree. It's a good place to take dinner.

Anna removes her backpack and takes out a piece of waterproof tarp. She returns her rifle to her shoulder and lays the tarp across the downed tree. It is long enough for both of them to sit on its dry surface.

"I hope you like what's in the bag," Anna says, "I kinda took a guess, since it had to last all day and I didn't have a lot of room for choice."

"I'm sure it's fine," KJ says, "I've never been pretentious. I don't eat junk food or fast food, but I'm sure what you made is fine. But you know, I've never seen any of you eat that kind of shit; junk food, I mean."

"Very few of the Old Core ever did," Anna says, "I haven't had fast food in, God, maybe ten years? Dad never would take me. He'd spend hours making food for us rather than buy that junk. I won't ever forget that."

"How is Gary?" KJ asks.

"Good," Anna says, "Thanks for asking. He's away for the next few days but he's good."

Anna removes the food from her backpack. Dinner will consist of a ham and cheese sandwich on fresh rolls from a local bakery. The side dish is a vegetable salad, including a good number of cauliflower florets.

"I made us some tea to drink," Anna says, "You don't have to eat the jerky if you don't want it."

"Sure," KJ says, "I'd like to try it. Is it venison?"

"Yeah," Anna says, "made by yours truly, hunted by yours truly."

"Really?" KJ says, "With your .30-06?"

Anna shakes her head.

"Compound bow," she says, "I shot him back in October."

"Damn," KJ says, "You must be good."

"Hey," Anna says, "You know? You never said what you think about 'Act of God.'"

"You know," KJ says, "That song stirs me deep inside. I didn't know what it was about at first, I mean the specifics, but I get the power and just knowing what Hill and the guys believe got me going."

"Sucks you couldn't look it up when you listened to it," Anna says, "Your parents won't even let you read Wikipedia? It's anti-white to the core!"

"Actually," KJ says, "I was in English class."

Anna laughs and shakes her head.

"Do you know what it's about now?" Anna asks.

"Yeah," KJ says, "Buffalo Creek. I looked it up the other day at Bill's. You know, the owners of the mines were fucking traitors."

"I think I know what you mean," Anna says, "If so, I agree with you entirely."

"Yeah," KJ says, "Those assholes knew the dams were a death trap. But they didn't give a fuck about the people on the creek. They were

white, too, but it didn't matter. There's more than one kind of fucking traitor. The mine owners fucking murdered those hundred and twenty people, and the lawsuit was fucking bullshit. Thirteen thousand dollars for each survivor, that's what the white families were worth to the fucking system. Those assholes should have been shot. They didn't give a fuck if all those white families died, and for that they should have been shot."

"I agree," Anna says. "They should have been. You know, if someone heard us, they'd probably say we're full of hate. But it's not hate, it's love. Love is fierce."

"It's like a fire," KJ says, "That's exactly what it is. Love isn't about feeling bad or a one-time fuck." She stops.

Anna looks into KJ's eyes. She is silent for a moment. She finishes the stick of deer jerky she was munching and sits her little thermos cup on her backpack.

"Johnny's like a brother to me," Anna says, "He is one, in fact. We're like a family, but closer. Some might say it's not any of my business, but actually it is, because I'm his sister. I know he feels for you. You're everything he could have dreamt of and didn't believe existed. He'll keep doing what he has to with or without you, or me or Garret for that matter. That's one reason I love him so much. We're not yet 18, but we're women. I don't fool myself, I'm a woman now. The powers-that-be tell us we're children and we don't know shit, so we shouldn't love our people or even be interested in a white man. But they're full of shit. Actually, they're not, they're the enemy, that's why they try to separate us from our men."

KJ tries the deer jerky. She looks at Anna as her redheaded sister continues to speak.

"They want us to have cats instead of babies," Anna says, "Or at most have a baby at age thirty. Unless you get knocked up by a nigger, they're OK with that. They want us to go extinct, of course, so they tell us 17 year olds we're just children and can't have an adult relationship, but we can fuck around and they have no problem with that. Look at the world they left us. If you want to follow the rules, you have to live a lie. If you don't, you have no peace. They won't leave you alone. They fire you or threaten you with violence if you say the wrong word, or insult the wrong person. But we have a third choice, KJ. We can choose to fight. We're their greatest fear, you know. You're what Johnny hoped for and he's not alone. He hoped against all odds that you'd be real. You mean so much to him, you know?"

KJ remains silent. She looks down for a moment at her gloves and then back into Anna's blue eyes.

"What does he mean to you, KJ?" Anna asks.

Her look is as serious as an approaching thunderstorm.

"I'd be in his arms right now if I knew that I could be with him forever," KJ says, "I made the same promise that you made. Only one man will ever have me." Her face flashes emotion and she looks down. "It scares me to death that a traitor could have come and taken advantage of his good will. There are girls who look like us, except they'll betray a good, strong man, just because they're wicked, or too fucking stupid to see how evil it is to betray a good white man. Johnny's so passionate and real and fierce for us. It's, like, so fucking beautiful. It hurts me to even think about what it would have done to him if I had been a traitor."

"It would have destroyed him," Anna says. The fading light emphasizes her pale white skin and the rifle within easy reach of her grasp. "He swore to protect us and he meant it. If you'd been a traitor, he would have had no choice but to kill you, and it would have destroyed him. He'd have lost all hope. When you betrayed him, it would have destroyed his love for the white woman. It would have destroyed his soul."

KJ looks into Anna's eyes. Anna waits for their eyes to meet.

"That's why I would have killed you first," Anna says.

In the distance a pileated woodpecker calls. The sound reverberates through the still woods. Neither of the young warriors alters her gaze.

"Thank you," says KJ to the girl who would have killed her had she been an infiltrator, "Thank you for thinking about that."

Anna smiles. The ferocity of her stone-cold look is gone in an instant, replaced by the warm gesture.

"You're not a traitor," Anna says, "We know that. We love you like a sister now. Well, all of us except Johnny." Anna gets a wicked smile. "I think his love's a little different."

KJ looks down and closes her eyes. A silent laugh escapes from her. Then the joy on her face disappears and she looks back at Anna.

"Love is fury, you know," KJ says, "It's, like, all about fury and power; giving everything that you are and holding nothing back. The sheep don't really know love and that's why they can sell out their own children. But we know love and we're not afraid of it."

Anna nods and sips her tea.

"I'm so glad we could do this," Anna says, still holding her cup.

"Yeah," KJ says, "So am I. God, I feel so free out here with you. No sellout parents and no anti-white establishment that thinks because I'm a woman I'll do whatever the fuck they command. Out here there's just us and the truth, and there's this."

KJ turns her shoulder and looks over it at the barrel of her rifle.

"We have to fight," she says, "I can't live this American lie. I love my race and I love all of you. Love is fury and I know shit is about to happen. When it goes down, I'll be there, but if I can't escape I don't want the fucking police to take me. If they take me alive, they'll use me to hurt all of you. They'll lie and claim that I said shit that I would never say. They'd rape us in prison, just like they do with white men who they throw to the niggers. We can't let that happen to us. Johnny..."

KJ sighs. She looks down, her mass of hair going all the way to her lap when she leans over, and then she looks at Anna again.

"Johnny could make sure that I don't hurt any of you," she says, "Even though I won't tell them anything, they'll use me. They'll drug me and I won't be able to resist. I'd need him to prevent that so that I don't betray him, or you, because they can force you to talk by fucking drugging you. I'd need him to silence me if I'm captured so that I can't hurt him or anyone else. I'd need him to do that for all of us."

"KJ, you have to tell him that!" Anna says, "Don't tell me, tell him!"

KJ looks down and nods.

"I will," she says, "He needs to know all this. God, how I want to be close to him. I want to be intimate and do all those fucking awesome things your heart tells you to do with a strong, white man. Being intimate is not weakness. Being a bitch is being weak. I want to show my love, all my fucking love. I want to be close and affectionate and I want to be kind. I know what power we have and it's fucking enormous. I know a man like Johnny would be like a super fucking man if a woman gives him the power that she has inside. That makes us really amazing, you know? I'd give him all that, now and for all time, but each time we part I don't know if I'll ever see him again. He may have to go to war and I won't even be able to tell him how much he means to me."

"I know how you feel," Anna says.

KJ looks directly into Anna's eyes.

"You do, don't you?" KJ asks. "I don't want to tempt Johnny, I mean, I know I might not end up in his arms, but I am going to give him everything up to that. He'll know what he means to me and he'll feel so fucking powerful because I'm going to show him what he means."

"He'll know you're strong and everything he believes in isn't in vain," Anna says, "That will mean so much to him, KJ." Anna smiles. "You and Jesse..." She shakes her head, the smile still on her face.

"I knew that we'd see eye-to-eye," KJ says. She gets a little smile. "I saw what you did with Garret."

Anna smiles and looks down for a moment.

"You saw that, huh?" she says, "Yeah, we won't let anyone separate us. If no one else ever wakes up and loves with all their heart and soul, at least we will."

KJ takes off her toboggan and puts her left hand on her head. She runs her thick hair through the fingers, and then brushes it away from her face.

Deep in her psyche, the conversation is a source of joy and pain, and the thought of waking to find Johnny gone forever is beginning to strangle the joy.

"How's Bryce?" KJ asks.

"Good," Anna says, "He's growing like a weed. He's gonna be big like my dad."

The perceptive redhead did not fail to notice the abrupt change in subject. She'll go with it.

"I hope Michael can protect him from all the shit out there," KJ says. "He's a little angel."

"He's not the only angel I know," Anna says.

KJ smiles.

"Thank you," KJ says. She touches Anna's arm. "And thank you for introducing me to your family. God, what it must be like to hold your own baby and know he'll have a beautiful future, even if there's only a chance. Imagine if the world didn't hate him for being white. He'd grow up strong and proud, and not a wage slave, and he wouldn't fight and die for rich traitors and fucking Israel. Can you imagine holding him in your arms and kissing his little head, and knowing for certain that he'll never be a slave? You could just hold him there and live in the moment, with your husband's strong arm around you."

"We won't be slaves, KJ, I do know that much," Anna says, "It's kinda hard to make a man a slave if you have 160 grains in your head."

KJ chuckles a little. Then she sighs.

"Just think about what we are as a people," KJ says, "We've reached heights of beauty and love, heroism, devotion, art and fucking technology that no other race has ever come close to achieving. Some of them try to copy us, but they always fall short, especially with affairs of the heart. We're the artists and lovers. I think about other whites, and I don't mean the traitors who don't give a fuck about anything except money and power. I mean most whites who just try to live their lives. How can they look into their children's eyes and keep living this lie? America is a religion, a death cult really, a fucking death cult."



"I've thought that, too," Anna says, "You have to have faith in the shit they say, 'cause they say we're all the same inside, or niggers and beaners are the same as us. Bull-fucking-shit if they are! We created the jet engine and *Romeo and Juliette*! Only an idiot or a true believer would say we're the same as a shit-huffing African."

"That's why I call it a cult," KJ says, "The death cult says we're all equal, even if anyone with half a fucking brain can see that no two people actually are equal. So when a nigger rapes or kills or can't fucking pass remedial math, it can't be because he's a savage, it has to be because of racism. It has to be whitey's fault, every time non-whites act like savages. So we and our men have to be punished. If we're really equal, the only way you're going to get rid of racism is to get rid of white people. That's the logical conclusion because we always rise above everyone else."

"They are getting rid of us," Anna says, "How often do you see girls like me anymore?"

"I'm sorry, Anna," KJ says.

"No, KJ, it's not your fault," Anna says, "You and Johnny and Garret and me, we're going to fight it. The enemy's been pushing our genocide for long enough. God, it's everywhere you look."

"Did you hear that they want to expose white babies to non-whites right after they're born, so they won't prefer their own race anymore?" KJ says, "What the fuck is that if not genocide? They won't say it, but it's not a racism problem to the traitors and their kike allies. To them it's a white problem, and for everyone to really be equal, we have to fucking die."

"I've wondered how most white people can look at their own children without feeling remorse," Anna says, "They're allowing the genocide of our race to continue just because they don't want to be called racist. I won't accept that kind of a life. I won't let the world hate my children for being white."

KJ looks at Anna again. She pushes a little mud from the forest floor with her left boot.

"Our age group has to wake up," KJ says, "We're setting up the next generation just like the previous generation set us up. Our children and grandchildren will have it worse and worse until we're fucking gone forever. Our children will be born into a world of hate and envy aimed directly at them, just for being white and being blamed by everyone else for whatever's fucked up in their lives. I see so many whites profiting from this system that eventually will drive us to extinction, and I don't mean kikes who act white when it serves their purposes."

"Fuck them," Anna says.

"Yeah," KJ says, "They want us dead anyway, "after they fuck *shik-sas* like us. I'm not talking about those assholes; I'm talking about real fucking whites. White people you see every day, or on television or in movies. Most of them make money by either keeping their mouths shut or actively belittling their own race. They go along with this genocide, because they're like, I've got mine, so fuck you."

KJ sighs and looks down again.

"If there was a price for betraying our children," KJ says, "some of them would stop doing it."

"They'll pay for what they're doing to us," Anna says. KJ looks up at her. "We'll make them pay for it. I carry this gun for white skin and red hair and blue eyes. I carry it for my baby and yours and Jesse's and all the other white babies, too. The traitors are the only ones allowed to speak right now, since a man can lose his livelihood and ability to take care of his children if he dares speak up for his race. That's fine. No, it is. Since they took away my voice, my gun will speak for me."

"So will mine," KJ says.

The only regret on the way back to the Donnelly Homestead is the rapidity in which the afternoon and early evening has passed. It is regrettable for both Anna and KJ. Anna hesitates at a flat spot with rich, black soil. Mayapples will soon fill the bare spots.

"Here's where we found a bunch of morels last spring," Anna says, "You ever had morels?"

"Yeah," KJ says, "I had them at a restaurant a few years ago. That was back when we were in Washington, back when I was a good little sheep. They don't take me out to eat anymore. Imagine that?"

"You're not missing much," Anna says, "Try some when we make 'em. I bet they're a lot better."

"They come out in April around here, right?" KJ asks.

"Yeah, end of April," Anna says, "The last two weeks or so. The dog peckers come out earlier." KJ doesn't ask. "Hey, maybe we'll get a trip together," Anna says, "You and me, Johnny and Garret, and maybe a few more. We'll go camping. Do you think you'd like that?"

She knows the answer.

"Let's see," KJ says, "I get to spend time with my best friend, my real family, and the man I'm falling for, all in the woods far away from my fucking so-called life. Yeah, I think I could go for that."

Anna smiles and puts her hand on KJ's left shoulder.

Garret is leaning against his Jeep when Anna and KJ come around the hall. They're chirping and Anna's smiling. KJ manages a few brief dis-

plays of happiness. In the pale glow of the porch light he can see them walking and holding hands. They carry their rifles on their shoulders. Garret watches without saying a word until they stop on the near side of the Chevy dumper. KJ waves at him and Anna's smile grows a little warmer.

"Hi, Garret," Anna says, "What's goin' on?"

He smiles at her.

"Did you have a good time?" he asks.

"Oh, yeah," she says, "Definitely."

Garret notices that KJ nods before Anna can speak. Their demeanor already told him the answer. He watches Anna remove her hat, her long, thick red hair illuminated in the soft shine of the lamp. There are those who rejoice in the increasing rarity of red hair and pale skin. When he looks upon dear Anna, a masculine rush fills his soul. Garret Fogarty would not say a word to such genocidal haters. He would strangle them with his bare hands.

"Garret," KJ says, "Could you open the door? I have to change clothes."

"Sure, KJ," he says, his attention pulled away from the redheaded beauty who captivated it.

KJ returns dressed in her jeans, without her backpack or the rifle.

"Your stuff will be there tomorrow," Garret says, "Are you OK with Johnny picking you up?"

Anna looks at her, a sly smile on her face. Though he doesn't look at Anna, Garret notices.

"Yeah," KJ says, "That's cool."

KJ looks down and moves her hair over her left shoulder. Then she looks up at Anna.

"Hey," KJ says, "I'll take your pants home and wash them. I can get them back to you on Sunday or Monday, is that cool?"

"No, keep them," Anna says, "You'll need a pair."

KJ looks at the pants and then back at Anna.

"Shh!" Anna says.

"Alright," KJ says, "But I'm going to thank you."

"That's fine," Anna says, "I appreciate that."

"Good," KJ says, "Thank you."

Anna comes over and rubs the thick hair on KJ's head, as a child congratulating a teammate might do.

"Now get outta here," Anna says, "Your parents are going to ground you and mess up tomorrow."

KJ laughs and begins walking toward the truck. She must have wiped or washed her tall black boots while she was in the hall, because from top to sole they are clean. KJ waves before boarding the Chevy pickup and taps the horn once as she leaves.

Gary Murphy arrives at the Murphy Home almost as soon as Anna. He parks behind her Subaru Outback. Anna comes back outside to switch places, but he waves his finger. Although he's off tomorrow, he'll be leaving before she departs for school.

Gary enters the front door and places a bag with his muddy work boots on the mat by the entrance. Anna walks up and kisses his cheek. She takes his jacket.

"How'd it go today?" Anna asks.

"Great," Gary says, "How was your day? Is Garret OK?"

"Yeah," she says, "We're all good. KJ, too."

"Good," he says.

Gary looks at the table. It's set for a late supper. On the place mat are two aspirins.

"Do we have Ben Gay?" he asks, "We did a lot of work today, and tomorrow will be here fast."

"Yeah," Anna says, "I just checked. Try to take it easy, OK?"

"No," he says, "Time's short." He looks at young Anna for a moment. "I don't feel as old as I look, youngin'!"

She laughs and shakes her head.

"Thank you, dad," she says.

Anna doesn't know anything about the nature of his project. She does know that it may affect her; that much is easy to see from his intense dedication. He's putting a tremendous effort into the rapid completion of this project. She doesn't know where he's been, but he's been at it all day.

Gary Murphy was not at the Greene County coal mine today, yet digging the earth was his primary chore. Procyon House near Amboy, West Virginia, is nearing completion. Soon there won't be any further need for the tired old front loader or the dusty Mack dump truck with the ace of clubs and the king of diamonds painted on the door.

On Thursday morning, KJ repacks her bag of clothes for tonight's meeting and then dresses for school. Today her t-shirt is light green with a brown stag's head on the front. She considers wearing a pair of snake-skin leggings and a extra-long t-shirt that complies with the lax school dress code, but instead opts for a pair of jeans. Before leaving her room, KJ throws her Caterpillar jacket over her shoulder. There may be time for her to practice self-defense or pistol shooting before tonight's meeting.

She may even spend time outside at Bill's and if it rains, she'll need the water-resistant garment.

KJ descends the stairs without a sound. She checks the refrigerator to be sure the ingredients for Bowen's breakfast haven't gone missing. Once she's satisfied of their security, she makes her own breakfast. Before she can finish, Erica creeps in to the kitchen. KJ heard her coming well before she appeared at the door. She will most likely remain until she's satisfied that KJ has taken her setirizine. KJ will have to play the game again.

Gene, coffee cup in hand, comes in as KJ finishes the last bite of her breakfast. He's been in the den, working on today's lesson for his captive audience. It's the first time they've all been together in one room since her thrashing of David Epstein.

"Put the dishes in the washer," Erica says, "I'll wash them later."

If KJ didn't know Erica, she'd swear she's being nice.

"Now," Erica says, "let's see you take that pill."

KJ goes through the motions. Once the glass is empty of water she slides the pill under her tongue. She puts the glass on the countertop and picks up her backpack.

"Not so fast," Erica says.

She walks over to KJ. Their blue eyes meet. Those eyes share the same color. They might as well be white and black. Erica grabs KJ's face with her hand. KJ's instinct and superior power allow her to pull away.

"What the fuck?!!" KJ says.

Erica lunges forward and grabs her face again. KJ could floor her. She is more than strong enough to beat Erica senseless. She does not. Right now that would jeopardize her future. In a few months, when she's 18, KJ can leave them behind forever. She does resist, turning her head away from Erica. She makes a rapid decision while pretending to struggle; if the struggle were genuine she would easily overpower Erica and probably hurt her in the process. KJ swallows the setirizine. Without water, the pill seems to get stuck in the bottom of her throat. The feeling will remain for the entire trip to school.

"This is degrading!" yells KJ as she breaks away from Erica. "It's wrong!"

"Open your mouth! Now!" Erica says.

KJ looks at Gene. He acts as if the two are engaged in a pleasant conversation that does not include him. KJ opens her mouth. Erica looks inside for any sign of the pill.

"Lift your tongue!" Erica says.

KJ obeys her. Then Erica puts a finger in KJ's mouth and feels around. She finishes after an agonizing length of time. KJ suppresses the powerful urge to lay into Erica. She feels tears of rage welling up in her eyes. It takes all her efforts not to beat her mother senseless.

"Are you happy now?" KJ says.

Erica's face is smug from her victory. She turns and leaves, answering once she's in the foyer.

"It's for your own good," she says.

KJ looks at Gene again. He finishes his coffee and hurries out the kitchen door. KJ does not cry. She looks out the window above the kitchen sink. The trees are still asleep.

For once Gene tries to talk to KJ during the short drive to UHS. She has no interest in talking to him ever again. He's had many chances to be a father and now it's too late. She thinks about a plan of action after she arrives at school. When Gene stops in front of the main entrance, KJ hurries out of the minivan. There's little time to be careful, though she tries to be observant of those around her. There don't appear to be any threats on her way to the nearest bathroom. Since she's early the bathroom is deserted. She closes a stall door behind her and leans over the toilet. It's the first time she's ever forced herself to vomit, so it takes a little time and the experience is terribly unpleasant. Once she is successful and she sees the little mind-destroying pill in the toilet, she heads for a sink to wash her hands and face. She takes the water from her backpack and rinses her mouth before taking a drink. Then she washes her face again, removing the tears of sadness and defiance that spilled when she forced herself to throw up.

While in transit to her final class of the day, KJ sees David Epstein. He still shows the signs of his two black eyes. He stares at her. After making sure it's not a ruse to grab her attention while some colleague or non-Jewish minion prepares an attack, KJ looks back at him. She feels no shame or remorse. He asked for a beating and he got one. It should have been from a courageous white guy. It had to be from her.

"Stay away from me, whore," he says.

His litigious parents must have emboldened him, or he may be trying to regain some of his lost pride, albeit in a pathetic manner. Under ordinary circumstances, he'd feel the school's wrath for such verbal abuse. There are many witnesses to the act. No one will say a word. KJ knows better than to complain.

She continues walking to class but does not look down. If Epstein escalates to the physical, KJ will treat the confrontation as combat. She

won't risk anymore, not when she could get hurt. For the first time she feels like she has too much to lose.

The rest of the school day is boring and uneventful. KJ is beginning to appreciate such days. While waiting outside for Gene, which seems to last forever because of her excitement over tonight, KJ cannot help but hear part of a conversation between two white male sophomores.

"Who you gonna play?" asks the taller boy of the shorter, fatter one.

The fat one is scrolling his iPod.

"Usher," he says with obvious pride.

KJ turns her head and shudders.

At the Campbell House, KJ stays long enough for a quick shower and a change of clothes. She descends the stairs and exits the house at a slower pace. Once she's sure that Erica cannot see her, she returns to quick-stepping. KJ more than makes up for Gene's tardiness and arrives early at the intersection of Kimberly and Laura Lane. So does Johnny Bowen. When she sees the Rubicon parked along Kimberly Drive, her fast walk becomes a full-fledged run. Bowen barely has time to open the door for her.

KJ leaps into the Jeep and kisses Johnny on his right cheek. He looks at her and a little smile forms on his face.

"Nice to see you, too," Johnny says.

KJ laughs and chews the gum in her mouth.

"You didn't eat supper, did you?" he asks.

"Oh shit," she says, "You made supper for me?"

"Of course," he says.

"Shit!" she says, "I should have made..."

"Bullshit," he interrupts, "You have school."

"You have work!" she says.

He puts the Jeep into first gear. It responds and begins to roll.

"Settle down, angel," he says, "I made supper for both of us."

She laughs and looks at him.

"Cool," she says.

She leans over and puts her forehead against his shoulder, nuzzling him a few times before returning to her seat.

"You always think of me," she says.

She is so warm and beautiful. John Ashley Bowen would defy the world if she needed him to.

"Hey," she says after a short pause, "I meant to ask you, you never told me your birthday. I'll warn you, if I missed it, I'll cry. I'll honest-to-God fucking cry, right here."

"Don't do that," Johnny says and laughs, "You didn't miss it. It's September 1st.

"Do you remember mine?" KJ asks.

"No..." he hesitates and glances at her. "...vember first."

"You didn't fool me," she says, "I knew you'd remember." She hops up and down a couple of times in her seat, an ornery smile on her face. "What's Anna's?" she asks, her wild demeanor showing a little in her motions.

"September 14th," he says.

"Garret?" she asks.

"First of April," Johnny says, "His family always fucked with him because it was April Fool's. They bought him all kinds of gag gifts and shit like that."

"Shit!" she says, "That's coming fast. Good thing I asked."

"You don't have to buy anything," Johnny says.

"Johnny," she says, looking at him, "Come on."

"OK," he says, "But don't spend too much, alright?"

"Any suggestions?" she asks.

"Ask Anna," he says.

"Oh, yeah, right," she says.

KJ puts her hand on his right arm, but then starts to pull it away.

"Am I pushing things too far?" she asks.

"No," he says, "Don't pull back. There are lines right now, I know, but this isn't near any of them for me." He smiles. "Your glove feels nice."

She puts her hand back on his arm.

*Danzig's "Twist of Cain"* plays in the background. Kaylee Jane Campbell would stand beside John Ashley Bowen as he defies the world, even if they are alone.

Johnny and KJ are the first to arrive at the Long Hall. Bowen parks in the single spot to the right of the big dumper. The two get out and walk to the door of the hall. Before he opens the door, Johnny looks at her.

"That's not bad," he says as he admires her tight black and red *End of You* t-shirt and equally tight jeans, and the yellow and black Caterpillar jacket over her shirt. "I like it."

"Thank you, Johnny," she says, "But I have to put on something a little less casual. At least then they can say that I clean up nice."

"Are you fuckin' joking?" he says, "You're always clean. It makes an impression, trust me."

"How about my hair?" she asks.

She's noticed that he likes to smell the thick strands.



Bowen takes two large steps and takes her by the shoulders. He smells her hair. Again it is a beautiful experience. The smell is faint, with just a hint of her shampoo's fragrance.

"Thanks so much for not smoking," Johnny says. He still holds her. She moves forward and puts her head to his chest. "It would ruin that soft smell you have."

"I never will," KJ says.

"Good," he says, "Great." He kisses her head and then pulls back to look into her eyes. "I had an aunt die from smoking," he says, "I won't watch someone else die like that, especially someone closer to me."

She takes his hand and squeezes it.

"So many young women do that now," he says.

"So many young women are sheep," she says, "They listen to idiots and traitors and think what they say is cool."

"You..." he says, "Honest-to-God, you're the last one who will ever be a sheep."

She hugs him tight.

"Thank you, Johnny," she says. She kisses his chest before they separate. "It means so much to hear that from you. I promise I'll never be like that."

Johnny opens the door of the hall and turns on the lights. KJ follows him inside. Her bag is where she left it on the table. It's not the first thing she notices. Along the right-hand wall is a new refrigerator. Johnny touches her cheek and walks over to the new appliance. Meanwhile, KJ puts her larger bag on the table and removes two sets of clothes. One consists of a turtleneck shirt and jeans; the other includes a blue dress and a pair of low women's shoes.

"What do you think?" she asks, diverting his attention from the food in the refrigerator.

Johnny looks at the clothing.

"One of these days," he says, "I need to see you in that dress."

KJ laughs and puts her gloved right hand on his chest.

"You will," she says, "I guess you answered my question, though. It might be a little too much to wear the dress tonight, huh?"

"Yeah," he says.

In his mind he tries to imagine her wearing the dress. It looks like it will hug her body, and yet flow with elegance. It would look amazing on her body.

Johnny removes what's left of the food from the refrigerator. He asks KJ to wait at the table while he disappears with the food into the interior

of the hall. A little while later he returns with her plate, and then makes another trip after his own. The meal – sausage ratatouille – is warm and delicious. During and after the meal they drink Saratoga spring water. One of the scant virtues of KJ's parents was their insistence on eating mostly organic and natural foods and drink, and KJ enjoys good mineral water.

Johnny stands guard outside the left-side door while she changes. When she emerges she's wearing a snug beige turtleneck and a dark pair of jeans that are as tight as her older pair, but are clearly brand new. She's still wearing her boots and gloves. Johnny's first impulse is to embrace her. She wears no makeup whatsoever, and her perfect white skin is unmasked and untainted by chemicals. It is stunning and radiant. Her long, thick hair is free to flow all over her upper body and several strands hang down in front of her face.

Johnny takes KJ by her arms, and gently squeezes her powerful biceps. The form-fitting turtleneck shows their impressive size.

"You look beautiful, angel," he says while looking into her blue eyes.

She smiles and whispers her thanks to him. Johnny touches her back as she exits the front door.

At the furthest possible line of sight, KJ notices an approaching vehicle. She recognizes the car as Anna's Subaru.

"Here comes Anna," she says.

Johnny shakes his head and looks into her eyes. He noticed who it was just a little after she did, and his vision and faculties are of superior quality.

Anna's not alone. Gary arrived home from Amboy with just enough time to wash and change. Not far behind them is a Jeep that is unfamiliar to KJ. Bowen knows it well. It's Cristian O'Toole. He may be with John Boyle and Jimmy Ford. Before Anna can park, another vehicle appears. This one, a black Dodge Avenger, is also unfamiliar to KJ. Bowen tells her that it belongs to Austin Kelly. Johnny is relieved that he's coming. He has business with Austin.

Anna flashes her lights at them before she parks to the left of the big Chevy truck. She says something to Gary and then hurries out of the car. Her hair is in a long ponytail again. She's wearing a brown and white sweater and a pair of jeans, a comparable wardrobe to KJ's, which makes KJ glad she changed out of her t-shirt. Anna yells to KJ and Johnny and hurries over, followed by Gary.

Gary doesn't show the strain of his recent endeavors. His smile is warm and genuine and KJ does not doubt its sincerity. How could she? He's spent thirty years in the hole, where men become miners and lesser

males flee back to the surface. Gary's blue button-down shirt is just loose enough to fit with comfort, yet the strength of his arms and body is evident.

Johnny Bowen, whose own musculature is quite obvious, takes Gary's big ursine hand. It's not enough; the Murphy patriarch pulls Johnny into a great embrace. KJ is next, though he doesn't squeeze quite as hard. Gary can tell she could take it though, and she certainly reciprocates his tight embrace.

"We'll meet inside," Bowen says after the greetings and hugs, "I need to talk to Austin."

Gary begins to take out his keys.

"No need," Johnny says, "it's unlocked."

The Murphy's enter the hall. KJ remains with Johnny.

"Should I go?" KJ asks.

"No," he says.

"Johnny," she says, "Should I, like, not... I don't want to hide something that's dear to me, but your thoughts are, like, really important to me. I don't know what's going to happen and I know there are lines we shouldn't cross."

KJ sighs and looks down, and then after collecting her thoughts she looks up at Johnny. He waits patiently all the while.

"Unless you think it would be a mistake to show our feelings," she says, "I don't want to hide what I feel for you. I really, really don't, but I don't know everything that's going on." She grabs his arm. "And I don't want to know everything, only what I need to know." She sighs and runs her hand through the mass of her hair. "What I'm trying to say is, I understand if we have to keep our relationship secret."

Johnny takes her hands and pulls her close. He embraces her and kisses her head as Austin Kelly's Dodge pulls into the parking spot directly in front of the couple. Kelly's headlights illuminate them as they embrace.

"Whoever doesn't like what you mean to me can fuck off," he says, "We're the ones who know how far we can go."

KJ squeezes him tight, her cheek to his chest and her eyes closed.

Austin climbs out of his car. Even though Diamond Crossing is closed tonight, he comes alone. When she hears the car door close, KJ opens her eyes. Jonny releases his hold but keeps his arm around her shoulder. Austin's dark hair is back in a ponytail; his face is clean shaven. He's short and powerful and looks quite sharp in his black slacks and dress shirt.

"Austin," Johnny says.

"Johnny!" Austin replies, "What's up? Hi, KJ. Glad you're still with us."

She smiles; it's bashful and lovely.

"Aren't you two fuckin' adorable," Austin says after looking them over.

"Thanks, Austin," Johnny says, "I see why you're Mason's wingman."

"Four years and counting," Austin says, "Speaking of which, Mason sends his greetings."

"Is he OK?" Johnny asks.

"He's under the weather," Austin says, "He should be here next week."

"How's the Jeep coming along?" Johnny asks.

"Almost there," Austin says, "It'll need a little more work but she already runs good." He doesn't leave it at that. Johnny Bowen was specific in his desire that the Jeep be more than just a vehicle. "But don't worry," Austin says, "she'll tear up the trails by the time me and Jimmy are done."

"Let me know when it's finished," Johnny says, "And thanks for taking care of it."

"No problem," Austin says, "I'm always up for that kind of shit."

"I wish I had time to help you two," Johnny says, "It'd be fun to get together again."

"Yeah," Austin says, "Those were good times. But, you know how it is."

Johnny thanks him again and touches Austin's shoulder with his left hand. Johnny's right arm is still around KJ.

Austin heads inside the hall. Johnny waits for Cristian O'Toole and Jimmy Ford, who are approaching from the right. Johnny keeps his arm around KJ. She appreciates every minute of his embrace, both the gesture and the feeling.

Ford wears a flannel shirt and rugged jeans, which together with his solid frame give him the look of a tough farmer or woodsman. His light brown hair is almost blonde, and a tad longer than it was at Christmas. His wire-rim glasses and his ever-present serious expression give him an air of intelligence. KJ doesn't recall him ever slouching or looking down when speaking.

To Ford's side and slightly behind him is Cristian O'Toole, lifelong friend of Johnny Bowen and a longtime member of the old Celtic Society. He's as tall as Johnny and very handsome. His comeliness is not so much

raw beauty as is Garret's, but rather masculinity and perfect proportion. His physical confidence doesn't hurt, of course. If these men weren't beyond the conformist labels of "Alpha" and "Beta", he'd definitely be one of the former. Like the others, he doesn't live according to the enemy's plans and categories. There is indisputable proof of this: He wouldn't be here tonight if he did.

"Hello KJ," Jimmy Ford says.

Jimmy shakes her hand. His own hands are big with long, slender fingers. If she hadn't seen him play guitar, she'd swear he's a pianist. Who knows? With all the skills these folk have cultivated, perhaps he is.

"Hello, Jimmy," KJ says.

KJ remembers all the names. She has her own gifts, her own talents and uncultivated skills.

"It's nice to see you again," she says.

Ford and Bowen shake hands before O'Toole grabs Johnny in an embrace that, owing to Bowen still holding KJ, includes her as well. O'Toole looks into her blue eyes.

"How have you been, KJ?" Cristian asks.

"Good," she says, "Thank you, Cristian."

"Please," he says, "Call me Cristi. I can't tell one of you to call me one thing, and have the other one call me something else." He gets a little smile on his face and look at both KJ and Johnny. "I see that arm."

Johnny smiles as does KJ, though she's a little embarrassed and looks down. It still feels as nice as it did when Johnny first embraced her.

"I'll call tomorrow," Cristian says as he heads toward the door. He stops and looks at KJ before entering. "Nice to see you again, KJ. I hope everything's OK with you."

"I'm good," she says, "A lot better than before, actually."

Johnny and KJ follow Cristian after a few moments. Bowen finally removes his arm when he opens the front door for her. Though she has an idea of the location of the meeting room, she lets Johnny open each door before she passes. Some things change for the better; some for the worse. For KJ, the death of masculine politeness, killed off by feminist harpies and weak-willed "manginas", is a tragedy. She enjoys the attention and knows that Johnny will be pleased with the opportunity to show some chivalry. It's one of the mutually beneficial male-female interactions that have suffered from the religion of equality at all cost.

The doors that lead into the meeting room are made of varnished wood. In better times, Bill would adorn them with carvings of ivy and deer, but as things are they remain plain. Johnny opens the doors for KJ. Inside

is a large, well-lit room full of chairs and a few round tables. There's no podium or stage. This surprises KJ. She guessed that there would be speakers, or a forum of some kind. She sees Cristian and Jimmy Ford sitting with Austin Kelly near a small table. She sees Anna wave and then rise from her seat alongside her father. KJ looks back to see if someone entered, but the wave is for her and Bowen.

"Let's join the Murphy's," Johnny says.

KJ lets a little smile escape from inside her soul.

At the table, Johnny pulls out a seat for KJ. It's two over from Anna's.

"Have a seat, angel," he says, "We'll save that one for Garret."

Gary listens to every word. He couldn't be more pleased with the developments of the last few months. As difficult as it is for any upstanding and devoted father to eventually give away his daughter, a man like Garret would soften such a harsh but necessary blow. From what he knows of KJ's life, she will need a serious and dedicated partner, one who can play and joke but not to excess. She needs a man who will love and cherish her with great intensity, and who is not afraid to protect her from enemies who would ravage a visionary white girl like KJ. She will need a man like John Ashley Bowen. When a man calls a girl "angel," it is an interesting development indeed. Gary winks at KJ, who hugs him before taking her seat. Once she sits, Johnny steps in and touches Gary's shoulder.

"It's really nice to see to two of you," Gary says as he rises and shakes hands with Johnny.

The remainder of the Old Core trickles into the meeting room. There is instant conversation among them.

"Listen, KJ," Johnny says, "It's OK if you're nervous." He noticed her leg bouncing and her glancing around and, all too often, down at the table. "Tonight we're going to do a lot more listening than talking, but you'll get comfortable in no time. I think you'll like how things go here."

She smiles and looks into his eyes. Her leg stops bouncing.

Anna must notice KJ's nervousness. She expands her conversation with her father to include KJ and Johnny. In a few minutes, Johnny mentions the monster non-typical buck that Anna harvested with her bow.

"It was the largest buck I've ever seen in person," he says, "It was a big son of a bitch, perfect for the table."

At KJ's request, Anna shows her a picture on her iPhone. The huntress kneels behind the big trophy, a smile on her lovely white face. KJ looks at the beast and then at Anna.

"That's awesome," KJ says.

Anna smiles and shrugs.

A few minutes later, Aaron Van Dyke enters the room. Again KJ wonders how a young man who looks like he walked off a California beach could possibly be racially conscious. It's a rash and impulsive judgement on her part. She knows that his concern for his people is a natural response; one that the anti-white establishment attempts to pervert or destroy. It should not matter whether he is blonde and athletic or bald and portly. If he is white, it should be natural for him to cherish his race. KJ feels a little shame for her initial reaction, since some of the others must wonder the same about her.

Van Dyke notices her glance and waves. He takes a seat near Austin Kelly, who shakes his hand in a modern manner. The two contrast: Van Dyke's blonde hair, t-shirt and faded jeans with Kelly's sharp attire and slick looks. They act like close brothers.

Next to appear is Garret Fogarty, who holds the door for Megan and Sinead Donnelly. If not for the display of affection between Garret and Anna that she witnessed the other day, KJ would wonder if Garret might not have intentions for the comely and unique Sinead. KJ feels relieved and flattered that Johnny found her to be so interesting. Sinead is indeed a very comely and intelligent young lady, and any decent man would embrace the opportunity to win her heart. Tonight, she's as elegant as ever, wearing a green dress that is neither formal nor commonplace. KJ looks at Johnny, who must feel her stare, since he looks away from the door and into her eyes. A smile forms on his face. It is small and warm, so much nicer than a big toothy grin.

"Are you OK?" Johnny asks.

"Perfect," KJ says.

Bill Donnelly follows his family. Garret, who insists on Bill entering first, lets the door shut and heads for the empty chair beside Anna. Bill, Megan and Sinead take their places at a table near the Murphy's. Bill appears to be as well as he has been of late. His hair is thick and looks a little less gray, even if it's an illusion brought on by his rejuvenation. He looks every bit the robust middle-aged Irish gentleman. Megan sits between Bill and Sinead, with the daughter close to the mother. KJ wonders what it must be like to have such a mother; not a duplicitous snake who gave her daughter hollow love as long as the daughter never questioned her parent's beliefs – and lies.

