

Capricorn Cell

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Chapter XXI

Allentown

Monday, the 17th of February, is warmer than any of the previous days and the sky is clear. The five active cell members have breakfast and KJ and Anna continue aerobics exercises. It's a routine day at Procyon House, or so it appears. Garret waits for the two young women to shower. Then he calls them to the media room. Johnny and Rian are already present. On the screen of the Dell desktop is an image saved from Google Earth. The image is from the east of Allentown, Pennsylvania.

KJ enters the room and sits down beside Johnny. Around her neck is the black string with the dog tags and silver ring. Anna sits next to KJ while Rian sits opposite Anna. Garret's seat in front of the computer is empty. He's standing, holding a manila folder in his hands. KJ looks at Johnny. He takes her hand and squeezes. He does not smile. She looks at Garret. He does not smile, either. Garret moves to the side so that she can see the entire monitor screen.

The combat element of Capricorn Cell is together in a single room.

"From the hillside to Delong Avenue the distance is about 500 yards," Garret says, "There are heavy trees but since it's winter, a shooter won't have to worry about foliage. Tell me, KJ, if you can get an angle on the street, do you think you could make a shot at 500 yards?"

"Yes," KJ says.

She's made similar shots through the woods at Coalsack, from hilltop to hilltop.

"It would be a night shot," Garret says.

"Is the street well-lit?" KJ asks.

"Yes," Garret says.

"I can make the shot," KJ says. No one speaks for a moment. "Who's the target?" she asks.

Anna looks at KJ and then back at Garret. Garret gives the folder to KJ. She holds it for a short while before opening it. Inside is a printed pic-

ture of a man who would appear to be white. He is in his fifties, with gray-black hair and glasses. His hairline is receding. It's a portrait photo, but she can see he's wearing a suit and tie.

"His name is A. Steven Maxwell," Garret says, "He's an attorney in Allentown. Those other papers are screenshots of web pages containing pertinent information about Maxwell and the reason I'm asking you to kill him."

KJ looks up at Garret, who stares into her eyes and continues.

"The first document is the op-ed that drew my attention," Garret says.

In the op-ed piece from an Allentown website, Maxwell agrees with a syndicated writer that criticism of Israel and of Jewish excesses in general is not usually the result of principled opposition, but, rather, it is due to the anti-Semitism of the critic. This is a typical attempt to shut down debate and render those who Maxwell disagrees with guilty of anti-Semitism, which is a crime in many nations. Maxwell knows full well that such an accusation can result in the loss of a job, and in an unstable economy wracked with war expenditures and taxed by increasing numbers of non-whites, the loss of a job can mean the destruction of a man's marriage and family.

"I don't care about flagrant attempts at flattery coming from non-Jews like Maxwell," Garret says, "There are cowards of all stripes. This particular anti-white is very active, though. Further research revealed him to be a supporter of several anti-white organizations such as the SPLC and By Any Means Necessary. He's sued on behalf of illegal aliens, and was part of a lawsuit against a mostly-white neighborhood group that protested a nearby hip-hop festival. It wasn't a preemptive move on the part of the group; they were protesting because of problems that had happened the year before, which included masses of garbage and fights that spilled over into their neighborhood. When the event was cancelled earlier this year, Maxwell and a few of the usual suspects filed suit, claiming the cancellation was because of racism. I don't need to tell you that he lives in perhaps the whitest part of Allentown. And it's gated. But that's not all. Maxwell is a donor to Planned Parenthood and the Brady Campaign, which he admits. Other than Planned Parenthood, I wouldn't care so much. We're never going to disarm, no matter what the traitors say. But I do care about his support for an organization that kills unborn white children."

KJ flips through the papers. She believes Garret, but she will need to be convinced like he is. He's not pulling the trigger.

"They say it's the little things that matter," Garret says, "There are a lot of little betrayals in his life. None of them are like Kennedy's immigra-

tion bill, but landslides aren't made of one stone, they're made of thousands. Together, Maxwell's little betrayals add up."

KJ glances at the list of lawsuits that Maxwell has persued. Several of them were filed against businesses for "racial discrimination" and "intimidation." Another op-ed follows the list of lawsuits; this one denounces the Stand-Your-Ground Law and was written by Maxwell after the Trayvon Martin shooting.

"Now, for the mission," Garret continues, "Mason did a lot of footwork on a business trip for Diamond. Maxwell's McMansion is in an exclusive gated community that would be difficult to access. However, his girlfriend lives off of Delong Avenue. He usually visits her during the evening on Tuesdays, and during the weekend, leaving his office at around 9PM. These are some of the reasons I chose him above quite a few others."