KJ looks back at Anna, who is laughing from something Gary said and that entered KJ's ears but not her consciousness. Anna notices and raises her eyebrows. KJ smiles, lest she interrupts her best friend's hap-

piness, and then she looks back at the Donnelly's. Her thoughts remain on her redheaded sister. Anna once had a loving mother, but fate denied her the chance to grow up with the wonderful woman. Still, her legacy makes Mary Murphy a far greater mother than Erica Campbell née Chapman. The pain of the loss must be very sharp, especially for Gary, who no doubt loved her with all his heart and soul.

The door opens again and a man of twenty-something years and impressive physical power enters the room. His hair is short and brown and he looks as tall and powerful as any of the others, even Gary. He waves at Johnny Bowen who replies, as do the others at the table. The man stops at Bill's little group. They share a laugh and when Megan rises the big man hugs her and kisses her cheek. Eventually he takes a seat with Van Dyke and Austin Kelly. The three act like close friends or relations, which must be the case, though KJ doesn't remember ever seeing the big man.

Before KJ can ask the man's identity or Johnny Bowen can tell her his name, Rian Donnelly and his fiancée Jesse enter the room. Rian's well-dressed and groomed appearance would be remarkable if not for Jesse, who is stunning. Her purple blouse and dark jeans emphasize the natural aspects of her beauty, especially her lean yet curvy body, but not at the expense of her remarkable face. Her hair is down and it is long and thick. She sees the members of the Murphy table and waves to them before she and Rian take their places with the Donnelly's.

KJ wonders what life they will have. Will they find peace, somehow, somewhere? Will that peace be fleeting, destined only to last until they pass from the Earth and their children or grandchildren inherit the inevitable collapse and conflict? Or is it their fate to live through peril and strife? It must be if they are to remain loyal to their children and to each other. Both are white. Both are bound to the fate of their race. They have a right to peace. The powers-that-be, who profit from the decline of the rebellious and ambitious white race, would never allow them any true peace. It might give them a quiet or even a glamorous life, but the price would be the very lives of their descendants, who would perish in the final genocide when their race is a tiny minority and suffers extermination at the hands of the non-white masses. Some do not care; KJ believes that Rian and Jesse would rather fight than allow that to happen.

A few minutes pass before Tom and Sarah Neely make their appearance. The two are a lovely couple, just as KJ remembers. They are as they were, discrete and pleasant. Homebodies who must spend long hours at work, Tom and Sarah are dressed in simple but attractive clothes



that typify their simple but attractive appearance. Both are dedicated practitioners of the medical arts and would have a luminous future in their profession, should they forsake the higher calling that brings them to the Donnelly Homestead on this Friday in March. That calling is the love and preservation of their future white children, and all future white children. Their fight is not about uprisings or marches, overthrowing a government or crowning a new king. Their fight is about the survival of their race and securing peace for future generations of white children.

Tom takes Sarah's jacket as they sit to the left of Austin Kelly, Van Dyke and the big man.

The next guests to enter are two young men who appear to be only distantly related, yet who are, in truth, brothers in both race and blood. One is familiar to KJ – David Fox. The other is shorter and a bit heavy, and looks to be a few years younger. Behind the Fox Brothers is another young man who is unfamiliar to KJ. His eyes are light and his hair is red, about the same shade as Anna's. He is of average height and well-proportioned. It's obvious that most of those present are proponents of physical fitness. That KJ measures favorably to anyone in attendance makes her proud of her long-time dedication to strength training and maintenance.

"I do hope he can be here," Bill says to Rian.

KJ hears him without difficulty. She notices that the others become silent when Bill talks, though there's no announcement or tapping of silverware on glassware. No one hushes the group or announces an imminent speech. Perhaps the conversation hasn't begun yet. A quarter hour into the gathering, Cristian O'Toole rises from his seat. KJ wonders if he'll begin speaking or provide an intro for Bill. But no; instead, he steps over to Austin Kelly's table and asks for help. Cristi, Austin, the big man and Aaron Van Dyke leave the meeting room for a short while, and then return with a cart full of drinks: Guinness of course, Sam Adams Boston ale, Double Bock, water, lemonade and other juice drinks. Two wines – a merlot and a cabernet sauvignon – also sit atop the metal cart. O'Toole takes over the distribution of the drinks and works his way around the room. The third stop is the Murphy Table.

"Ladies," Cristi says, "what'll it be?"

KJ waits for Anna, and then answers to break the silence when it becomes obvious Anna has the same idea.

"A bottle of water, please," KJ says.

"Anna?" O'Toole asks.

Anna looks at Gary.

"You know you can have one," Gary says.

Cristian opens a Guinness and hands her the bottle, followed by a glass from the lower tray of the cart. KJ wishes she'd asked for one.

The guys take Guinness except for Garret, who has a glass of wine.

Once Cristian departs, Bill rises. This must be the moment.

"For the benefit of those present who were not members of the Celtic Society," he says, "Namely our lovely young KJ, please allow me to introduce Mr. Robert McKenna."

The big man rises and nods in KJ's direction.

"He is a former member of the Wheeling Nailers professional hockey team," Bill says, "One hell of a defenseman, not to mention a friend of us all and a great credit to his race."

"You're too kind, Bill," McKenna says in a voice that is a little too harmonious to fit his size.

"You've met David," Bill says, "To his right is his brother John, a man of considerable artistic and medicinal talents. It has been a great pleasure to know these two young men."

Bill looks toward the young man with light-colored eyes. There's something familiar in his face, though KJ cannot place it.

"Last but not least," Bill says, "Allow me to introduce one of my relations from the States, John McShane." McShane raises, nods, and then returns to his seat. "I regret that your friends Mason and Kevin could not be in attendance," Bill says to McShane. "Hopefully they can be with us next week."

KJ waits for Bill to begin speaking. Instead he takes his seat and the many conversations resume.

"KJ," Anna says, "KJ!" she repeats when the first attempt fails to attract KJ's attention.

"Hmm? Sorry!" KJ says.

"Hey," she says, "next Friday there's an early show at Diamond. You wanna go?"

"Yeah, sure," KJ says, "That's some good luck for once." She looks at Johnny. "Can you come with us?"

"I think so," he says.

"Who's playing?" KJ asks.

"*Empire Rex*," Anna says, "On Facebook it says they're an industrial metal band from Michigan. The page has some samples and they sound pretty good."

"Cool," KJ says.

KJ looks at Johnny Bowen. There's that feeling again.

"I'm gonna sell the cattle in April or May," Bill says.

Everyone hears his words. They tone down their voices as he raises his, ever so slightly.

"There's no time to take care of them. It's time to sell now anyway, there's just six left and we can get fresh milk and beef from good old Hacksaw and Gabriel Fogarty."

By the time Bill names Garret's uncle, there is no other voice to be heard. There was no hushing or sharp looks; just a collective fading of conversation to whispers and then silence. No one is under any order to keep quiet. They want to listen.

*So, this is it, KJ thinks, this is how it's done.*

"You know what Father O'Brien, God bless him, would tell me to do with the money?" Bill says.

A young brown-haired man enters the meeting room. No one flinches and the man remains standing. Bill continues to speak.

"He'd say, 'Give the money to the Haitians, that hurricane did a number on them. Not to mention the earthquake of 2010 and the fact they're still dyin' from it,'" Bill says.

"That son of a bitch," Gary says.

"Please, Gary," Bill says, "Don't hold back your thoughts." He laughs.

"Oh, don't worry," Gary says, "I didn't hold back when we were face-to-face. I asked him about the good white folks around us, those without enough money to keep mothers home with their babies and that son-of-a-bitch starts calling me racist and implying I'm not fit to be a father. I wouldn't let O'Brien's forked tongue anywhere near my Anna's ears, not anymore. God never said to ignore those closest to you, and He sure as hell never said to give your money to some goddamned island savage who'd rape your daughter in front of you."

"Ignore those closest to you," Bill says, "In a million years they'd never admit it, but that is the exact message that charlatans like O'Brien give to their flock each and every Sunday. As most of you know, I'm a practicing Catholic, though there's nothing Roman about me. I never knew good Father Schumacher, the man who married Gary Murphy and Mary Buckley, though I wish I had. I've heard quite a bit about the man, all of it good."

"He would have made sure our donations stayed local," Gary says, "I can't tell you how many families he helped. The Repasky's, the Lambert's when Bob died, Jim and Bessie Szymanski. There were a lot of families who put food on the table thanks to him. Then when he died they sent that asshole O'Brien from Philadelphia, who supports illegals over

the white working man, and tells us to give our hard-earned money to Haitians. He's nothin' but a worthless son of a bitch."

Bill raises his eyebrows and nods.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the old Celtic Society," he says, "Perhaps you recall Tom Dwyer. The place where he worked used to give a free turkey every Thanksgiving. Then they decided they'd give the turkeys to United Way, all in the workers' names. Where they actually went, and who ate them, Tom never could find out. Back when they gave him the turkey, Tom never cooked one of them, not ever. He'd give them to his sister, whose husband died at the Upper Branch Mine. He'd send her two hundred dollars out of every paycheck, too. Tom had three kids. He'd work overtime so he could give her and her two white babies four hundred dollars a month. Tom never told me; his sister did. She called me to explain why he was leaving the society. She said he'd never tell what he'd done, but the club meant a lot to him, and to keep going on in his absence. That's how he was."

Bill stops talking for a moment. The drone of a light plane is audible through the roof and walls.

"Don't cut your own throats," Bill says, "Because all of you mean a great deal. I wouldn't trade one person in his hall for all the people outside of it. Your peace of mind and what matters to you is important. At the same time, keep those closest to you in mind. Opportunities will arise to show others that loving your race doesn't just mean debating on the internet, or fighting for that matter. When you have the chance, help them in whatever way you can."

KJ does not say a word about her good deed at the grocery store. She does not tell another soul, not Bill or Anna or even Johnny Bowen.

The brown-haired man takes a seat next to Johnny McShane.

"Nice to see you, Kevin," Bill says, "How's the family these days?"

The conversations begin anew. O'Toole makes another round with the cart. This time more beers remain than are taken. Time slips away and the evening turns to night. Austin Kelly leaves the meeting hall. KJ figures he's calling it a day, but he's not gone for long, just long enough to visit his car. He returns with a bottle of clear liquid, which he presents to Bill.

"Hacksaw sends his regards, Bill," Kelly says, "Remember, this is his last run."

"Thank him for me, Austin," Bill says, "The fruits of his labor will be missed. A true artist, that man."

"So Hacksaw's hanging it up," Gary says. He sighs. "I wonder if anyone will know how to run a still in twenty years."

"We'll keep the knowledge alive for our descendants," Garret says, "Whether it's on a dead tree or a hard drive, that's a promise."

The gathering becomes quiet again.

"I've already started collecting information like that," Garret says.

As small conversations resume and the gathering wanes, Bill rises and excuses himself from his table. He walks over to where KJ is sitting. She looks up at him and sees the man she first met back in December. He is strong and healthy and looks very sharp in his embroidered sweater and collared dress shirt underneath. KJ begins to rise but Bill's large hand keeps her in her seat.

"Now, now," Bill says, "Don't make an aging man feel too old."

KJ smiles.

"Hi, Bill," she says.

He touches her hair and her cheek.

"KJ," he says, "If you should like to celebrate Easter Sunday with my dear wife and daughter, we would be honored to have you as our guest."

"I'd really like that," she says, some of the sudden emotion showing on her face.

"Wonderful," he says. He glances at Johnny Bowen. "Bring a friend," he says, and winks at KJ before returning to his table.

Due to her important Friday program, KJ is one of the first to leave the hall. Bowen nudges her at nine o'clock, after Sarah and Tom rise and bid everyone farewell. They, too, have important obligations; both are scheduled for the ER tomorrow morning, Good Friday or not. It may be a little early for KJ, though, since the drive is only 15 or so minutes' duration. She surmises that Bowen would like to speak to her, or just spend a little time together alone. As interesting and ameliorative as the gathering has been, she is eager for a more exclusive meeting with Johnny. Anna and Gary send them off with handshakes and hugs, a scene that is repeated when they meet Sarah and Tom Neely at the front door.

Johnny and KJ climb into the Rubicon, and Johnny drives all the way to the end of the long driveway. There, he parks in the familiar spot alongside the entrance to Old Braddock Road.

"That's sort of how it goes," he says to KJ, "I hope you enjoyed a little change of pace."

Johnny looks away from the empty road and into her face.

"I did," KJ says, "Thank you for inviting me."

He can't help but wonder how the blue dress might look on his beautiful passenger. The tight turtleneck is a good enough substitute for the moment.

"Tom and Sarah are, like, really good people," KJ says, "I mean, you all are, it's just nice to see a couple like them. How long have you known each other?"

"Four years in my case," Johnny says, "We met at the old Celtic Society in Cumberland. It's kind of cool; you're the first woman to join the group since we left the society."

A surprised look flashes across her face. Then she smiles, meek and sympathetic. Bowen loves the sight.

"I'm honored, Johnny," she says.

Cristian O'Toole drives by and waves before turning on to Old Braddock toward Uniontown.

"You've known Cristi for a while, right?" she asks.

"I grew up with him," Johnny says, "We've been close friends since first grade."

"I can't imagine the two of you then," she says, "You must have been fucking adorable!"

He laughs. It provokes the same reaction in her.

"I'm serious!" she says.

It takes a little while for the two to settle down. Robert McKenna passes by on his way to Denora. He's a little too big for his Ford Fiesta.

"Bill said that he played for the Wheeling Nailers," KJ says.

"Yeah," Bowen says, "He was a defenseman on the checking line. His last season he became a bit of a sniper. He scored ten goals that season."

McKenna is followed by the Fox Brothers.

"Johnny," KJ says, "Do you have any close family?"

"Yeah," he says, "Two brothers and my father. Mother, too, I guess. God knows where she is."

KJ doesn't know what to say. She senses this is one of those moments she could soothe some old wound. It feels urgent but she cannot say a word. She doesn't want to assume the worst. If his mother didn't run away, why would Johnny know his father's whereabouts but not hers? The silence is constricting. Johnny looks out the window, staring at nothing, or perhaps some old phantom from his past. She must say something.

"I never meant to remind you of something painful," she says, "If I did, I'm so sorry, Johnny."

He turns toward her.

"Mom took off when I was in Iraq," he says, "She told dad she didn't want to be married anymore. She'd contact him now and again to see if I was still alive, but after I came back, nothing."

"God," KJ says, "I'm so sorry. It's everywhere, isn't it? Misery and fucking pain. You just can't escape all this shit."

She looks down. Johnny reaches over and touches her head and cheek.

"You can escape," he says, "and you will."

"Because of you," she says.

She looks into his eyes.

Anna taps the horn as she passes in front of Bowen's Jeep.

"Tonight meant a lot to me," KJ says, "You know, everyone here is like a person out of a fairy tale. You know so much and have so many talents. I'm not fucking exaggerating. The two times I've been with all of you, it's been an amazing and wonderful experience. It's surreal, sometimes, like I'm dreaming. It's, like, really vivid, but it's not a dream. It's real. You're real, Johnny Bowen."

She touches his arm.

"It's an old European fairy tale," Bowen says "One of those with strong men and beautiful ladies. There's good and evil, too. But you left out the most amazing part. One day an angel flies in. She sings, she can shoot, she can repair a car or a computer, she can make excellent fucking food, and she knows wildflowers and plants and all kinds of shit. But even more amazing, she's full of love and passion, and she defies in the name of her endangered race. Yeah, it's surreal sometimes."

Johnny starts the engine.

"I never would have believed it," he says, "but she's real, and she's here."

KJ feels her emotions rise. She looks at the man to her side, and she smiles, a grateful and most endearing look on her face. Then she leans over and takes his hand, kissing it twice.

The final guest remaining at the Long Hall is John McShane. He stays in his seat as the others depart. The hour is late, almost 11 PM. McShane does not speak. He fingers his long-empty bottle of Guinness as he nods or waves to those who depart. Bill notices that his American-born relative is making no effort to depart. There must be something on his mind.

"John, lad," Bill says from the door, "Anything you can say to me, you can say to my wife."

"I'm aware of that, Bill," John says, "I would prefer to speak to you in private on this occasion."

Megan puts her hand on Sinead's back and nudges her toward the door.

"It's good to see you, John," Sinead says as she passes him on the way out.

McShane smiles.

"It's nice to see both of you, too," McShane says.

Megan touches his shoulder and smiles as she and Sinead leave the meeting room. Bill takes a seat in front of McShane. They wait for the outside door to close.

"What's the trouble, John?" Bill asks.

"It was my understanding," McShane says, "that we would keep the core intact, and then, only then go out and recruit. I thought when we did recruit for Dullahan we would recruit teams and we wouldn't do any of it from here. The core would take care of our own, and the teams would deal with outside threats. I understood that we'd have contact with the teams, but they would not come here. Wasn't that the idea, Bill? Did I miss something? For Christ's sake, have you lost your mind?"

"We've done nothing illegal, John," Bill says.

McShane interrupts.

"They don't care!" he says, "They steal children from parents for no good reason. All they'll have to do is call a man racist, and then take his children. You know as well as I do that they'd hunt us down and say we're white supremacists. And you know what? No one will give a goddamn shit what they do to us. The average American will yell 'cook!' while our bodies burn, just like at Waco."

"I'm well aware of the ruthlessness of the establishment," Bill says, "They're doing those same things already, on a smaller scale and with different methods. I can only imagine what they'd do to a girl like KJ, or what they will do to her if she remains alone."

"I understand your sympathy," McShane says, "But do you realize what you've done? She knows our names! She knows my name."

"We are out of their loop, John," Bill says, "When I built this place with Michael and James, we made damn sure there were no listening devices or other chicanery. We made sure there are other escape routes; Gary and I dug them. The only way we'd be betrayed was if one of the core, the few who knew, betrayed us. If any of them would do such a thing then we're finished anyway. Times change, John. Plans change. Old plans become irrelevant. They don't work out. Surprises change or destroy them. We learned about KJ and I decided to take a risk. Do you know what she's been through? What girl of youth and beauty is going to go through all that shite just to infiltrate a group like ours, outside of their loop?"



"Is it possible that she is an infiltrator?" McShane asks, "Can you guarantee that she'll always be loyal?"

"Will you, John?" Bill asks, "Will McKenna or Bowen or my son Rian?"

"I'm not being flippant," McShane says.

"Neither am I," Bill says, "If one of you betrayed us, we would all suffer the wrath of a genocidal enemy. I took the risk with KJ so that none of you have to. That could cost me my life. There are no guarantees, John."

"Why now?" McShane asks, "Why not later, when we're ready to fight?"

"KJ needs us right now, not later," Bill says, "I took a risk. If we can't reach a girl like KJ, even if all we can do is inspire her, even if all we do is show her she's not alone, what good are we? Do we watch her end up destroyed and keep hoping to find another one like her? And when is that going to happen, when the stars are aligned? It will never be one hundred percent right, John. Time is less than short and any action is a huge risk. If we move, some of us will die. If we do nothing, all of us will die. Maybe sooner, maybe later. But we never lived and we sure as hell were never useful."

"You're sure about this, then," McShane says.

"Yes," Bill says, "I consider her one of the core. If someone in the core sets us up, we're fucked anyway. Their infiltration schemes have done wonders for the evil bastards. There doesn't even have to be a traitor in our midst and we're afraid to take a risk on a girl like KJ. She's a once in a lifetime chance, and we're too afraid to help her."

"Tell me, then," McShane says, "What if she'd been an informer? What then?"

"I've dealt with informers before, John," Bill says, "Do I really need to tell you what would happen?"

McShane looks into Bill's eyes. Bill returns his stare. McShane's never heard the stories, though he knows them to be terrible. He looks away for an instant.

"Alright, Bill," is all he can say.

As he drives from Lindsay Drive to Kimberly, Johnny Bowen passes the spot where he normally parks. He drives beyond the white Chevy. Although not likely, should Erica or Gene be watching they might observe what takes place inside Bowen's Jeep.

"Johnny!" KJ says, "What the fuck? You pulled up too close! Fuck, we're way too close." She looks at him. "I wanted to give you something."

"I know," he says and smiles, "Don't work too hard on breakfast, OK? Whatever you make will be good."

KJ opens her mouth to speak but does not. Instead she looks down and smiles.

"Good night, Johnny Bowen," she says as she exits the Jeep.

"Good night, Angelique," he says.

A thin line of smoke climbs into the dark sky over the Coalsack site. Inside the cabin, John Boyle lays out the Remington rifle with the Leupold sniper's scope. He ensures that it is unloaded. He sits a box of shells by its side on the center table. Beside the box is his .45 automatic pistol. He ejects the bullets from a seven-round magazine and loads a similar magazine with the same bullets. During the operation, he leaves the chambered round in the pistol.

At a few minutes after 3 AM, David Epstein sits at his desktop computer.

It is a new Apple with all the latest gadgetry and several engineering programs, not to mention the new version of Maya for over \$5000. He's had an enjoyable night of music and dancing and even walked away with a couple of numbers. They're goy girls, but who cares? He'll save the loyalty bullshit for a fellow member of his tribe. To Epstein and many like him, there's nothing wrong with having a little fun before marriage, especially at the expense of *shiksa* whores. One of them in particular, a brunette, really got him going. Perhaps she left him a message on his Facebook or email account. Tomorrow being a vacation day – Good Friday, of all days – he can stay out as late as he wishes.

Epstein is somewhat disappointed by the list of emails that he opens. It distracts him from his sexual fantasy. For a moment, he regrets not taking advantage of a meeting with Zachary Litke, an anti-white white who is a freshman at Penn State. Litke, who was an acquaintance of Epstein these past two years at Uniontown High, is visiting his parents for the weekend. He is as two-dimensional as they come as far as race and politics are concerned, even more so than David Epstein, who often found Litke to be boorish. Litke would vocalize his anti-white opinions at every opportunity, so often it began to irritate Epstein. He is useful to the Jewish coward, however, as long as he's at arm's length. Epstein does not trust Litke's violent streak. However, he might be able to use the hot-head for a mission of particular interest. Litke has raised his hands against females in the past, and they were girlfriends who often agreed with him. Although short and thin, Litke is energetic and somewhat skilled in the art of fighting; far more than Epstein. Even better, he can take a hard punch and keep fighting.

Zachary Litke is just a cell phone call away.

Epstein peruses his emails. He might as well finish the job before calling his malicious accomplice. He notices an email from West Virginia University, sent at 1 PM today. He told them he's not interested in attending the mechanical engineering college at their university. He'd like nothing better than to escape Fayette County and the Pennsylvania-West Virginia area in general, and is a little upset with his parents that they settled here. He knows they got an excellent deal on real estate, but Pittsburgh would have been much more fun. Epstein looks at the byline of the email. It is interesting: *University Merit Scholarship Information for Eligible Freshmen*. Being from an official WVU address – sent by an engineering professor whose name Epstein recognizes – it's probably not spam. Epstein is aware of the merit scholarship and its hefty awards. It will probably not sway his opinion, but it is interesting enough for him to open the email.

*Esteemed Mr. David Epstein of Morgantown Road, Uniontown, Pennsylvania,*

*A man in your position should refrain from doing anything rash or regrettable, such as harm or encourage the harming of a young white woman.*

*Should a man in your empowered position harm or encourage the harming of a young white woman, he and his entire family would be held responsible.*

*Good day, Mr. David Epstein of Morgantown Road, Uniontown, Pennsylvania.*

Epstein stares at the screen. His impulse is to become enraged, to charge into his parents' bedroom and raise holy hell. His fury crashes against the rocks of reality. He may never know who sent the email, but they know of him.

There are no cameras inside the room or in the hallway of the office building from where the email originated. It wouldn't matter if there had been; the author never looked up at them, and was wearing a hat at the time. His face is unknown at WVU in any case. All the authorities at WVU can promise is to be vigilant. That peeves Epstein for many reasons. If someone hurts KJ, it might lead back to him. Litke is anti-white and no doubt willing to beat KJ, but would he hold up under questioning? It's not yet legal to kill racist whites, though it is nearly so.

The authorities do not frighten Epstein. The author of the email, however, is not one of the so-called authorities. Kaylee Jane Campbell did not send the email. She was in school at that hour. The person who sent the email knows where Epstein lives and knows his name. The person sur-

mised that he's thinking or has thought of retaliation against Kaylee Jane. The person chose an email address that was less likely to be filtered; more likely to be opened.

The person wrote "entire family."

Epstein doesn't call Litke. He sees him twice before next Saturday, but does not mention KJ.

Ten minutes before her alarm goes off, KJ wakes. If this were a school day she'd feel as if she'd been cheated out of ten more minutes of sleep. Today she stares at the ceiling. She wants to leave forever. She knows they'll look for her, and if they find her with Johnny they'll destroy his life. No, it will be even worse. They'll kill him. He won't let them take her back to her personal hell, so they will kill him. But what is her refusal doing to him, as a man? He watches her suffer because she's unafraid to tell the truth; to be a race-conscious, passionate white woman. She's young and, although she does not allow it to go to her head, she is very, very beautiful. She is the nightmare of the anti-white establishment. How can a beautiful white woman love her race so much that she endures severe privation and abuse from those with real power? She has to endure a while longer. She won't wait until she's 18. That's just a day in the year. She won't leave, either, though that day is coming. Once July or August come and Erica leaves for Seattle, KJ will leave behind this world of anti-white oppression and threats of violence. It's the best she can think of at the moment.

KJ turns off the alarm before it can vibrate. The shower is as usual a pleasant experience. Wearing only a thong, she walks to the large mirror and looks at the pure white skin of her back. There's something that should adorn that perfect white skin. She wonders how nice it will be by the end of spring, if all goes as planned. She dresses in the recently-washed camouflage pants that Anna gave her, tucking her black t-shirt in for a snug fit. Before heading downstairs, she grabs her backpack and Caterpillar jacket. She likes this jacket. It doesn't make noise when she moves.

While making breakfast, the ingredients of which she bought on Monday, KJ prepares and eats a few multigrain pancakes and some slab bacon. She knows Erica's watching. She heard her creep in from the door.

Erica begins clapping.

"Congratulations," she says, "If I didn't see it I never would have believed it. Our very own Nazi commando, straight from Stormfront!"

"I don't read Stormfront," KJ says, her back toward Erica, "I'm not a Nazi, either. But if it makes you feel better."

"You're some kind of white trash, anyway," Erica says.

"Thank you, mother," KJ says as she removes two slices of pancetta from the refrigerator.

"Don't thank me," Erica says, "You've earned it. So what's up for today, Kaylee? Based on your attire, I'd say you're shoveling some kind of shit."

KJ doesn't let Erica bait her. She goes about her business. Once Johnny's breakfast is finished, she wraps it and grabs a drink out of the refrigerator.

"Don't forget your pill," Erica says.

KJ feigns taking the pill. She doesn't remove it when Erica leaves and her vigilance pays off; Erica does an about face and storms back. Erica does not try to look into KJ's mouth, so at least the daughter is spared having to vomit, though Erica does get uncomfortably close to KJ.

"Whatever you end up doing today," Erica says, "Don't track any mud or shit into the house. I'm tired of cleaning up after you, Kaylee."

KJ does her own laundry and cooking, and cleans up after herself. She's done it for two years.

KJ spits out the sertraline pill once she's sure she's out of sight of the Campbell House. Johnny pulls up five minutes later.

"I'm a little late, I know," he says as she jumps into the Jeep. "I had to stop for some deer."

He's actually early. He doesn't like making her wait, whatever the time.

"Oh, that's fine," she says.

"That's a good look for you," he says after admiring her militant attire, "Seriously, there's something about you in that kind of get-up. It fits you."

"Thank you, Johnny," she says.

He smiles. The Jeep begins to move.

"Hey," Johnny says, "I wanted to ask you if you need any money for gas."

"No, thank you," she says, "Bill includes it in my pay. Pay, fuck, I don't earn anything."

"Come on, angel, don't start that shit," he says, "How is the gas, really? Remember, I told you to use the truck whenever you need it." He hesitates for a moment. "Use it at least once."

The roar of the Jeep's engine fills the short silence.

Outside, the trees still sleep. The northern world is stirring, though; coltsfoot flowers are appearing in rows along the roads of northern West Virginia. Clay County is no exception. A spring rain is also coming; smoke

twists and spreads, but today the weather is tranquil. John Boyle walks his usual morning beat around the Coalsack Site. All is quiet.

Not far from Cheat Lake, Johnny pulls off of Fairchance Road. He can see the eagerness and pride on KJ's face as he partakes of the breakfast she's made for him. He doesn't need to feign pleasure. It is delicious.

This time he hands her the bottle of cranberry-flavored water before it's empty. She drinks it down.

Surrounded by hills and dales, Coalsack is beautiful in the morning light. Boyle is sitting on the front steps of the cabin as Bowen pulls into the small clear space in the center of the encampment. Boyle is holding a rifle on his lap. Johnny Bowen stops the Rubicon directly opposite the porch and John Boyle.

"Good luck, KJ," Johnny says, "Don't lose heart, OK? No matter what happens, pass or fail."

"I won't," she says.

KJ leans over and he turns his cheek toward her. She kisses it.

"I know you'll be fine, angel," he says, "It just feels good to tell you."

"It feels good to hear it," she says before departing.

KJ can still hear Bowen's Jeep when Boyle rises to his feet. He shoulders his rifle. KJ continues walking to the entrance and stops. Boyle motions for her to enter and then walks out into the parking area. Inside, KJ leaves her backpack and jacket – it's already warm enough to forsake it, and she's wearing an unbuttoned long-sleeve shirt over her tee. The familiar Remington is on the table, next to a box of .30-06 shells. She takes the rifle and the box of shells, which she holds in her gloved left hand.

Boyle walks up to her as she exits the cabin. He holds out his hand.

"Let me have the gun," he says.

KJ hands over the rifle. Boyle points it at an angle into the air and pulls the trigger. Nothing happens. He works the bolt and pulls the trigger again. There is no report. The gun is unloaded.

"Whether you like it or not, Miss Campbell," he says, "we are at war. This isn't a hobby or a chance to impress someone. You could come out the cabin and find me dead, so listen very carefully. I'm only telling you once. If you ever come out again with your gun unloaded, we're done."

It's a shock that hurts. For a while it's hard for her to swallow. Without another word, Boyle turns and walks to the range. KJ follows in silence.

Her performance does not suffer. It is a rare gift, all the more impressive considering the particulars of her life and her demeanor. After an hour

or so, the wind picks up. The approaching rain will arrive the next morning. Boyle uses the conditions to their advantage, showing KJ how to estimate the wind based on its effects at a distance and when not to fire when the wind blows. He also shows her how to use the sniper's scope to adjust for wind. This is a lesson that will take time. Although he says nothing about her performance, he is much impressed with her, especially since he's showing her to accommodate for wind at such an early date in the training. She will have to know how to use the scope as if it's an extension of her own senses, and to adjust it with speed and certainty.

At 2 PM, they take a short break. KJ sits on a log seat beside the shooting stations and removes her earplugs. Boyle crouches in front of her.

"They won't follow their fuckin' rules once they find out who you are," Boyle says. The wind makes the trees moan as if they're full of pain or remorse. "Our enemies won't justify what they do. They won't have to. They'll kill anyone to get to you. One of their own, some child walking by, your Johnny Bowen, anyone, and no one will answer for it. You're white. You're a conscious white girl. You're a bogeyman from their worst nightmare. You have to be willing to accept that. It gives you a lot of power. They know that, too. That's why they'll want to destroy you more than anyone else."

He stares into her blue eyes.

"Johnny would die for you," he says, "He may have to, if you choose this life. Could you live with that?"

KJ looks into his eyes. There is an emotionless look on her face.

"Can they live with it?" she says, "I don't think they can."

"It'll likely be raining tomorrow," Boyle says, "If you don't have a poncho there's one in the cabin. I'll set it out."

"OK," she says.

KJ's somewhat melancholy demeanor metamorphoses with the appearance of the green Rubicon. She's at the door before Bowen can exit. He waves to Boyle, who nods, a wry smile on his face. KJ's first move is to grab Bowen's right hand and forearm.

"Hello, beautiful," he says.

"Hi, Johnny," she says.

To see her in a joyous state is such deep pleasure. He feels the ancient stirring in his soul that is second nature to a race born of love and passion. The death of affection between man and woman drove that potent sensation deep under the surface. KJ lifts it from the depths of his battered soul with a simple breath and a tiny little smile.

Though he says nothing about supper, Johnny has something planned for the two of them. KJ figures that he does. She doesn't ask and ruin his fun. Near the exit of the long Jeep trail to Coalsack, there is a clear patch large enough for parking a single vehicle, if the driver is attentive to the trees. Beside the patch is a small open spot, big enough for a tent or a blanket. It is here that John Ashley Bowen parks his Jeep.

KJ knows in an instant what he has in mind. She loves the idea. Bowen spreads a blanket upon the treeless spot. He removes a basket and a small cooler from the rear of the Jeep and sits them on the blanket.

"I know it'll get dark soon," he says, "and this isn't exactly the typical time of year for a picnic, but a good idea's a good idea."

"I think it's a fantastic idea," she says.

The two sit upon the blanket and begin their meal. Today's fare is simple but delicious: roasted Chicken Maryland and Salad Niçoise. After a short while, KJ slides from opposite Bowen to beside him, and leans into his shoulder. He puts his arm around her.

"Irish John said it'll rain tomorrow," she says, "maybe that's why the sky's so beautiful right now."

The sunset is framed by thickening clouds. Their heavy forms are bronze, red and gray in the dying light.

Near the end of the meal, Johnny hands KJ a bottle of homemade tea from the cooler.

"It was a great idea, Johnny," she says, "and the food was really good. Thank you."

"It's my pleasure, angel," he says, "I've always liked getting stuff like this together."

"Who knows?" she says, "Maybe in some other reality it would have been your calling."

"I'd hope not," he says.

She turns her head and looks at him with surprise.

"I doubt I'd have ever met the others," Bowen says. He looks into her eyes. "Or you. I chose this life, and I wouldn't change it for anything."

"You've put everything into this fight, haven't you?" she says, "Money, time, your body. You could have died in Iraq. You must have been so alone there, surrounded by guys who can't see what's happening, or who just don't give a fuck."

KJ leans forward, pressing her head against his body and nuzzling him there. Both her arms are around him; both of his arms are around her.

The line that they must not cross is as close as the oak trees, not 20 yards away.



"I'm used to being alone," Johnny says.

"I'm so sorry," KJ whispers.

"Well, not so much right now," he says and half-smiles.

She nuzzles him again. Her head is warm and her gorgeous hair smells sweet and clean.

KJ opens her eyes and sighs. She leans back to look at him.

"I noticed that you don't drink too much," she says, "Just a couple of beers."

"Or a shot or two," he says, "Some more during holidays." He runs his left hand across her head and cheek. "I'm glad you think about shit like that. You don't need to be close to people who don't have self-control."

"I didn't figure that I was," she says.

Her blue eyes are bright and enticing. Johnny must look away for a moment, not out of timidity but out of prudence. He glances into the woods but then returns his attention to her.

"You're not," he says, "Some of us drink a little more, some less, but there aren't any drunks or booze hounds. Mason can go a little far sometimes, but he's reigned it in a lot in the last year and he's never showed up drunk at the hall or to Diamond Crossing. I don't think he ought to drink anymore, though. But you know, a beer or two for refreshment or as part of a meal isn't that bad. Actually, quality beer tastes really good. But if you catch yourself drinking too much, or for reasons other than taste, it's time to lay it aside."

KJ rubs his chest. He looks down and sees her black glove moving to and fro across his strong chest and upper stomach.

"But weed, well, all cigarettes for that matter, that shit's all about changing your mood," he says, "How many times I've fucking heard it's good for me, it'll 'take the edge off.' Your mood is a voice and you shouldn't silence it with that filth. Depressed? Angry? Nervous? Anxious? Take a hit. Light up, tool. Run from what your body is telling you. God forbid you'd confront the problem. That's for lame motherfuckers, you know, people with real fucking courage. Anger is your body talking to you. It's telling you to act. I don't mean hurt someone, either. Not necessarily. Anger is telling you something isn't right. It's telling you to take care of some problem. Only a coward runs from that fight. Instead of telling you to confront your problems and find out what the hell is wrong, we say drown them in alcohol or suffocate them in smoke."

"My dad used to brag about smoking weed," she says, "That and going to Cal fucking Davis."

"He's a real piece of work, isn't he?" Johnny says.

"I haven't known Bill for very long," KJ says, "but he's a million times the father that mine ever was. What's that tell you?"

"You ever wonder why they keep weed illegal?" Johnny asks.

She has thought about it, but does not interrupt him.

"If you make it forbidden and against the rules," he says, "it becomes enticing to wanna-be rebels. You nip two buds at the same time. Dumb down young whites with your mind poison, and then punish those you want to punish for using a substance your goddamn propaganda pushes on TV and in movies."

"Dad always said it broadened his horizons," KJ says, "Now he's part of the system that hates my race. Yeah, his horizons are so fucking broad, he can't see beyond the obvious lies."

Johnny kisses her head before continuing.

"Right now we're denied an identity," he says, "except for wigger, hippie or hipster, faggot or any other anti-white tool. We're angry and upset for a reason. If you dare speak up for our people the establishment will destroy you. We face genocide, fucking genocide, and I think most whites know something's really fucked up. They just don't know what, or they ignore it because it's dangerous to talk about race. Some of them are too far gone, I know. Others profit from it, and say fuck you, young whites, I have mine. Most whites just hide or go deeper, and they try to get approval from the cocksuckers who want us dead. They teach their kids to hate their own race, so the kids burn away their anger and rage on a fucking joint. Whitey forfeited his anger and rage, so now he watches nigger sports, gets fat, lets his wife tell him what to think, and watches his daughter get knocked up by a nigger and his son suck some guy's cock in a public bathroom. Then, when he's old, he'll blame young people for the mess he fucking left them. They expect schools and drugs to replace a mother and a father and then blame young people for being fucked up. That sertraline they want you to take, please, KJ, don't take it. Don't ever take that mind killing shit. Fuck them."

She looks down and then back into his eyes. A brief smile flashes on her face and she touches his cheek with her gloved hand.

"I won't, Johnny," she says, "I haven't digested one of them yet."

"Thank God," he says, "It's hard to get off that shit once you start. I knew a guy whose hands and body trembled when he tried to get off that shit. And to think, it's all about killing whitey's anger. Why? So that we're fucking neutered, that's way. So we go quietly into the goddamned night."

"You won't," she says.

Johnny looks at KJ.

"No, I won't," Johnny says, "Young whites deserve a chance for a decent future. Previous generations took away that chance. Mine did it too. They tell you what to think, especially about your race. They say race doesn't exist. How's that for genocide? You don't even fucking exist. Mexicans do, niggers do, kikes and slopes all exist, but not whites. You get told you're filthy; you're unclean, because you're white. You're born white so you're evil. Didn't you know? Only whitey can be evil. Submerge yourself in the brown tide or just die. Twenty-four fucking hours a day, young whites are taught to hate their race. They tell you you're fighting the power when in reality you're betraying your own people. They, the ones with the power and money, tell you that shit. It's constant, they they tell you you're a rebel if you hate your own race. But guess what? Rebels don't hate their race, fucking traitors do. Try this sometime. Tell a professor to say he hates white people, see if he gets fired. Then say nigger at work, see what happens."

"Or at school," KJ says, "after they sexually assault you."

There is a silence. Johnny breathes deep and then looks at KJ.

"This isn't about telling you what to think," Johnny says, "It's about giving young whites a chance to think for themselves. It's about your survival, so that you can have a future as whites. That's why I'm doing this. If we fail, at least we didn't just talk about it. We tried. We shut the cage on you, now we owe you our lives to open it again."

KJ begins to open her mouth but he is fast in his response, putting his finger to her lips.

"Shh..." he says. She closes her mouth.

"Thank you," she whispers.

Johnny picks up the last little wine grape he brought for desert. He puts it near her mouth. KJ takes it with her lips. She chews the grape and laughs, a little embarrassed and a lot more enamored. He rubs her shoulder.

The time to depart comes fast and only Johnny's vigilance prevents them from leaving far too late. The only reason he kept watch on the time was out of sympathy for KJ's plight at home. She won't leave, so he helps her avoid the wrath of her parents.

In an hour they pass Stonewall Jackson Lake, whose water appears black in the darkness of night. KJ watches through the window as the winding arms of the lake come and go. Once they do, she looks at Johnny.

"How old are you, Johnny?" she asks.

"Twenty-five," he says.

"You're still so young," she says, "You didn't fuck us over."