Johnny puts his hand on KJ's back, and Anna looks at the two of them. KJ stares at the pages of information, but no longer reads them. She scrutinizes the pictures and then looks up at the screen.

"As a man, A. Steven Maxwell is not important," Garret says, "But that's the point. These small, touchable traitors are the ones who drive the genocide of our people. They're also the ones who will cower and break. I'd imagine he supports those various anti-white organizations in order to advance his career. He doesn't care that the price of his comfort is the eventual death of our race. But men like him will begin to care if they start to die for their betrayal. If we make treason painful, the little traitors who drive our genocide will begin to hesitate, and if we're fortunate they might cease entirely."

KJ looks up at him. He waits for her to do so.

"KJ," Garret says, "I ask you to make his betrayal of our race and all white children to be as painful as possible."

KJ looks at the picture again. She's known men like this. They were her father's friends. A few went hiking with him, or bicycling, or, back in Washington, they'd come over and smoke in the den. These men usually had young wives or mistresses and never seemed to lack money. They'd pay lip service to Al Gore while driving huge SUV's or sports cars. But still, this is a life, a face, eyes that would look toward her, perhaps at her. She would be taking that life.

"I can make the shot," KJ says, closing the folder.

"Read the recon sheet," Garret says, "We'll do another recon next week, all five of us. I'll let Jimmy know."

That evening KJ has an extra cup of coffee. Johnny kisses her head and she reaches up and squeezes his hand. She's wearing a newer *Celtic*

Frost t-shirt and jeans, having changed clothes not long after the meeting. She's wearing gloves as well. Johnny likes that she's wearing gloves, and he rubs her hand with his thumb. A little smile is on her face as their eyes meet.

"Come to bed when you're ready," Johnny says, kissing her head again.

"Kay," KJ says, "Thank you, Johnny."

Anna lies on her back as does Garret.

"You'll cover KJ and Johnny," Garret says, "In a way your task will be more difficult. Maxwell's a worthless traitor. You, me and Johnny might have to engage someone else. But we can't let anyone hurt us or betray us to the police."

"No," Anna says, "We can't."

She turns on to her side and looks at him.

"You're going to be our spotter and counter-sniper," Garret says, "We'll take care of closer threats. I'll never ask you to do our job."

"Garret," Anna says, "You may have to kill someone who just happens to run into us."

"I might," Garret says, "And if they don't walk away, I will kill them."

KJ sits up in bed. Johnny caresses her. She's wearing a thong brief and nothing else. His hands feel her warm back and he looks at her feathers. He waits for her to talk. In due time, he kisses her shoulder and arm.

"I'm going to kill a man," KJ says, "He's repulsive and evil and he hates his own brothers in race. He supports the murder of white babies and our displacement in our own homelands. And I have to look at this man and kill him."

Johnny puts his arms around her and she rubs his left forearm.

"It's something you'll never forget," Johnny says, "No matter how long, or how he dies, easy or hard. You'll never forget it."

"I thought about that fucker," KJ says, "I thought about what he's done, and what he's doing. He's a coward. It's safe to sue us and demean us and he's making a lot of fucking money doing it. If men like him have their way, our children will suffer or never be born. He's trying to kill them, our children, Johnny, all white children. He just does it in a way so that his hands remain clean. That makes him as bad as the murderers. Worse, actually. It's nothing really big like massacring a group of whites, but Garret's right, it's these little steps that are pushing us toward extinction, and no one notices or gives a fuck. There's no big monster, just a bunch of little ones, with lives and families and all that shit. But still, they're creating a future where our son will suffer just for being born."

Johnny moves her hair and kisses her neck.

"I'm going to say something once, and that's it," Johnny says near her ear, "If you find that you can't do this, remember angel, you can still be our eyes and ears."

KJ closes her eyes.

"I won't leave you," she says, "We're in this together, forever."

For the rest of the week, life returns to what normalcy a rebel cell can have while living in a safe house. It's not the same, though. Not a shot's been fired or a drop of blood spilled but the reality of war is much closer than it was. The specter is no longer a silent apparition outside closed windows and doors. It is a terrifying beast that has entered the front door.

The general training routines continue, including each rebel's fitness regime. The 19th of February is no exception. Johnny and KJ have the exercise room all to themselves. Between weight repetitions, the newly-weds find time for kissing and other harmless shenanigans, until KJ lifts the last dumbbell of the day. KJ stands and turns toward Johnny, who remains seated on the bench, and then she flexes her arms.

"Look at those fucking guns," Johnny says, "Mmm...nice."

KJ laughs.

"I'm pretty hot, huh?" she says, a wicked smile and look on her face.

Johnny rises and nods.

"You're very fucking hot," he says.

KJ looks down at her arms and then back at him. She turns her profile toward him and flexes her right arm.