"You're 17 and spiritually you're ready to defy the most deadly enemies we've ever faced," Johnny says, "At 17, I had fantasies of uprisings and a white revolution. You don't live on fantasies. You're doing something real. You're leaning and training and you've said you won't stand by and watch our race die. I was in Iraq when I realized the fantasies are bullshit. Timidity, complacency, and the goddamned powers-that-be, Democrat and Republican, will prevent a general uprising or a big strike by white workers. So will anti-white big businesses. Those fucking bastards make too much money off of treason to worry about white children. Hell no, there's not going to be any revolution. Fuck, we can't even recruit without fucking SWAT showing up with their tanks. The establishment infiltrates any group that might be sympathetic to white survival and either arrests or fucking kills the members. Then the sheep applaud their masters for keeping the fucking country safe from 'terrorists.' Fucking terrorists. I'm fucking sick of that excuse."

"Yeah, me too," KJ says as she watches him.

"I saw a lot of fucking Iraqis," Johnny says, "Some of them were pieces of shit, others were even worse, but not one of them was a fucking terrorist. Just jack-offs fighting against Israel's bitch."

KJ remembers a t-shirt that classmate Aaron Zito wore on Wednesday. It was a white shirt with the words *Free Mumia* on its front. It disgusted KJ but she took it more as a sign of Zito's foolishness than some significant anti-white message. She ignored it. After Johnny's mention of the war in Iraq, she remembers the shirt and comes up with a different course of action. She has several plain white t-shirts as well as paint and templates for letters, remnants of the time that she took art in addition to singing lessons. Next week she'll wear a t-shirt of her own making.

Johnny taps his chest.

"We," he says, "We have to rise. There will be no final revolt, but that doesn't mean we can live like sheep. Even if we're just a symbol of resistance. If we're the last wolves, so be it. Everything has to have a beginning. Every successful movement needs heroes and martyrs."

Johnny accelerates after he glances at the clock. KJ finds herself hoping that he doesn't pull up too close to the Campbell House.

Near the West Virginia border, Johnny pauses the iPod and turns on the radio. He hoped to catch a weather report; one of the few reasons to listen to a commercial radio station. Some distasteful *Buck Cherry* song fades away and the voice of a female DJ comes across the airwaves. Bowen waits for the forecast. Instead, the young white announcer contin-

ues her conversation with another white female. It's obvious after a few words that the topic is men and how they should behave toward women. With details more suited to a private conversation, first one and then the other voices her opinions with the confidence of a zealot. Johnny reaches to change the channel but KJ grabs his arm and stops him.

"No, wait," she says, "Please. I think we should hear this."

"Look," the first announcer says, "Don't cuddle or be all kissy-face, just lay it down in the bedroom. Be aggressive" - she spells out the word - "We don't want warm and affectionate. I'll get that from a dog, you know? If I want to be affectionate, I'll call my gay friends. Guys aren't supposed to want that. You're supposed to throw it down hard."

"They talk just like niggers," KJ says. Johnny laughs. "There's no way that bitch is going to show a man any affection," KJ continues, "Get it from a dog. Nice. Fucking bitch. Why the fuck not give a man affection? It's how you show him that he means something to you, for fuck's sake. It's not just about you and your fucking fire crotch. It's about the two of you being one and sharing each other. I'm not talking about a man being a pussy. A real man isn't one, anyway. He takes control like he's supposed to. What she's saying is, be an asshole, treat a woman like a piece of shit, which is exactly what that bitch deserves. A real fucking man won't do that. He won't want a skank, either, like those two. Those two deserve assholes. Nothing they say or do will attract a real man, who isn't afraid to love a real woman. He's strong, and being strong means love and respect from both the man and the woman. It doesn't mean being a bitch or a fucking asshole. No man should want a woman like those two, not even for a warm fucking hole. Who knows how many guys have already been there?"

Johnny laughs a little. One of many similar *Nickelback* songs begins to play, and Johnny reaches over and switches on the iPod.

"You know, Johnny," KJ says, "There's a great deal that I want to show when I'm close to you. I want to show how much it means to me to know a man like you, who is willing to risk everything for our future. It's a way that I can say 'thank you,' like I wouldn't with any other man. I guess those idiots feel liberated, like they're so strong and shit. But, really, they're denying the power that we have. You know, for a long time I've known that we have the gift of intimacy and I know it can be so fucking powerful. If I love a man I'm going to lavish, fucking lavish him with affection. That's because it's about love and it's about respect, and it's fucking nice! It's so nice. Why should a man give a fuck about a woman if she won't show him affection?"

"He shouldn't," Johnny says, "Not if she's his woman. He shouldn't take a woman like that. Love isn't just fucking. That's part of it, of course, a big part but it's not everything like these fucking skanks want you to believe. A bigger part is just love, and that's where your affection and all that nice shit comes in."

"Love is more powerful than anything," KJ says, "It drives us to greater heights and sacrifices than anything else can. Everybody talks about hate, but hate isn't shit compared to love. I know you aren't full of hate, Johnny. Love drives you to give everything for us. I also know that you want affection from your woman, and she should want to give it to you. She's a fucking woman, not another man. Feminist bullshit has divided white men and women and that may be the biggest reason we're dying. I know you don't want a servant. A strong man doesn't want a slave, and you never even implied that you want that. I don't want you to think that's how I saw shit. I know you don't want a slave. You want a woman who loves and appreciates you and who is strong enough to show it."

She looks down, then without raising her head she looks up at him. He looks out at the highway, which he must do in order to keep her safe. She looks down again and shrugs.

"Anyway," she says, "It's a lot of fun to be intimate. It's nice to touch and be close."

His eyes still on the road, Johnny raises his eyebrows.

"Yeah," he says, "There's not much that comes close to that."

KJ reaches over and puts her hand on his right thigh.

"There's a man I know," she says, "who went away to fight, so he could learn how to help his people. He risked his fucking life! He's handsome and good and could have had a family and a beautiful wife so that he wasn't lonely anymore, but he would have to give up trying to save his race. He sacrificed what was dear to his heart and he went to Iraq, not to fight the Jew's war, but to fight for us. He killed when he had to and he risked his life, here and there. He's a man. He's a warrior and he's a hero, and any girl who doesn't appreciate that is fucking worthless. Johnny, it means so much what you do, and who you are and what you believe."

Past the turn off to Rubles Mill and the fields and pet boutiques and dusty old bars, the Jeep approaches tiny Haydentown, Pennsylvania. Johnny keeps his keen eyes on the road. He's nearly struck deer before while travelling at night on two-lane Fairchance Road. His thinking mind, however, concentrates on the incredible words of Kaylee Jane Campbell.

"I know it sounds like I think I know everything," she says, "That's not what I want to sound like. I'm a fool in a lot of ways."

"No you're not," Johnny says.

"It's OK, Johnny," KJ says. She puts her hand on his shoulder. "I am sometimes. But not when I talk about this. I'm so sure of it. I know I can't be a man and I don't want to be, I am who I am and that's exactly who I want to be. I know we're different, but some things are the same, like decency and respect, and love. They're, like, human emotions, and you and I share that regardless of our sex. I know in my heart that I'm right. I can see the power that we have as women. I can see your power, too. You can defy the enemy and face certain death and not back down. That's amazing. Our power is different. A woman can give so much to a man if she chooses, and he'll have no doubts or hesitation if he has to fight for her and their family. He'll make a stand and with her beside him, nothing can break his resolve, not even death. God, what power we have if we embrace it and don't waste it on stupidity and selfishness. All our lives we're taught to hate our men, the ones who make us whole. We're taught to use our power to wound and destroy you, and most of us do. That's their script for us. That's their script for white women. Be a rebel as long as you obey us and destroy the approved targets."

She touches his right arm, sliding her glove up its length.

"I don't follow their scripts," she says, "This war may take you away from me, but it won't be my choice. Nothing can take you from my heart, Johnny. I will not renounce you, no matter what the price. I'm not your mother."

"I've heard Anna talk like that," he says, "and I know Jesse's that way, too. I never thought I'd hear a woman talk that way to me. Not after all the shit you women go through, what they call liberation when it's really just divide and fucking conquer. They know that a man's less likely to risk his life for his woman and his future children if they destroy the intimacy between us. It makes women much more likely to miscegenate, too. Add to it the nonstop fucking propaganda, how white men are soft, ugly and stupid, or that we're rapists and murderers. Women will try to fill the void when closeness and affection are removed, and fucking Hollywood shows non-whites filling the void. Many women won't fall for it, but each who does is another nail in the coffin of our race. Our numbers are falling as it is, and through assimilation and miscegenation we lose more and more of our people. Fuck, even the women who don't fuck around with non-whites will still buy some of the feminist lies, and end up with one kid and a bunch of fucking cats, or one of those little goddamned shit dogs."

"Part of it's just selfishness," KJ says, "When you have a baby, it's not just about you. It's not about you at all, really. It's, like, one of the

greatest gifts we have as women. We're the only ones who can know what it's like and we throw it away, or wait until we're too fucking old. When a baby becomes a status symbol for a fucking 35-year-old, there's something wrong. We're not here to think only of ourselves and our whims. Cats and dogs are sweet, but they don't replace a baby in a woman's heart, and those of us who go there will find out too late what a terrible fucking mistake that is."

KJ puts her hand on his thigh again.

"Johnny," she says, "We fucked up so bad when we listened to those hateful kikes and traitors. Some changes were good, and I'm all for those, but not this goddamned war between us. It's so sad, and it really hurts when you realize just how strong and beautiful the love between us can be. I'd rather go back to the old times than lose our love as men and women."

"We fucked up, too, angel," he says, "I'm not just saying that to spread the guilt. No, we fucked up, too. A man's got to stand on his feet. He can refuse to follow their script for him. He can refuse to 'game' a woman or whatever the fuck they call their plan for our relationships. Oh, and about that. Some cocksucker invents the idea that you constantly have to make a woman jealous or unsure, and she has to constantly play a game of denial and reward for behavior the enemy says is 'manly'. We swallow all that shit from a spoon. That fucking bullshit turns white girls into whores and white men into pricks and sex-addicted weaklings. Actually, it's worse than that. It kills our love. If it's all a goddamned game, there's no love or affection, no respect or loyalty. It's all about sex. A man will not give his life for a game or for sex. Why would he, especially if he's just interested in pleasuring his dick? The enemy knows this. That's why we're the only ones they target. Look at commercials. Who has the family? Who hugs who and shows affection? Not whitey, he's a dick or a loser and his woman shows him open contempt. Killing love and affection was by far their most effective weapon."

"They deserve to die for that," KJ says, "It's so much worse than just murdering us, so much worse, it's the worst torture they can inflict. It's beyond evil."

"It fucking is," Johnny says, "We aren't 'Alphas' or 'Omegas', and I won't degrade our women with a goddamn anti-white, anti-family game or a one night fucking stand. We don't need fuckers like that. You're a man or a woman, or you're a sheep or a traitor. Period."

She rubs his thigh and looks at his face. He watches the road, though he wishes he could look into her eyes.



"Don't let them have me," KJ says, "Please. Maybe I can't be with you because of the war, but I'll still fight. If they ever trap me, Johnny, please, don't let them have me. Do whatever you have to do."

"If I can be there," Johnny says, "as God is my witness, they will never have you, whether or not you're mine. I won't leave you in their hands. I was ready to go to war in the hopes that someone like you might exist somewhere, or even that a woman like you can exist. But, my God, you do exist. You're real, fucking honest-to-God real. You, the angel, the last great light that we have as a race. You were surrounded by traitors and tools and sheep, and fucking losers and predators and a pack of fucking niggers, and yet they couldn't have you. How the fuck could I renounce the fight when you fought this war all alone, for God knows how many years? You've said you won't let us down. Fuck, it's up to us to not let you down!"

She slides over and kisses his shoulder. There's one more request she'd like to make, but now is not the time. What they have together is most important. Everything else can wait, even something of great significance.

"When I'm close to you," she says, "all the ugliness goes away."

Bowen's iPod, ever on shuffle, selects "As I Die" from *Eternal Tears of Sorrow*. The haunting and melancholy tune enhances the joy and suffering that they both feel at the moment. KJ puts her left hand on his leg and closes her eyes. Johnny pulls over and stops the Rubicon just out of visual range of the Campbell House. He turns to KJ. Due to the restraints of driving and the configuration of the Jeep he cannot take her into his arms. He puts his hand on the back of her head. She grabs his arm and holds on for dear life.

"Johnny, you..." she whispers, her eyes closed and his hand held firmly by hers. Then she speaks in a normal tone. "You honor me when you take me into your arms."

He looks at her head. Her hair is so nice and thick, the color of dark brown oak leaves in autumn. Sweet and copious, its innumerable strands are everywhere around her.

"My God, KJ," he says, "How do I compete with that?"

She looks up into his eyes.

"You don't," she says, "That's my job."

KJ kisses his hand and begins to open the door.

"Not yet," he says, "I want to be able to watch you go inside. It's dark out.

"OK," she says and smiles.

Johnny drives up to the driveway entrance, beyond the white Chevy and the pin oak.

"Good night, angel," he says.

KJ looks into his eyes. Both of them wonder if something lovely and perilous – considering their location in front of the Campbell House – is about to happen. It does not.

"Anything's good for breakfast," he says.

"What I make will be better than just anything," she says.

Before he can tell her not to bother, she's out the door. Johnny doesn't leave. KJ opens the front door of the Campbell House and waves goodbye. She glances back into the house to be sure no one's watching, and then she blows him a kiss. He does not leave until she closes and locks the door.

On Saturday morning, Johnny arrives even earlier than usual. He parks just close enough to see the door of the Campbell House. The white Chevy and a yellow PT Cruiser obscure most of his vehicle. He sees KJ emerge from the house. His eye catches movement to the right. A white teen and a dark mulatto are coming up the sidewalk. There's something in the mulatto's hand. He may be hiding a knife. Its blade might run from his long sleeve to his closed palm. Bowen reaches under his jacket. He removes his .45 caliber automatic pistol, keeping it under cover but ready to fire if necessary. With his left hand, he begins to open the driver's side door. KJ notices the two males. She stops in her tracks and looks at Johnny Bowen. Once the pair arrives at the walkway to the Campbell House, and, subsequently, nearer to KJ, Johnny opens his door and puts a foot outside the cab. The first drops of rain begin to fall from the gray sky.

The mulatto glances at KJ. The two males keep walking. KJ doesn't leave the area around the front door until they've moved on. By the time she arrives at the Jeep, Johnny Bowen's back inside with his door closed. The gun is in its holster. KJ's brought her backpack and what is no doubt a bag of food for Johnny. She's wearing a pair of tight old jeans that she's grown into very, very well and her Caterpillar jacket covers a black *Norma Jean* t-shirt. Johnny watches her climb inside the Jeep. He doesn't feel any relief until the doors are locked.

"Good morning," she says and smiles.

She can see he's perturbed.

"Good morning, angel," he says. Then he motions with his head toward the end of Kimberly Drive, where the duo disappeared around the corner. "Do those motherfuckers come through here often?"

"I've seen them before," KJ says, "The wigger's from someplace downtown. He graduated last year. I'm not taking any chances, though."

"Neither am I," Johnny says.

KJ wonders what he has under his coat or in the glove box. She heard him close his door. He was ready to defend her. She touches his thigh with her gloved left hand. Her parents can't see that from the Campbell House.

"Thank you, Johnny," she says, "You take such good care of me."

"I wish I could do better," he says.

"Shush!" she says, "I feel good, Johnny, don't harsh it."

She rubs his thigh and smiles before removing her hand.

As they roll south on US 119 just outside of Uniontown, KJ beckons Johnny to stop. He is hungry and whatever's in the bag smells magnificent.

"I hope you didn't work too hard on breakfast," he says, "You have so much to do, you really need sleep."

"I get seven hours most nights," she says, "I definitely average 7. Today's breakfast was simple and didn't take long. I had some for my breakfast, and I think it turned out alright."

He opens the container – The Campbell's have a huge collection of containers and cooking tools – and samples the wheat crumb pancakes and sausage roll. The topping is a mysterious jam that perfectly matches the wheat-tasting pancakes and contains, he reckons, wild strawberries.

"Well?" she asks, "Was it alright?"

Her inquisitive look seems a little fragile; sad, perhaps. She thought about the two of them last night. She thought about the future, too, and could not imagine a future where she didn't have to wave to him as he left her for good.

"It was excellent, KJ," he says, "I can tell you put a lot of effort into it. Thank you."

"Sure, Johnny," she says, "It's nice to be able to do something for you."

He smiles as he puts the Jeep into first gear.

"Angel," he says under his breath.

He doesn't imagine that she hears him, but he's wrong.

At 11:45 they arrive at Coalsack. KJ will keep watching Johnny as he drives away, even after she can no longer see the Jeep. Today she remains a few minutes more than usual. When she turns toward the cabin, she does not see Boyle anywhere. She remembers his words and creeps into the structure. A cursory examination reveals nothing out of the ordi-

nary – but no Irish John. Her gun is on the table, beside a box of ammunition. KJ loads the weapon and then edges quietly to the door. She peeks outside. There is movement from the range. She ducks back into the cabin and looks out the side window. It's John Boyle with a rifle on his shoulder. KJ does not rush outside. Her exit is made with stealth. Boyle's approach is nonchalant.

John Boyle doesn't ask for the rifle. He leads her to the range and commands her to fire a few rounds. She does not need to load the rifle. Boyle notices of course. After donning fresh earplugs, KJ begins firing.

As expected, Johnny Bowen receives a visitor shortly after he arrives at his and Garret's Markleysburg, Pennsylvania flat. Four bottles of Guinness Premium and KJ's supper – made yesterday and lacking only the finishing touches – sit in the refrigerator. Bowen doesn't hesitate as he walks to the door. If the enemy has come for him, it's too late for escape. He'll make his exit from the world with honor.

John Ashley Bowen will not die today. At the door is Cristian O'Toole, Bowen's old friend. The two shake hands. It's not enough; O'Toole takes Bowen into a man's embrace. Cristi removes his long black coat and timberland hiking shoes. Underneath the coat, he's wearing a t-shirt and jeans. He just came from a repair job in Gibbon Glade.

In no time the two are finishing a beer.

"We're going to have to get together again, you know," Cristi says, "When we have some time."

"Aren't you off next Friday?" Johnny asks. Cristi nods. "I have a few days left," Johnny says, "How about we get some lunch at the Firefly, or that pub in Buckhannon if I'm at Coalsack?"

"Either one's good," Cristi says.

"If I had time I'd say let's go to Oakland," Johnny says, "I haven't eaten at the Manor since I shipped out. Fucking time flies by."

Johnny takes the last drink from his Guinness. He'll only drink the one, as will O'Toole. They both have to drive.

"Take KJ there," Cristi says, "We'll go to one of the pubs."

Johnny sets his empty bottle on the little wooden coffee table.

"How's your mom?" Johnny asks.

O'Toole's mother met his father at the University of Maryland. At the time she was 22 years young and gorgeous. Her hair was long and almost black, yet her skin was ivory. Her eyes were and are a bright hazel that matches her glowing Romano-Dacian face. With the poetic name Lore-dana Moldoveanu, she was born in the town of Caransebes, Romania. O'Toole's first name reflects that half of his white heritage.

"She's good," O'Toole says, "She asks about you, you know. You should stop by."

"I will," Johnny says, "God knows when I can. How's James?"

James Rian O'Toole, of Irish descent, was born in Cumberland, Maryland. He was and is a fierce American patriot; he was and is less awake than his wife in matters of racial consciousness. Though his father is not in a deep sleep nor is he in denial, Cristian - Cristi - owes his racial awakening to Loredana, who admires both Corneliu Codreanu and the much-maligned and misunderstood Vlad Tepes, a man loved by those who know the truth of his past.

"Dad's fine," Cristi says, "He still says he's lucky he found mom. He has no idea. How's Carl holdin' up?"

"Carl's Carl," Johnny says, "Still alive."

"How's KJ?" Cristi asks.

The question was destined to arise yet it comes as a mild surprise to Bowen.

"She's good," Johnny says, "I wish she'd leave that fucking place, but no luck yet. She's worried it'll bring heat on us if she does."

"It might," O'Toole says, "I'm sure you remember, I didn't think we should invite her. From what I've learned I'm convinced otherwise. I hate what you're going through, but I know it'd be worse if you hadn't found her. I imagine she's given you quite a bit of hope. Hell, you were the most adamant about young white women being part of this and how vital they are to our survival. Well, there she is. I'd be stunned if she didn't give you hope."

"She does," Johnny says, "But I worry about her. She's in danger."

"We all are, Ash," O'Toole says. He hasn't called Johnny "Ash" in a long, long time.

Cristi sighs and stares into Johnny's eyes. He, more than anyone alive, knows John Ashley Bowen.

"You're falling in love, aren't you?" he asks.

"She may never be mine," Johnny says, "and I accept that."

"I'm sure you do," Cristi says.

"No one's going the distance until we both know whether it can be something permanent," Johnny says.

"I don't doubt that, either," Cristi says, "I don't think you'd treat her like a girlfriend if you weren't convinced she's legit. I trust you, hell, that's what convinces me the most about her." Cristi leans back on the little couch. "I know what you can do. We're not safe from infiltrators and they're not safe from us."

"She's not one," Johnny says. He snorts and rubs his powerful arm, and then he looks at Cristi again. "I know it. I talked to Garret quite a bit about her past and that goddamned school."

"You don't need to convince me," Cristi says, "Don't get defensive, Ash, it's a legitimate concern. You know as well as I do that they'll try to infiltrate us if they find out."

"You're right," Johnny says, "It wasn't you. It's just a hard thing to take."

"I understand," Cristi says, "I can't imagine what it's like, but I understand. You do what you have to do, like in Glen Burnie. I'd like to say I'd have done the same, my heart says it but that's just words and weak-ass bravado in front of a man who was there and who went through with it. That cocksucker deserved to die and you didn't back down."

"This would have been totally different," Johnny says, "it would have been infinitely worse. If she'd been a traitor," he sighs hard, "If she'd been an infiltrator, I'd have had no choice. But after that, I don't know. I don't know what would have happened."

"I can guess," Cristi says, "But I won't do that. We know she's no traitor. Whatever you can have with her until you know, you might as well enjoy it. Enjoy your time with her. I admire yours and Anna's and Garret's pledge of chastity. I always thought that was heroic. I know you won't violate that pledge. You've had opportunities, I know. God knows I'd have fucked Kimberley Maness if I'd been that close."

"KJ's not Kim Maness," Johnny says, "Kim isn't half the woman KJ is."

"If it were my decision," Cristi says, "I'd pair you and KJ. I can't imagine a sentinel more interested in protecting his shooter than you'd be with her."

"Thank you," Johnny says, "I appreciate that."

Cristi smiles and nods and then finishes his beer.

"You always were a hero," he says, "Glen Burnie, Iraq, Brian Poehler."

"Brian fuckin' Poehler," Johnny says, "I wonder what became of that prick?"

"He cost Southern Garrett a pretty good safety," O'Toole says, "If they hadn't pulled you off, he'd be dead."

During his junior year at Southern Garrett High School, John Ashley Bowen was poised to become a starting safety for the Rams football team. He was already awake, though his thoughts were scattered and unfocused. Still, he resented the increasing anti-white nature of the estab-

lishment and the so-called society around him. He was determined to do something, anything, to stem the tide.

Christopher Buchman also attended Southern Garrett High, though he could no more hope to play sports as find a prom date his senior year. Quiet, introverted, out-of-shape and timid, Buchman was a major target for male bullies and mean-spirited females alike. At the time Bowen and his parents attended St. Matthew's in Oakland, as did Buchman. In fact, Chris Buchman knew Bowen more from church than from school. Though Buchman was white like Bowen, he never showed any sign of racial awareness, and his timidity made him of little use in Bowen's eyes. A fight was coming; of that Bowen was certain. A white male liable to flee in panic would be worse than ineffective. Such a person could not resist the pressure he'd face. He would succumb. He would betray his peers. He would become a traitor, unwilling perhaps but every bit a traitor.

Chris was white, however, and it annoyed John Bowen that so many white males and females would torment a weak member of their own race while at the same time falling over themselves to be nice and accommodating to obnoxious or dull non-whites. By his junior year, his awakening in full force, Bowen was infuriated by such fratricidal cruelty. At the same time, he was becoming angered by the cowardice of males like Buchman.

The week of the ninth game of the season, a game in which Bowen was to start, Chris Buchman happened to pass by the practice field as the team was warming up for non-contact drills. He'd lost his watch the day before. Reserve defensive end Brian Poehler noticed Buchman as Chris scrutinized the sidewalk near the field. The lifelong bully Poehler decided to have a little fun at Buchman's expense.

Brian Poehler was a year older and much bigger than John Bowen. He was also white. His similar-colored brown hair was longer than Bowen's was at the time, and his eyes were a similar green. This was the extent of their similarities. Poehler had always preyed on the weak members of his own race. One victim had the courage to fight back and wound up in the hospital for his efforts. That alone destroyed what little courage the others might have summoned against Poehler, even in desperation. Poehler was usually content to humiliate, though he had a sadistic streak that on occasion demanded more. Being a bully, Poehler was just as defective and pathetic as his victims, though he was much more dangerous.

At the time there was one black football player at Southern Garrett - wide receiver and cornerback Harold McLemore. Most area whites blamed the team's lack of success on the low number of blacks on the

roster. They were ignorant of or chose to ignore the spectacular triumphs of all-white teams like Wheeling Central in West Virginia, teams that often beat the opposition from surrounding states. McLemore was a gangly and unimpressive specimen, slower than most whites on the team, including John Ashley Bowen. Had McLemore been white he'd have had no chance to make the team. Had he been white he probably would have been prey for Brian Poehler. Since he was not, and since there is almost always some form of coward in the heart of a bully, Poehler never abused or humiliated McLemore. In fact, the two often spent time together and even double dated. This fact did not go unnoticed by John Bowen.

On that Tuesday of Game Week Nine, as Buchman searched in vain for his watch, Poehler made his approach. McLemore followed, as did two or three other teammates. The thug must have announced his intentions to them. It might be worth a laugh, they no doubt thought. Poehler moved very close to the unobservant Buchman before grabbing both his arms from behind and whispering something that made Buchman comply with the commands that followed. Poehler marched him to the massive doors of the gymnasium where the girls' freshman basketball team was practicing.

"Now, you little fuckhead, drop your pants and get inside," Poehler told Buchman loud enough for the other players to hear.

At first Buchman did nothing. His fear was soaring, but the tiny spark of masculinity remaining in his weak soul tried to flare up and defy. Poehler's hand on his throat and knuckle in his kidney snuffed out what was left of his manliness. With tears forming, Buchman unbuckled his belt. His jeans fell to the ground.

"Put your pants on," said a voice from behind Poehler; the voice of John Ashley Bowen. "Put your pants on, Chris," said Bowen, whose voice was steady.

Buchman did nothing. Poehler chuckled out of surprise. It was a misplaced reaction born of his own defective character, not any less defective than that of Buchman.

"Are you fucking kidding me, Bowen?" Poehler said. He looked back at Buchman. "Get the fuck up!"

Poehler returned his glare toward Bowen.

"You don't wanna fuck with me, Bowen," said Poehler.

Eric Holtscaw, the starting middle linebacker who followed Bowen to the gym entrance, edged away. All eyes were on John Bowen, including those of the now stone-faced Harold McLemore.

"Then let him go," Bowen said.



The other athletes were in utter shock. No one had ever done this before.

Poehler threw Buchman to the ground. Christopher did not pull up his pants, nor did he flee. He made no effort to defend himself or to help Johnny Bowen. Johnny wasn't surprised. He wasn't counting on a coward.

"So Johnny Bowen wants to be a tough guy," Poehler said as he began a slow approach toward Bowen. "Is this little bitch your boyfriend? Huh, Bowen?"

"Stay where you are," Bowen said.

Johnny kept focused on his enemy's movements rather than his bluster or his words. He also kept track of those around him, including McLemore.

"What are you going to do about it?" said Poehler, who started to laugh.

It was a forced laugh. Those watching could see that Poehler was furious. He looked at McLemore and took a step forward. Then the veil came off and Poehler charged Johnny Bowen.

For five years John Bowen had been awake. For four years he'd been learning self-defense from his uncle Robert Welton, a street fighter who taught him to treat a fight as combat and who once killed an attacker with his bare fists. For four years Bowen had beaten heavy bags and improvised human bodies. Poehler was stronger than Bowen at the time. He relied on brute force and the threat of violence to win all his previous battles. He relied on the other guy not being as strong, not knowing how to defend himself much less attack, and not treating the confrontation as combat rather than a fistfight. On Tuesday, week nine of the season, he was wrong with two of his three assumptions. It was the worst two to be wrong about.

John Ashley Bowen was ready for Poehler to attack the minute he told Buchman to pull up his pants. Once the fight commenced, Bowen's movements became rapid and savage. It was obvious from the start that Bowen considered the confrontation to be full-fledged combat. It was obvious that he fought to kill. The coaches - who as usual ignored the previous events - came running at top speed when they realized the gravity of the situation.

Once the shock wore off, the other players attempted to stop what had developed into a vicious stomping. Poehler was on the ground. His face was a mass of blood. This time he was the one who went to the hospital.

Bowen received a ten day suspension. Southern Garrett removed him from the football team. Holtsclaw will remember the confrontation as the worst beating he's ever witnessed in person.

On Sunday of that week, Christopher Buchman approached John Bowen after church services. Bowen was waiting in the parking lot of St. Matthew's for his parents, who were speaking with the preacher at the time.

"I wanted to thank you," Buchman said.

His green-hazel eyes never look into Bowen's.

"Don't do that," Bowen said.

Johnny did not speak in the tone of one who wishes to express pleasure at having been thanked. Buchman looked at him, incredulous, wondering if he was misinterpreting the strong signs of disgust from his supposed protector.

"I didn't do it for you," Johnny said, "A fucking coward isn't worth my time. It was about him, dumbass. However defective you are, you fucking nerd, you are white. He wanted to humiliate a white guy in front of white women with that nigger standing there laughing. If you can't see why I'd fuck him up for that then you are a worthless fuck. Now fuck off before I beat your ass."

Buchman didn't move for what seemed to be a long while. Bowen stared into his eyes though Buchman only returned his stare out of shock. It was Buchman's second surprise of the week, both involving John Bowen; this one was the greater of the two.

Bowen uncrossed his arms.

"I said fuck off," he said.

Fear gripped Buchman and he scurried away.

In the Markleysburg flat, nine years later, Johnny Bowen finishes reliving the incident.

"I was a better fighter than a safety," Bowen says, "It's better to be that way. As for being a hero, I'll let you decide that. As little as I can fucking do right now, I might not agree with you"

Johnny looks out the window. The trees are still asleep. The spring crocuses are up, though. Their little purple flowers color the McLaughlin's yard next door.

"Brian fucking Poehler," Johnny says, "I think some of the students figured I was some kind of 'nerd protector.'"

"I imagine Buchman did," Cristi says.

"Not for long," Johnny says, "I never cared for those self-absorbed little fucks. We're well on the road to extinction and all they can do is cry on

the internet about bullies or whine about girls not liking them. What's not to like about a fatass not disciplined enough to fucking exercise or eat right? What's not to like about a guy who won't fight for his own ass, let alone his race's survival? Instead of getting strong, learning to fight and fucking up the Brian Poehler's of the world, they cry to their buddies on Facebook. Sure, they talk tough but they'd piss their fucking pants if someone showed it to Poehler. We need men who are willing to fight, not internet pussies."

"I agree, Ash," Cristi says.

"Poehler was a goddamned loser with his own mental defects," Johnny says, "but he wasn't any worse than those jackoffs. Just give nerds a little power over other white men and watch how sadistic they'll become. Then call them racist. Watch them fall down and piss their pants. When they're rich they give millions to niggers to avoid the goddamn r-word. There's never been a bunch of pussies so eager to parrot the anti-white establishment or support the faggot supremacy movement that's further dividing white men and white women."

If not for the presence of Harold McLemore and the strong message that the female athletes would have received from Buchman's humiliation, Bowen would have ignored Poehler and Buchman altogether. On that day, under those circumstances, Poehler unintentionally turned a cruel but uninteresting prank into an event of racial significance to John Ashley Bowen. Poehler did not realize the severity of the situation into which he had charged, or the skill and ruthlessness of his unexpected opponent. John Ashley Bowen was not striking a blow for weak-willed and cowardly losers like Christopher Buchman. He was punishing a buffoon for the betrayal of their race.

"If KJ knew the half of what you've done and what you've sacrificed," Cristi says, "I don't think she'd ever let go of you."

"She's a young white woman with courage," Johnny says.

Johnny looks out the window again. A big Peterbilt drives by, its Jake brake growling.

"She's the kind that pays for the sins of others," Johnny says.

O'Toole thinks the exact same about his friend. He sighs.

The light in the room provides most of the illumination. Outside the sky is darkening.

"What a goddamned world this is," Cristi says, "Some young white person always has to die, usually a lot of them. The ones doing this to us are doing even worse to white youth. We have to remember that. It's very, very important. When we were in our teens I didn't do shit. Most of us did-

n't. Now every generation blames those younger than them for how screwed up things are. Our youth didn't create this anti-white monstrosity, everyone before them did."

"You weren't alone," Johnny interrupts, "Most of us didn't do shit but talk. Fucking words, worthless fucking words, that's all we fucking did."

"Bullshit," Cristi says, "You went to fucking Iraq. You risked your life so you could learn to fight a goddamned war, and came back to fight it. For Christ's sake, Johnny, you could have died any time over there. I told you not to go, even though you had the right reasons, the only reason a white man should ever serve in this goddamned army. You learned how to fight so that you could go to war for our race's survival. I'd say that's doing something."

"You weren't wrong," Johnny says, "You didn't want another white man to die fighting for fucking Israel."

"You didn't fight their war," Cristi says, "You were training to fight ours. And you will. Hell, you already are. You're fighting for KJ; one of us, Ash. She's a white woman who's awake and beyond priceless, because she sees what's happening and she loves her race. You're helping her learn and protect herself. Listen to me, Ash, that's more than goddamned words."

Cristian returns to his original idea.

"Now back to what I was going to say," he says, "The ones doing all this shit to us talk like their original, like their revolutionaries. Their revolution is a goddamned lie and there's nothing new about them or their ideas. They're tools of a system older than their lying grandparents who murdered millions of whites in Europe. They don't dress like Poehler, but they're bullies, race-traitor bullies dressed in black judicial dresses and fucking pig police uniforms"

"And business suits," Johnny adds.

"Yeah," Cristi says, "Them too. They may act like they don't have any fear, but they do. They fear you, Johnny, and they fear me. Do you know who they fear much more than us?"

Johnny nods.

"Yeah," he says, "They fear her. She's a fighter, and she proves that not all of our women will betray us."

"See if she'll leave that goddamned house before they can hurt her," Cristi says. He sees Bowen begin to speak. "If you can. I know you're trying."

Cristi rises and puts his hand on Bowen's shoulder. He looks down as Johnny look up into his hazel eyes.

"Robert would love to see you with KJ," Cristi says, "He'd hope nothing would ever separate you, and he'd be proud."

Cristi looks at Johnny's arms. He can see their size in the short-sleeve shirt he wears. Always large, they've grown to impressive size.

"Have you shown her your tattoo?" Cristi asks, "I bet she gets one like it."

"No," Johnny says, "She's going to get something else."

It is time for Cristian to depart. Both men have business that will draw them elsewhere. Cristian O'Toole stops just outside the door before departing. His hands are in his long black coat. Bowen stands at the entrance, both hands on the frame. He taps it with his fingers.

"Remember next Friday," Johnny says.

"Yeah," Cristi says, "Let me know when and where."

"Firefly Grill at eleven," Johnny says, "I don't think John's going to need me at Coalsack. I don't want to go too far anyway, I'm going with Anna and KJ to Diamond later than night."

Cristi nods and waves. He wonders if they'll ever have this opportunity again.

"We'll scare the hell out of them," he says from his Jeep, "Who knows? It might be enough."

The final rays of sunset are fading to night when Bowen arrives at the Coalsack Site. KJ is outside, sitting on the front steps of the cabin. The disappearance of the sun behind the thickening clouds and the curve of the Earth enabled her to emerge from the interior of the cabin. When Johnny sees the milky white, spectacular beauty of Kaylee Jane, the sight stirs his soul in a manner and to a degree he's never come close to feeling with someone else.

When he stops the Rubicon, KJ jumps to her feet. She doesn't run today. She looks down and plays with her hair, her gloved left hand fluffing and caressing the thick strands. She still looks down as she approaches. She has a little smile on her face, proof of her desire to be close to him. Bowen enjoys her slower-than-usual pace, and the tight jeans and t-shirt she wears. The wind has kicked up, and it moves her loose, unbuttoned long-sleeve to the side so that he can see the body-hugging tee. It takes her a while to arrive, and Johnny uses every moment to admire this magnificent young woman.

When KJ is near the door of the Jeep, Bowen opens it from the inside. She removes her backpack and tosses it on the floor. Then she hops in, straddling the backpack with her boots.

"Hi, Johnny," she says.

"Hi, KJ," Johnny says, "How'd it go?"

"Good," she says, "It went really well today."

"Where's John?" he asks.

"He took off into the woods," she says.

"That reminds me," Johnny says, "Anna's getting together a camping trip sometime in April. I think it's a great idea. I was wondering if you'd like to come?"

"Fuck yes!" KJ says, her enthusiasm obvious. Then a somewhat concerned look comes across her face. "You're coming, right?"

"Of course," he says, "I wouldn't miss that for anything."

Her enthusiasm returns.

"That'd be so cool," she says, "Would it be on a weekend?"

"Friday and Saturday night," he says, "We'd come back Sunday."

KJ turns toward him and leans as far over as she can. She looks into his face as he turns toward her. Then he puts his hand on the back of her head and kisses her hair. He rubs her upper back and shoulder and she grabs his leg and arm. The front seat of a Jeep Rubicon is not the easiest place for an embrace, but they try their best.

"That's so nice," she says as he kisses her head.

Her hair is so thick and smooth, and she is so warm and clean. There is not a hint of cigarette smoke or perfume. He's come to expect it, yet her soft smell is always extraordinary. She's nothing like his previous girlfriends.

A hundred or so feet from the road to Clay, Johnny pulls over on the side of the Jeep trail so that KJ can enjoy the meal he's prepared for her. The two talk less than usual this time, instead sharing more intimate methods of communication. He rubs her shoulders and touches her cheek. She offers him a bite of each item, which he takes upon her insistence. In the background, the sounds of *Entwine* play over the speakers.

It's a beautiful night for a drive, which is fortunate considering the time KJ and Johnny will have to spend on the road. KJ thinks about Johnny, who drives a truck for a living. He must be sick of driving even before they set off for Coalsack. On Saturdays and Sundays he drives these extra six hours to and from Clay County, on one of his few days of rest. She shakes her head and looks at him.

"Johnny," KJ says, "Let me know if you ever want me to drive, or if you want to say home and relax. It's alright."

She touches his arm.

"I'm good," he says.

"Really," she says, "I don't want you to be tired when you go to work."

"I wouldn't miss this for anything, angel," Johnny says, "Unless you're sick of it."

"No!" KJ says. She looks at him and sees the little grin on his face. "Don't fuck with me like that," she says, a cross look on her face.

He laughs.

"Alright," he says, "How about tomorrow? Honestly, it might be a good idea for you to drive. It'll help sell the idea that you're going to work."

"Yeah," she says, "I thought about that, too. What time do we meet?"

"Two-thirty, by the park on Yauger Hollow Road," he says, "You know where I mean?"

"Yeah," she says, "Up from Anna's place. I go by there when I drive to Bill's."

Around a huge turn in Fairchance Road, surrounded by thick forest on either side, Johnny brings the Rubicon to a near-stop. KJ saw it too; up ahead, a cross fox darts across the road and disappears into the heavy woodland to the right. KJ turns her head to see if she can catch another glimpse of the creature as Johnny accelerates the Jeep.

KJ turns around to face the front and she looks at the man behind the wheel.

"You know," she says, "if there were just a thousand of us, what's that, like, four ten-thousandths of a percent? We'd bring this fucking nation to its knees. Just a thousand with complete trust in each other, and we could move in the shadows. We could emerge and strike and then disappear again."

"If there were a thousand like you," Bowen says, "We wouldn't need to. It'd be over. We'd rise and never look back."

"Are we all alone?" she asks, "Are we the only ones left who love like this, and understand what's happening? I mean, are we the only ones who really understand what's at stake, and why talking isn't enough anymore? Are they all fucking sheep and traitors, and we're the only wolves left?"