"Look at that shit," KJ says, "And I'm still a fucking woman. What do you think about that shit?"

Johnny takes her by her arms.

"Best of both fucking worlds, angel," he says, "Absolute best, that's what I think."

KJ looks down, the smile still on her face, though there's a touch of embarrassment now. She loves when he goes on about how she looks, but deep down in her soul is a sweet shyness that rises and makes her think that she shouldn't be fishing so hard for his compliments. It compels her to compliment him instead.

Johnny sees her look down, and he sees the smile begin to fade, replaced by an almost unnoticeable look of sadness.

"Now, now," Johnny says, lifting her face by her chin, "Don't go under. Stay up here with me."

KJ looks into his eyes and smiles. The sadness is gone.

"I love you," KJ says, and then she grabs him and kisses him hard.

On Tuesday the 25th, Johnny Bowen and Garret Fogarty collect the essential gear for the reconnaissance operation and carry the rucksacks and other items down the tunnel and into the cold February forest. It's frigid out and the sky is overcast. Forecasters predict snow showers all night. Across Maryland conditions will be the same, though Allentown will not be so snowy. It will be cold, however, and they will have to dress accordingly. The hour is 5 in the afternoon and it's already well below freezing around Procyon House.

Johnny keeps watch over the rucksacks while Garret returns to the tunnel. Inside, Anna and KJ have advanced. They are wearing their warm coats and camouflaged pants. Both wear boots and gloves on this occasion, even Anna. In KJ's hands is the AK. Johnny told her to bring it. He and Garret will carry a shotgun; everyone, Rian included, will carry .45 caliber pistols. Garret opens the hidden door and they see the soft light of the tree- and cloud-obscured evening sky. Anna is first to climb the steps. Garret sees her dark brown toboggan and the red hair spilling out from underneath. Next is KJ, holding the AK47. She, too, wears a toboggan, although hers is black. Finally Rian makes his appearance. Since he will be the driver of the van, he's wearing a common black coat, a sweater and jeans. The four advance to within sight of Johnny Bowen. Rian goes forward while the others halt.

KJ watches Johnny. Anna, meanwhile, looks to each side of the highway, and sees a white Toyota Land Cruiser coming down the icy road toward the pick-up spot. It is moving rather slow. The truck enters the stretch of highway surrounded by thick wood, moving slower still. Near Johnny and Rian, the truck stops. Inside is James Ford. Johnny and Rian act at once. They throw the rucksacks into the rear of the vehicle and Rian jumps into the front passenger seat. Then the truck drives off toward the Aurora Pike and Johnny returns to his waiting place.

KJ sees the steam of her breath in the winter air. There is not a sound or movement. Then she feels Anna's hand squeeze her shoulder. Another vehicle is coming. She looks to see a white Ford van.

Johnny Bowen turns and waves them forward. They advance, with KJ crouching closest to him.

"As soon as he stops we'll get in the rear," Johnny says to KJ, just loud enough for each of the others to hear, "He can't stay put for long."

Rian is driving. He comes at a slow pace, and at the drop-off spot the van creeps to a halt. The shooters and sentinels of Capricorn Cell rise and make haste to the van. The second the rear door closes, Rian gets the van rolling again.

The seats are arranged as before. KJ and Johnny sit opposite Garret and Anna. Johnny lays his shotgun to the side and so does Garret. KJ is still holding the AK.

"You can set that down, angel," Johnny says.

He puts his hand on the back of her head. She lays the gun to her left. Then she looks at him. He smiles a little when their eyes meet. It's his first smile since he kissed her this morning in bed.

"The drive will take around six hours," Garret says, "We'll stop outside of Frostburg on the way back to stretch and go to the bathroom if needs be. We'll also stop for gas sometime later, but we won't be exiting then."

Johnny grabs KJ's shoulder bag from among the rucksacks. He hands it to her and she manages a little smile. Inside is her iPod, and it's fully charged. She puts in the ear buds and closes her eyes.

"Angel," a voice says, "Angel," a little louder.

KJ awakens. Johnny's arm is around her and the short musical playlist she made for the trip is finished. The van is not moving. For a moment she thinks they have arrived. Johnny's gun is still beside his seat.

"Rian's gassing up," he says and rubs her shoulder. "Go ahead and stretch your legs."

KJ rises and stretches. Anna is already standing, as is Garret. When Johnny rises, KJ throws her arms around him.

"Please be careful," KJ says.

"I will," Johnny says, "You concentrate on the mission. I'll take care of us."

"You always do," KJ says, looking into his eyes.

The hour is 23:00. Ten minutes later, they hear Rian close the driver's side door. With bottles of water in hand, the foursome takes their seats as the van starts to roll.