"I wondered about that back before you came along," he says, "There was a time when I didn't have much hope, and fighting was just a way to spite the enemy. Honestly, it was a way to do something right, and not just take it up the ass all the time, over and fucking over again." He gets quiet for a minute, and KJ waits for him. "It was a way to die with honor."

She gets a hurt look on her face, but chases it away before he can notice.

"But I was wrong, because you're real," he says, "You're the white angel, a young white woman who has as much courage and sight as any

of us. More, actually. Anna had Gary, Jesse had her parents, and Sinead had Bill and Michael. You were alone. Anna and the others give me hope, but you make me think we can win.”

KJ touches his thigh.

“My angel,” Johnny says.



## Chapter X



## Baptism of Fire

KJ rises from bed a little later on Sunday morning. She doesn't have to leave until 2 PM. For once, she has the luxury of relaxation. She eats a light breakfast in anticipation of the Easter meal at Bill's and after loading the dishwasher she makes for the kitchen door. Erica begins descending the steps before KJ can climb them.

"I'm going to take a shower and get ready," KJ says, "I'm serving hors d'oeuvres at my boss's Easter party, so I'll need extra time to get dressed."

"I can hardly wait," Erica says.

She passes by KJ. Her words mean nothing. It's her departure that brings relief.

KJ takes a long shower. When she's sure no one's between her room and the bedroom, she runs to her room, wearing only a tube bra and a thong. There's no need to wrap her body in a towel. She knows what she'll be wearing: the blue dress. It still takes a little while to complete the ensemble. Over a year ago, she bought a pair of long black gloves. She tries them on; they're tight on her growing biceps, but this does not displease her. Johnny will probably like that. She puts on her shoes, her best pair of elegant flats. Then it's back to the bathroom, this time with her very sparse cosmetics kit. Inside there are four lipstick tubes, eye shadow and eyeliner. There is no foundation or other thick, skin-covering cosmetics, nor is there blush that would distract from her natural porcelain skin. KJ puts on a thin layer of pink lipstick and a little blue eye shadow. Then she brushes her copious hair. She'll leave it as is, without tying or bundling it into a bun or a ponytail. A little smile comes to her face when she looks into the mirror. She feels that she's quite pretty today. She's wrong; her modesty misleads her. In truth, KJ is far more than "pretty." Her beauty is striking and unforgettable in the manner that only a white woman could ever hope to be. KJ returns to the bedroom and adds the finishing touches: the gloves, and her nicest - and hitherto unused - handbag.

Erica is in the foyer as KJ descends the steps. She wanted to say something demeaning in order to put her rebellious daughter in her place. At the very least, Erica hopes to contrast her daughter's present appearance with her usual militant look, using the comparison to attack KJ's worldview. When Erica was 17, the male population of Lake Washington High School in Kirkland, Washington, considered her the most attractive female among the entire student body. As a human being, Erica cannot be mentioned in the same breath with Kaylee Jane. As a woman, she is weak and insignificant in comparison, despite KJ's youth. As a beauty, she has never been KJ's equal, though she was deluded enough to think otherwise. Today that illusion vanishes like morning fog. Before KJ reaches the bottom of the stairs, Erica can see that her daughter is far more beautiful than she ever was.

Erica wants to say something cruel. She knows it will sound petty, and indeed it would be.

"Make sure you take your pill," is all that Erica can muster.

She retreats to the den.

It's warm enough that KJ will not need a jacket. Still she carries it with her. She makes certain that no one is lurking around the truck before leaving. It seems to take longer to arrive at the arranged meeting place. Perhaps it's her anticipation that makes time crawl.

KJ isn't the only one with such impatient enthusiasm. Johnny Bowen waits at the turn-off by the little park in Lemont Furnace. His wardrobe is among his finest: a gray vest with darker pants, and a black jacket, as well as a tie. He knows KJ will be beautiful. She's gorgeous in jeans and a simple t-shirt. Today's outfit won't make KJ any more beautiful. Still, he longs to see her in the blue dress. He imagines she'll wear it. His subconscious is ready for its debut; or so he thinks.

When the white Chevy pickup pulls in beside Bowen's Rubicon, Johnny hastens to open the driver's side door. KJ patiently waits for him to do so. Johnny tries not to look at her through the windshields. Why spoil the surprise? He averts his gaze upon opening the door and stands at attention with his back toward the rear of the pickup. When she steps out, he will see her in her entirety. There is a slight smile on his face. No matter how she looks, he'll lavish her with his appreciation. Such is the power of the woman who has come to mean so much to him, as a man and as a kinsman.

When Bowen sees KJ, his smile disappears in an instant. She knows the reason is not dissatisfaction. He thought he could prepare for the sight of her in the blue dress; he was wrong. To John Ashley Bowen, KJ is

beauty incarnate, wild and eternal and unfettered. She can see this in his reaction. KJ looks down from humility and her own deep appreciation, and laughs once from joy and innocent embarrassment. Her face is among her most beautiful attributes and can be quite expressive, yet she is discrete in revealing the emotions of her heart.

When she sees his reaction, she cannot help but show her joy. Such is the power of the man who has come to mean so much to her, as a kinsman and as a lover.

"Do I look alright?" KJ asks.

"My God, yes," Johnny says.

She looks into his eyes. When their eyes meet he feels the sensations of longing and devotion rise ever higher in his soul.

KJ steps close and touches his chest, drawing her gloved hand from the top down to his stomach.

"Look at you," she says, "You're so handsome! Every girl who sees me is going to be jealous."

"They take one look at you and they'll be jealous, all right," he says.

Anna Murphy is very beautiful; to some, she is the greatest image of earthly beauty that they shall ever see. Her build is solid and very sensual, with its curves and ampleness in the exact places where a feminine body should be full and robust. Her pale blue eyes mirror the heavens and the waters. She is the mermaid of legend, come up from the seas of the Emerald Isle to warm the heart of a worthy man, and keep his body warm during long winter nights. Her red hair and milk-white skin, which are sadly becoming a rarity even among whites, give a classic Irish touch to her comeliness. One could imagine any member of the ancient Irish or Scottish *Fianna* dreaming of such a gorgeous young woman as his wife.

Sinead Donnelly is nearly Anna's equal. Her beauty is ethereal and equally exotic. She is the fairy who comes to another member of the *Fianna*, a man who never imagined he'd behold such beauty. She is a living work of art, the kind of young woman whose appearance artists would give years of their life to capture, with none of them ever having complete success.

Jessica Hanratty is superior to most models and the equal of the elites. Her build is not the sickly self-starved look of a waif. Though her look is modern enough to appear in fashion magazines, she has a body more suited to swimsuits than avant-garde fashion shows. Her face is unique and lovely enough for upper body photographs to be a large part of her modeling portfolio. She is an elegant beauty who matches favorably with any woman a man could desire, let alone possess.

At first glance, KJ Campbell rivals these three immaculate and extraordinary young women. At second glance, blue dress or not, there is something about her that pushes her above even them. That is the case at least for John Bowen, and he is certainly not alone. Her proportions, especially her musculature and her gorgeous posterior, almost mirror Anna's and are certainly no less pleasing to the eye. Her arms and shoulders are more developed, even if just by a small margin. Her face is not faerie-like as is Sinead's. She doesn't have the poise and elegant posture of Jesse. The edge lies in her mannerisms; shy and urgent, passionate and serious, with an omnipresent sincerity and gentle defiance, her demeanor only repels those who hate and fear a beautiful and conscious white woman. To a man like John Ashley Bowen, she is the angel of passion and beauty. She is the reason why, in living, breathing flesh, he must make a stand.

Johnny and KJ leave the pickup parked under the trees near the park. It can stay there for the night if necessary. Johnny pulls out from the turn-off and begins driving the winding road that leads to Old Braddock and the Donnelly Homestead. As they pass a few houses and trees on the left, they come upon a young bicyclist riding in the opposite direction – a white man in his late teens, with shoulder-length brown hair. He stands with one foot on the seat of the bicycle and one on the handlebars while he lights a cigarette with his hands. Johnny slows the Jeep as the young man passes by.

Most men and woman would consider the young man's daring to be reckless and irresponsible. KJ admires the courage.

"Courageous, isn't he?" Johnny says.

KJ snaps her head to look at her partner.

"Honest-to-God," she says, "That's the exact thing I was thinking. I know it sounds like I'm shitting you, but, seriously."

"I believe you, KJ," he says.

He reaches over and squeezes her forearm through the long gloves. She looks into her rear-view mirror and sees the young man disappear down the road.

"It's a shame he's smoking," she says.

Bill Donnelly greets KJ and Johnny at his front door. He is dressed in his own finery, including a vest and tie. KJ is very happy to have worn her most beautiful dress.

"Good Lord above," Bill says, "Look at the two of you! Have you ever seen such a beautiful pair!"

Bill kisses KJ's hand. She looks down and smiles. Her modesty and her inner strength inspire the old warrior of the Donnelly Family no less

than they inspire John Bowen. Bill feels the pride that a father feels when his daughter crosses the threshold into womanhood, and does so without squandering any of her sacred gifts.

Bill takes Johnny into a tight embrace.

"I'm so glad you could come," Bill says.

"It's our pleasure, Bill," Johnny says.

Bill holds the door as KJ and Johnny enter. She removes her shoes in the entrance hall. Bill directs the pair to the den. Upon entering, KJ sees several faces; some very familiar, others as yet unknown. Each person stands when Bill enters.

The first person to the left has never met KJ. He looks to be in his early thirties and it is obvious from his appearance that he is some relative of Bill's. He's taller than the rest of the clan. His dress shirt and dark gray pants are very similar to Johnny's.

Next to the Donnelly chap is Sinead. Dressed in an elegant spring dress, she is a stunning sight. If not for KJ, she would be the grandest lady of the gathering.

Alongside Sinead is another unknown face, a young man of twenty or so years. His clothes and overall look give the strong impression that he is Irish. He was talking to Sinead when the threesome entered the room. He has eyes as blue as Sinead's, though his hair is a deep red.

To the redheaded man's right is a very familiar face. Dressed in a black suit that makes him look even thinner is "Irish John" Boyle. KJ gets an embarrassed little smile when she recognizes him. She wonders what he'll say next Saturday. She reaches up and takes Bowen's hand, which has been around her shoulder since they walked down the hall. Who cares what Irish John will say?

"KJ," Bill says, "You're familiar with John and my lovely daughter Sinead. This other gentleman is Gerald Connolly from back home. Gerald, this is our KJ, and with her is a very dear friend of mine, Mr. John Bowen."

Gerald, an active member of CIRA, steps forward and shakes their hands. Bill steps over to the other gentleman. He puts his hand on the fine young man's shoulder and turns toward KJ and Johnny.

"This is my son, Michael," Bill says.

Michael Donnelly is tall and thin. His physique is not unlike John Boyle's, though he is not as strong. His face shows no less dedication, and his blue-gray eyes are severe as well as intelligent. He waits until his father introduces KJ and Johnny and then steps forward to greet them.

KJ is surprised that Bill has to introduce his son to Johnny. She figured they were intimate associates. Johnny takes Michael's hand.

"It's an honor to finally meet you in person," Johnny says.

"Likewise, John," Michael says. He looks at KJ. "I'm not familiar with your lady friend."

KJ figured they'd told Michael about her. In an instant she realizes the folly of making such assumptions. The Donnelly's and their kinsmen try to protect one another, should someone fall in to the hands of an establishment that would not hesitate to torture its enemies. She squeezes Bowen's hand a little tighter.

"KJ is very dear to us," Johnny says. He looks into her eyes. "She means a great deal to me."

Michael's piercing stare does not send KJ fleeing on the inside. Johnny Bowen's faith in her is a powerful brace.

"It's nice to meet you, KJ," Michael says.

The dining room table is set to perfection. The spread must have required the entire morning for completion. The lace table cloth is spotless white and the silverware and plates all match and are set an equal distance apart. Before the meal commences, Megan Donnelly enters from the kitchen. She is as elegant as always, dressed in a green dress that is neither too simple nor gaudy. The Donnelly matriarch embraces KJ and then Johnny as she makes her rounds before the guests take their seats.

In the time that KJ has spent with Megan, whether it was over dinner or on the occasions she could help Megan in the kitchen, KJ has grown quite fond of her. The feelings are reciprocal. For her part, Megan does feel a great deal of sympathy as well as sadness over KJ's difficult fate, though it never comes out as pity. She smiles like a proud parent when she holds KJ by her cheeks and looks into her blue eyes.

Sinead, Michael and Bill help Megan present the Easter meal. It begins with warm cross buns and a prayer. All save Johnny and KJ cross themselves. There are three selections for the main course: poacher's pie, lamb shanks and baked trout – fresh from western Pennsylvania streams and caught by Bill Donnelly and Gary Murphy. Currant sauce tops the shanks and pickled greens and cucumbers serve as a side dish. Michael pours each guest a glass of red wine. The food is, as expected, excellent. It has not sat too long, nor is it so hot that the tastes haven't settled. Both Johnny and KJ opt for the shanks and find them to be exceptional.

When the meal comes to an end, Megan serves each guest a portion of bread and butter pudding. The dessert is followed by something KJ's never heard of in her 17 years: the drink known as posset. Megan serves the alcoholic drink to the men; for the women there is tea, made



with herbs grown by Megan in her little garden. Johnny offers KJ a sip of his beverage in the most discrete manner possible, though she refuses with a smile. It's not from a lack of curiosity, but rather out of respect for the apparent custom of the Donnelly's and their guests.

As the men drink, Bill mentions his regrets that his son Rian could not be present. The regrets are not profound, however, as lovely Jesse spent Easter with the Donnelly's last year, and this year it is Rian's turn to visit the Hanratty's. KJ imagines that Michael will visit them later, or that Rian and Jesse will drop by to see the eldest Donnelly son. It must be rare for Michael to visit and she doubts that Rian would miss the occasion.

It is an afternoon of peace, though in today's America, peace is fleeting and perhaps more a mirage than reality. Still, it is a very pleasant day and a welcome escape for both KJ and Johnny Bowen. To Bill it is a beautiful time made all the more extraordinary with the appearance of KJ and Johnny. The troubles on his mind are waxing again, and he needed a pause, perhaps more than the others.

Once the meal is over, the guests return to the interior of the house.

Gerald Connolly, Sinead and Michael continue their conversations in the large living room just outside the dining hall. John Boyle joins them. KJ listens to their voices, though she does not understand the words. The sound of Irish is alluring and angelic and full of antiquity as if the language came from the heavens in times long gone. She wonders how Irish John came to the Donnelly Homestead for today's visit. Is there a vehicle other than the ATV she's seen at Coalsack? Did Bill bring him? Perhaps Johnny brought him up last night. She doesn't ask.

"Thanks for bringing me," she whispers in Bowen's ear.

He turns and smiles. His arm is around her again. It feels nice.

"Johnny," she says while the others are talking a little louder, "I'd like to talk to Bill, alright?"

"Sure, KJ," he says.

Johnny lowers his arm.

"Don't forget where you had your arm," KJ says as she steps toward the dining room door, a little smile on her face.

Johnny Bowen watches her. She is pure intensity in the body of a beautiful woman. She breathes life into everything that ever mattered; everything that is important to him.

Bill is alone in the dining room, looking out the window at the yellow coltsfoot along the driveway. Megan must be in the kitchen. The table is bare save the cloth and the extinguished candles. KJ closes the door behind her as she enters.

"We've taken care of the table, KJ," Bill says. She doesn't move. Bill glances at her. "There's something on your mind then."

"Yeah," she says, "I've been thinking about something that's more and more important to me. I don't know, I think it would be a good idea in case something ever happens to me." She looks up and sighs. "I don't really know what I believe, Bill, but I know I've never been baptized. I was thinking that it might not be such a bad idea."

Bill looks away from the window and into KJ's eyes.

"It's not a bad idea," he says, "Would you like to be?"

KJ nods.

"Would someone still baptize me even if I'm, like, not really sure?" she asks.

Bill runs his finger around his cup of tea. He nods, still looking at KJ.

"My parents will object," she says, "They're proud that we weren't baptized. I imagine a priest or preacher would have to get their permission, and I wouldn't have a chance of obtaining that."

"I don't have to get their permission," Bill says.

"You could do it?" she asks, "How?"

"Anyone who believes can baptize another soul," he says, "Especially in a case like yours."

She smiles for an instant and nods.

"Alright," she says, "Would you, please?"

"We'll do it first thing on Wednesday," he says.

KJ gasps and a little relieved smile flashes across her face.

"Do you want any witnesses?" Bill asks.

"I can't decide that," she says, "I'd like for Johnny and Anna to be there, but not to show off. This isn't about getting attention."

"I know, KJ," Bill says, "It'd be nice to have those closest to you witness such an important event. I'll see if they can come." He smiles and then remembers something important. "Oh, bring a second set of clothes."

"OK," she says, "Thank you, Bill."

She doesn't return to the living room. He notices her hesitation.

"Is there something else?" Bill says, "Don't hesitate, KJ, it only wastes your time."

"I'm still 17," she says, "The law says I'm a minor."

"None of us consider you a child," Bill says, "If Johnny didn't consider you a responsible young woman, he wouldn't have that arm around you like he does. As far as the system goes, you're still a child. But then they also want us dead. Their opinions don't matter much to me. Now, what do you want, KJ? Something that requires adult supervision, am I right?"

KJ feels it's a risk to ask. She won't lie to any of them, and she won't hide her desire. She'll need Bill's help and he has a right to know everything.

"Most places won't do body ink on a minor, even with a parent's permission," she says, "Anna's a minor and she has a beautiful ivy tattoo. Maybe the people who did hers could do a different one for me."

Bill says nothing and it scares the hell out of KJ. It's the most nervous she's felt in a long time. She looks down, and then into Bill's eyes.

"What's it mean to you?" Bill asks.

"It'll mean even more to the man I love," she says.

For once Bill is very nearly staggered by what she says.

"You might not end up with that man," Bill says, "I don't mean to hurt you, KJ, but these are hard and uncertain times and you may end up choosing a path that takes you away from him. What then? Will you remain with a mark on your skin that means nothing to you?"

"It will remind me of him," she says, "and everything he's done for us. It will remind me of what we could have had, if he didn't have to go to war for us."

"I take it you're convinced then," he says.

KJ nods.

"I'd wait until I'm 18," she says, "But if I have to leave before then, I can't risk revealing my identity at a tattoo studio."

Bill sighs.

"Jimmy's brother is a tattoo artist," Bill says, "He did Anna's and you can see he's no amateur. He'll do it for a price. I'm no expert, but his work is the best I've ever seen. He is expensive, KJ, so keep that in mind. He won't mark a girl's chest or face, or do that miserable tattoo on a girl's lower back, though I'd be shocked if you're into that nonsense."

"No," KJ says in an instant, "I don't want a tramp stamp or anything ignorant like that. I'd never get something that trashes my dignity or damages how I look. I would never ink my face or chest, or other places like that. This would be on my back."

KJ has a feeling that Jimmy's brother won't do "tramp stamps" because the Old Core wouldn't appreciate him putting such symbols of promiscuity on white girls' flesh. He may refuse anyway; perhaps he is as principled as they are. She doesn't want to assume he's not.

"It won't be in any of those other places," she says.

"The particulars are between you and him," Bill says, "I'll let you know when he can fit you into his schedule. I don't think I need to tell you he'll deny any culpability if someone else finds out."

"I won't say a word," KJ says.

"Good girl," Bill says. He stands and reaches into his pocket. "I was going to give you this before you left. Better do it now or I'll forget."

"Bill," she says.

"Come here, KJ," he says. She obeys him. "This is yours, and here's some more for gas. Go on. Don't forget to buy some clothes for your marksmanship training and the hikes you'll be taking. Make sure they're good quality. This should be enough money to buy several pairs of outdoor clothing."

He hands her a wad of cash.

"Bill, please," she says, "I..."

"I hate cutting you off, KJ," Bill says, "So please, don't make me do it so often."

She embraces him.

"Thank you," she says, her eyes closed.

Bill pats her back.

"Such a lovely young lady you've become," he says, "You know, I told Gary I didn't agree with Anna getting her tattoo, back when Gary mentioned it. He said it means a great deal to her. It's like an anchor to her past. If it has that kind of effect it can't be too bad, now can it? She doesn't use drugs or sleep around, and she has a tattoo. Gary's done very well with her. She's conscious and strong and she doesn't sleep around. A lot of boys and girls without art like hers wind up in much worse shape." Bill sighs. "If it's good enough for Gary, I suppose it's good enough for me."

"Thank you, Bill," KJ says, "I'd never want to lose your respect."

"That would take quite of bit of work on your part," he says and winks when she looks at him.

KJ Campbell and Johnny Bowen depart from the Donnelly Homestead at 8 PM. They drive to the little stretch of woods where they left the white work truck. KJ does not want to go home yet. Fortunately for her, neither does Johnny.

"Do you mind staying a little while?" he asks.

She shakes her head, her mass of hair moving back and forth. Then she reaches over and touches him on the shoulder.

"It was a really nice time," she says, "Thanks for coming with me."

"I wouldn't have missed it for anything," he says "Thanks for wearing that dress." He puts his arm around her. With his left hand he touches hers. "Those gloves are awesome, too. Man, I love that."

She adores the attention, yet she's a little embarrassed. He must notice.

"The food was something, wasn't it?" Johnny says.

"It was excellent," KJ says, "Megan is an excellent cook, and she's not the only one. Seriously, you guys are amazing. You aren't like the people I've known all my life. You read more than they do and you try to learn and do things on your own. You cook, repair vehicles and train each other, and you can live off the land. At school they tell us to be well-rounded. Of course, that means swallow their fucking lies and be a sheep. You guys are as close to well-rounded as a person can get. Shit, some of you even speak other languages. "

Johnny doesn't respond. He watches her and listens to her voice, which is spellbinding to him.

"By the way," she says, "Thank you for the nice things you said to me. I'm glad you like how I look. It means a lot."

He touches her nose. Even the surprise doesn't make her flinch. She closes her eyes and gets a little smile on her face. Johnny runs his finger down her nose, from her forehead to the tip. When he's done, she opens her eyes again.

"I love that splash of freckles across your nose," he says, "And those blues. God, those blue eyes."

"They say eyes like mine will be gone soon," she says, "Pale skin, too."

"They don't say that around me," he says, "Not more than once, they don't. You know, there are guys who think the way to have you is to bullshit you. Some will say how nice a girl looks when they don't mean it, others will say looks don't matter, which is a bunch of bullshit. Looks do matter. They tell you about a person. Cleanliness, being in shape, it tells you a great deal. Truth is, KJ, you are more beautiful than anyone I have ever seen. No bullshit, that's just how it is."

"Thank you, Johnny," she says.

The little smile comes back.

Johnny touches her hair.

"I wouldn't give a fuck how beautiful you are if you weren't awake," he says, "but you are, and it's amazing. I can touch you and know you're real. I've said it before and I've told you why, how important it is that a girl like you is awake. For you to be here is, ...I can't tell you what it's meant, or what it means."

She touches his cheek. The glove is soft and her hand is so warm. He takes her hand and kisses it, once.

"They tell us that we're supposed to be loners," he says, "All of us are alone, we're all inbred, ugly, hateful and stupid. But you know what's

real? Garret designs computer programs. He's a handsome son-of-a-bitch, too. Genius. Honest-to-God. Then there's Anna. She's beautiful, fucking beautiful, with those blue eyes and red hair. She's athletic and feminine and the best long-distance shot I've ever known. She's a hell of a hunter, too. The best, without a doubt, I've ever known. Every year a deer on the first few days of bow season. She'll let the youngest ones go, and some with big racks too, so the genetics won't disappear. Ask her about tracking sometime. Gary taught her all he knows, since she was four or five years old. How about Rian? He can drive anything from a dirt bike to a rig. All his life he's practiced. Hell, you saw that, he taught you to drive stick. He speaks four languages, too. His woman Jesse could be a model in that swimsuit issue, or do runway work as long as they don't want she-males or skeletons. If it were up to straight white men, she'd be the type of model you'd see everywhere. She's studying medicine and has attended college-level classes since before she could drive."

KJ takes his arm in her hands. She holds on with one, and rubs him with the other. He smiles and touches her head before continuing.

"And then there's you," he says, "The most amazing of all. They say we should all be ugly men, left behind by so-called progress. The most beautiful living soul I have ever laid my eyes upon is one of us. She's strong, awake, passionate, gentle and fierce. She's smart and intimate, everything a man could dream for and so much fucking more. They fucked up when they assumed no woman like you would love your race. They have no idea how bad you could hurt them, too. They couldn't dream a young white woman would dare defy them and their rules. You won't let them separate you from your people and your white brothers. To you, it's not a war between white men and women. It's a war on our entire race; each of us, without mercy or truce. You see how they divide us and how we need each other, they never dared dream a woman could see like you do. The thought's too terrifying to them. No one was there for you, KJ. You faced them alone and you beat them."

"Thank you so much," she says. Her voice becomes almost a whisper but its power is undiminished. "I know you might not be able to be with me, but I'll never forget what you share with me."

"Neither will I," he says.

Johnny leans back and reaches behind the seat.

"I have something for you," he says.

He brings a box to the front and hands it to her. It's marked with the Amazon label, though the address is removed. It's been opened already. The flaps are folded to keep the top closed. KJ holds it for a moment.

"Go on," Johnny says, "Open it."

KJ looks at him.

"I don't get you shit," she says, "Fuck, I've been acting just like a spoiled little bitch. You compliment me and honor me like no one ever has, and I act like..."

"Shh! You know that's all bullshit," he says, "It's not a contest. You're not supposed to buy me shit right now, anyway. I'm trying to help you get through this. When you're mine, you can buy me something, or better yet..."

She laughs and then gets a surprised look and gasps.

"I'm not laughing at you!" she says, "I didn't mean it like that."

All of a sudden she feels very nervous.

Johnny touches her cheek.

"I didn't take it like that," he says, "Settle down and open the box."

Johnny turns on the cabin light. Inside the box is a Kindle with a charging cord and a soft cover for protection. Below the Kindle is a smaller box with an iPod Touch. Both are the latest models.

"Holy shit, Johnny!" she says, "I can't take this! It's, like, over a thousand fucking dollars!"

"Are you my woman?" he asks.

"What?" she says, looking up at him.

"As much as you can be," he says, "are you my woman?"

"Yes," she says, "Of course I am, but I still can't take this! It's too much. I thank you for it, with all of my heart, but I can't. You're not made of fucking money!"

"This might be one of the few nice things I can do for you," he says, "Do you know how much time we have together? Because I don't."

She grabs his hand and holds it to her cheek, kissing it a few times in the process.

"I'm your woman whether you give me shit or not," she says.

"I know, angel," he says, "I want my woman to be able to read and enjoy her music. I know you love to read. Cutting you off was one of the worst things your parents ever did to you. It shows who the real enemy of thought is. Anyway, I put a shitload of music on the iPod, and so did Anna. The Kindle's loaded, too. Fifteen Gigs, I think, 15 to 20; books, pdf files, you name it. The sniper books, too, and Dostoevsky, Hugo both in English and in French, *Roadside Picnic*, Anna found *Lucifer's Hammer* on pdf. All kinds of neat shit on there."

KJ wipes her face. She grabs his hand again. This time he guides it across her cheek and over to the back of her head.

"I may never have you, KJ," Johnny says, "but you will always be dear to me. Even after this short a time, I don't think anyone could get closer to me than you have."

KJ mouths an obvious "thank you" but otherwise says nothing. The emotions would erupt. He leans over and kisses her head.

After a moment KJ regains her composure. Johnny turns off the cabin light and then looks at her.

"I asked Bill to baptize me," she says.

"You weren't?" he asks.

She shakes her head.

"Good thing you asked," he says.

"Do you believe in God?" she asks.

"Yeah," he says, "but I don't go to church. I'm not interested in listening to some prick lie about God's will. You know, it's funny. They get bent out of shape by words like 'goddamn', they say it's taking His name in vain. How about some preacher telling us God wants us to give our money to niggers on some island? Or God wants us to adopt little black kids instead of taking care of our own, like the poor white kids in Appalachia? Those are the same preachers who tell us that being racist is evil, that race doesn't exist and we're sinners for caring about the white race. They fucking lie about God's will every time they open their mouths. That's taking God's name in vain, not saying some goddamned word. You don't need to go to church and hear their anti-white bullshit. Fuck, that shit will make a person turn atheist."

KJ looks at him and smiles.

"Don't ever lose that passion," she says.

"I won't, angel," Johnny says, "You're reason enough for me to hold on to it."

He gets quiet for a moment but does not look away from her.

"Do you believe in God?" he asks.

She looks down for a moment and gets a very brief, very sad little smile.

"I'm not sure what I believe," she says, "My parents and most of my old family are atheists. I was raised to be an atheist. I'm not anymore, but I just don't know."

He takes her hand.

"You'll find what's right," he says, "I believe in you, angel."

She looks down again and smiles. This time it's not painful.

"This Thursday make sure and wear your camo pants," he says, "I have a new pair of boots for you. Four, actually."



"Another gift?" KJ asks.

"Yeah," Johnny says "My woman needs some good boots."

She laughs and shakes her head.

"OK," she says, "Are we going on a hike?"

"Yes," he says.

KJ smiles when he replies. It means he'll be accompanying her.

Johnny holds her hand for a while as they listen to *Amorphis* on his iPod. She wants him to kiss her. She knows he won't. It's one reason she wants him to; he could take her but he will not. Honor –his and hers – means that much to him. He went to Iraq and faced death, all for the chance to someday fight for his people – her people. There is something timeless about him, timeless yet new and enticing. She's not the only one who ignites passions. He's not the only one with desire.

The two exit the Jeep as the time for departure arrives. Once outside, they meet in front of the Rubicon. KJ lays the box on the hood and turns toward him. Johnny will walk with her to the pickup, where he'll remain until she leaves. He will not leave her alone to face a possible ambush, be it a wild dog or a patient enemy.

Johnny puts his hand on her back and kisses her head. The night is cool and lovely. KJ steps into him and holds him tight, her head resting on his chest.

"Goodnight, angel," he says, "It was a wonderful night."

"Goodnight, Johnny," she says.

They separate and she smiles at him before taking the box. He follows her to the pickup. She climbs inside but turns to speak to him before closing the door.

"I would, Johnny," she says.

"You would?" he asks.

"If we knew that we could be together," she says, "I'd give you everything."

She hopes that by telling him she can give him a little peace of mind. She's telling the truth, whatever the effect.

Johnny closes her door and waves as she leaves. He reckons that she will not be wearing the blue dress anytime soon, at least not until his birthday or some similar day that is important to her. Part of him is relieved. With the seemingly bleak chance that they'll have a life together, he tries not to think of how she looked tonight. Seeing the woman he cannot have wearing that dress is the kind of memory that haunts a man.

KJ puts the iPod and Kindle in her handbag. She resolves never to leave them in the Campbell House while she's away. If Erica found them,

there would be hell to pay. It's a line she cannot allow Erica to cross. Even during the time she spends preparing for bed, she keeps the handbag in the bathroom, within her sight. When KJ retires to bed, she lays the bag beside her night stand.

Sleep does not come easily. KJ has a nagging worry on her mind. She wonders if she said something wrong. At the time everything felt right. The evening was melting away, and she couldn't think of something more important to tell Johnny Bowen in the minutes that remained. It's the truth, which is vital. She will not lie to him. Alone, when passion recedes from a roaring conflagration to a steady flame, she thinks it may have been a mistake. He cannot know if they will be together. It gnaws at her, and the dilemma is a painful one. She must show her appreciation and affection. She must not tempt him or wound him with the scent of a fruit that cruel fate will prevent him from tasting. She bites her lip and shakes her head. Has she done just that? If it were up to her, they would be together for all the years of their lives, however many or few they may be. They would at least have eternity. She stares at the ceiling. She can hear the distant thunder from a storm that will not cross Uniontown. If she refrains from expressing her genuine feelings, it will give him the impression that she does not care. It will make her seem to be another cold, closed-minded fool. The inevitable loneliness would be a terrible burden on his soul. It would be the worst act she could do, even out of good intentions; even if he understood.

It would wound her as deeply as it would him.

If only they knew. If only they could have a future together. She wouldn't be here. He wouldn't be alone. If ever they can be one and they can share oaths of eternal love, on their first night together she will lay her head on his chest and the gift of her body shall be his to take. With that thought, she drifts into slumber.

Schools are closed on Easter Monday. KJ will not spend the day sitting on her rear. A morning trip to Cabelas in Wheeling takes care of the necessary clothing purchases and puts KJ back in time for her afternoon appointment with Dr. Righter. At the grocery store, she makes the usual purchases. Before checking out she looks over the imported cheeses. To her great delight, she finds a type of cheese that is a great rarity at any supermarket. Thrilled by the good fortune, she makes her purchase and hurries home. She now knows the exact recipe she wants to make the next time she and Johnny meet for the trip to Coalsack.

After she stores the groceries and hides her other purchases in her room, KJ checks the clock. There is time to run one final errand before

she gets ready for her trip to the shrink. Outside of town is a flea market, the kind that her parents loathe and that she has never attended. Today she has a specific need in mind, and believes she can find it there. She departs in a hurry but is careful to watch her speed. KJ has a habit of letting her boots get heavy when she's behind the wheel.

There is a table near the parking lot that is covered in silverware and cooking utensils. Here, KJ finds what she's looking for. Among the clutter is an old carving knife, forged when American steel wasn't Chinese. It is tarnished and the wooden handle is cracked, but the end comes to a perfect point and the blade is razor sharp. The price is two dollars.

"You're not gonna cut yourself, are you sweetheart?" asks the matron of the table, a wrinkled farm lady from a time when white girls didn't need knives for protection.

KJ smiles at her and shakes her head. She rolls up the sleeves of her hoodie to show her clean, unmarked arms.

"See, no scars," KJ says.

The old lady sells her the knife. She wraps it in a newspaper and tapes it shut. On the way home, KJ stops at Walmart. She buys a roll of duct tape. When she arrives home, while she is still in the cab of the truck, KJ tapes the handle of the knife. She wraps the duct tape so that she will not lose her grip on the handle should the knife ever become slippery. When she's done, it's no longer a carving knife. It's a shank.

KJ notices that Erica's Honda is parked in the driveway. She's home already. Several words, including "fuck", escape from KJ's mouth. She leaves her Kindle, iPod Touch, and her shank inside the white Chevy.

It was a very wise decision. When KJ opens the front door, Erica is waiting. She hasn't changed from her business attire nor has she let her hair down. In her hands is KJ's iPod shuffle.

"How much did you waste on this garbage?" Erica asks.

She throws the shuffle on the floor. In her excitement over Johnny's gifts and her concern that she is doing him wrong, KJ forgot that she left the shuffle in her backpack. It's evident that Erica searches her closet.

"Thanks for going through my shit," KJ says.

"Answer the question!" Erica says.

Had KJ spent her allowance money on an iPod it would not have been grounds for such fury, let alone the fact that she spent nothing at all. If she tells Erica that it was a gift, Erica will demand to know the name of the giver. Now is the time for deception, even if the result turns out to be costly.

"Twenty dollars," KJ says, "I downloaded the music."

"Where'd you do that?" Erica asks.

"I have a Skype account," KJ says, "Some internet pals shared it with me."

"On our computer!" Erica says.

"No," KJ says.

"Where, then?" Erica asks.

KJ takes two bills from her pocket. One is a twenty and the other a ten.

"Here," KJ says "Here's the twenty."

"You didn't answer me!" Erica says.

"Someone I know at work," KJ says, "She let me use her laptop during break period and that's when I downloaded it."

"That redhead slut?" Erica asks.

KJ wants to strike her. Up till now it was a boring game. KJ throws the twenty on the floor.

"There," she says, "I paid you. Now let me have it."

"No, no," Erica says, "As long as you live here, everything that's yours belongs to the family. You won't be getting this back."

"I can't even listen to music?" KJ asks.

"Not this trash," Erica says.

"What can I listen to?" KJ asks, "Kayne West?"

"Sure," Erica says, "I'll even buy it for you."

"OK," KJ says, "Buy some Dr. Dre while you're at it."

"Put the groceries away," Erica says, "Then clean the downstairs rec room."

Erica turns to leave, but not before she picks up the shuffle.

KJ waits for Erica to go upstairs before heading to the basement. There, she does curls and squats. The rec room is fine the way it is.

On Tuesday, KJ is surprised and happy to see Johnny Bowen waiting for her outside the Long Hall. It's warm and he's wearing a t-shirt. His body looks strong and hard.

She grabs her things and runs to him when she emerges from the Chevy, laying the two bags she carries on the ground before embracing him. She won't withhold her affection, not for an instant. She'll have to hope it's not too great a temptation for him.

KJ spends her time at the Donnelly Homestead practicing pistol shooting and self-defense. During the unarmed combat training, Bowen sits her down and kneels in front of her. The heavy bag dangles in the background. Every time she strikes it, the bag seems to move more and more.

"KJ," Johnny says, "I'm thrilled that you were able to beat that kike asshole, the little bitch that he is, but I'm much more relieved that you didn't get hurt. We got lucky, angel."

Johnny touches her knee and she smiles.

"Luck won't be on our side anymore," he says, "That shit usually belongs to the other guy. If Jewstein had been more resistant, and some guys are, you might have been in serious trouble. I don't think you believe the Hollywood bullshit about skinny girls beating up rapists and thugs. It's a dangerous lie. If you get into fights with men, you will lose and you might die for it. So flee, compensate, make pursuit costly. Remember the book I gave you? Good." He looks down for a moment, his hand still on her knee. "God willing, I'll be there if you need me."

"Where did you learn self-defense?" KJ asks, "If it's alright for you to tell me."

"Yeah," he says, "It's OK. I learned from my uncle Bob. He was a hell of a fighter. He's gone now, though, or I'd ask him to help us out."

"I'm sorry," she says.

She squeezes the hand that's on her knee.

"It's OK, angel," he says. "Please, though, if you remember anything today, remember that any physical confrontation is combat. Not a fight; combat. Don't escalate. Go straight to combat, and flee if you can. I mean get the fuck out of there. Let them bleed instead of you."

"I bought a shank," she says.

He rubs her leg. Her tight exercise leggings are smooth and warm.

"Good," he says, "It's a start. Bring it and I'll sharpen it for you, and we can practice with knives sometime soon."

KJ doesn't mention the thoughts that troubled her last night; perhaps during the hike tomorrow. Today they're both rather happy. She'll do nothing, however innocent or unintentional, to risk destroying their fragile bliss.

When the day's preparations are done, Johnny takes her into his arms and, her eyes closed, she submerges into his embrace. He's waiting outside the front door after she changes back into her jeans and joins him in the parking lot. Before they part ways, KJ removes a Cabelas bag from the pickup.

"Can you give this to Garret?" she asks, "I know that Monday was his birthday."

"Sure, KJ," he says.

He doesn't tell her that it wasn't necessary. Fewer and fewer persons understand that the giver derives the greatest joy from a gift, especially to a kinsman.

"Goodnight, Johnny," KJ says and doesn't move an inch.

"Goodnight, angel," he says.

All day Wednesday, KJ is a bundle of nerves. She forces herself to be vigilant and in this alone she succeeds. If asked at the end of the school day what lies and half-truths her teachers told to her, she would not be able to recall. Her mind was elsewhere. It is not as if she could not concentrate. School, with its captive audience and heavy-handed, anti-white propaganda ceased being interesting to her when she awoke to racial realities. Now it is a burden to have to go to a place that strangles young minds, especially those most eager to learn and think.

Once she's in her so-called home, KJ changes and grabs the bag of clothing she prepared the previous evening. She also grabs a robe from the bathroom closet. She knows she'll be getting wet and, it being early spring, it may be a chilly experience. Erica is home, but KJ avoids her wrath by pretending to be ambivalent. As KJ descends the stairs, Erica asks if she took her pill. KJ replies that she did. Indeed, the pill was in her mouth when she left for school. Right now it's near the culvert on East Fayette Street. That, Erica does not know.

KJ can feel the tension rise as she approaches the Long Hall. Standing in the lot are Bill, Anna and Johnny. They're wearing the type of clothing one would expect for a walk in the woods. KJ expected that Bill would be wearing vestments or some type of costume. It's a relief that they're dressed in ordinary clothes.

The group is standing beside two large ATV's. Neither ATV is the vehicle form Coalsack.

Under her jacket, KJ is wearing a plain black t-shirt. She also wears a worn pair of jeans. She was about to put on a white t-shirt, then realized what might have happened if she is to be immersed. She waves and looks at the faces of her closest kin before disembarking from the truck. Anna says something to Bill, who nods. Johnny has that look of confidence he often wears when she's near.

When KJ emerges, Johnny looks at her from head to toe. She looks the same as she has of late. Her copious hair is just a tad longer than when they first met, though it has always been down to her chest. Ever since he saw her in the blue dress, she has been even more beautiful to him, a feat he never would have thought possible.

The trip to Dunbar Creek does not take long. Bill and Anna ride together and arrive faster. KJ rides with Johnny Bowen. She feels his solid body as she holds on tight. He can tell she's full of emotions; it comes as no surprise. In a small open spot just west of the stream, the little group

parks their ATV's among the thick laurel that will shield the vehicles and their occupants from any passers-by. KJ says nothing until Johnny comes up close to her. He sees her shake from nerves.

"I'm so fucking nervous," KJ says without thinking. "Oh shit, Johnny, I just said fuck and I'm getting baptized. I'm sorry, Bill."

She looks toward Bill. Her anxiety is at its climax.

Johnny puts his hands on her cheeks. He looks into her eyes and smiles.

"It's alright, angel," he says, "This is a good thing."

KJ closes her eyes. The change that comes over her is remarkable. Her trembling and nervous agitation all but cease. Bill was going to reassure her when Bowen took her into his hands and beat him to the task. It pleases the elder Donnelly and the result is greater than he hoped to achieve.

At last, KJ opens her eyes.

"I'm going to check out the creek," Johnny says, "I'll be back shortly."

During Johnny's absence, Bill explains the procedure to KJ. It will be short. Anna throws her arms about KJ and this, too, gives respite to the nervous angel.

"How was Easter?" Anna asks.

Her red hair is down and in her simple blue blouse and jeans she is gorgeous.

"Wonderful," KJ says and smiles.

Bowen returns once he's satisfied that the little group is alone. He grabs some items off of Bill's ATV – a change of pants for Bill – and a dry sheet off of his own vehicle. Anna remains with the ATVs while Bill, KJ and Johnny advance to the creek. Bill is the first to enter the water. KJ becomes nervous again at its sight, but when she sees that it's only up to Bill's waist she loses her trepidation.

In the early afternoon hours of a cloudy April 3rd, following a procedure that he learned years ago, Bill Donnelly baptizes Kaylee Jane Campbell.

As they all guessed, the water is quite cold. Once the rite is finished, Johnny wraps KJ with the robe.

"Now KJ," Bill says, "go on up to the ATVs. Anna's there and you can change in privacy. Call out when you're done and we'll follow suit."

"Thank you," KJ says, "Both of you."

Johnny, who was holding her knit cap, puts it on her head. Then he pulls it down a little lower, just above her eyes, and she laughs and smiles

at him. Once she's departed, wrapped in the robe and the dry sheet that Johnny brought, Johnny turns toward Bill.

"Thank you, Bill," he says, "It's good for her to be baptized. It's worth a lot more than going to church."

"It scared me when she said she hadn't been," Bill says, "I'd have done it that day if I could have. I'm sure we'll sleep easier tonight."

"Yeah," Johnny says, "If I'd known, we would have done it even sooner."

"She means more to you than you tell me," Bill says as he climbs from the creek. His change of pants awaits him on the dry stones.

"Yeah," Johnny says, "She does."

"Could you walk away from her?" Bill says.

Johnny is silent for a moment. Bill changes into his second pair of jeans.

"If it would guarantee her a good life," Johnny says, "Then, yes, I'd walk away." His eyes never leave Bill's face. "I'd walk away right now, even if I could never touch her again."

"What if she chooses to fight?" Bill asks.

"If I'm blessed to share my life with her," Johnny says, "then I will never walk away. If she's a shooter, I'll be her sentinel."

KJ calls out to them that she's dressed. Bill puts his hand on Bowen's back and together they walk to the ladies and the ATVs.

On the road back to the other half of her life, KJ thinks about the day's events. Not the baptism; that brings her peace and resolution. She need not dwell upon it. During supper in the Long Hall, Johnny kept his arm around her almost the entire time. It felt even better than it ever had. For her part, she sat very close, more or less against his body. In her darkest moments with Justin Harris, being close to Justin's body never felt a fraction so good, even though she was in the deepest despair she has ever felt, and would have given the rest of her life for a loving embrace. There was no despair or desperation in the Long Hall this evening, yet the sensation was far more powerful than that dreadful night. Even the pain she felt couldn't match tonight's bliss.

Johnny's smallest movements and actions speak louder to her than his overt affection, which is nonetheless greatly welcome. His touch upon her shoulder, his little smile when she looks at him, how he caresses her gloved left hand when she reaches up to move strands of hair from her face, all of these give her hope that he feels the same deep passion for her as she feels for him. The thought that in spite of their blossoming relationship he may still have to walk away from her is sobering and painful.



But unlike most lovers, male and female alike, KJ does not consider her own pain until she considers his.

It's still too early for bed when KJ drives down Kimberly Drive. She parks well away from the Campbell House. She takes the Kindle out of the glove box and turns it on. There's too much content for idle browsing. When a familiar title flashes, she selects the Adobe file and spends the next half hour reading. The soft light of the device is the only illumination in the cab. KJ stops when she finishes the twelfth chapter of the sniper book. When the truck is in its usual spot beside the pin oak, KJ locks the gifts from Johnny in the glove box and begins what will be a slow walk to her parents' house. It feels like two steps backward after a day of moving forward. The shank is inside her jacket pocket. In the next few days, she hopes to fashion a makeshift cover so that it will not slice into her clothing after Johnny further sharpens the blade. A light shines in the kitchen of the Campbell House. KJ enters through the rear door.

Thursday is a beautiful day for a hike. The temperature is pleasant and the sky is again overcast. It doesn't matter; Johnny would set out in all but the most extreme weather. Again, he's waiting for KJ at the Long Hall. This time there is a backpack beside him and a black strap around his shoulder. In his dark green clothes and army boots he looks every bit like a soldier. KJ sees a barrel rising up from behind his right side. She notices another object on the hood of his Jeep. It is a rifle case, one she's used before with the Remington .30-06.

Since Erica wasn't home yet, KJ dressed in her hiking clothes and brought a pair of exercise leggings and a t-shirt in a shopping bag. She put on her best boots in case Johnny forgot to bring the gift pairs. He did not forget; after the smiles and a very long embrace, he takes one pair out of his Jeep. The boots are tall lace-up assault boots, which are black in color and go most of the way up her calves. KJ's tried to buy a pair in the past, but they were always unavailable. Now she'll have four. Her eyes get wide and she looks at him.

"Where'd you find these?" KJ asks, and then looks at them.

She begins removing the more typical pair of army boots from her feet.

Johnny doesn't answer. He stops her and opens the door to the Long Hall. They step inside, and she tries on one of the four pairs of new assault boots.

"How'd you know my size?" she asks.

"I checked your boots the other day, while you were changing," he says.

"These are fucking awesome!" KJ says once they're on. She turns her legs around a few times to admire the pair; Johnny admires them as well, among other things. "These had to cost two-hundred each. Fuck, Johnny, how much do you spend on me?"

"Quiet," Johnny says, "Just enjoy them, alright? They look fucking great on you."

He doesn't tell her that she guessed the price, or that he bought the last four pairs that were available.

KJ smiles and thanks him again. She admires her boots, bending her foot and knees to see them from as many angles as possible. She slides her snug pant legs over the boots, which form-fit her calves. Meanwhile, Johnny approaches her and kisses her forehead. She almost tells him not to spend so much, but catches herself. He's a man, and she's his woman, as much as any woman can be. It's a gesture of his affection for her that he wants her to have the best attire for their hikes and training. She does promise herself never to take it for granted, not once, not for a second.

Johnny removes the rifle from its case and hands it to KJ. The two depart on foot in the direction of Dunbar Creek, toward the spot of her baptism. From behind, KJ gets a good look at his weapon: it is an Armalite .308 caliber semiautomatic rifle. Always interested in firearms and other weapons, which she sees as both fascinating and necessary for self-defense, KJ has come to recognize many of them by sight.

"Nice gun," she says.

"Yeah," Johnny says, "This one's a .308. It's not mine, actually, but it'll do."

Johnny and KJ depart from the hall and cut through the field before entering the thick forest. At times Bowen tells KJ to walk slowly. He forges ahead and seems to disappear, only to return soon thereafter once he's sure they're alone. They travel through a land of young saplings and ancient trees broken by years of ice and snow. They pass through a world of old leaves that litter the forest floor, nourishing sprouts and plants and newborn trees that are poised to reawaken. For KJ, her painful life at the Campbell House is further away than it's ever been. The life she wants entices her, but she cannot immerse her spirit in its glory, not yet. The man who accompanies her, who melts into the woods and then reappears, may someday vanish for good. If she had her way, this handsome and troubled warrior would be part of her new life; the largest part, in fact.

They eventually come to the clearing where yesterday they left Anna with the ATVs. Johnny clears off a far-flung creek stone so that KJ can sit on a relatively clean surface. He leans his gun against a log to his imme-

diate right and does the same with her rifle. From his backpack, he removes two hermetic containers and two bottles of water. Together they enjoy a pleasant if austere meal.

KJ waits for the perfect moment to approach a very difficult subject, but as always such a moment does not come. She owes it to Johnny to tell him her concerns. The timing may not be perfect or even desirable, but she forces herself to change the subject from Friday's show at Diamond to her concerns that she is inadvertently tempting and therefore inflicting pain upon the last person on Earth she'd ever want to harm.

"Johnny," KJ says in a steady voice that masks her rising anxiety, "I... OK."

She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. What if this is a major mistake? She has to take the risk. He means that much to her. Soon the most powerful forces on earth will be thirsting for his blood. He doesn't need heartache on top of it.

"Go on," Johnny says. His hand is on her knee. "Remember who you're talking to."

She smiles. It's another painful gesture.

"Do I tempt you?" she asks.

"Of course," he says.

"Fuck," she says, "You mean so much, I was so worried that I am. God, I'm so sorry, Johnny."

"Shh..." he says. He puts his arm around her and she closes her eyes. "You tempt me because you mean so much to me."

"Does it hurt you?" she asks.

"I'm a man, KJ," he says, "I can be tempted, and at the same time I can keep our honor intact."

He rises from his seat and so does she. She looks into his eyes and he takes her into his arms. She squeezes him hard, holding on to him as if she's drowning. He feels the strength in her arms and it is impressive. Then he kisses her head. This time it lasts a long while. Her hair has the faint smell of blossoms from her shampoo. Bowen breathes in the soft fragrance and time grants them a short reprieve from harsh reality. Should those who seek assimilation of the races ever succeed, beauty like KJ's shall disappear forever from the Earth. Everything is personal for Johnny Bowen and KJ Campbell in this war against their race.

Though they do not venture out into the waters, KJ and Johnny return to the stretch of the creek where Bill performed the baptism. All is calm and lovely. Green shoots are pressing through the ground and the stream is clear and clean.

"You know," Johnny says, "I was here just yesterday." He points to the deeper section of the swirling trout stream. "An angel rose from those waters."

KJ looks at him; up into his green eyes. The strap of the Armalite is across his shoulder. He looks into her blue eyes. The strap of the Remington is across her shoulder. A faint smile and a touch upon his cheek make her physical response more powerful than any words.

During their return, as they near the Long Hall, Johnny takes her hand and it feels divine. She doesn't want to back off. It is the last thing she'd do, and then only if he needed or requested it. It is clear that he does not want her to withdraw from him and this gives her ecstasy and relief. She leans over into him as they walk and he throws his arm around her, careful not to press the rifle too tightly against her back.

Johnny takes a seat outside the Long Hall. Night is beginning to fall. He lays his rifle to the side. They still have about an hour before she has to leave. KJ sits beside him. They haven't spoke for a little while, both of them being content to enjoy each other's company. When her desire to ask a question begins to rise, she waits a while longer for Johnny to speak first. Perhaps he's still enjoying the peaceful silence.

"How was it today?" he asks.

It's the sign she wanted.

"Really nice," she says. She reaches up and rubs his short hair. "Thank you, Johnny. Hey, do you mind if I ask you something about your past? I don't want to fuck up the mood."

"I told you," he says, "You can ask me anything. You're not going to fuck anything up. Well, if you ask if I've ever been cornholed or something like that, yeah, that might ruin the mood."

"What?!!" she says.

She looks at him and laughs.

"I didn't think so," he says, "Go ahead and ask."

"I'm being serious!" she says.

"Well, so am I," he says.

She laughs again.

"Alright," he says, "What's on your mind?"

It takes a little while for her to settle down. It feels so good to laugh, but still there's a serious question she'd like to ask, one whose answer will bring her closer to him than humor ever could.

"Johnny," she says, "This is serious, really. We've talked about my awakening and I told you how I came to know the truth. I was wondering, how did you awaken? When did you realize that all this shit that's hap-

pening is leading us to genocide? Did it come in steps or was it a sudden epiphany?"

"I already knew some of it," Johnny says, "My uncle taught me a lot, and he had a hell of a lot of life experience. He worked a long time in Baltimore and D.C. I think I always knew, fuck, for a long time I knew the deck was stacked against us white guys. I knew that anti-whites hated us and they'd blame and punish us forever, and it fucking pissed me off. I just didn't know the real reasons or the extent of it. For a while I thought it was a conspiracy. I'd talk to my uncle and he'd try to convince me otherwise. He'd say it was convenience rather than conspiracy, and that made it much worse. Companies profited from flooding the workforce with non-white immigrants and niggers, and women could get their feminist agenda passed if they teamed up with other so-called minorities against their own men, Democrats and Republicans could pander to minorities and non-white immigrants for votes, and churches could get more donations if they were inclusive rather than pro-white. It all makes sense and it's right in front of our faces. They don't hide. Even unions sold us out, and boy did they. How many of them protest amnesty for fucking steezers? How many of them protest affirmative action, or a good white man losing his job be-cause some nigger accuses him of using a fucking word? And of course there's the kikes in Hollywood, who use white actors to belittle and betray their own fucking race and the future of their own children, because Jews are the most racially-aware and racially-biased cocksuckers on Earth. But for white actors and singers, money talks, just like it does for the big company CEO's and managers, and right now you can make a lot of money betraying our race. There's no punishment whatsoever for being a race traitor. No one pays for promoting our genocide."

KJ rubs his back and gets that painful little smile again.

"So you kind of realized it gradually," she says.

"Yeah," he says, "There were moments, though. Cristi and I used to walk the trails at Cranesville. It's over by the West Virginia border."

KJ's been there, but she doesn't interrupt him over such a trivial fact.

"On May 1st of our sophomore year," Johnny says, "Fuck, I even remember the day, we were walking when Cristi stops me at one of the spots where the trees and plants kind of obscure the boardwalk. He snuck one of his dad's beers, so we split it. While we're drinking, he says, 'You know, I think they want us dead. Everyone who isn't in their little circle.' I didn't know what the fuck he meant at first. I asked him who, he said the anti-racists want us dead. Gone, extinct, why else push for assimilation? Black and white miscegenation? Not just accept it, push it, stronger and

stronger. And then they silence the opposition. I'd seen the strong push for miscegenation which is worse and worse. I saw the ads and the films where white men are always stupid criminals or cowards, and white woman put down white guys in front of niggers and other non-whites. When violence was done to some white guy, it was always funny. In the rare cases it was a non-white victim, the perp was always portrayed as the biggest monster in history. All whites are racists to them, and they teach us that racists are monsters and it's OK to abuse or even kill them. On a psychological level, this sets your victim up for mass murder. It also sends the strong signal to young white women that they should hate their men and be ashamed of their skin. I'd talked a little to Cristi about shit like this, but never on this profound a level. We'd talked about white athletes getting benched or shit-canned for less athletic blacks, shit like that, but then Cristi starts putting it all together."

"So Cristi saw it, too," KJ says, "It must have been nice to have a kindred spirit."

"Yeah," Johnny says, "Him and my uncle, and a few other relatives. I had ten times what you had."

"But you had courage," she says, "That's what matters, not how you came to the conclusion. I was just wondering, like, what brought you out of the darkness?"

"I'd been wondering about amnesty and importing Haitians and Africans, assimilation of non-whites and forcing white nations to take in hordes of non-white immigrants. Well, why not China? Japan? Why not black countries? Why is black pride encouraged, while white survival is considered evil and racist? Because anti-racists aren't actually anti-racist. They're anti-white. They are either a hostile, enemy minority like Jews, or they're traitors, which is even worse. To them it's not a race problem, if it was they'd demand all nations and all races accept and assimilate immigrants who do not belong in those countries. To them it's a white problem and their answer is to drown our genetics in a sea of brown. If they win, there won't be any more beautiful blue eyes like yours, or pale white skin. That's not anti-racism; that's the annihilation of an entire race. That's genocide."

"It all added up, didn't it?" she asks.

"That was the whisper that woke me from my sleep," he says.

KJ puts her right hand on his back. With the other hand she takes and squeezes his hand.

"I won't run away from the fight," she says, "No matter how bad it gets. I know what they're doing, and how they try to make white girls hate

white men, or be afraid to be with a man who loves his race. I know why they destroy a white man with pride in his race. They want white girls to shun men like that, to think they have no future with a man who the system will destroy when he speaks up for his race. Security isn't everything and their security is a fucking lie anyway. They're setting my children up for murder. They say they're acting in my best interest, but all they want is for us to betray you. I don't follow their rules and I won't ever turn away from you, Johnny. Fuck their rules. I'm going to stand beside you, like we should have all along."

"I know you will, angel," Johnny says, "You and the other young women here, you're why I have hope that we'll win. Someday, our people will escape this darkness." He rubs her back, and then his arm slides up her opposite shoulder. He squeezes her and she leans into him.

"I'm going to strike them," he says, "There has to be a price for treason and for all the lives they've destroyed. All the girls who could have been like you, but ended up stoned and used up tools of the enemy. All the pain you suffer for your love. I'll make them pay for that."

"I'll help you," KJ says.

Johnny kisses her head.

"Let's see something," he says and he takes to his feet. "Get your rifle."

KJ goes inside the hall and returns with her rifle, which she left on the table in the entrance room. Johnny follows her, but he enters the left-hand room. He brings a sandbag, one of the dozen or so that appeared recently in the left-hand room. He lays it on the ground in the parking lot. He's also brought a "snap cap" round for dry firing, which he removes from his pocket.

"Now get into firing position," he says. "Eject the final round so the gun's empty." He kneels down and hands KJ the snap cap, which she loads. "You're going to dry fire, but wait until I tell you."

Johnny goes to his Jeep. He returns with a dime, which he places on the end of the barrel.

"OK," he says, "As steady as you can, focus on your target and pull the trigger when you're ready. Don't forget the breathing techniques you've practiced."

The world grows silent. It reminds Bowen of certain moments in Iraq. After a short while, he hears the click of the rifle. The dime does not move.

Johnny claps. He's both impressed and proud. Though the emotional part of him wishes the dime had fallen and Kaylee Jane would find another, less deadly calling, the racially-dedicated and vengeful side of

him rejoices in her achievement. He, more than any other, can appreciate her need for success in this lethal art. At long last, she will be striking back at the pain and oppression that she has felt for daring to love her kin. Johnny's emotional side begins to feel joy in her achievement. His applause becomes boisterous.

KJ laughs. It's full of humility and joy at having succeeded and having pleased him. It is gentle and quiet. She buries her face in her gloved hands, and then looks up at him. The smile on her face turns to a look of longing, for just an instant. Then she looks down and smiles again. Johnny kneels beside her.

"You've done very well," Johnny says, "Better than I could have imagined. Very nice, angel."

He rises to his feet, as does she.

"Don't forget," he says, "Next Thursday we'll all be meeting again in the Hall. Six PM. We can meet here again around four or so if you like."

KJ nods and looks down. A smile grows on her face again. She feels an ebullience she's not felt in a while, perhaps never. It's about to grow even stronger.

"You know," Johnny says, "We meet here for a lot of training. It's nice, but it's still work. Next Friday I'd like to take you somewhere different. It won't be worthy of your blue dress, but it's still nice, kind of in between. Would you like that kind of thing?"

She looks up with a sly expression.

"You mean, like a date?" she asks.

"Yeah," he says, "Just like that."

She tries to look cool but loses it; she's overwhelmed with happiness. Even with all the closeness and overt and implied growth of their relationship, this is a beautiful and powerful step forward. KJ giggles and touches his cheek and then returns to her cool stance.

"Pick me up at 4:30," she says, "At the Long Hall. Is that cool with you?" she bats her eyes and then loses her composure again, hiding her face and laughing. "I'm sorry," she says, putting her hand on his chest. "Johnny, that would be so fucking nice, I'd love to go on a date with you. I'd really love that."

"Good," he says, a grin on his face. "It's a date then."

He puts his hands on her arms and she plunges into him. They embrace for several minutes before her present life forces her to depart. She returns to the hall in order to change into her tight leggings and t-shirt. Afterward Johnny watches her walk to the white truck, where she turns and blows him a kiss.



This Friday is an exciting day for KJ. If she can pass through the morning and school hours, her reward will be a trip to Diamond for some excellent music from the industrial metal band *Empire Rex*. If not for their uncompromising belief in freedom of speech and association, they'd have had a contract over a year ago. Instead, they have to play at places like Diamond, most of which are dissolving under the intense pressure of political correctness.

Erica does not watch KJ take her sertraline pill. It winds up in the grass as far away as KJ can flick it with her finger. Gene is interested in something unimportant and does not annoy or trouble KJ, neither during breakfast nor the ride to school. So far, so good; the day begins without event.

The same cannot be said of the school day.

It is during the course of Mrs. Bailey's English Class, KJ's first of the day that things change. Bailey opens up a discussion of women's roles in medieval England. KJ remains silent, not out of fear but out of a sense of powerlessness. She knows that the more vociferous and obsequious among her classmates will direct the discussion toward an anti-white male direction, with the implied consent of their teacher. They might mention the changes that have bettered everyone's lives, but only in the context of revenge or reprisal against their white brothers. Division of the white race does not interest KJ, even if the starting point is a change with which she agrees. She knows that if she points out that no change in sex roles is worth the extinction of her race, the school will expel her and she will likely end up in a boot camp.

"Ms. Bailey," Mackenzie Zuckerman says, "I imagine Kaylee has something interesting to say."

When KJ came to Uniontown, Mackenzie was one of the first girls to accept her. At the time, Zuckerman was considered one of if not the most attractive girl at middle school. That ended the day KJ stepped foot into Ben Franklin School. Since KJ was new and seemed quite strange, there was a short period in which other students felt her out, and Mackenzie's popularity did not wane in the face of her better-looking acquaintance. Tall, much more so than KJ, with light brown hair and a very attractive face, Mackenzie did not begin to lose her looks as do some girls who peak at that time. Instead, she became more attractive. Unfortunately for her, so did KJ, who became a beautiful girl and then a gorgeous young woman. By the time it became known that KJ was a "racist," Mackenzie was already aloof in her presence, though never condescending or confrontational. KJ's increasing confrontations with teachers and her fierce

militant look continued to drive away the conformist Mackenzie, who like the majority of girls her age wished above all else to be popular and successful. Inside, however, Mackenzie did not hate or even particularly dislike KJ. Truth be known, she had a grudging respect for her rebellious, race-conscious classmate. KJ had noticed the lack of antipathy on Mackenzie's part and she appreciated it. It comes as a surprise to KJ that Mackenzie would attempt to draw her into a conversation that could have devastating ramifications for the young white rebel.

Unbeknownst to both Bailey and KJ, Mackenzie has an ulterior motive for goading KJ. Mackenzie's sister, one of last year's graduates, was never nearly as attractive as her younger sister, though Dana Zuckerman is certainly not ugly. Dana is another success story of post-racial, anti-white America: The starting running back for Uniontown High is black, and Dana is pregnant with his illegitimate offspring. Mackenzie will not admit to being repulsed by her sister's willing destruction of her genetic legacy. The anger she feels over her sister's betrayal of their ancestry as well as her family is as natural as hunger and thirst but it is unacceptable in a nation whose creed is equality and inclusiveness at all costs. For Mackenzie to feel revulsion and anger at the amalgamation and destruction of both races is more than an infraction; it is a sin. Mackenzie will not acknowledge the anger she feels at her sister, who has made it clear that she'll dump the mulatto on her parents while she continues her studies at Ohio State. Instead, Mackenzie will vent her rage on an approved target: the racist white girl. KJ will be the focus of her pent-up frustrations. She knows that no one will defend KJ. Once the identity of the father became known, and Mackenzie began to feel shame at the natural revulsion that she was feeling, the quiet peace between Mackenzie and KJ came to an abrupt end. Mackenzie will draw her into making a racist statement and watch as the administration destroys her. This, Mackenzie believes, will wash her of the terrible thought crime of racism, and will prove that she harbors no racist thoughts of her own.

It will also destroy the one female classmate who looks significantly better than Mackenzie.

Ms. Bailey considers asking KJ her thoughts. Instead, she ignores Mackenzie Zuckerman. She opens her mouth to continue, but Mackenzie isn't finished yet.

"It seems to me that white men have always been behind the worst acts of both sexism and racism," Mackenzie says, "Jim Crow, opposing women's suffrage, less pay for equal work, lynching and bombings. As a white woman, I know that we've both profited and suffered, but maybe we

should stand with other minorities so we can oppose discrimination together.”

Mackenzie believes little of what she says. If she explored the truth behind the propaganda she parrots, the lies meant to divide white men and white women and destroy the love they should share for one another, she would believe even less. It doesn't help one's social status to expose the often-repeated memes about race and sex; in fact, those who seek the truth often end up pariahs, just like Kaylee Jane.

KJ says nothing. Ms. Bailey watches her. She notices that KJ rolls her eyes but she does not challenge Mackenzie. At this moment, she's questioning why she still hangs on to this life. She could leave today. She has to bear it as best she can. Soon, she can leave behind Uniontown High and the Campbell House, but not yet. She has to suffer through it.

It is not unexpected that a white male would challenge Mackenzie's recital of well-worn feminist propaganda. What is unexpected is the source of the challenge. Rob Kochanowski has always been a class clown. He's very smart, to be sure; his testing places him in most of the AP classes. His average marks show a lackadaisical if not contemptuous attitude toward the oppressive school environment. Rob is tall and far too thin, with an expressive face that he uses to boost the laughter from his tomfoolery. Today there is no humor or sarcasm in his voice. He's actually peeved.

“That's ridiculous,” he says before Bailey can give him permission to speak, “We pay for everything, and work all the dangerous and nasty jobs. We pay the taxes and fight the wars. What more do you want? There's already quotas and groups like the NAACP and NOW. When the hell is it enough?”

Mackenzie is surprised at Rob's response. There is silence. Brian Jellison, a rotund colleague of David Epstein who is rumored to be homosexual, mumbles under his breath but does not continue the conversation. It is Mackenzie's original target who breaks the silence.

KJ realizes that, for reasons unknown to her, Mackenzie is trying to bait her into an argument. If Rob had not spoken, she would not enter the contrived fray. Since Kochanowski has shown courage, which surprises KJ as much as anyone else in the class, KJ feels it is her responsibility to stand beside him.

“It'll be enough when we're extinct, Rob,” KJ says. Her voice is steady and unemotional. “Ask any anti-racist if you can get them to admit the truth, you'll see it's not a racism problem, it's a white problem. Their answer is our extinction.”

In the rear of the class is bespectacled Sam D'Alessandro, a skinny, ratty girl who, unlike Mackenzie, always hated KJ for her looks. She, too, has the militant "rebel" look with her political or band t-shirts and occasional boots. She has always been jealous of the beautiful KJ and, partly out of envy and dislike, has gravitated in the opposite direction when it comes to race. Today she wears a tired old Che Guevara t-shirt. Sam has found a home – and a pungent yet affectionate boyfriend – in certain anti-white leftist circles.

"Uh-oh," D'Alessandro says, "She's off her meds!"

KJ ignores her inferior, as she has always done. It infuriates Sam, though the normally quiet faux-rebel says no more.

"Anti-racist is anti-white," KJ says, "So to answer your question, Rob, it's never enough as long as you're alive."

It angers Bailey that KJ is defying her order not to inject race, even if others have already done so. She defers for the moment. The vindictive – and jealous – streak inside her holds its tongue. If KJ continues, Bailey will let the beautiful young rebel hang herself.

Mackenzie seizes her moment, as KJ suspected she would.

"I expect that kind of Neanderthal opinion from white trash like Kaylee," Mackenzie says, "But not from you, Rob."

He says noting. Neither does KJ. Neither does Ms. Bailey, in spite of the anti-white insult. Instead, Bailey contemplates sending KJ to the office.

Weems will expel her, unless Kochanowski talks. He would contradict Bailey's accusation of racially-insensitive speech or insults. Mackenzie did make an offensive remark. She could send both KJ and Zuckerman to the office, but Mackenzie might provoke a fight along the way, and KJ would destroy her. She's tempted to send KJ to Weems and be done with it, but would Rob stand up and help KJ? He might. He seems upset, perhaps enraged. Bailey cannot allow the confrontation to escalate. She wants to end the discussion. Her anger at KJ's defiance gets the better of her.

"That's enough," Bailey says, "We've heard it all before." She glares at KJ, who returns the stare. "Tell me, Miss Campbell, Why do I always have to cut short any discussion that includes your input?"

"You tell me," KJ says, "I just spoke my mind, like Mackenzie."

She knows it's no defense. She's just tired of it all. If they expel her, she will run away to those who love her.

Brian Jellison's eyes cannot pierce or burn; they're far too small, almost two dark points on his infantile face. If they could express his emo-

tion, they'd be on fire right now. He won't allow Bailey to end the conversations. He blurts out in anger and spite.

"Hello!" Jellison says, "We already fought World War II, and your side lost, remember? Your hero is dead."

KJ turns and looks at Jellison. Her stare, that of the beautiful she wolf, makes him look away.

"No, that's not when we lost." she says, "We lost when the greatest generation became obedient little pussies."

"Shut up already!" Jellison says, finally finding the courage to look at her.

KJ ignores him.

"Now everyone obeys authority," she says, "Everyone listens to the men in black dresses and everyone believes the professor's lies. Thank you, greatest generation of cowards. Thank you very much."

"That's enough!" Bailey says.

Jellison pays the teacher no mind.

"Why are you still here?" Jellison asks, "What the hell's the matter with this administration? Aren't we supposed to expel Nazis?" He looks back at KJ. "At least keep that skank mouth shut for once. No one gives a damn what you think."

None of the white females seem to mind Jellison's verbal assault, in spite of Bailey's tolerance and human rights lectures.

"One more word and you're both going to the office!" Bailey says.

She slams her hand on the table for drama.

"Will you send the Nazi, too?" Jellison asks.

"No," Kochanowski says, "Just you."

The class sits in stunned silence. Jellison's smirk is wiped from his face. When he meets Kochanowski's icy glare, he looks at Bailey, his prospective ally.

"Now," says a very disappointed Bailey, "If any of you say another word, I guarantee you will be out of this class and you will not return. Is that clear?"

She hoped to sacrifice Jellison to escape from KJ once and for all. Rob's courage destroys her scheme. For his next composition, he will receive a little lower grade than he should.

Mackenzie Zuckerman escapes class unscathed. Bailey doesn't even threaten her with expulsion, despite her anti-white insult. Her triumph does not last, however. Ms. Alicia May, Mackenzie's fourth period teacher, lets her leave class a little early for a bathroom visit, which she milks so that she is closer to the parking lot when the dismissal bell rings.

Dagostino, in the classroom down the hall, allows KJ to make her own bathroom visit. She has no need to visit her locker, so she, too, will use the opportunity to be closer to the exit when the bell rings. As she quietly approaches the women's bathroom, KJ sees Mackenzie step into the lavatory. Mackenzie does not see her new adversary's approach. When Mackenzie turns from the sink, in too much of a hurry to observe her surroundings, she finds herself face-to-face with Kaylee Jane.

"Make sure you're here on the last day of school," KJ says, "We have some unfinished business."

KJ backs up a few steps, lest Mackenzie try her own "stun and run" on the much-stronger KJ. Mackenzie stares at her, shocked and horrified. KJ backs up to the door and leaves. A frightened Mackenzie Zuckerman waits ten minutes past the bell to exit the bathroom.

Friday is payday at Snyder Transportation in Cumberland, Maryland. Most of the drivers not pulling overtime or weekend rotations have departed. Those receiving checks in lieu of direct deposit remain at the dispatching office. There are still four holdovers who refuse direct deposit: James Vanmetre, from all the way over in Philippi, West Virginia; short but solid Ike Karlen from Oakland, Maryland; David Armstrong, who hails from Cumberland; and last, the youngest of the four, John Ashley Bowen.

Bowen enters the driver's room in time to see Ike Karlen pass gas in the proximity of Armstrong, who declares it a noble effort in spite of some failing only a male like him could recognize in a fart. Of course, he does not use those words. Johnny Bowen, never impressed or humored by such self-degrading behavior on the part of white men, ignores them and the mock fight that ensues.

"Hey Bowen," Armstrong says as he releases Ike from a headlock, "You comin' with us tonight?"

"Why the hell do you even ask him?" Ike says.

He wipes Armstrong's fingerprints off his glasses.

"There's always a first time," Armstrong says.

"He don't go to titty bars," Ike says, "Isn't that right, John?"

"That's right," Bowen says as he grabs his hoodie from his personal locker.

"Why not?" Armstrong asks.

"I don't give money to cocksuckers who help turn white girls into whores," Bowen says.

"What if I was a nigger?" Armstrong asks, "You'd be in deep shit for saying that."

"No," Johnny says, looking at Armstrong, "You would."

Armstrong laughs.

"Bowen?" Armstrong says.

"What?" Johnny replies.

"Are you a fag?" Armstrong asks.

"You better thank God I'm not," Johnny says, "Or I'd have raped that fat ass a long time ago."

Armstrong starts to respond. No doubt it's a retort full of wit and wisdom. He doesn't have time to speak; Bowen in on him in a flash. It's clear from the start that it's nothing serious. Bowen gets Armstrong in a prone position on the bench. If it had been a real fight, David Armstrong would already be in grave danger.

Before he releases Armstrong, Johnny grabs his pants and pulls them up as tight as he can.

"You motherfucker!" says the helpless Armstrong.

His round face is red. He cuffs Bowen's arm without any real force. David is strong even if he's overweight. Still he's no match for Bowen. Armstrong puts on the cap that fell from his head and takes a seat on the long wooden bench beside the lockers.

Ben Shaw arrives with the checks, which he hands out without saying a word. Once a driver, Ben applied for a dispatcher position once he developed multiple sclerosis. He drags a leg because of the relentless disease. He's only two years older than Armstrong and eleven years older than Johnny Bowen. It was the news of his disease more than the disease itself that broke his spirit. His once-full head of hair is thinning and his clothes hang from what used to be a robust frame.

As the men depart the small room, some to blow their money on vices, others to spend time with lovers or family, one driver lingers behind. He's the oldest of the four and is nearing retirement age. His hair is thin and white and his arms bear great muscles lined and stretched by age and hard times. His blue eyes are still clear, however, and his mind is sharp. James Vanmetre watches Bowen as the young warrior exits the building. If more white men held the beliefs of John Ashley Bowen, perhaps Vanmetre's only daughter would never have thrown away her dignity by dancing naked in front of strangers. Maybe she never would have taken meth. Maybe she'd still be alive.

When Johnny arrives at the Long Hall, KJ and Anna are waiting outside. He sees them talking. Their mood seems to be jovial. Anna is simply gorgeous. Her long red hair is free to drape the sweater that is snug enough to show her womanhood, yet dark enough to do so with discretion. KJ's wearing her Caterpillar jacket over a black t-shirt with a white

spider's web design on its front. She is beyond beautiful to him, whatever the attire. Uniontown and the Laurel Highlands are expecting a brief cold spell. Its coming is foretold by the wind that plays with both women's plentiful hair.

Bowen finds himself wondering if KJ will be warm enough. KJ watches him as he pulls into the parking lot. When he parks the Rubicon, he raises his eyebrows for an instant and KJ smiles and waves.

Once Johnny's outside, KJ comes up to him and throws her arms around him. As they embrace, Johnny looks at Anna, who winks and smiles. Bowen kisses KJ's head and then looks at Anna again. She smiles and shakes her head.

"How's Garret?" he asks.

Anna fakes an indignant look, and then returns to normal.

"Good," she says, "He came by yesterday, you know. He said he wants to talk to you."

"Anna?" KJ says, still in Bowen's chest, "Did he like the gift?"

"Yeah," Anna says, "He said to thank you."

The gift, a pair of Bushnell binoculars recommended for stargazing, were the best that she could afford. Unknown to KJ, Garret already has a pair that he once used for that purpose.

Diamond Crossing is more crowded than usual. *Empire Rex's* reputation is strong enough to attract metal fans from other states, some as far away as Georgia. A healthy and jubilant Mason Walker greets the threesome at the entrance. Always gifted with keen powers of observation, he sees Bowen's arm around KJ as soon as the three came into sight.

"Whoa," he says, "This is new."

"I was gonna ask how you're doing, but I can see you're fine," Johnny says.

It is growing colder outside, and the sky is thickening.

"How's Mackie?" Johnny asks.

"He's good," Mason says, "He might come to the show tonight."

"Are you coming to the hall next Thursday?" Johnny asks.

"Oh yeah," Mason says. He looks at Anna and KJ "How's it goin', you two?"

"Great," Anna says. "Really good," KJ says, at about the same time. Both stop to let the other speak.

"Got it," Mason says.

"I'm glad you're back on your feet," Anna says, "We were getting worried about you."

She hugs him and he pats her back.



"What are you gonna do?" Mason says when they separate, "H1N1 can be pretty bad. Guess I'm one of the last ones to get it. Just my luck."

Mason's bright hazel eyes and youthful yet masculine face are living art in the young ladies' eyes. If they hadn't found other souls to complete them, perhaps he would have had a chance.

KJ didn't realize that he was in bad shape.

"You're fine now, right?" she asks.

"Yeah," Mason says, "Thanks for asking. Hey, do you know anything about the band?" Mason asks, motioning his head toward the building.

"They play some good shit," Bowen says, "There's some mild pro-white stuff but nothing major. It's mostly good industrial metal."

"That's cool," KJ says.

Mason lets them in through the side doors. As usual, they avoid the metal detectors that are now a permanent fixture at Diamond. Inside, KJ gets an appreciation of the crowd. Even at this early hour, the attendance is greater than at most shows. It would appear to be double the size of a *Chironex* crowd.

The show itself is excellent.

The band's influences include *Eternal Tears of Sorrow* and *Pitbull Daycare* and it shows in the music. The sound has a particular effect on Bowen and Anna, who experience a very welcome release from mounting stresses. On most other days KJ would have enjoyed the concert almost as much as the two industrial metal aficionados. Tonight she cannot; the day's events have worn on her. Worse, they have inspired disquieting thoughts of the kind that lead racially-conscious whites into depression and hopelessness. The very existence of John Bowen and the Core Group will prevent the latter. Though less dangerous, the former is a more difficult adversary to overcome.

John Bowen notices before the concert ends that KJ is upset. During the final three songs, his arm is around her the entire time. He can tell it has a very positive effect by the deep, healing breaths she takes while it's there. Feeling her breathe is one of the most powerful and sensual experiences he's ever known.

The final song, "Weathervane," is the only one with pro-white implications. These are vague but unmistakable to the open-minded members of the audience. Included in the lyrics is a line about the singer's lost love having pure white skin, which he says is more beautiful than any other color or tone. It is a slower-tempo song; a haunting tune more Goth metal than industrial. The melody touches KJ's soul and she is very glad to be in Bowen's arms.

On the way back to the Donnelly Homestead, Anna is chirpy and Bowen is happy to hear it. It's nice when they can feel joy and he, too, felt the euphoria of a necessary if temporary escape from the pressures and pain of reality. At one point he reaches over and rubs KJ's upper back. She smiles at him. It's small like most of her smiles, but they make up for size with sincerity.

Before arriving at the turn-off to the homestead, Bowen mentions that Anna will meet KJ at the Coalsack site on Saturday. There's a little spike of joy in KJ, who feels great relief at the news. Bowen notices as does Anna, who must realize that something is amiss with her friend. She's quick to take her leave when they arrive at the Long Hall. She'd give comfort to KJ, but that's not her place since Johnny and KJ's relationship has progressed well beyond friendship.

Once Anna's tail lights disappear into the chilly night, Bowen opens his door. KJ is a little surprised. He steps out and then turns his back toward her.

"Come on, angel," he says.

KJ exits the Jeep while he unlocks and opens the hall. She follows him inside after he turns on the foyer lights.

It's quiet inside the hall. There's a peace here that she's never known at the Campbell House, not even while she was alone, not even during her years of mental and spiritual blindness. Bowen puts his hands on her shoulders and she looks up at him. Her head has been down much of the night.

"What's going on, KJ?" he asks.

"I don't always want to lay this shit on you," she says, "I always fucking trouble you."

"Do we have something?" he asks, "You and I?"

"Yes!" she says, alarm rising inside her soul, "Johnny, please!"

KJ's face gets a hurt look.

Bowen puts his hands on her beautiful face. She is unique and provocative, and the most beautiful and incredible woman he has ever seen. She elicits a powerful and primordial desire in him, not just to know that she is his, but to also see her experience joy and contentment.

"Then trouble me," he says in a kind yet unyielding voice.

"Today was rough," she says, "But it's not that. I had a thought, an image, really. There's so much in this life that hurts you and robs you of hope. I didn't need that, too, but it's in my mind, and the thought I'm having cuts me so fucking deep."

"Tell me," he says, "If you trust me, tell me."

KJ looks down and nods, and then stares into his eyes.

"If nothing ever changes," she says, "our children will die for the sins of those who won't do a goddamned thing. Not a goddamned thing, Johnny! I can see my children, their little bodies starving because the fucking enemy will do that to us when they can. I can see them..." She stops and exhales hard, her eyes closed. Her expression is wounded again. She looks at Johnny. "I can see them killing our children for sport. They boiled a white baby alive in South Africa. They fucking boiled him alive, Johnny! They'd do that here if they could. It's in their fucking nature and our own traitors encourage that kind of shit. I think of all the art and beauty, not that fucking Jew-inspired piss in a fucking bottle, but real art, like Bernini and Shakespeare, and van Aelst. All of it will be gone from the Earth when we die." She takes his arm. "Why doesn't someone do something?" she says, "No one ever does a fucking thing, they don't even cry out. They're afraid of being called a fucking word, racist. They're afraid of a fucking word when the fate of our children is darker and fucking darker every goddamned day of our lives!"

She is frantic and wounded. He is calm and still.

"Listen to me, KJ," Johnny says, staring deep into her eyes, "We will win. We are more powerful than they know. The traitors will pay for what they have done."

"They always escape," she says, looking down

Johnny lifts her chin until she looks into his eyes.

"Then we'll make them pay," he says, "We will. They won't do any of that shit to your children. No one will harm your children, not as long as I can fight them. Listen to me, angel. We are not slaves to anyone, not kikes, not niggers, not white traitors, no one. Do you know why? Because I will not allow it."

She plunges into him and he squeezes her. She squeezes him in return. He knew she was strong, yet her strength takes him a little by surprise this time.

"Thank you, Johnny," she whispers, "Thank you so much."

It is the best night's sleep KJ has had in a few days. The frantic troubles that plagued her mind have moved on, ushered out the door by Bowen's resolution. Today being Saturday, she'll travel with Johnny to Coalsack. The alarm sounds before dawn. KJ stretches and hops out of bed, eager to take her morning shower and make the special breakfast that she can finally prepare for Johnny Bowen. In contrast with the events at school and the sadness she felt yesterday, it would appear that today will be quite different.

For a few precious and foolhardy moments, KJ forgets the reality of life in the Campbell House. When she opens the refrigerator door, expecting to find the rare cheese and tart cherries that she bought for breakfast, cold reality strikes her a merciless blow. She feels sick. Her shock is quickly replaced by outrage. She hears someone stirring upstairs. For once, she hopes it's Erica. Without caring if she's on camera, KJ takes out one of the mind-neutering sertraline pills and smashes it with her gloved fist. She shoves the powder off the counter, dispersing in across the floor.

Erica must have heard the noise, though she enters as if she's alone in the kitchen. Still in her robes and lingerie, she heads to the coffee press pot and past KJ's look of hurt and rage.

"Where's my stuff?" KJ asks.

"What stuff?" Erica asks, her back toward KJ.

"The cheese and the jar of cherries!" KJ says.

She tries to keep the emotion out of her voice. She's not as successful as she'd like to be.

"I made some pastries for the office," Erica says.

"Those were mine!" KJ says, "I bought them for breakfast today!"

Erica turns to glare at KJ. Perhaps she likes what she sees.

"Need I remind you," she says, "as long as you live under our roof, your things are the family's things." Erica turns back to the press pot. "Besides," she says, "There are other things you can make. Use the eggs I bought."

"I can't," KJ says, "I'm..."

She stops. Her frustration is audible.

"Change your plans," Erica says, "You've made me change mine enough times."

KJ grabs the last bottle of apple juice and heads to her room. She bought four bottles on Monday, hoping to have one for Johnny and one for herself.

Upstairs, KJ grabs her things and lays them on the bed. She prepared her items last night. After changing her shiny leggings for one of her pairs of camouflage pants, and her sleeveless t-shirt for a snug, very thin tee, she puts on one of the pairs of tall assault boots that Johnny bought for her. She hangs her jacket over her arm and shoulders her bag, and then charges downstairs. In no time she's out the front door. Her heavier coat, which she planned on wearing to Coalsack, is in the closet. Since Erica was nearby, KJ forsakes it. The jacket will have to do.

Johnny should arrive at the meeting spot well before KJ. He'll wonder if something's amiss when he sees her there so early.

Thanks to John Bowen and the Kindle he gave to her, KJ can read for a half hour or so before he arrives. It soothes her anger to be able to read what she wants and, as fortune would have it, she opens a file that is perfect for her state of mind.

The file contains a story saved from an old blog that ceased to exist around the time she woke up to ugly racial realities. It is emotional, a triumph of beauty and love, and although it is sad, KJ feels the power and passion of the tale healing her reopened wounds.

John Bowen can tell something's not right by the way KJ doesn't look up the instant he parks, and when she does, by the subtle expression that she tries to bury with a sad little smile. He is getting better and better at seeing her discrete displays of emotion, whether it be joy or sadness, pleasure or pain. Johnny exits the Jeep as quickly as he can. KJ takes longer than usual to exit the Chevy. When they meet, she throws herself into him. He can see she's carrying her bag and nothing else.

"You didn't bring your toboggan?" Johnny asks.

"I forgot," KJ says.

"It's a winter's day today," he says, "Last one I'd guess. Hey, I'll give you mine."

She wants to tell him not to, but she won't. It's another thread in the knot that binds her to him, and she wouldn't cut it for the world.

"Let's get going, OK?" he says.

"Yeah," she says more with breath than voice.

He looks at her once they're inside the Jeep.

"Jacket and a thin t-shirt?" he says, "I'll give you my shirt when we get there."

"You'll get cold," she says.

"I have a hoodie in back," he says.

While it happens to be true, he'd promise her the shirt regardless.

Johnny starts the Jeep.

"Johnny," she says, "My mother used the items I needed for your breakfast."

He looks at her and smiles. It's as real a smile as if she'd presented him with the food, though it means a great deal more. Right now she's too hurt to realize. It's his turn to touch her leg. They are strong and beautiful. She may not have the grace of the dancer Jesse or the ballerina Sinead, but she has the power and raw beauty of a wild and passionate angel. It ignites Bowen's flame like no other woman can.

KJ closes her eyes and sighs. The pause has allowed her frustration and pain to catch up to her.

"You wanted to make breakfast for me," Johnny says, "Shit, you tried to make it. That's more to me than a meal, KJ. I'll grab something before I get to Oakland. Thank you, angel." He rubs her leg.

"Don't make supper," KJ says from the pain.

"Don't be silly," he says, "Did you eat anything?"

His voice is soft and clear. Only a fool wouldn't hear the strength in it.

She shakes her head, her mass of hair moving back and forth. He imagines she's in water, as much hair as there is flowing about her face and shoulders.

"See," he says, "Now that's the part I don't like. I don't want my woman to go hungry."

She laughs as the Jeep begins to roll. While he waits to merge on to Old Braddock Road, she looks at him. Her tiny smile isn't forced or fake.

During the trip south on I-79, Johnny makes a short detour at Morgantown, West Virginia. He stops at a Giant Eagle grocery store and hurries inside. He's gone for just long enough to purchase items he must have decided upon as they drove south.

As soon as he returns to the Jeep, KJ grabs his right hand.

"It's not much, but it'll do," he says.

The Jeep sits apart from the morning crowd, facing a guard rail that protects unwary customers and pedestrians from a steep slope. The position offers a passable view of the hills beyond the Monongahela River. It's not much, but it will do as well.

Johnny washes the tomatoes and peppers with one of the bottles of water that he just bought. With his ever-present knife, he slices the vegetables, cheeses and imported salami. He also cuts the Ukrainian bread that's fresh from the bakery, explaining his dislike of pre-sliced bread as he does so. He fills two paper plates with the food and presents the first to his lady. It is a simple and crude yet delicious and filling breakfast.

"I'd hug you right now," she says, "but the gear stick would go up my ass. I'll just say thank you instead."

Johnny laughs. Her effort to lighten the atmosphere is effective.

"You sure?" he says, laughing.

She shakes her head and wipes her eyes, laughing a little to herself.

Further south, the clouds resemble those of January. It will be a cold day at Coalsack.

As the Jeep winds around the hills just off the interstate in Clay County, "The River Flows Frozen" begins to play on Johnny's iPod. Giant snowflakes tumble from the sky, each a fleur-de-leis on the windshield until dissolved by the warmer air of an outraged April. KJ watches their

ephemeral beauty. Bowen leaves her in peace, pleased that she's found a little.

"Trilliums," KJ says as they pass a steeper hillside.

"Yeah," Johnny says, "Them and mayapples. It'll be morel season soon."

"Anna said that you found them near Bill's place," KJ says, "It may have been someone else, I don't remember."

"Yes, we found them," he says, "We'll look for them on our camping trip. It's gonna be a good time."

KJ smiles.

"Hey," she says, "Odd question. What do you drive at work?"

"95 Kenworth," he says, "I usually haul asphalt, some chemicals."

"You never showed me the truck you rebuilt," she says.

The black dump truck with the king of diamonds and the ace of clubs on the door sits beside a cottage in tiny Amblersburg, West Virginia. Johnny Bowen purchased the land and the little home with what was left of his savings. There's also a tarp-covered blue Jeep on the other side of the incomplete structure.

"You'll see it someday," he says, "Hopefully sooner than later."

Anna's already at the Coalsack site when Johnny and KJ arrive. Her Subaru is parked in the open area by the cabin. She sees them approach from the front window and walks out on to the porch. A Remington rifle, much like KJ's, is slung on her shoulder. Anna is wearing a hunter's insulated jacket, camouflaged pants and tall black boots, and she puts on the mushroom toboggan before stepping off the front steps.

Bowen pulls up close to Anna, who looks into the Jeep when Bowen lowers KJ's window.

"We're not late, are we?" Bowen asks.

"No," Anna says, "Hi, KJ!" Anna smiles. "This is gonna be so cool. We never met here before."

"Yeah," KJ says.

She feels the joy just as strongly as Anna Murphy does, but her way of showing it is less obvious. It has always been her nature to be a bit reserved with her emotional displays, though their signs are unmistakable to an astute observer. Years of emotional beatings have made her even more aloof. To some degree, Johnny Bowen and the others have already begun to free her from her stone-faced prison.

"Where's John?" Bowen asks.

"At the range," Anna says, "He'll be back in a little while. You want me to get him?"

"No," Johnny says, "It's good." He turns to KJ. "Keep your focus, angel. No matter what happens."

"I will," KJ says.

He stops her before she can leave the Jeep.

"Here," he says before removing his shirt.

There is a t-shirt underneath.

"Thank you, Johnny," she says. She takes his right hand as he gives her the shirt. "I'll try not to get it dirty," she says.

It sounds stupid to her. She wishes she hadn't said it.

"I probably won't even have to wash it," he says, "Now get out of here, angel." He winks.

KJ trots to the cabin, where she puts on Johnny's toboggan and long-sleeve shirt, and finally her jacket. She loads her rifle and hurries outside to watch Johnny leave. Anna comes over and observes her sister.

To Anna Murphy, Johnny Bowen has always seemed a tragic figure: the warrior who loves his people so much he fights and may die for them, yet not a one of them ever reciprocates the love in a way that a man needs. Anna's life took her into another man's arms, or she could have been the one. Now it would appear that he's found the girl for whom he yearns, just as the needs of his people may rip them apart forever. It's a beautiful and sorrowful thought. Anna rubs KJ's shoulder. Johnny isn't the only tragic figure, nor are Johnny and KJ the only ones facing a potential, final separation.

John Boyle comes from around the cabin. His footfalls are as silent as a slight breeze. His face seems longer and his eyes harder than usual, although this could be due to KJ's troubled disposition. He's wearing a boonie hat, which seems to protect the snowflakes that adorn its black surface. His attire covers his body yet would appear too light-weight for the weather. He shows no hesitation and comes straight over to the two ladies. When he's near to KJ, he points to the gun on her shoulder. She hands the rifle to him. He opens the chamber and ejects the bullet inside.

"Good," Boyle says when the bullet strikes the ground.

"Rifle, Anna," Boyle says.

Then he says something in the Irish.

"Don't do that," KJ says.

She's a little surprised at herself, but her patience is wearing a little thin in light of recent events.

Boyle looks at her.

"You don't like the Irish language?" he asks.

"The Irish is just fine," KJ says, "I don't like being shut out."



"Well, now," Irish John says, "Did you have a lover's quarrel with Johnny-boy? Or is something else up your arse?"

"No," KJ says.

Boyle will press the issue. He has to. If anything throws her off balance, it might make her miss a shot. That could be fatal if she goes active. Deep inside, he does not enjoy his task, though he will never show it.

"That reminds me," he says, "If this thing between you and Johnny doesn't work out, don't start crushing on me. I don't have the time or patience for a girl like you."

"Fuck you, John!" KJ says.

"I can't believe you'd say..." Anna begins to say to Boyle.

Boyle snaps his head toward Anna. His words, loud and clear, cut her off.

"I wasn't talking to you!" he says, "Now, give me your fucking gun, and not another word out of you!"

Anna clenches her teeth and glares at him, but she complies. She knows who he is. He's the leader here.

KJ isn't finished, however.

"Johnny's twice the man you'll ever be!" she says, "He was risking his life for us while you were probably drunk off your ass, fucking some half-nigger because no self-respecting white woman would ever fuck a loser like you!"

Boyle, Anna's gun in his arms, looks back at KJ. Before he can speak she continues.

"Even if I can't be with him," she says, her voice powerful and steady, "There's no fucking way you could take his place. You are so beneath him." She stares at Boyle. He sees the fury and defiance in her eyes. Her untroubled voice confirms his impression. "Don't you dare disrespect him again," she says.

Boyle's smug expression does not change. He checks Anna's gun, which is loaded, and then he hands it back to her.

"That was fun," he says, "Now get to the range. Go on!"

He ushers them with both hands.

KJ and Anna depart in front of Boyle. Neither says a word. Boyle turns and walks backward for a while, keeping an eye on the woods and empty road. There's nothing but trees and snow flurries to the rear.

Once, Anna would have missed every shot. Her emotions would have forced her to miss the first attempt. A growing synergy of anger and frustration would have made each subsequent shot so much wasted lead. Her experience enables her to concentrate. She's been perturbed before.

She's wasted shots. She's missed when she should have hit dead-center. Anna has fired countless rounds in her short life. The lessons learned have honed her considerable skills and turned a talented shooter into a professional with fearsome accuracy as well as nerves of steel. Her attempts on this Saturday are a complete success in spite of the sharp exchange with Boyle.

KJ does not have the experience of Anna. If her attributes were mere clones of Anna's, her attempts would be worse than useless. She would waste ammunition in the best of cases, and in the worst of cases she might develop and internalize bad shooting habits. She might even give up on the art. But KJ, though lacking in experience, possesses a very rare gift. Because of her unique ability to block all other distractions, coupled with her powers of observation, hand-eye coordination and phenomenal memory she performs as well as ever. Boyle notices after the first few shots. He realizes she won't be affected by mockery or nettling. It is a tremendous advantage.

Once the final cracks of rifle fire fade into the cold evening woods, Anna and KJ start back for the cabin to clean their guns. Anna puts her arm around KJ, who breaks the silence by remarking on the beauty of the year's final snowfall.

Without mentioning it, they both have concluded that Boyle was testing them. Still, there's a line he crossed. Neither can quite place it, but that's exactly how it feels.

John Boyle waits on the porch for Anna and KJ to clean their rifles. Once they've completed the task and emerge from the cabin, he looks up from his seated position and begins to speak.

"Six hundred meters," he says, "It was a perfect shot. The bullet struck the apricot of his brain. I watched it hit and saw his head explode."

"Who was he?" Anna asks.

"A PSNI officer, immigrant from Jamaica," Boyle says, "He fondled one of our girls, so I put my leaning to good practice. We got a lot of heat for killing a nigger and some things got ugly, but I'd do it again."

"Is that why you're here in the States?" Anna asks.

"Yes," he says.

"I had no idea," Anna says.

"You've done very well," Boyle says, "The both of you."

KJ looks down, and then away.

"Nothing's sacred to the enemy," Boyle says, looking at each of them in turn. "If they can find a way to throw you off, they'll use it. If they can throw you off, they can force you to make mistakes. Mistakes will kill you."

He looks at KJ. "Mistakes will kill Johnny Bowen. Our enemy has neither shame nor mercy, in spite of the high-brow shite they say they believe. Steel yourselves and be ready."

KJ looks up at him.

"I won't apologize for what I said," KJ says.

"I wouldn't expect you to," Boyle says, "You love him. You should defend his honor."

Boyle walks past them and into the cabin. In a few moments he ignites the heater.

Once Johnny Bowen appears, Anna embraces KJ and then departs from Coalsack, waving to Bowen on the way out. She'll return tomorrow.

KJ waits for Johnny to exit the Jeep. She can smell the delicious supper that he's no doubt slaved over, all just for her. This is the man who would trade his life for her escape. This is the man who would have silenced her had she been a traitor in disguise, if Anna hadn't killed her first. The act would have left his soul ravaged for all time, but out of love for kin and his companions he would have punished her with death. Because she is not a betrayer, an enemy of her own flesh and blood, she feels safer in his presence than that of any other man. She also feels an ever-growing attachment to this man; this warrior who will take on so much for her and for the generations that will follow. The future may not be so dark after all. KJ holds on to him even longer and tighter than usual.

"You OK?" he asks her when the embrace must finally end.

"Yeah," she says with a mischievous little smile on her face.

She brushes her thick mane, which falls right back where it was in front of her left eye and cheek.

"It turned out to be a good day today," she says.

On Sunday morning, KJ makes breakfast for Johnny Bowen. This time she does not try to outdo herself. The meticulous care is in the preparation rather than the spectacular or exotic nature of the result. Some might call today's breakfast rather mundane. For Johnny Bowen, it's the best he's ever had.

At Coalsack, Boyle sends Anna and KJ on a short familiarization expedition. It's still cloudy but the temperature is almost pleasant. The intrepid young women, both armed – Anna with a 12-gauge pump, KJ with Boyle's .308 Armalite – cross hills and gullies and shallow brooks. At one point they come to some animal tracks in the muddy ground.

"Fox," Anna says, "Looks like a big gray fox. You ever see a gray fox?"

KJ shakes her head.

"I've seen a wolf," KJ says, "When I was a kid we went to Yellowstone and I saw a wolf. I've also seen coyotes and red foxes, but never a gray."

Anna follows his trail for a while, and then they begin the journey back to the range. On the way, Anna gives KJ a piece of homemade licorice candy that she and Gary made the previous day.

The wind is blowing at Coalsack. It makes successful shooting much more difficult. KJ notices that Anna can already use the Leupold scope to its fullest degree. Boyle shows her how, though mastery will only come with repetition. All in all, it's another fruitful day at the site.

KJ wanted to mention the story she read on Saturday. Last evening, Johnny's presence was such a great comfort that any serious discussion no matter how interesting or enjoyable seemed out of place. Near Lost Creek on I-79, she takes advantage of a pause between *Gravity Kills* songs to bring up what's on her mind.

"Hey," she says, "I've been reading the Kindle when I can, thanks so much by the way." She looks at him and touches his leg. "I read something from an old blog that, like, disappeared a couple of years ago. I hadn't heard of the blog before. Anyway, I read a story about an older gentleman who lost his wife, and it took a terrible toll on his health and his mind. He spent the rest of his life searching for her. Finally, some people take him in and take care of him, but he passes away soon after. The author says he must have found his wife at long last. I thought about that last night. We're the only race that writes about life in that way, like, about love and beautiful experiences that cut so fucking deep. No one else glorifies love and light like we do. No other men glorify their women like our men. I felt like crying, seriously fucking crying when I think of how we let traitors and kikes separate us from you. Only you glorify us like that."

"You never cease to amaze me," Johnny says in a soft voice.

"That's such a beautiful thing to tell a woman," she says, "Thank you, Johnny." She looks down for a moment. "But, you know, it also makes me sad. It should be normal for a girl to appreciate a good man. She should be thankful for him."

"And the opposite's true," Johnny says, "Good, white men and women should appreciate one another."

The bright lights of Morgantown shine up ahead to the right, killing any chance of seeing a star through the few breaks in the overcast.

"Do you think that our race can survive?" KJ asks.

"Yes," Johnny says, "There are people using Whitaker's Mantra to save our race from genocide, one white mind at a time and I really think

that's what will win this war for us in the end. But the enemy has time and numbers on their side, and they won't cease their attempts to slaughter us without a fight. We have to convince our own of exactly what we're facing as a race. In the meantime some of us will have to fight."

"Now you give me hope," KJ says, a very little smile on her face.

KJ glances at him. Johnny's more handsome and stronger as the days go by.

"What comes around goes around," he says, "We've faced terrible odds before. Odds half this bad would make kikes betray their kinfolk and niggers worship their enemies. We stood then, and we will stand again. We'll win in the end."

*Samael's* "God's Snake" comes on in the background. Johnny has the volume down low so as not to interrupt their conversation.

"But we won't win without the fighters," Johnny says, "The traitors and profiteers have murdered our kin and divided our men and our women. There is no victory without justice. There is no justice without punishment."

The Jeep gets quiet. KJ and Johnny listen to the final half of the song. Next is "Save Me from Myself" from *Sirenia*. Johnny turns the music down again, although its somber beauty is still audible.

"You know, KJ," he says, "I was losing sight of the goal, just like so many of us do. We face the constant bad news, and see the half-breed babies sprouting up like fucking mushrooms. I saw the constant ads on TV, with white girls and athletic niggers, where whitey's always fat and stupid. Part of me wanted to go to war just to hurt the faggots who present that image in the hopes that our women will abandon us. But then you came. Before, it was about the fight. Now it's about victory. Nothing less. I thought we were alone, and I'd be a liar if I said I didn't want a woman in my life. I don't think it's a secret that Garret and Anna are already close; very close. Me and Anna were always like family, from the start, actually. And Jesse was like a cousin who fell in love with a close friend. I love them, but they were and are my family. Then you spread your angel wings and came in to us. I've never been half this convinced that we'll survive. You sought out the truth, you read the Mantra and Whitaker's site, the forums and the voices that cried out against the genocide of our race, and you awoke all alone. Now I have hope. You might not be the only one like that."

The Pennsylvania border comes and goes. KJ looks at Johnny. She feels the sincerity of his words. This is not the false praise of a male who desires to beguile her into surrendering her body. These are the passion-

ate beliefs of a man who is devoting his life – and perhaps his death – to the salvation of white children he may never know, and may never have.

“I can see your passion and flame every time I look at you,” Johnny says, “It’s in your voice and it’s in your glance. It’s in the clothes that you choose to wear and that thick hair you let grow all around you. If I saw you in a crowd I’d never forget you. I’d actually pray, fucking pray, angel, that you’d wake someday. But I don’t have to. We’re not the only wolves and you prove it. Our greatest white sister, our white angel is right here, right here with us. Right here with me...”

For a moment she does not speak; she cannot speak.

“Johnny...” KJ says softly, with all the power that her voice always carries regardless of its loudness, “I can’t tell you what that means to me.”

She lets the tears flow down her immaculate white face.

“You could bring a man back from the brink,” he says, “Most women have no idea what an amazing power that is.”

“You can make a woman cherish her life,” she says, “Even if there’s just a chance she’ll be yours forever, you have that power.”

“We will win, angel,” he says, “If there are women like you, we can’t lose.”

KJ glances at her warrior, her smile neither discrete nor painful; it is washed in tears of joy.

Tonight KJ falls asleep with ease. She feels ever so closer to having a chance for a beautiful life.

Monday is still rather cloudy, but the temperature rises a bit. It is not quite a typical spring day, though winter has clearly departed. KJ doesn’t have to fake swallowing the toxic sertraline nor does Erica ambush her on the way out the door. School is boring but uneventful, and her trip to the grocery store is typical. The all-natural meat order from Keystone arrives early that afternoon, much to KJ’s relief. She loathed having to buy beef of uncertain quality from the store. The butcher Mr. Lang has assured her of the local origin of the pork and the quality of the fish, but did not lie to her about the far-away origin of the beef. His honesty is one reason KJ enjoys talking to him.

A little later, KJ takes one of her plain white t-shirts from the closet. She remembers Aaron Zito’s “Free Mumia” t-shirt. Zito wore it all day without any protest from students or faculty. KJ will make a t-shirt of her own.

On Tuesday, April 9th, the air is warmer and rifts of blue tear through the gray and white sky. The mercury is too low for a spring day, yet the signs of recovery are obvious. Winter’s last swipe retreats into the far north.

At school, KJ debuts her modified t-shirt. She wears an unbuttoned long-sleeve shirt over the tee, but the message on the front is open for all to see.

#### AGTR-5

Ms. Bailey does not realize the significance of those ciphers. Only when KJ arrives at Mr. Dagostino's class does she encounter a nemesis that recognizes the hull number of the USS Liberty, the American ship attacked in 1967 by the *Heil Ha'Avir* – the Israeli Air Force.

"Nice," Dagostino says, "Button up your shirt, Kaylee."

"Why?" KJ asks.

"I think you know why," he says.

Aaron Zito shares this class with KJ; it's one of two that they have in common. The other day, Aaron Zito wore his Mumia shirt without Dagostino paying it any mind. In fact, he called on Zito during class, so there was no way he could not have seen it. KJ buttons up her orange-and-white plaid shirt. When he's not looking, she removes a piece of gum from the left chest pocket and pops it into her mouth.

KJ arrives earlier than usual at the Donnelly Homestead. Last week, Bill offered her the use of the new shower and bathroom facility at the hall, and she is happy to take him up on his offer. He also gave her a key. Today she brings extra clothing and items, including three of the four pairs of assault boots that Johnny bought for her. She'll store them in the empty cabinets beside the towel closet. Inside the bottom drawer she finds a brand new pair of boots. These are not for hiking; with their small raised heels and glossy black surface, these are for dress. Since they're her exact size, she surmises that they came from Johnny Bowen. It's another thoughtful gift; not some useless piece of rock sold for a price far greater than it's worth, this is a present she'll surely put to good use. She decides to wear them on their date.

KJ changes into one of her training ensembles – tight black exercise leggings and a sleeveless top that shows off her arms – and she stretches in case her activities will be physical in nature. Then she waits at the front window for Johnny to arrive.

The figure who comes walking toward the hall is not her boyfriend; it's Bill Donnelly, whose hat gives him away before his body can. Though used to the cold and spray of the north Atlantic, he's not as warm-blooded as he once was. His pea coat is twice as thick as KJ's light jacket, which she dons so that she can greet him in the parking lot.

When he arrives KJ runs outside and the two greet each other with hugs and smiles. His face would indicate that he's in good cheer, though

his expression of happiness upon seeing her might mask some perturbation that lies beneath the surface. She wanted to ask him about the tattoo artist, but decides not to when her intuition tells her that his good mood could be fragile. She doesn't believe that it will disturb him, yet it seems selfish to broach the subject so soon after his arrival.

"Do you find the new facilities suitable?" Bill asks, "They're Spartan, I know, but you may find them useful."

"Yes," KJ says, "Hell yes! It's really nice, Bill, thank you."

"Of course, KJ," he says, "I'll be putting in a washer and drier this week. You're welcome to use them when the need arises."

"That would be awesome," she says, "I could leave my things here if that's cool with you. If not, I understand."

"That's the intent, love," he says and rubs the back of her head, "Now moving on to more pressing matters, next Friday you won't be spending much time at the homestead."

"No?" she says.

Perhaps Bill has other business.

"You'll be going to Pittsburgh," Bill says, "Jimmy's cousin Paddy has an appointment with you."

KJ lights up from the news.

"Thank you, Bill!" she says.

"Jimmy will pick you up at the entrance road," Bill says, "He'll take you to the parlor. Now, just one thing before you go thanking me. Paddy's going to ask what kind of tattoo you want. He's going to ask where and why. It's your money and desire, but it's his personal time, not to mention his ass on the line. I can understand that your reasons may be private, but he's going to ask because this is an extraordinary and somewhat risky proposition. Can you tell him that information?"

"Will he keep it from the others?" she asks, "I want it to kind of be a surprise until it's finished."

"It'll be between you and him," Bill says, "For your peace of mind, he's white and aware of what it means and how special it is to be white. His road is a different one than each of ours, but he is quite conscious of race and he is on our side. I can promise you he won't say a word to anyone, whatever the reason for your tattoo."

"Cool," she says, "I won't say a word, either."

"There's a good girl," he says.

Bill tells her she'll be spending time outside. She returns to the hall and puts on a hoodie and the jeans she wore on the trip to the homestead. She packs her green Seahawks cap in her shoulder bag, should the sun



creep out from the breaking overcast. She no longer has any allegiance to the Africanized team, but still likes the sea-green color. Once she's outside, Bill gives her a radio and accompanies her to the field.

"Practice your range exercises until Johnny comes by," Bill says, "I'll give you a call when he does."

"OK," KJ says, "Do you know when that might be?"

"No," Bill says.

He doesn't tell her that Bowen should have been there by now. Bill is becoming a little worried. He'll call Johnny as soon as he's out of her sight.

"Hey, Bill?" she says, "Could you call him and make sure he's alright? I left my phone inside."

Bill smiles.

"That's a very good idea," he says.

Bill walks across the field that is now bereft of cattle. KJ sees him take out his cell phone as he approaches the hedgerow that separates the parking lot from the little patch of woods between the Long Hall and the Donnelly Home. She curses herself for not bringing her cell and has to fight the impulse to run to the hall. She succeeds, though the fight is a close one.

As it turns out, Bill does not need to call her when Johnny Bowen arrives. She sees his Jeep way down the lane. The relief she feels is like cool water on an agonizing burn. KJ stares at the radio. She won't head back until Bill calls her in. He does so in no time. When KJ arrives at the hall, Bowen is still unloading his Jeep. They embrace as usual. It lasts quite a while, as usual. She resists the urge to kiss him, long and passionate, as usual. Judging by the numerous soft kisses he plants on her head, he must face similar urges. He resists the powerful one that compels him to put his hand lower than her waist.

"Are you OK?" she asks after she pulls back to look into his eyes. "I was fucking worried!"

"I'm fine, angel," he says.

She smiles and looks down. He kisses her forehead.

Twenty minutes later, she's removed her jacket and the two are practicing self-defense inside the Long Hall. For two hours, Bowen teaches and KJ applies the knowledge. Her performance is exceptional, and although it is a difficult challenge, the exercises are pure enjoyment for her. It feels nice to advance her capabilities. If she hones these skills, she may be able to do more than yell and scream should one of her friends face a surprise attack. For Johnny Bowen, there is peace of mind. He's

doing everything he can to keep her safe in his absence. His satisfaction and her good progress have one unavoidable drawback: time slips away for the both of them. At 8 o'clock, they must call it a day if they are to fill their bellies and get enough rest for tomorrow.

With help from KJ, Johnny Bowen throws together a meal from the food and drink in the hall's refrigerator. KJ can imagine greeting him with a warm meal after long day of driving. She can imagine greeting him with much more than a meal.

While supper heats on a portable stove, KJ takes advantage of the lull. She kisses Johnny on the head as he sits at the table, and after nuzzling his hair she thanks him for the boots.

"Try them out; be sure they don't chafe or hurt your feet," Johnny says, "If not, I was thinking you might wear them on Friday."

Bowen waits at the entrance while KJ showers and changes. The ability to change, wash and store items in the hall is a godsend for her. It's also a step out the door of the Campbell House. KJ tosses her black toboggan on the table when she returns to the entrance room. Bowen takes it as she rubs her leonine mane of hair with a towel. Once she's done, he puts the knit cap on her head.

"Remember, angel," he says, "Don't trade blows with the enemy. Stun and run, but don't let it become a question of pride. Run away from a physical confrontation if you can. There are millions of them but only one of you."

Their final embrace of the evening is a long one.

Late that night, as Anna Murphy dreams she's on the 10-meter diving platform, which is odd because she's a springboard diver, three or so miles away KJ wakens from a less aquatic but no less energetic dream. She looks at her bedroom window, whose dark drapes block her view of the night sky. KJ closes her eyes, but before she falls asleep she listens for the horn of the Rubicon. She fancies that he's out there, just beyond the front door. If such an impossible desire were to come true tonight, perhaps she'd leave with Johnny, and never return.

Garret Fogarty's cell rings before he can log on to his work computer. He considers not answering. It's not the phone he uses when he talks to Anna or the others. Outside it's a pleasant, cool spring morning. For Garret it might as well be pouring the rain. Thanks to an accident on I-79 he didn't have time for his usual short jog. He looks at the cell. The call is from his father. He logs on to the computer and then answers the call.

"Listen, Garret," says his father Brian, "I tried to get you at your home but I must have just missed you. Garret, are you there?"

"Yes, dad," says Garret, who was so quiet his father must have thought the call failed or was dumped.

"Good," Brian Fogarty says, "Listen up. A couple of days ago, I'm talkin' to Kurt over at Parahelion. One thing leads to another, and I asked if they could use a programmer like you. I know I worked behind your back, but the interesting part is - wait for it - he said yes! Interesting because you'd be starting at 60 k. Twice what you make in that dump. Oh and unlike the cheapskates at Terradox, these guys have a benefits package. Listen, Garret, you'd be a fool if you didn't think Parahelion's gonna be big."

"You sound like a commercial," Garret says, "Tell me, is Kurt moving to PA?"

Brian feels the rebuke and cannot help but become annoyed.

"Come on, Garret, what do you want to do with the rest of your life?" he says. "If someone buys Terradox or it shuts its doors, you'll have to relocate. That's fated to happen. Done deal."

"I'm not interested in moving to Portland," Garret says.

"Look, son" Brian says, "It's a huge step, I know. But you don't have a degree in the field. I'm not trying to be an asshole, just keepin' it real. You can't just work anywhere. Kurt knows your degree isn't in the field and he's fine with it."

"I'm better than most of them, with or without a piece of paper," Garret says as he looks at his computer screen. "I'm also better than Kurt."

"He has the piece of paper," Brian says, "To those doing the hiring, that means he's better than you. Look, we both know he's not your equal and goodness knows I'm not calling you to argue. Honestly, son, aren't you lonely in that dive in Washington? Fuck, you don't even have to settle down if you don't want to, I'm more than cool with that, but for Christ's sakes, get out and have some fun. Get some. If I was your age I'd be on the next flight to Portland. West Coast, Garret. I shouldn't have to tell you this."

"I'm fine here," Garret says, "I like the freedom at Terradox. You're not the only one who knows a thing or two about Kurt Rathbun. I know he'd use a microscope on his employees if he could get away with it."

"Fine," Brian says, "You're entitled to your opinion. Just think about it, OK? I'm hoping all that sparring you used to do hasn't come back to haunt you. Call me by five if you come to your senses, OK?"

"I'm not interested," Garret says, "Thanks for the effort, but no."

"Just think about it," Brian says.

They both know that Kurt Rathbun rarely makes a second offer. Garret isn't interested in the first.

Like any normal young boy, Garret Fogarty loved Christmas and summer vacation. After his twelfth year he had more reason to appreciate the long days of summer. Garret grew up in a renovated house in Pittsburgh; the specific area being Lawrenceville on the Allegheny River. The son of pureblood Irish parents born in the New World, he has relations sprinkled across Counties Tipperary and Limerick, as well as the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and a few far-flung relatives in California and Washington. His grandfather, who departed from Ireland at the age of three, was a coal miner and farmer in Cambria County, not far from the green slopes of Laurel Mountain. From his parents, a computer designer and a computer programmer by trade, Garret amassed a great deal of knowledge about electricity and electronic devices. From his grandfather, he learned to be a man and to love his kinfolk with fiery intensity.

With the intention of making their son a well-rounded and free-spirited individual, Brian and Shauna Fogarty decided to have him spend the summers at Gavin Fogarty's farm. They knew it would do him good. They also knew it would put him out of their hair in time for pool parties and barbecues. Unknown to his parents, it was the best decision they ever made for young Garret.

Gavin put the growing young man to work. He also took Garret on long walks and hikes, from the Clark Run trail to Laurel Mountain and over to Buttermilk Falls. He taught the boy what his parents would not and could not: how to fish and shoot and build more than computers. Gavin did not believe that the internet was any more of a negative influence than television or movies; in spite of his advanced age, Gavin was open to the new technology, which he recognized as one of the few unfiltered sources of the truth. He would direct young Garret to websites that had proven themselves reliable, and he allowed the growing boy to read and absorb the information. Often they'd discuss the subject matter over supper.

With Gavin's guidance, young Garret would read and contemplate all manner of information. Much of what Garret read was of a scientific or technical nature, though a percentage came from racially conscious whites. Gavin also included voices from the other side: virulent anti-whites who may or may not show an immediate hatred of the white race, but who eventually revealed their opposition to the very survival of Garret and his kinfolk. Later, Gavin would discuss both sides with young Garret.

Most of the time these discussions would include Garret's grandmother Mary, whose support of Gavin came not only from love and devo-

tion, but from her own convictions as well. It was this show of complementary masculine and feminine strengths that gave the man-to-be a deep appreciation of both sexes' value. From the elder Fogarty's Garret learned that a man and a woman can love their kin, each other, and even though they might occasionally disagree, they could remain devoted and affectionate. More than once he observed how the iron-willed farmer and coal miner would treat his wife with a tenderness that his softer, "cosmopolitan" parents never seemed to show.

It was early June of the next year when Garret first saw the film *Fight Club*. Two of his cousins would be joining him at Gavin's farm, and the eldest of the two – Mark – brought the film along with several Xbox games and some music for the three days that remained before their departure from the Fogarty place in Pittsburgh. Garret's parents didn't pay much attention to what he watched, and probably wouldn't have cared if they had. Unlike most predictable and insulting Hollywood garbage, this film enthralled young Garrett, who fell in love with the idea of a private club where he and his friends and cousins could wail on each other and have an all-around fun and exciting time. Handsome and able-bodied thanks to an interest in physical fitness and sport, Garret did not suffer the depredations of bullies. In spite of this and his tender age, he could see the value in combat practice under realistic conditions. Later Garret would realize the value that such groups and clubs offered in the form of networking with like-minded men.

Though Garret's cousins remained at Gavin's farm for only half of the time that he did, they logged some valuable time in the makeshift ring that the young men built up on the mountain. The trees were the only spectators until one day Gavin learned of the mischief. Instead of condemnations and punishments, the old fighter gave direction and council to the feisty young men.

Over the next four years, Mark would depart for San Diego State, while cousins Ronan and Andy would join the club. The members did not cease their training in the "off-season." Garrett enrolled in any martial arts class he could take while back in Pittsburgh. When the end of his senior year forced Garret's retirement from the Laurel Mountain Sparring Club, he left behind younger relations who could take a punch and give out quite a bit more.

Brian and Shauna would learn about the sparring club four years later. To them, it was a fad; another of life's experiences.

At noon Garret takes lunch with his boss, Gerry Fiorentino. Garret considers him a good man. Though he seems to be unaware of the perils

his children shall face for the color of their white skin, he is no traitor, just a thoughtful man of intelligence and reserve. His judgments are usually fair-minded and his capabilities as a computer programmer and technician are exceptional. Surrounded by his kinfolk in a society that cherishes rather than despises his race, Gerry would thrive in spite of his naiveté. In post-racial America, with its complex rules for whites - today a word may be acceptable, tomorrow it's racist - the lack of a properly-directed mean streak tends to make one a casualty of the anti-white war of attrition. Ripped off by larger companies and overtaxed to provide for unproductive and unemployable minorities, Gerry's fate and that of his family hangs by a few well-worn threads.

During their quick lunch in Gerry's tiny office, Garret's boss tells him about his twin baby boys. He talks about his wife and how much he appreciates her taking time off to take care of the twins, and about the company. If things get any worse, he'll have to close Terradox. If things get better, one of the big corporations, those with customer service outsourced and staffed by incoherent Indians, will take note and destroy Terradox. The other possibility is a buy-out. Gerry won't accept the offer. Like Old Fezziwig, Gerry Fiorentino considers his company more than a profit-making venture. It is a way of life, his way of life, and it is dear to him.

At lunchtime on Wednesday, KJ dines alone. The ruckus of the cafeteria does not disturb her. The sounds of the *Cro-Mags* in her ear buds replace the chatter and the clatter. Often, lunch is the fastest part of the school day. Everything slows down from then on. During her final class, KJ tries not to watch the clock, but she cannot help herself. Dagostino's class is the last of the day. That alone would make the hour and a half seem like three. As the final few minutes tick away, Dagostino rises from his desk. He has a surprise for his captive audience. Weems or one of the other anti-white members of the faculty may have suggested the exercise. Dagostino may have devised it on his own, or burrowed it from some despotic teacher in another city or state. Whatever the source, the target of the exercise is clear.

"Alright," Dagostino says, "In order to draw attention to the continual presence of racism and discrimination in American society, we'll follow a simple exercise for dismissal. When I announce the name of a group, they may proceed to their lockers and wait quietly at the exit for the bell."

KJ looks to the side, away from Dagostino. She is not in any mood for the stupidity that is sure to follow.

"We have five minutes before the bell," he says, "Our Asian students may proceed to their lockers."

The only non-white in the class, Rakesh Banerjee, is of Indian descent. He rises to his feet, waves to his friend Mark Wilkinson and departs.

KJ looks at Dagostino. He has a smug little smile on his face.

"Now," he says, "Those with brown eyes may proceed to their lockers."

KJ knows who he'll dismiss last. Dagostino knows it, too. She'll prove him wrong. This blue-eyed angel is far too wild for his shackles. She rises to her feet and begins to leave. The rest of the class is stunned. Shane Lewis, green eyes, doesn't move. Kimberley Christofferson, blue eyes, stares at KJ. The surprise on her face would be visible if anyone could turn their eyes away from the defiant KJ.

"Miss Campbell!" Dagostino yells, "What do you think you're doing!"

KJ slows down to glance at him.

"I'm fighting discrimination," she says.

She knows she'll get detention. It's too important to make a stand against this white-hating madness.

Before KJ can cross the threshold, Dagostino grabs her left arm. She shrugs and escapes his uncertain grip.

"Get back in your seat!" Dagostino says.

His voice is steady though his face is becoming red.

KJ stares into his dark irises with her blue eyes.

"I don't follow your script," she says.

Dagostino makes no further attempt to stop her.

Colin Kirby, gray eyes, rises and departs. His hands are in his pockets, and he doesn't look at Dagostino, but he does leave the classroom. There is still one minute until the bell.

Gene is late, though KJ isn't too upset. It gives her time to call Bill and tell him she'll be late for the next three days. She'll tell Bowen when they meet at the hall. She bites her lip and hopes it won't interfere with their plans.

Johnny Bowen isn't late in arriving. KJ greets him as if she'd waited a lifetime to wrap her arms around him. This afternoon and evening the two spend time in the right-hand room as well as at the pistol range. They fill the pause between self-defense training and target practice with a simple but thoroughly enjoyable meal. The new arrangements that permit KJ to eat, wash and do her clothes at the hall have made her tumultuous life a little less stressful. Johnny can see it in her body language and less-melancholy demeanor. It's her nature to be introspective, though not to exaggerated levels. Johnny Bowen finds that particular style very attractive.

At the range, Johnny stops her from loading one of Bill's pistols. Out of his shoulder bag he removes the Smith & Wesson Model 1911 that he bought for her.

"It longs to be close to you," Johnny says.

She looks into his eyes.

"I long for it to be," she says, "Maybe someday it can be right next to me."

Even before he planted the seeds of John Bowen's awakening, Robert Welton taught him to shoot. Robert did not limit his instruction to the use of a rifle. Welton taught the young Johnny Bowen how to use and maintain a shotgun as well as several types of pistol, including the 1911A1. Anna and Sinead did a fine job with the inexperienced KJ, so well that Bowen helps her refine rather than relearn the proper techniques of pistol marksmanship. Often their bodies touch as his hands guide her and correct any failing of arm position or body stance. It is very difficult for them to concentrate on the task, but they manage with minimal interruption. The result – and the process – is worth the effort.

Thursday is another day of anticipation for KJ, which means it's another school day that never seems to end. Otherwise, nothing unusual seems to happen. She listens to her ear buds – today she's in the mood for *Opeth* – and she enjoys an excellent beef and vegetable salad that she made herself. It is another mundane school day. At least that's how it appears to KJ.

At the far end of the table to KJ's right sits a foursome of juniors. They've heard tale of KJ's exploits. One of them, the not-unattractive brunette Kay Stefanick, used to talk to KJ during their days at Ben Franklin Middle School. In fact, it would not be an exaggeration to say that Kay admired KJ. Things have changed since the day that KJ challenged the so-called wisdom of her teachers. The daughter of northeast liberals whose only contact with non-whites is via television or telephone, Kay is following in their anti-white footsteps. This guarantees her hatred of what her parents and the media call racism and, predictably, those considered racist. All her life Kay has heard this message. Now that the rare white racist is in their midst, she contemplates direct action.

"You know what would be wild?" Kay says to her friend, the not-quite-attractive blonde Alyson Lambert. "Someone should spit in that bitch's food."

Alyson looks at Kay with raised eyebrows. Kay motions with her head toward KJ to emphasize which "bitch" she means. She does not point or look at her intended target.



Alyson shakes her head and returns to her cheesy tater tots.

"What, you don't think so?" Kay asks. She stares at Alyson who does not look up from her tray. "Maybe I'll do it then," Kay says.

Alyson stops eating and looks up.

"Let me know if you are," she says, "so I can move."

"Are you afraid of her?" skinny Kay asks; she should be.

"Are you serious?" Alyson says.

Kay nods.

"Why shouldn't I?" Kay asks.

"Cause she'll beat your ass," Alyson says, "Did you see Epstein's face?"

"She's on sertraline now," Kay says, "She wasn't back then."

"It doesn't make you a wuss!" Alyson says, "My brother takes it, so does Steve Kesic."

"How do you know Steve takes it?" asks Kay.

"He told me," Alyson says, "Anyways, it won't make her sit there. She'll fuck you up, Kay."

"I don't think so," Kay says.

"OK, fine," says Alyson, who begins to gather her things for a hasty departure.

"Alright, I won't," Kay says, "Jeeze, I'm just sayin' it'd be cool, alright?"

If Kay Stefanick had engaged in this loathsome act of cruelty, KJ would have made her suffer for it. It would have been no contest. KJ could destroy her with one of her powerful arms tied behind her back. Ironically, if Kay had done this act of malevolence she would have been doing KJ a favor in the long run. Kay would have had no chance against KJ who would have thrashed her. After the beating, the school would have expelled KJ. KJ would have fled the loveless and oppressive Campbell House. She would have been safe and free to train and read and prepare herself for a path of her choosing. She would have been with Johnny Bowen, at least until they learn their fates.

Instead of launching her nasty attack, Kay changes the subject.

Undisturbed, KJ finishes her salad.

The ability to wash and dress in the Long Hall provides KJ with an additional benefit. She'll no longer have to dress before she runs the gauntlet past Erica. Today she takes full advantage of that welcome distinction. She wears the usual worn jeans and an old *Motorhead* t-shirt her uncle gave her the last time she visited Washington State. In her bag are her nicest jeans and a blue-and-rust striped top. She's also packed her lit-

tle-used tennis shoes. She considered wearing the new boots to the meeting hall, but decided against it. She'll debut them tomorrow for her dear Johnny.

Erica raises her eyes from her iPhone as KJ walks past the kitchen. She lets KJ leave without a word.

The phone rings in the kitchen of the Murphy Home. Anna glances in its direction but does not move toward the receiver. After six rings it falls silent. She hears Gary pull into the driveway. It seems like a long time until he arrives at the door.

Anna rises and opens it for him. He sets his pail on the floor and hugs her. She watches him remove his boots.

"Hannah's coming over," Gary says, "She's going to make supper. Can you wait until we return from Bill's?"

Anna nods. Gary starts for the hallway living room and the bathroom beyond.

"Dad," Anna says, causing Gary to stop his forward motion.

He turns to look at his beautiful daughter. Her long braided ponytail is draped over her right shoulder. She looks so much like Mary, except she's more solid.

"Are you OK?" he asks.

"I have to tell you something," she says.

She looks down, but then forces herself to look back into his eyes. The clock in the living room ticks like a hammer striking metal.

"Go on," he says.

"I destroyed a laptop at school," she says, "I dropped a box of monitors on it. I told Miss Altenburg it was an accident but she wants me to pay for it."

"Did you do it on purpose?" asks Gary.

"Yes," Anna says.

"Why?" he asks.

The flame in his blue eyes is warm and comforting. Still it is a flame and it can flare up in an instant. Neither he nor Anna is a domesticated wolf.

"Last week she made us watch *Escape from Sobibor*," Anna says, "She told us we're no better than the Nazis unless we stamp out the hate. You know what that means. We have to hate our skin and white men and babies. I think she should pay a little price for that, for shaming us for being white and trying to turn us into wards of the system. That's why I did it, dad."

"OK," he says, "I'll take it from here".

Gary winks and smiles. Anna feels an enormous relief. She is no longer disturbed by the ringing of the phone. He motions for her to keep quiet as he steps over to the telephone.

"Speaking," Gary says after answering the phone, "Yes, I just arrived from work. That's not any of your business. What did she do? Um-hmm. That's not what she told me. She said it was an accident. I understand it was expensive, but you have to understand that accidents happen. We most certainly will not. I'll be available tomorrow if needs be. No, an hour later. Good day."

Gary hangs up the phone. He looks at Anna and winks again. Anna watches him round the corner, her eyes and ears following him through the wall. That wall cannot compare to the shield that is her father.

John Bowen arrives as KJ is getting dressed in the hall. Before they embrace she admires him and tells him how handsome he looks in his brown slacks and collared shirt. He looks into her eyes and brushes her hair aside.

"You're so beautiful, angel," Johnny says.

KJ's striped top is neither low cut nor transparent, but it is snug all around and shows both her strength and femininity.

"Thank you, Johnny," she says, "I try to be, in my own way. It really means a lot to me that you like my look."

Now the two embrace. KJ closes her eyes and lays her head against him. He smells her hair and kisses her head. Before they separate he rubs her back and she squeezes him in her arms.

"Bill gave me a call," Johnny says, "He invited us to dinner before we meet in the big room."

"Johnny," she says, "Don't get angry, please, I need to say this. You do so much for me, all of you, and I feel the need to do something for each of you in return. I won't ever forget what you do for me, especially you."

"I know, KJ," he says, "The time will come when you can do something wonderful for each of us. Right now it's our turn to see you through the hard times, you understand?"

He looks into her blue eyes and rubs her back.

KJ smiles and nods. She feels so strong and secure in his arms. There is a refuge there she's never known, not even in the dark days when she was submerged in the false security of her deceitful family. As she woke from the nightmare, they tried to shame her. They tried to suffocate her real persona with their hateful anti-white zealotry and promises of an easier life, if only Kaylee Jane would cease to be KJ. Johnny Bowen makes it wonderful to be who she is; her true self who she does not want

to hide. The desire not to keep Bill waiting forces their second embrace to be a short one. At its end she manages to kiss his cheek. It's a slower, softer kiss that means a whole lot more than the words 'thank you.'

KJ and Johnny enjoy a lovely meal with the Donnelly's – Megan, Bill and Sinead, who is more talkative than usual. She'll be visiting Ireland again in three weeks. In the meantime, she invites KJ and Johnny Bowen to a *Danú* concert at the Benedum in Pittsburgh. Anna and Garret have already accepted. Due to an uncertain work schedule, Johnny cannot commit. It's obvious that he'd like to attend. It is not the show or the music that he regrets missing, though the band is excellent, but the chance to spend time with the aforementioned people, especially KJ. When KJ becomes noncommittal after Johnny voices his uncertainty, he urges her to go whether he can make it or not. KJ accepts the invitation. She does not mention that she'd rather be beside him in the cab of the Kenworth as it crawls down Caddell Mountain.

The time for the meeting approaches. Tonight the guests arrive in a stream rather than a trickle. From her recollection of names and faces, KJ figures that everyone is present. Mason and John McShane are in attendance, the former in excellent health and full of vigor. He smiles when his glance catches KJ's attention. Gary and Garret flank Anna, who sits across the table from KJ. Jesse is beside Rian; his arm is around her shoulder. She is gorgeous as ever in her stylish beige dress. Former Nailer Robert McKenna is also present, sitting this time at the Donnelly table. KJ is still nervous and wouldn't initiate a conversation until it feels right to do so. She can't wager a guess as to when that will be, though with Johnny beside her and lively Anna on the other side, it would seem she's closer to the moment. Johnny must anticipate her reservations. At certain moments he'll reach over and rub her back.

Tonight KJ can see why Bill holds these sessions. Though their paths through life may differ in details both superficial and profound, both the hosts and guests alike share the conviction that they belong to a beautiful race, one worth defending. They do not dwell on the obvious. The members talk and laugh and enjoy a beer or homemade cider. They mention lovely little events that happened today or ten years ago, or that grandfather experienced fifty years in the past. No one commences a fiery speech about white genocide or the latest horrible black-on-white crime. It would be wasted time in this room. She is convinced such a speech would echo the convictions of everyone present. This is the place where they can assemble, free from the establishment and free from the draconian rules against hate speech and against freedom of association for

whites, and only whites. Here Austin Kelly can talk about Hacksaw and homemade whiskey. He can mention his new girlfriend. He can say that she passed the "test."

KJ nudges Johnny and whispers her question into his ear.

"He chose the moment he thought was right," Bowen says, "and he said the word 'nigger.' It's a very good sign that she passed. His last girlfriend got bitchy on him when he said that word, so he ended the relationship on the spot."

KJ said the forbidden word while two black males sexually assaulted her. She's still an outcast at school. She whispers again, not out of timidity but rather the desire that only Bowen hear her words.

"You can say whatever word you want," KJ says, "I promise I won't get bitchy."

Johnny brushes her hair with his hand. She can see how much he enjoys that.

"You passed the test a long time ago, angel," he says.

Tom and Sarah Neely are sitting at the table behind KJ and Johnny. Sarah converses with the young brunet man, Kevin Toomey. Toomey must be in med school or at least interested in the subject. His answers are educated, or at least appear to be. Their conversation has a fluidity that is usually lacking in discussions between the knowledgeable and the uninformed or disinterested.

"How are you feeling, sweetheart?" Gary asks Anna.

"Good," Anna says and smiles.

"If the school calls or anything else comes up," Gary says, "Remember I'm working cat eye tomorrow. They can call me through the day, though I don't reckon they'll like the response."

"Thank you, dad," Anna says. She looks at KJ. "Hey, KJ," she says, "I didn't get a chance to ask, but I'm babysitting Bryce tomorrow. You wanna come over?"

KJ shrugs.

"I can't," she says, "I have other plans."

"OK," Anna says, "I hope it's something fun."

"I have no doubt," KJ says.

Bill says something to Aaron Van Dyke. Van Dyke is with McShane and Mason at the table nearest to the Donnelly's. His arms are visible in his short sleeve shirt and his well-build chest is obvious. He's built like a climber, with the sculpted good looks of many of the men who embrace that hard and rewarding lifestyle. The others lower their voices or simply go silent when Van Dyke begins to speak.

"Mount Hood," Van Dyke says, "It was a nice climb. I always like climbing with dad and my brother. It's always a trip with those guys."

"Was there any bad weather?" Bill asks.

"Right after we got off," Aaron says, "It was crystal clear when we left but by the time we got back it was freezing rain."

"You're a courageous young man," Bill says, "I'd love to see some of the mountains you've climbed, and even more the ones you will climb. But I must admit I won't be accompanying you on any of the summit attempts."

Mason says something to David Fox, who is sitting with his brother John at the table to the right of the "Murphy Table." Jimmy and Austin are at the same table.

"Forgive the interruption, David," Bill says, "Since we're on the subject of courage, would you mind telling us what happened last Saturday in Carrick?"

"We already had a near-miss earlier this year," Fox says, "A floor collapsed right after George Pulver left a room in that house fire in Brookline, most of you probably remember that. Some of the guys were apprehensive about Saturday's fire, the house being a lot like that one. I was inside when we all hear a low oxygen tone. It wasn't mine, but I knew one of the guys – Doug Holbert – was in the other side of the house. I couldn't bring him up at first, so I was already headed there when the captain asks me to check on him. It turned out Doug was OK, and the tone came from Art Delaney who was already outside. All's well that ends well, except for the white family who lost their home. That fire was one of the hottest I've been around. It gutted the whole building."

"It takes a great deal of courage to face the flames," Bill says, "I'm happy to see a young white man who's able to overcome his fear and rise to the occasion. I'll thank you, David, on our children and grandchildren's behalf as well as our own."

"KJ," Johnny says, "Tell Anna and her two escorts about that dude we saw on the bike."

KJ hesitates a moment. He squeezes her right hand, which is on his leg. It is not gloved today, which is unusual for her.

"What happened?" Anna says.

She looks at KJ and Johnny Bowen, and then back again.

"We were coming here, actually," KJ says, "and we saw a young white guy riding his bike along the margins of the road. He was standing with one foot on the seat and one on the handlebar, and when he went by he was still riding like that."

KJ realizes that the others are listening.

"It's out there," Bowen says after KJ stops talking, "Our youth still have courage." He rubs KJ's back again. "A lot of it, actually."

She looks down and smiles.

"Cristian said that same thing to me," Bill says, "He asked if I saw the graffiti at the bridge in Friendsville. Now I'm an old curmudgeon and I don't care for ugly scribbles, but what I prefer isn't as important as the courage the young men showed in climbing up there to leave their mark. Who were they, Cristian?"

Cristian is sitting beside Rob McKenna at the Donnelly Table.

"Two young white boys," Cristi says, "Locals, I'd guess. I saw them just as they were finishing their work. Wherever they're from, they risked life and limb to climb that high."

"What did they sign?" Anna asks.

"*Arch Enemy*," Cristi says, "And there was some art, I'd guess it was based on cover art or something like that. For young men like those two, bands like *Arch Enemy* are a symbol of loyalty and belonging. If you're white you're denied a group identity, so these two have found something to belong to that is a big part of their lives. They may not realize it, but there are deep and natural forces affecting these two daredevils. The kinds of forces we're born with and the enemy tells us to deny. To a lot of people it's just graffiti and a heavy metal band, but to those two it was worth risking their lives to show the world that they are part of something, and they exist."

"And to think we have our own daredevil climber right her," Bill says, returning to Aaron. He looks at the strong young man. "What's next on the schedule, Aaron? Do you mind sharing with us?"

"We're not certain yet," Aaron says, "but dad's helping me plan a trip to Cho Oyu. Dad's summited Gasherbrum II but I've never tried an eight-thousander. This will hopefully be my first."

"How tall is this mountain you're aiming to climb?" Bill asks.

"Eight-thousand two hundred meters, give or take," Aaron says, "It's the sixth highest mountain in the world."

"You once told me that the guides and experts make it easy," Bill says, "They're the ones with the courage. You'll be there someday, my boy. In the meantime, don't sell yourself short. I can't see myself doing what you enjoy so very much to do, but I can understand your passion. It's a marvelous spark you have. No one has the right to belittle you for it." Bill looks at the faces that hang on his every word. "I was with him and his old man three years ago. I watched them rock climbing at Seneca Rocks. It was child's play for those two, but for me and Megan it was breathtak-

ing, a true joy to watch. Cristian and Gary were with us on that little outing and young Anna, too. I can promise you that our youth still have all the courage of their forefathers, and sometimes more. It brings hope to this man's heart."

Bill looks at Johnny and KJ.

"Thank you, KJ," he says, "Thank you, Johnny, for bringing that up."

"It's so nice to hear about strong white men and women," Gary says, "especially young men and women. We heard enough stories from the World War Two crowd, as if they're the only ones who had any courage. Most of them never even fired a shot."

"Any man, or woman for that matter, who speaks as if he has a monopoly on courage is a damned fool," Bill says, "Especially if he speaks that way in front of a coal miner."

The room gets quiet enough that KJ can hear the refrigerator in the other room.

"Now you might think we're to the part where the old fool makes a hypocrite of himself by telling war stories from Northern Ireland, in a pitiful attempt to impress you with a boring old tale," Bill says, "Rather than offer you a valuable lesson from his past, the old fool tries to rub your nose in something he ought not talk about so often or so freely. But this old fool won't have any of that. You see, I knew two men in the Provos, the Provisional IRA. One of them was obvious enough. He never let you forget it. We used to sneak past him to avoid the same four stories he always told. He was in Derry in '69, Belfast in '72 and Armagh in '75. He always said 'We did this or that.' The fact that he was there wasn't the introduction of the story, it was the point."

"He should meet my great uncle," Cristian says, "One of the obedient generation the media calls the 'greatest generation.' He was there too; Paris, Remagen, and you better never forget it! Of course, other than going on about democracy and all the racial equality bullshit, he can't tell you why he was there. There's one other thing he forgets to mention, how he and the other 'greatest generation' members let some drill sergeant break them, or how they let the army turn them into obedient little followers of whatever the government wants them to believe. So Uncle Sam tells them that anti-miscegenation laws are undemocratic, well, the obedient generation was more than happy to spread their daughters' legs for democracy."

Austin Kelly has a look of humor on his face that he's keeping under wraps at the moment. His own great uncle acts just like Cristi's. He was an aircraft mechanic in California during World War 2.



"The first time we gathered around my ex-IRA acquaintance we expected to be amazed and honored when he shared his experiences with us," Bill says, "He'd been in all the important places when big things were happening. We soon learned that he really had nothing to say, but he would say it over and over...and over. It didn't matter that he'd become a boring old crank with nothing interesting to say, or that we'd elude him at every opportunity. He was there, and that meant more than any lesson he could give to us young bucks. It was just like your 'greatest generation.' They were there, and that's all that matters."

Bill looks at Johnny Bowen. He realizes how little he knows of Johnny's Iraq service, and how little Johnny has ever spoken on the subject.

"Now James was also in the Provos," Bill says, "In '72 he was in Belfast. He was in Tyrone a little later, Derry and Armagh and God knows where else. He never said a word about any of this till I asked him. His niece told me he was in the Provos when his nephew was killed by the SAS. Now it's not important the circumstances why we talked about it or what he had done, but what he told me stayed with me all my life. James didn't ask for the Troubles, not for a minute. He'd rather have been in Clifden raising his children, with a good woman at his side and a little homestead by the sea. For children to have a good life, they need their father to be there. As it was, James' children couldn't have a good life in Tyrone. They'd have no future as Catholic Irish. So this man of love and devotion faced a terrible choice. He could flee his home in hopes of a better life among Catholics in the south. But where does it stop in the end? There's no place we can go that cannot be uncovered and destroyed. James could have stayed put and hoped for the best. He could be there for his children, unless he fell victim to some UDA reprisal or cut down by someone's bomb meant for somebody else. But his children would have no future even if he stayed. They'd face the same evils he faced, only more entrenched and more powerful. There was a third way. He could fight, though it would be at great risk. He would have to delay and possibly sacrifice his dreams. But for his children to have any chance at a good life, he had to make a stand. His relatives agitated, they marched and spoke out. James took up the gun."

Bill looks at his wife, who is holding his right hand. No one speaks during the pause. No one takes a sip of beer or water.

"We don't see the bigger picture," Bill says, "A far greater evil is threatening us, one and all. Catholic, Protestant, Englishman; we are missing the darkness for the shadow. Now our children and our youth face

not only the possibility of a life worse than our own, but the possibility that they shall have no life at all. James talked more about what his relatives and colleagues had done. Hearts and minds, he would say, and in that order. He's right. That is the path to victory. But he would be first to tell you, there are barricades along that path that words alone will not clear, and threats that peaceful speech cannot eliminate. That's when men like James must take up the gun."

In the time that remains, both guests and hosts continue their individual conversations, though the atmosphere is much less jovial. There is a great deal on each person's mind. For some of those present, Bill's example of the IRA fighting man and the choice that he made represents quite a dilemma; for others, it would be the most difficult decision of their lives. For a few, the choice is less difficult, though even they wonder if the option to fight will remain viable in the long run.

Even Mason Walker succumbs to an introspective urge. In his soul he longs for a partner and a family of his own. Bill doesn't need to tell him that his children's future will be in jeopardy. He can see it in the anti-white impediments he faces, from hiring quotas to whites-only speech codes. So-called white privilege is the right to remain silent and passive in the face of rising hostility against the white race in general, and against young white men in particular.

As night replaces evening, it is time for Anna and KJ to depart. They both face another school day, although tomorrow is Friday. In the bathroom KJ changes back into her t-shirt and old jeans. It is a relief that she won't have to face Erica's inquisition about her wardrobe or the reasons why she's wearing something different than the usual clothes. She won't have to rush, either, nor will she hear her mother's comments when she leaves for her date on Friday. She'll meet Johnny at the Long Hall and then dress in the interior room. She can present herself to Johnny without him seeing her as she approaches in the Chevy or as she climbs out of the cab. Now, she can open the door to the hall and he can see all of her at once.

As usual, John Boyle was absent tonight. The night wind is cool but not unpleasant at the Coalsack Site. He spent the day at the range, sighting in a new rifle. By nightfall it sits on the table in the cabin, resting on its bipod and butt. This new weapon is much larger and heavier than the Remington and Parker-Hale rifles. It is also more powerful. Boyle wonders if Anna and KJ will be able to adapt to the .50-caliber beast. It's a question that shall remain unanswered for the time being. They have more tests to endure before they'll even handle this gun. Boyle is certain that

either young woman could become a terrific shooter without ever firing the new Barrett. Still, he is hopeful at least one of them can make use of its potency and ability to strike at extreme ranges. He knows that the longer the range, the less likely Anna or KJ will end up in the hands of the enemy. The longer the range, the less likely it is that a sentinel like Johnny Bowen will have to sacrifice his life to prevent such a tragedy.

Aaron Van Dyke remains in the entrance room as everyone save Bill Donnelly takes leave for the night. When the two are alone, Bill approaches the young man, who knew in advance that Bill wished to speak to him.

"Could you come by Saturday morning?" Bill asks.

Bill looks into the young man's eyes. Aaron never averts his gaze.

"I'd be happy to," Aaron says and smiles, "I think I know what's on your mind. It's on my mind, too."

"Thank you, Aaron," Bill says, "No one can thank you enough."

"There's no need, Bill," Aaron says, "I should thank you"

Bill and Van Dyke shake hands.

"The plan's a good thing," Aaron says.

Dawn presents another gorgeous spring day. It's Friday morning and the start of an important day for KJ, whose initial desire is to get through the drudgery and danger of school. Without Erica's watchful eyes, it's easy to destroy her daily pill. Today there are no insults or threats. Even Dagostino ignores her, and although she's ready to receive her punishment, he has yet to give her detention for Wednesday's defiance. Malaise is the most aggressive enemy and by 2PM KJ is ready to fall asleep in class. The end of the school day results in a metamorphosis, and the rejuvenated young woman flies out of her prison. When she arrives at the Long Hall she's relieved that Johnny hasn't yet arrived. She doesn't want him to see her until she's dressed for their date.

John Bowen arrives not long after KJ hits the shower. While he waits for her, he checks the white Chevy. Taking a jerry can from the Jeep, he adds some fuel to KJ's truck. She won't have to waste time and money on gas. He glances at himself before entering the hall. His ash and gray button down shirt is clean and pressed and very sharp on a man of his excellent physique. He wears a new pair of jeans and overall his attire is appropriate for their date. His recollection of the blue dress and the woman in that dress makes him second guess.

Inside the bathroom, KJ faces a similar bout of uncertainty. She's also becoming quite nervous. While she's been with Johnny several times and they're for all intents and purposes already dating, this seems completely different. She thinks of today's meeting, and what it represents,

and she closes her eyes and breathes deep. It does nothing to soothe her nerves. She shakes her head and opens the bottom drawer of the cabinet. Her new boots are still there. She wipes them, although it's not necessary as they are already spotless and shiny. Once the boots are on, she walks into the entrance room where Johnny Bowen awaits.

Although their choice of dress is contemporary it reassures neither of them. To Johnny, KJ is as beautiful as she's ever been. Her tight jeans and striped blouse – with a collar that extends to look like a striped tie – adorn the immaculate body that racial and personal genetics, together with hard work, have shaped to perfection. Her hair is long and straight and clean as always. It's thick as a mane and omnipresent on her upper body. By leaving it unfettered by bows or bands, she lets it free to flow down her chest and shoulders, which adds a feral element to her look. The feral beauty stirs Johnny deep inside, since it is a reflection of her pure and untamed soul.

Johnny is not the only one to feel such primal stirrings. KJ's attraction to his physical being had been growing, and today it reaches a new height. The warmth of spring allows for shirts without coats and other apparel; shirts that show more of a body's shape. Bowen is tall and his arms are very strong. His legs are powerful and his body is lean and formidable. In the early days of their acquaintance she would have described his face as "very handsome." As he exits the hall, the soft light of the waning sun on his face, his masculine beauty is a rival to that of Garret Fogarty's. She walks up to him, looking up into his green eyes. True, there may be a few men more beautiful to the eye, but none have such internal fire and passion surrounded by comeliness and musculature. In those eyes are a fierce love, as well as joy and sadness and a fanatical strength that can be sacrificial or merciless depending on what life demands of him. He can kill if it comes to it, and indeed he has. Those eyes could someday reflect a love for her the depths of which no other man could ever know. Of that she is sure; as sure as she is falling in love with the man behind those fiery green eyes.

They lavish their compliments upon one another and then he embraces her. Johnny smells her hair. Today was a day without shampoo, though KJ washed her hair as she does almost every day. He likes these days even more. The fruit smell is very mild, and the soft, natural smell of her hair and skin is a little stronger.

"I love that we're doing this," KJ says, "It's so nice to be with you like this!"

Johnny brushes her ample hair to the side.

"You, too, angel," Johnny says.

KJ suppresses the rising pain that comes from not knowing if she'll ever see him again, one day to the next. Today, at this moment, they are together, not as teacher and pupil or sentinel and shooter, but as a man and a woman.

Before they arrive in Oakland, Maryland, and the quaint little restaurant where Bowen has made reservations, the two stop by his Deer Park home. Nearby is a bike trail through a patch of thick woods that even in leafless months shields walkers and riders from the sun's rays. There they take a short walk that includes quite a bit of laughter. He holds her hand throughout their jaunt. More than once she looks at him and permits a brief daydream about the perfect future. As the time of the reservation approaches, Johnny drives KJ to the lovely little restaurant that sits on a wooded hill just outside of town. There is an enclosed porch along the side of the house-like structure. The warm weather and lack of patrons among the porch tables makes the location ideal for two young lovers.

Bowen hopes that KJ will not order something light or inexpensive out of consideration for his wallet. She does think about doing this, but she's one step ahead. She knows that he will take pleasure in watching her enjoy the meal. She's had *canard à l'Orange* during her days in Seattle and found it to be delicious. She wagers the duck with cherry coulis will also be excellent. Bowen requests a traditional Maryland meal: crab and pasta. It's part of his local heritage, and the taste is beloved by each member of the Bowen Family.

During the course of the meal, Johnny and KJ discuss music, a passion they both share. Bowen asks her for her thoughts on the new *Parkway Drive* release, which he loaded onto her iPod Touch. She mentions how she fell in love with the harder spectrum of music, when she was much younger, while listening to Seattle's "Funky Monkey" radio station and the music from her father's playlists and CD collection. It whetted her appetite and led her to hardcore and metal. To Johnny, the passion began as a desire to escape the white milquetoasts and black rappers that were ever-present on FM radio. Instantly he fell in love with the sound of hardcore punk and metal. Later, he realized that he was listing to the voice of the white soul. It was angry and usually misguided, but undeniably it was their voice.

Johnny asks about Seattle. Decatur, Illinois, is the furthest west he's been. There are wonderful and beautiful sights and experiences, she tells him. There is ugliness as well; a hateful, anti-white atmosphere that permeates coffee shops, public discourse and even private life. For her own

development and awakening, she is glad that they moved, though the climate and atmosphere and spectacular natural beauty were much more to her liking. Since she came to know Johnny, she is more thankful than ever that they moved. She is sad, though, that she cannot visit Puget Sound and the Columbia, beautiful Victoria on Vancouver Island and majestic Mt. Rainier. They seem like pictures from a dream.

KJ asks if he minds telling her about his family. Of course he doesn't mind. He skims over most of them, which in some cases gives the respective member a little too much credit. Then he arrives at Robert – Bob Welton. Johnny owes much of his own awakening to his uncle, who spent two years in prison for defending himself and a lifetime learning to fight and bringing broken machines back to life. Bob never married, though he came close. He lost his fiancée in the 1985 flood. He was an ambulance driver but quit after the flood. Later, he drove a delivery truck. While working in Baltimore and Annapolis he put his fighting skills to use, sometimes walking the nocturnal streets through black neighborhoods to see if anyone would jump him. It was a self-destructive practice and quite probably a death wish, though the experiences sharpened his skills and enabled him several years later to train an adolescent John Ashley Bowen. Bob's nephew proved to be an excellent pupil. In the end it was cancer, not reckless behavior that claimed Robert Welton. It was the one adversary he could not beat.

The duck is delicious. Johnny accepts KJ's offer to have a taste, but only under the condition that she sample the crab tortellini. He asks if she has other relatives who might be a little less hostile. Her grandparents and a few aunts and uncles live in Washington State and northern California. She hasn't seen any of them since her last trip to Seattle. Based on her previous experiences, none of them, not even the uncle from Eastern Washington would be sympathetic to her worldview. It would be hard to find a less sympathetic relative than her own mother, she must admit.

"At least none of them are the Green River Killer," KJ jokes.

For dessert, KJ orders a *torte-aux-pousses* which she pronounces with fluency. Johnny chooses the white chocolate cheesecake. The one beer he permits himself is empty so he requests a glass of water.

"You must speak French," Johnny says while they wait for dessert.

The sun is beginning to set outside.

"I speak it a little," says the young woman who speaks fluent French, "I began studying before primary school."

"That's cool," he says.

Then he gives her a pleasant surprise.

"Which primary school did you attend?" Johnny asks her in French.

Johnny studied French during his years at middle school and at Southern Garrett High. He's kept up with the language as often as he can. Her experience is much more profound and her pronunciation much better, though his is by no means poor.

KJ looks at him with surprise. Then she laughs.

"You never cease to amaze me, Johnny Bowen," she says in French. It sounds as if she were born there.

"Why'd you choose French?" he asks her, in English.

"It seemed so beautiful to me," she says, "It's a European language and it's part of our history. I'd like to find someone to talk to, though. I don't have anyone to talk to." She looks down and then back at him. "That's not true anymore, is it?"

"No," he says, "I can't help you much, but at least we can talk."

"You help me more than you might realize," she says.

Johnny reaches over and touches her hand.

The sight of the desserts is surpassed only by their taste. As expected, KJ insists that he try her pear cake. Again, he does so only after she promises to take a bite of the cheesecake. The waitress brings KJ another glass of imported mineral water. KJ thanks her and waits for her to leave before mentioning something that's been on her mind.

"What do you think about piercings?" she asks, "Like, if I got one?"

The intonation of her question is too high to be a simple inquiry. She has desire invested in this, and her hopes are strong that she won't displease him.

"Well," he says, "some say it's tribal and I can see where they're coming from." He continues before her spirits can sink too far. "But I don't always see it that way. It's like a tat. I don't mind if it doesn't damage who you are as a woman. I mean, a tat across the breasts is about the worst thing a woman could get. That's not art or expression; it's a stupid assault on her femininity. A tat on the face would be the same." He's wanted to emphasize that, since he correctly surmised that she's interested in body art. "But just like ink, if it doesn't interfere with who you are as a woman or f..." He stops before he says the word. "Or messes up your beauty and female identity, I don't have a problem with it. I mean, a little nose stud or that one below the lip, that doesn't bother me. I don't care for the tongue studs, though, that reminds me of a tramp stamp."

"I don't want that," she says.

"Good," he says, "But you know, angel, you don't really need any of that shit. I could see getting a tat, if it really means something to you. But

if you get a stud, it could get infected, especially if you end up in mud or in the water. You'd have to forget about swimming in the lake, at least for a few months, maybe forever."

"I'm not really into that anyway," KJ says without explaining.

"If you're really intent on getting one," Johnny says, "Get something discrete, no matter where you get it. If you do that, I'm sure you'll wear it well. This shit is different for a woman, you know. The lies about us being the same are bullshit. There's things that a woman shouldn't do, like get a tat on her ass or her chest, or her face, you know. She shouldn't get certain piercings, either, but I don't think you're interested in that. If you do get one, just remember that out in the woods or around water, be very careful not to get it dirty, especially the first six months or so. For that reason alone I can't recommend it."

She looks down for a moment.

"Is that, like, a deal breaker?" she says when she looks up at him, "I mean, if I got one?"

"Smoking cigarettes or pot, sleeping around, those are deal breakers," he says, "If I met you tomorrow and you had a little stud under your bottom lip, you'd still be the same angel to me."

She smiles.

"You know," she says, "We really are halves of a whole."

She looks at him as she finishes the last bite of dessert. They sit for a short while before rising, all the time admiring each other.

Before he opens the passenger side door for KJ, Johnny turns toward his angel and embraces her.

"I hope you had a good time," he says

"It was wonderful," she says.

He touches the side of her head.

"God," he says, "your hair is so fucking beautiful."

She hasn't cut it in some time. Where once is hung down to her breasts, it now laps the top of her belly.

"You like it like this," she says, "huh?"

"Oh yeah," he says, "I don't know a normal guy who wouldn't. Long like that, straight, and thick, it's just amazing."

He brings it around her sides of her face. From the middle of her sea of hair she closes her eyes and giggles softly.

No man has ever been like this with her. She knows that most of the boys at Uniontown High, and most males in general would yearn to bed her. None of them have ever or most likely would ever give her such meaningful and heartfelt affection. It's not an act of desperation or a ruse



meant to get inside her pants. That would be transparent to most women, let alone to a contemplative and sincere young woman who seeks the divine union between a white man and a white woman. KJ could see through such an attempt, whether it was out of malevolence or weakness. Johnny gives no sign of either.

He smells her hair and kisses her head while still holding her mane around her face. The faint smell of her hair is evocative of everything he ever wanted in his life.

"Thank you for not smoking," Johnny says, "It might sound strange, but it would ruin that soft smell of your hair."

"It's not strange," KJ says, "If I'd ever started smoking, I'd quit just so you could have moments like this."

She steps back to look into his eyes. The tiny little smile returns to her face.

"My fighter," she says.

The route to Uniontown and the Campbell House cuts through some of Maryland's most beautiful territory. In the dusk, KJ can see the lights of cottages and houses along Deep Creek Lake. The water shimmers in their glow. KJ finds herself wishing her trips to Washington State felt this way. The scenery was just as beautiful and some of the memories, such as Mt. St. Helens beneath the starry sky, are still dear to her. Otherwise, she laments. There was no truth, only the fog of lies laid by her parents and the American anti-society. There was the time spent at speeches and marches that was worse than time wasted. Of course, there was no one she could love like John Ashley Bowen.

"Everything I had was a lie," she says, watching the lamps along the waterfront, "The praise, the opportunities they made for me, and all that we did together as a family. The love was just a lie, a fucking lie. I'm just going to say it. I was supposed to love myself because I have a vagina. That removes my skin. If I loved my white skin and others with white skin, especially white men, then I was pure evil. As long as I stood in solidarity with other women and didn't ask why the fuck non-white women don't have to deny their race, then I was fine. I had to love myself and hate what I should have been. But that love is a lie. If I hate my skin, my flesh, if I hate my identity as a white, what does it matter if I'm a man or a woman? But it's worse than that."

She looks away from the lakeside lights and the inky nighttime waters and turns her head toward the man beside her.

"I wasn't supposed to hate myself," she says, "I was supposed to hate you."

Johnny watches the road in silence. KJ wants to touch him but she waits.

"They could tell from my first singing lesson that I could sing," she says, "I learned to write music when I was in primary school. My parents tried to open doors for me, but the doors all slammed shut when I asked too many questions. I stared at the truth that we all can see, but I didn't close my eyes and turn away. My parents punished me by cancelling my lessons, and finally they ended them forever. Everything they are, and everything I was, is just a lie. As long as I followed the anti-white script, everyone acted like they loved me. They didn't. They wouldn't know what it means to love. You can't deny who you are, and hate your bigger family and still have any love left inside of you."

Dark fields and patches of awakening trees replace the view of the lake. KJ returns her gaze to the outside world. Johnny is silent. *Darkseed's* "Left Alone" is just audible in the background.

"Is this a bad time?" she asks, "Tonight has been so nice, I don't want to fuck things up. I just..."

"We're good, KJ," he says, "Talk to me."

Her confidence boosted, KJ continues speaking.

"They always talk shit about love," she says, "The anti-whites. Love and fucking peace. My mother has a 'Coexist' bumper sticker on her Honda. No one hates as well or as deep as they do, and no one questions it. It's a given to them that a white man is an oppressor, or a nigger is a better lover and athlete, and if you see the mountain of evidence to the contrary, then you're the worst evil the world has ever known...the ultimate evil. You're a racist. If you tell the truth and you're white, you're a racist. If you're white, you're a racist. What is the cure for ultimate, irredeemable evil? Anyone who says less than total elimination must be sympathetic with evil. It doesn't take a powerful conspiracy to end up where we are. Those who profit are paid to ignore or even promote our extinction, and those fools under the spell march to the tune of the rich fucking piper. The few who see the truth have to shut up or end up punished, so a white man who tells the truth cannot even earn a fucking living. They have to punish us because we threaten their fucking money-making lies with our truth. This whole fucking system is a lie. The peace and the praise I get for being smart and talented, I get that only as long as I obey. It's all a lie. They adored the obedient little tool Kaylee Jane Campbell because she played their game and went with their lies. Then a bolt of lightning struck, and KJ was born, and they instantly started hating her...me. All it took was for me to stop being a slave, and so now they all hate me."

"KJ," Johnny says.

She looks at him.

"Yeah, sweetheart?" she says.

"Will you sing for me, someday?" he asks.

A little smile comes to her face and she looks down for a moment. It would be so powerful to sing for him, alone in the hall, but what if she cannot be his? How painful would that memory be to her wounded soul?

"It would hurt too much right now," she says, "Can you wait?"

"Sure, angel," he says.

Bowen slows when he sees a buck standing beside the highway. He claxons and it runs in the opposite direction.

"Johnny," she says, "What we have together is real. I'm here with you, and I'm who I am, a white woman. There are no more lies and no more hiding from who I am. My sex doesn't matter more than my color. My female body wears that color, and you make it feel so beautiful because of it. If we never have more than this, it still means more than anything in my life. What we have is real."

From his profile she can see him smile.

"Tonight was wonderful, Johnny," she says, "Thank you."

He reaches over with his right hand and rubs her leg, giving her lower thigh a soft squeeze before withdrawing. He's about to speak when she continues.

"Our trip is going to be fucking awesome," she says.

She doesn't tell him how much she needs the weekend excursion. The promise itself is a great solace to her battered spirits. He cannot tell her how much he needs it, either, lest he wound her with such a show of weakness from one of the few strong men in her life. He lets her know in his own way.

"I've been looking forward to it since it came up," he says.

KJ touches him. The faint look of sadness brought out by the baring of her soul makes way for a little smile; a hungry little smile. Tonight, as usual, Johnny will kiss her head before they part. He'll come closer than ever before to kissing her lips.

At 10AM Saturday morning, KJ and Anna are already at the Coalsack range. Having dropped KJ off at Coalsack, Johnny is driving back to Deer Park. At the Donnelly Homestead Aaron Van Dyke drives up to the front of the Long Hall, where he parks his orange Honda Element. Bill Donnelly and Garret Fogarty are standing just outside the door. Aaron has an idea what awaits, though the particulars remain to be seen. He climbs out of his vehicle and into the warm spring air.

It's warm enough today for short sleeves. Even Bill gets by with a windbreaker jacket. Today is a bittersweet day for the elder Donnelly. Aaron could be a good fit for his daughter and a cherished addition to the clan. It is likely that after today Bill will never see him again. The three greet and embrace, and then begin their slow walk to the thick woods around the vacant pasture.

Twenty-one years previous, Aaron Van Dyke entered the world in Ross Township, Pennsylvania. The son of alpinists Alan Van Dyke and Becca McKee, Aaron began his own mountaineering career early in childhood, and by his late teens he'd summited McKinley in Alaska. So great was his passion that he forsook college and took a job working for his father at his outdoor equipment shop in Pittsburgh. For much of his life he was like most contemporary males. He believed that, deep down, all races are more or less the same. His mother and father never seemed to lavish unmerited praise on non-whites. Neither were they critical or condemnatory. Most often, they avoided the dangerous subject. It wasn't until a black criminal robbed the store and critically injured the cashier that Aaron began to realize that the pursuit of racial equality is a lie. When his father gave a description of the shooter, the details made the evening news – all except one. With vacant stares, the male and female reporters – both white – left out the race of the perpetrator. To this day, the criminal remains at large. If he had struck one hour later, 17 year old Aaron Van Dyke would have been at the register, and he would have been the one paralyzed for life.

Many would ignore such a detail and continue living their comfortable life of lies. Aaron was incensed. At the same time, a major security alarm manufacturer was running an ad campaign on television. In every commercial, without exception, the criminals thwarted by the security system were white males. Often they resembled Aaron Van Dyke. Always they were violent and brutish, and in at least one case, a blond male was portrayed as a vicious rapist. In over half of these cases the helpful telephone assistant was black.

The moment of truth came the next year. Aaron Van Dyke, during the course of an internet search, encountered the BUGS website and read Bob Whitaker's Mantra. All of the observations from a lifetime of being white in an anti-white nation would soon crystallize into a major epiphany. The American system and the establishment that promotes and defends it with ferocity are not anti-racist; they are anti-white. White nations and only white nations must accept massive non-white immigration. If Japan or Tanzania refuses to accept non-Japanese or non-African immigrants,

there is hardly a word of condemnation. If Arizona attempts to curtail the swelling tide of illegal non-white immigration, let alone legal non-white immigration, the very government of the United States attacks the state and does its best to undermine the state's sovereignty and prevent the policing of its border. In the mass media, commercial after commercial promotes miscegenation. White males are criminals or buffoons, white women are condescending to their own men, and minorities are saints and supermen. Van Dyke knew several blacks at North Hills High. He was in better physical shape than any of them. Even that didn't matter so much; what mattered was the fact that an anti-white creed was omnipresent, and its cult-like adherents would not rest until his race ceased to exist. The expressions and creations of his people would vanish with their passing. The very look that made him unique would die out forever. From that point on, Aaron Van Dyke was awake to racial reality.

When his mother suggested that they join the Celtic Society in Cumberland, Maryland, Aaron was vigorous in his approval. Though the drive would be a long one and the time invested on Saturdays would be great, Aaron was eager to experience at least some of his people's traditions and experiences. If there'd been a similar Dutch club, he'd have joined that one as well. To his dismay, there was none in the vicinity. The Celtic side of his heritage at least would not go unexplored.

During his first time attending the Celtic Society, Aaron Van Dyke met Garret Fogarty. He also met the Donnelly Family. Aaron hoped to find at least one kindred spirit among the membership. He found a core of them. Although he was not present at the "Big Meeting", the outcome would have been no different had he been.

A short while after the threesome enter the forest, Bill, who is in the lead, turns around to look upon his two young accomplices. The woods provide a shelter for these men, each one a lover of wild places and natural beauty. The woods also provide a measure of security. A short sweep by Garret turns up nothing but an irate fairydiddle. When Garret returns, Bill and Aaron cease their hushed conversation and Bill gets to the essential reason for the meeting.

"Aaron," Bill says, "I'd imagine you know that what we're discussing here is of great importance. I'm sorry we have to meet under these unwelcome circumstances. Some time ago, I was thinking about the old society, and the members who have come and gone. It dawned on me that there'd been no formal introduction of yourself with the members who are no longer in touch with me or my family. In a way, you have remained anonymous among the departed membership. That may seem a trifle,

and indeed it probably is, but trifles cannot be overlooked when lives are at stake."

"That's why you told me about Procyon," Van Dyke says.

"Yes," Bill says, "That's also why we have to ask another favor of you."

Aaron looks at Garret and then back at Bill.

"We need to keep your name away from our little group," Bill says, "That's why we request that you no longer come here, or associate with the former membership."

"They'll think I've had a change of heart," Aaron says, "They might even think I'm betraying you."

"We are very near to a sea change," Garret says, "Those who remain will know why you left. Those who turn away will think you made the same difficult choice that they have. No one will ever think of you as a traitor."

Aaron looks at the two of them again. He says nothing.

"This would be a tremendous gift from you, Aaron," Bill says, "Your efforts could save those who are about to face more than mere condemnation."

"You know about Dullahan," Garret says, "What you give us will enable a different kind of activism. You will have your own life. You can pursue a mountain climbing career and the other joys and passions a young man desires from life. You can have a wife and children, and God willing, you shall. Our agreement will give us the chance to do our part, all thanks to your sacrifice. It will pain us to no longer see you at the hall, but soon most of us will have to leave the place behind as well. No one will force you to make this decision. It is entirely yours to make. I will urge you to consider it."

"There won't be any contact?" Aaron asks, "How will I know when things change, or what I should do?"

Garret removes a folded piece of paper from his pocket. He hands it to Van Dyke, who opens and reads it.

"This is your code," Garret says, "You and I alone will know it. Below the code is an email address I set up and the access password. Only the two of us will know the address. Please, Aaron, once you memorize the code and email address and the password, destroy the paper. Keep them in your memory. Write them now and again to stay sharp, but don't have a copy on you."

Aaron nods and folds the paper. He holds it in his hand.

"Things never should have come this far," Garret says, "But they have. There will be no triumph without extreme measures on our part."

There will be no peace for those who are young and those who have yet to be born if there is no price for treason. If treason against our race continues to be safe and profitable, we will never survive. Aaron, I ask for your help. We need a person such as you, or the Procyon safe house cannot exist. I understand that this is a grave decision. I'll contact you in the next couple of months, via coded email. Until then, think about your future and the future of your children and grandchildren. Think about whether you can and will be a part of our fight to save their futures. I know this is a grave decision, Aaron, but whatever you decide, we request that you no longer visit this place. I have no doubt that whatever your decision, you will continue to love and cherish our people, and I thank you for that."

"Thank you, son," Bill says.

Bill hugs Van Dyke, who holds on tight to the elder Donnelly. Bill pats his back and they separate. The look on Bill's face reveals some of his pain. It is likely that Bill and his family shall never again see Aaron Van Dyke.

"What are my responsibilities?" Aaron asks, "I need to know so that I can tell you if I'm not up to any of them."

"Your name," Garret says, "unattached to any of us, will make it much more difficult for the enemy to track down our safe house. As owner of a house in rural West Virginia, a place where an alpinist can crash for a little necessary rest and recovery time, you'll draw little if any suspicion whether you visit on occasion or not at all. You are a busy man, with all the 8000 meter peaks awaiting you, and no one will expect you to spend your life at the house. Our little group will pay the bills and take care of the place. All we need is your name, unattached to any of our activities, so that none of our names on deeds or contracts lead them to our safe house. I won't lie to you, Aaron. There are risks. But those of us who cannot have a semblance of a normal life will need sacrifices from those who can."

Van Dyke looks down and nods. When he looks back up into Garret's eyes, a little smile returns to his face. Garret offers his hand, which Van Dyke takes, and the two young men embrace as he and Bill had done.

Back at the parking lot of the Long Hall, Bill and Garret watch Aaron Van Dyke as he walks to his vehicle. He turns to look at them, perhaps for the last time ever. He recalls the society's hurling matches and how he admired the intellect and aggression of Garret Fogarty during their impromptu games, as well as the discussions they had about God knows how many topics. His admiration grew when Garret helped with the creation of the Dullahan Project, and proved to be an able fighter. Though Aaron does

not know it, Garret reciprocates a similar admiration for the man who by appearance could be his brother or first cousin. Ever since he met Aaron and accompanied him on what was for Van Dyke a simple rock climb, Garret has been much impressed with the young man.

"Take care, my boy," Bill says.

"Give 'em hell," Aaron says.

As the orange Honda rolls down the driveway to Old Braddock Road, Aaron reaches out and waves. Bill touches Garret's shoulder before he, too, must depart for the day. As tough as it is to bid farewell to a kinsman of like mind, for Bill it is a painful reminder of the farewells to come.

On Sunday, John Boyle introduces a new element into the young women's training. KJ and Johnny arrive at Coalsack to find no sign of Boyle except a note pinned to the cabin door, which is visible from Bowen's Jeep. Johnny approaches the cabin, pistol in hand. After a few precautionary glances inside the window and around the porch, he reads the note.

*Anna and KJ:*

*Shoot for two hours,*

*Then find me if you can.*

*John Bowen: Stay around the cabin.*

*You can kiss KJ's head later.*

Johnny shakes his head. He opens the unlocked cabin door, has a quick look and then calls to KJ to come to the porch. There she loads her rifle and takes a seat at Johnny's side. He stays with her until Anna arrives. When she does, the two ladies follow Boyle's instructions. Johnny waves to Anna and watches them leave from the cabin door.

After completing their practice at the range, Anna, the experienced tracker, attempts to pick up Boyle's trail. It takes her a while to find any fresh signs, but once she does she follows with increasing speed. She mentions to KJ what she sees, but for now the tracking process is alien to KJ. Most of the signs are subtle and she cannot differentiate them, in spite of her powers of observation. Eventually, the trail leads Anna to a stand of shagbark hickory. It is there that John Boyle sits on a folding chair. He sips a cup of coffee as he watches them approach.

"Good," he says, "I was hoping I wouldn't have to come find you." He rises. "Let this be a lesson. If you pass through someplace, the enemy can and will track you. It's more important that you get to your point of escape than worry about covering every little trace."

"What if I wait for the tracker?" KJ says, "Or I can deliberately make a trail for an ambush."



"That's a different matter," Boyle says, "But I can't see you doing that. Remember, they won't be coming at you with two lovely birds like yourselves. They'll send a company of men and a fuckin' lot of lead. Take your shot, hit or miss, and get the fuck out."

On the way back to the cabin, Anna and KJ talk about Bryce, KJ's date and Anna's retaliation against the laptop. There is laughter and arms around shoulders, and a little tomfoolery. Boyle is about to warn them to be a little more cautious when a startled doe comes crashing through the redbud and hophornbeam. Both girls scramble into cover and ready their rifles. Boyle figured that Anna would react in this manner. He's pleased that KJ does as well. Bowen's done more than just kiss her head.

The last three days have been beautiful for KJ. On Sunday night, she goes to bed wondering when the axe will fall. At Uniontown High and in the joyless Campbell House, its heavy blade is always poised to swing. Erica has been quiet in spite of KJ's defiance of Dagostino. A little too quiet, in fact; Erica has something in store. On Monday morning at the breakfast table, KJ finds out what.

"You won't be going to school today," Erica says.

KJ shoots a glance toward the kitchen door where Erica stands. The vast majority of students would love to hear those words. KJ knows that whatever awaits her, she'll wish she was in class. She doesn't ask why Erica is keeping her home.

Erica finishes putting on her earrings and enters the kitchen. She's dolled-up for work and does look fetching, or she would to those who do not know her. She's the second-most attractive female in the room. Her hair still damp, her body dressed in old jeans and a *Cruel Hand* t-shirt that came in a size larger than she ordered, KJ still beats her mother in attractiveness, and not by a little.

"I've arranged a meeting with Officer Felton of the Pittsburgh Bureau of Police," Erica says, "I really wish I'd have done this earlier."

"What did I do?" KJ asks.

She feels hot all of a sudden, like she's been slapped. Should she warn Johnny? Bill? Should she run out the door, never to return? They'd break into the pickup and read her Kindle. She won't talk; she knows she won't. She'll die first.

"It's about keeping you out of trouble," Erica says.

KJ looks at her without saying a word.

*So this is how you deal with your racist daughter. You threaten her with the police.*

"Hurry up and finish," Erica says, "I'll be in the car."

KJ finishes breakfast in the next few minutes. She destroys the sertraline and then waits until Erica loses patience and lays on the horn.

It's cool outside and cloudy, but not cool enough for warm KJ to wear a jacket. An unbuttoned long-sleeve shirt is enough.

"Do I need anything?" KJ asks when she gets to the car.

"Get in," Erica says, "You know I have work."

KJ climbs into the Honda Accord. The only sounds during the drive to Pittsburgh come from the motor, the road and the wind. Erica doesn't turn on the radio and neither mother nor daughter says a word during the trip. The silence lasts until they arrive at the police station.

"Remember," Erica says, "This is a chance for you to turn your life around. It could be your last chance, so be on your best behavior."

KJ says nothing.

"Am I making myself clear?" Erica asks.

She stares into KJ's eyes. KJ does not flee from Erica's stare.

"Of course," KJ says.

"I'll have to leave after your meeting gets started," Erica says, "You can take a cab home." Erica takes out an envelope and hands it to KJ. "Here's money for the fare. I called to get the exact amount. Once you're finished, call the number on the envelope and they'll send a cab."

"How can I call?" KJ asks.

She doesn't tell Erica about the cell phone in her handbag.

"Take the Trac Phone from the glove box," Erica says, her voice laced with rising aggravation.

KJ takes the phone and then waits for Erica to exit the car. Before doing so herself, she removes the little knife from her left boot and slides it beneath her seat. Security in this ugly fortress will be much better than at Uniontown High. Erica leads KJ into the front office of the bureau headquarters. It is a drab and imposing place, with a banded structure that looks like there are bars around the entire building. Several police cars are parked around the front and sides.

*Belly of the beast*, KJ thinks.

As they pass through security, the attending officers have KJ remove her boots and gloves. They allow her to put them on again after she passes. Pittsburgh is roughly 65% white, though it would appear that the percentage of non-white police officers is skyrocketing. The two security personnel are black, as is the officer at the desk who sees Erica and waves her forward.

"Good morning, ma'am," he says, "Miss," he adds when he looks at KJ.

"Good morning, officer," Erica says, "My name is Erica Campbell. I've arranged a meeting between Officer Denise Felton and my daughter, would you be a dear and see if the officer has time to meet with her?"

The little smile disappears from the black officer's face. He cannot or will not try to hide the antagonism that replaces his once-jovial expression. It's clear to KJ that Officer Felton has told the others about her. The male at the desk calls Officer Felton, who is free to meet with KJ.

"Third door on the right," he says.

"You heard the man," Erica says before KJ has time to move. "Thank you, officer," Erica says, and manages to get a smile from the large black policeman.

Erica turns away from KJ and walks toward the exit. KJ takes a deep breath and starts down the hallway. When she comes to the door she does not hesitate to enter. KJ will not fear these wards of the state. They enforce a status quo that means death for her race.

Sitting at the giant desk is a black female officer. KJ assumed she would be non-white. It just added up. Felton is small and thin, with that condescending look common to black women in positions of power. She looks to be in her early 40's.

When Felton does not look up from her monitor after a few moments, KJ attracts her attention.

"My mother arranged a meeting with you," she says.

KJ looks straight at Felton.

"Have a seat, Miss Campbell," Officer Felton says.

Felton looks at KJ after she takes a seat in front of the big desk. The officer makes a triangle out of her hands and holds them in front of her mouth. KJ responds by crossing her legs so that her tall black army boot is visible.

"Miss Campbell," Felton says.

"KJ," KJ says.

"KJ," Felton says, "I've agreed to meet with you at the urgent request of your mother. I've known Erica for five years now. I've worked with her and I've also met your father. I have come to know them as reasonable and compassionate people who are very worried about their daughter and the choices she's making. Based on the litany of run-ins you've had these past two years, I can't say I blame them."

KJ stares at her but says nothing.

"I am not a psychiatrist," Felton says, "and it's not my desire to impersonate one. From what your mother tells me, you are a very intelligent young woman. Until high school, you consistently achieved a 4.0 GPA,

you speak French like a Parisian and impressed your instructor with your first singing lesson. You used to apply yourself in school. Then something unfortunate happened. It would appear you've based your life on that one unfortunate event. Wrongs were committed, inflammatory language was used, maybe the school did not deal with the incident in the way you'd prefer. It is in the past now, KJ, and you can either let it go or continue to destroy your life based on this one incident."

"Did anyone care to tell you why they sexually assaulted me?" KJ asks.

"I took it upon myself to speak to your principal, Mr. Weems," Felton says. She opens a folder on her desk and reads from a printed list. "On May 1st, you were suspended for racist language during the aforementioned incident."

"Sexual assault," KJ says.

Felton ignores her and continues speaking.

"On the 4th of October, you were involved in another racial incident," Felton says, "You were accused of leaving hateful and racist graffiti on a fellow pupil's locker. Recently you were involved with, and possibly provoked a violent altercation with a minority student during which you uttered insults of a racist nature."

Officer Felton looks up at KJ.

"Whoever you think you are," Felton says, "or whatever you think you believe, keep in mind, KJ, as you sit there opposite me, I am not seeing a rebellious young woman. I'm seeing a girl who is falling apart."

"Did anyone tell you why they chose me as their target?" KJ asks.

"Are you really going to allow one incident to define your life?" Felton asks, "Who you are as a woman?"

"It wasn't an incident," KJ says, "It was sexual assault."

Felton sighs and closes her eyes. She rubs the bridge of her nose with her fingers and then looks at KJ.

"I'll be blunt, Miss Campbell," Felton says.

"KJ," KJ says, interrupting Felton.

"Miss Campbell," Felton says with raised voice, "If you continue down this path, we will meet again, and I can guarantee you that it will not be to your liking."

"Is racism a crime now?" KJ asks.

"Hate crimes most certainly are, Miss Campbell," Felton says.

"Like sexually assaulting a girl because she's white?" KJ asks.

"Or attacking a boy because he's Jewish," Felton says.

"Or aiding and abetting white genocide," KJ says.

"If I were you, Miss Campbell," Felton says, "I'd spend less time on Stormfront and more time on my studies."

"I don't go to Stormfront," KJ says.

"I can see I'm wasting my time," Felton says, "You have a lot of issues, and from one woman to another I wish you luck with that."

"Being female is irrelevant to those issues," KJ says.

"If you take anything away from our conversation," Felton says, "Remember this: Continue the path you've chosen, and we will cross paths again, if not with me then one of the other officers. This outdated, racist worldview you pursue will get you into trouble. It already has. Think about a life behind bars, Miss Campbell. Do you really want that?"

"It won't come to that," KJ says.

Her response takes Felton by surprise.

"See that it doesn't," Felton says.

The officer looks back at her monitor. KJ takes the queue and leaves.

At Uniontown, the student body and faculty collect in the auditorium for a rare assembly. The brainchild of Weems and Mr. Belt, a history teacher, the event is ostensibly a discourse on diversity and coexistence. Like all such discussions, it is a lecture against white racism, with the typical vague conditions that implicate every person with white skin. Recent events have terrified the faculty. Weems, et al, hopes that by holding this event they will appease the black race hustlers, irate Jews and white anti-whites. In the unlikely event that Kaylee Jane Campbell lashes out, it will make life easy for Weems. He will expel her and promise more pro-diversity programs. He did not dare punish her attackers for sexual assault for fear of being branded a racist, particularly since she'd used the forbidden n-word. He will gladly exile a racially-conscious white woman who is not guilty of any actual crime. Whites like him never pay a price for their betrayal, and that fact encourages Weems to practice a flagrant double standard when dealing with white and non-white students.

As the invited guest speaks to the captive audience of mostly white youth, Mr. Dagostino scans the crowd for KJ's face. So does Weems. Neither can suppress their curiosity. For Weems, holding the assembly is more than a little vindictive. He'd relish seeing her squirm. She disturbed his peace. She could have just kept her mouth shut while they felt her up, or at least apologized for using that...word. He looks over the crowd several times, without any luck.

"Where's Kaylee Campbell?" he asks Dagostino at last. Dagostino shrugs.

Weems turns to Mrs. Compton, seated to his right.

"Was Kaylee Campbell in school today?" Weems asks.

"Didn't you listen to my message?" Compton asks, "Her mother called. She's not coming in today."

"What?!" Weems says, "Then why the hell are we doing this?"

The crowd cannot hear their principal. They see him gesticulate and throw his pen into the air.

KJ arrives home at noon. She spends the afternoon exercising, reading her Kindle and listening to music. When Erica arrives, KJ is already at the grocery store.

On Tuesday, John Bowen takes a load of diesel fuel to Carmichaels, Pennsylvania. He's made arrangements so that he can leave the day cab near Masontown. Bill will pick him up and take him to the hall. It will give Johnny a little more time to spend with KJ. Today their self-defense training will get more intense. He believes she's ready, though he wants to test her first. As he ponders the nature of the test, he imagines a scenario that would have been perfect for Garret's Laurel Mountain Sparring Club. In light of KJ's tense meeting with Officer Felton – which Johnny does not know about – and the depth of her feelings for Bowen – which Johnny is beginning to suspect – the idea that he settles on is quite foolish.

School is uneventful and to KJ's surprise Erica does not confront her over her words with Felton. This creates some unease for KJ, but she shoves it out of her mind as she drives to the Donnelly Homestead. This time, Bowen is at the hall when she arrives. They embrace as usual and then head inside. There he takes her into his arms again. He kisses her head and she steps back.

"Wait until I clean up," KJ says, "I was in that shithole all day."

Johnny grabs her and pulls her close. He smells her hair again.

"No shithole could make you smell bad," he says. He kisses her hair and with a gentle motion sways her back and forth. "You can clean up after we practice, we'll have supper then."

The two make for the room to the right. Johnny excuses himself so that she can change into exercise leggings, and when he returns she begins stretching.

"Don't put on the gloves," he says, "You won't be using them. When you're done, come over here, by me."

She stares at him for a moment or two, and then when she's completed stretching she approaches.

"I think you're ready for some more difficult lessons," Johnny says, "Your balance is excellent. I need to assess your power. Now, when I say so, try to strike me."

"No!" KJ says in an instant.

"KJ," Johnny says, "I need to know."

In her mind she tells herself he'll block or dodge the blow. No, she thinks, he'll block it, that way he can feel her power.

He tells himself that this is a good idea. He's not obtuse. He knows she won't like it. Some things are for her own good, whether she likes it or not. She'll get over it. She's strong.

"OK," he says, "When you see an opening, strike."

They square off. At one point she stops and shakes her head. He looks at her and shrugs. She readies her arms again.

In less than two minutes she sees an opportunity. He opens up his defense. She could strike right now. It would land on his jaw. She drops her arm and exhales hard through her nose.

"What the fuck, KJ?" he says.

"Why would I want to hit you?" she says, "Do you think I'd ever do that?"

"We need to practice," he says, "Now, stop fucking around and go for it this time. Strike! Don't wait or think about it, just fucking strike!"

He gets into position.

"This time I'm going to come forward," he says, "When you think you see an opening, strike."

*He'll block it, she thinks, He needs to know if I'm getting enough power. But I'm still hitting him! It might be his arm or shoulder, but I'm still hitting the man I love. I swore I'd never do that.*

She stops, her arms hanging by her sides.

"OK, look," he says. "Don't picture me and don't picture you. This is a training exercise. Would you hit a glove? Well, I need to know if you're generating enough power to stun an opponent long enough for you to escape. Or at least hinder him from grabbing you. KJ, please..."

"OK," she says, her eyes looking down.

*He'll block it, she thinks.*

Bowen makes a move toward her.

She's ready. He gives her a target. Even with her lack of experience, she knows he'd never make this kind of elementary mistake. He's giving her a place to strike.

*He'll block it with his hand, she thinks.*

He's that quick in a fight. She's seen it when he shows her techniques in full speed. She's fast too, but inexperienced and less talented in this discipline.

*He'll block it easy, she thinks.*

He stops for a second while she contemplates. Then he continues. He presents the same target, right before her eyes and within range of her lightning-fast reflexes. This time she doesn't think. This time she strikes.

In order to see if KJ can disrupt an attacker, Bowen thinks he needs to be in the attacker's place when she launches a full-force strike. He believes it's best for her that he knows, so that he can adjust her training. Can she progress; or does she need to concentrate on power? It's a noble and terrible idea.

Bowen does not block her strike. He does not avoid its power. Her fist strikes him hard on his lower left cheek, just above the jaw. It is loud and although he could resist a harder blow, it is more powerful than he thought possible from a girl so short in stature. In fact, it is far more powerful than he expected it to be. It's powerful enough to make him turn his head and take two steps back to steady himself. He feels the rush of a fighter who's just been hit – very hard – but he stifles the involuntary fury that threatens to rise. He was ready for that surge of anger and controls it in an instant.

KJ takes several quick steps backward. She throws her hands up to her mouth and gasps. There is shock and horror in her blue eyes. Bowen sees her reaction. He starts to realize that this was a bad idea. He wants to rub his jaw and smile. He wants to show her he's fine, even as his face hurts much worse than he was expecting it to hurt. He also wants to praise her for a good strike. He does neither.

"Yes! That's it, KJ," he says, "That's how to do it."

He tastes blood from his mouth. Bowen closes his lips and tries to clear the blood with his tongue. It's still flowing, pretty bad. He must not let her see the slightest hint of his blood. He realizes that it will hurt her badly. This was a terrible idea.

KJ turns her head and waves her hand.

"I'm done," she says, "I'm not doing this anymore."

"It's OK, KJ," he says, "I'm fine! Look..."

She turns to him, a look of painful urgency on her face. "I just fucking hit you," she says, "Even by accident, you know? Fuck it, no more. I'm not hitting you anymore. Ever."

"I need to know, KJ," he says, "You didn't hit me." He taps his chest. "I told you to strike, and I let it land. That's my doing. Now settle down, KJ, I'm fine."

"I promised myself I'd never hurt you!" she says, "And now I'm a fucking liar! I just fucking hurt you. I just punched you for God's sake!"

"I'm tough, KJ," he says, "I can take it, you know."



"I know you're tough!" KJ says, "I know you're so fucking strong but...but you don't have to bleed on me to prove it!" She looks around and steps back again. Then her sad eyes look back into his. "And I did it. I did it to you. I hurt you."

"This doesn't hurt me," Johnny says and then brushes his jaw with the back of his hand, "I don't give a fuck about this kind of pain. You really don't wanna hurt me? Huh? Then leave that goddamned house where they treat you like shit. Leave that goddamned school where any nigger could stab you. Leave behind that fucking miserable life and come be with the people who cherish and respect you...who love you."

KJ opens her mouth to speak, then looks down and shakes her head. A look of hurt is on her face and he can see that she's close to tears. She turns and walks to the little bench next to the far door. Johnny follows. She sits down, her hand shielding the right of her face from his eyes. He kneels close in front of her.

He says her name and puts his hand on her knee. She lowers her hand and looks into his eyes.

"What do we do, Johnny?" she says, "Tell me."

He gets up and then sits down beside her. She leans into him and, when he puts his arm around her, she lays her head against his body.

"We get through this," he says, "Things will change, angel. It's ugly right now. It's so ugly right now." He takes her hand.

KJ closes her eyes and feels the warm tears sliding down her face.

"Johnny," she says, "yesterday my mother took me to a police station in Pittsburgh. Some nigger cop lectured me about hate crimes and...and being racist and all that fucking shit. I defied her but I was so scared." She looks up at him, deep into his eyes, with a frantic growing on her face. "I swear to God I didn't tell them anything. I didn't say a fucking word to them about you or anyone else."

"Shh...I know you won't talk," he says. He kisses her head again. He keeps his mouth closed when he does so. He's still bleeding. "I trust you, my beautiful little angel. You won't betray us, I know." She nuzzles him as he rubs her shoulder.

After a few minutes she sits up and looks into his face. She reaches over and caresses his jaw, near where the strike landed.

"I just don't want to hurt any of you," she says, "I love all of you so much."

She flashes a sad little smile. There is a sympathetic look on her beautiful, porcelain-white face. She puts her other hand on his right cheek and gently shakes his head side-to-side.

"Don't ever do that again," KJ says, "If you won't spare yourself the pain, then spare me, alright?"

"OK," Johnny says. He runs his hand over her head. "You're getting good power anyway."

Bowen cleans his teeth and gums with his tongue to be sure there's no visible blood. He shows that half-smile that speaks of sympathy and hints of desire. She loves that look, but today she has to feign her joy. He's still bleeding and she sees it on his teeth when he smiles.

"You mad at me?" he says.

She shakes her head.

"Good," he says, "You'll hit the heavy bag, right?" She smiles and nods. "Come on," he says.

She rises from the bench. With a rapid but restrained swing of his arm he slaps her behind. She looks at him with surprise and gasps, but there is no outrage or upset in her expression.

"Put on the boxing gloves," he says.

For the rest of the evening KJ does not make much progress with self-defense training. She laughs and leans her forehead against the heavy bag and goofs off. She poses like a boxer and tries to see how fast she can throw punches. Bowen encourages her. She needs a little release. He remembers the first time the police tried to intimidate him.

When Johnny Bowen was 17, he got into a fight while hanging out with friends in Cumberland. The three had just eaten lunch at a little grill not far from the interstate.

His opponent was a sizable black male who didn't care for the way the three "white boys" were staring at him and his smaller companion. Up to that point, bluster and threat had worked with white males. Odds were, it would always work. But even excellent odds sometimes don't pay off, especially when the game is violence.

This time, the moment the large black male uttered the phrase "What the fuck you lookin' at white boy?" Johnny Bowen replied, "None of your fucking business, nigger!"

The stinging and unexpected rebuke did not sit well with Mr. Holloway. He was used to whites being passive and apologetic. Despite his companion saying "Fuck these crackers" and urging him to disengage, Holloway chose the most vocal of the three as his target for intimidation. In spite of a second warning by his prescient cohort to end the confrontation, Holloway approached Johnny and entered his defensive space. The second he did, Johnny launched a savage attack that more or less ended the confrontation. A late, ill-advised attempt by the injured Holloway to

attack Bowen resulted in Johnny inflicting another round of pain and the bleeding black antagonist.

The police tried their best to threaten and trick the three whites into altering their stories. In the end, they did not file any charges. Only one other witness came forward – an anonymous restaurant patron, and he confirmed John Bowen's side of the story. Not content to let sleeping dogs lie, the police would question Johnny again, over a month later. His emotional release after that unpleasant episode was to pound on a heavy bag and drink too much; the one time in his life he hugged the toiled from alcohol. It would have been nice to have had someone like KJ that evening.

The expected confrontation with Erica never materializes and KJ spends Wednesday evening at the pistol range with Bowen. They take the session a bit more serious than yesterday, though neither of them denies the occasional expression of affection. After the two finish supper in the Long Hall, she manages a little smile, and he caresses her cheek.

"I was so caught up and emotional yesterday," KJ says, "I hope I said I'm sorry for hitting you. If I didn't, I am. I am so sorry."

A little pain replaces the little smile.

"If knowing you is some kind of dream," he says, "Don't wake me up."

"It's not," she says, "I'm real, Johnny, and so are you."

The smile returns. KJ reaches across the little table and squeezes his hand. Her tight black gloves are as smooth as her warm skin. This pair goes up close to her elbows, which like the rest of her arms are uncovered by the sleeveless t-shirt.

Bill visits the two before they depart. Both he and KJ would wish to spend more time together, but such opportunities are becoming rare. To Bill, it's more important that she learn and practice. Anyway, she's a young woman now, and by this stage a strong, dedicated man is more important than a surrogate father. Her biological father has failed her and she will be searching for ways to express the love she neither felt nor was able to give. Bill suspected that she would find a man among the group and that the relationship would take flight. He'd hoped it would be Johnny, the one who in Bill's mind is most suitable for KJ Campbell. He'd also hoped that he could become somewhat of a father figure to the bereaved young woman, but not at the expense of her relationship with a strong white man. He could not be more pleased with how events are turning out.

Bill pulls KJ aside as Johnny waits for them outside.

"Are you still available Friday?" Bill asks KJ.

"You mean the trip to Pittsburgh?" she says, "Yeah, that would be excellent!"

"Good," Bill says, "KJ, does this honestly mean that much to you? It's a painful procedure, you know, and a lot worse to have one removed."

"Yes," KJ says, "Some things are eternal. This is one of them, like my awakening."

He touches her cheek and smiles. Then Bill gives her a piece of paper from his jacket pocket.

"Here's the number," he says, "Call and iron out the details tomorrow."

Before he opens the door to let her outside, he glances out the window and then back at KJ.

"You two mean a great deal to me," Bill says, "It's a joy to see you getting along so splendidly."

KJ takes his hand and smiles, a little embarrassed but genuinely happy. He hugs her before opening the door. She looks at him once as she backs out, and then turns and runs outside to Johnny.

All day Thursday KJ is nervous. She drives to the Long Hall before dialing the number that Bill gave her. She takes several deep breaths before placing the call.

"This is Ford," says the deep masculine voice that responds. It's clearly not Jimmy.

"Um...hello," KJ says, "My name is KJ Campbell. I believe Bill Donnelly spoke to you."

She pulls the phone away for a second and mouths the word "fuck". He probably used his birth name "William."

"Yes, he did," the voice says, "You're coming on Friday?"

"I hope to," she says, "I checked out your website, and I think I can find the place."

"That won't be necessary," the voice says, "My brother James will bring you. Depending on what you want, this could take a while, and it's not smart for you to drive at night in Pittsburgh. Too many cops with too much time on their hands."

"Oh, OK," she says, "Thank you."

"As far as the art goes, what do you have in mind?" he asks.

"Wings," she says, "I looked at your website. I thought I'd have to draw what I want, but, I don't know if you have it up or not, but E-Zero Five is perfect. It's exactly what I want."

"That'll take four sessions," he says, "Can you make it to that many?"

"Is Monday the 29th good for the second session?" she asks.

There is a pause and the sound of him reaching for something, perhaps the mouse on his computer.

"Yeah," the man says, "That'll be fine."

"Cool," KJ says, "What will I owe you?"

"Keep in mind I do good work," he says, "I won't shit you; you get what you pay for. Twenty-five hundred total, half on Friday."

"Alright," she says. It will cost her all she's saved, plus almost all of what she'll get over the next two weeks. "It has to be high quality, like in the picture."

Paddy Ford brings up the tattoo pattern on his computer.

"It will be," he says, "You ever have any ink done before?"

"No," KJ says.

"It will hurt," Paddy says, "That one covers a lot of space on your back area and I don't do rush jobs."

"All that matters is that it looks like the pattern and the pictures," she says, "I'll deal with the pain."

"Don't worry about the look," he says, "I guarantee you won't be disappointed. I'll be expecting to see you around 5 or 6 on Friday."

Johnny Bowen arrives a little later and again he has KJ practice pistol marksmanship.

After three hours, they finish shooting. Before they can clean the guns she hands him a hundred dollar bill.

Johnny raises an eyebrow and begins to say "What" when she speaks.

"It's for the ammunition fund," KJ says.

"KJ," Johnny says, but then he looks deep into her blue eyes. He's never seen anyone who can stir such longings and desires as her. She's so very precious to his masculine soul, though this does not diminish the powerful desire to have her.

"Thank you, KJ" he says.

She could use the money for a number of other purposes, but it's very important for her to feel like she's one of them. If the tattoo weren't vital to her, for deep spiritual reasons, she'd give him a whole lot more. He takes out a key to unlock the metal cabinet to the left.

"Johnny," she says, "I won't be here tomorrow."

Johnny looks at her.

"I know," he says, "Bill said something about it. What's up?"

She almost tells him, but she'd rather show him when it's complete.

"It's a surprise," she says.

Johnny puts his hand behind her head.

A while later, after shooting and supper, it's time for KJ to leave. She must have used shampoo today. The scent in her hair is stronger. Still,

she chose well. Its bouquet is floral and very mild and never overburdens his senses. Before they part, Johnny holds both sides of her face in his hands. KJ blinks and her eyes stay closed far longer than necessary.

*God, how I want to take that cue for a kiss,* he thinks.

"Take care, angel," Johnny says, "I'll see you Saturday morning."

*One day soon you'll see your angel's wings,* she thinks. *Those wings will bring me to you.*

**Rugămintे**

**Ștergeți sau acoperiți cu pastă coloncifrele:**

**1; 2; 3; 4; 5; 6; 79; 80; 187; 188; 243; 244;  
321; 322 după montare.**

**Vă mulțumesc**