The rear of the van is warm enough that everyone has removed their coats. Anna has removed her toboggan as well.

KJ turns toward Johnny and puts her hand on his chest.

"I won't disappoint you," KJ says, "Not now and not later."

Johnny touches her thick chestnut hair. Like her pale skin, it is his vision of perfection.

"Remember what I told you," Johnny says and she nods.

KJ takes his hand and holds it to her belly. She looks into Johnny's eyes.

"This is for him," KJ says, "Someday, when I hold your head to my belly, we'll remember why we did this."

Johnny leans and places his forehead against her head, and then he kisses her hair.

Rian knocks twice on the wall that separates them. Johnny tells the others to prepare. They don their jackets and shoulder their rucksacks.

The van turns on to a hillside drive which snakes among the woods and secluded houses along its path. Rian knocks three times and then three more. Johnny picks up his shotgun, as does Garret. KJ readies the AK. Johnny creeps over to the rear exit. A four-knock sequence comes from the front cab. Johnny opens the door as the van comes to a halt. The cold night air enters the rear.

Johnny hops out, followed by KJ, with Anna and Garret in the rear. Garret closes the door and jogs toward the cab. When Rian sees him in the mirror, he drives back on to the lonely road. The night is quiet and the sky a dull black.

The foursome wastes no time entering the sleeping forest. They crouch down as a couple of cars approach and pass.

Anna and Garret will remain roughly half-way between the winding highway and KJ's observation point. If all goes according to plan, Rian will pick them up in two hours. If he's not there, or they cannot meet him, they will walk southwest to an abandoned railroad line that circles the hillside. The plan would be to meet Rian along State Route 2040, among the farms and copses of trees south of the Allentown sprawl. In an extreme emergency, Garret will call Jimmy Ford on an emergency cell.

Johnny leads the three up the gentle slope and along the broad ridge. He stops after about fifteen minutes and gathers everyone.

"Garret, Anna, you'll remain here," he says. The trees afford a decent view of the surroundings yet brush and saplings will provide a hiding place. "This place is higher and gives you a better view," he continues, "It's dark so you won't see far, but in a half hour you guys will be good to go."

After a half-hour, their night vision will be at its peak.

"KJ," Johnny says, "Listen, angel. Don't fire unless I do. Remember, Anna and Garret will be to our rear. If the shit hits the fan, you two bug out to the old railroad. KJ and I will move northwest. We'll circle around and meet just before the line reaches the turnpike."

"What's cut-off time, by your estimation?" Garret asks.

"Leave if we're not there by five," Johnny says.

Anna looks at him but says nothing. She understands.

"Good luck," Garret whispers, and Johnny and KJ are off into the woods.

Johnny stays close. He halts KJ a couple of times, but there is no one to be seen. The night is tranquil and the air is still. KJ hopes there will be no wind the next time they're on this hill.

When they reach a vantage point where they can see the south of the Allentown area – Emmaus, actually – they stop. Johnny turns away from the lights.

"I'll keep watch to the rear," he says, "Take out your binoculars and have a look. Down there should be Delong Avenue."

KJ removes the binoculars from the rucksack, careful not to make noise. She finds the street. There are several homes on either side. From where she's situated, she would have a straight shot through the naked trees and around the one house that stands between them and the end of Delong Avenue. She studied the information that Garret provided in the folder. The utility pole near the final house on the right is 40' tall. Mason measured it with a transit that Johnny McShane donated to the Core Group about a year ago. KJ looks away from the binoculars. She estimates the range to be around 400 yards. Mason managed to take a picture of Maxwell's car, parked at his girlfriend's house. KJ looks at the house, just off Delong. Parked there is a black Mercedes-Benz C-class automobile. A. Steven Maxwell is spending the night.

KJ looks at the car, at the home and the street. Her sharp faculties will remember each detail. There's a stop sign near the little street where Maxwell's fuck buddy lives. If he's coming up Delong, and according to the intelligence he will be, he'll most likely stop there. A white pickup truck comes up the avenue. It stops at the sign. KJ looks into the cab with the binoculars. In the bright streetlight, she can see the stubble-covered face of the corpulent driver, aimed right at her.

Jimmy Ford brought a few twist birdcalls, and Johnny sat down with the members of Capricorn Cell and asked each to learn a unique series of twists that would distinguish one from the other in the darkness. KJ removes her birdcall from her pocket and twists the little ring once, not too hard. The sound is soft but Johnny hears it and creeps over to her.

"Ready?" Johnny whispers.

"Yeah," KJ says.

When they approach Garret and Anna's spots, Johnny forges ahead. He twists his own birdcall. KJ sees Garret through the dark trees, and then Anna appears, closer than KJ thought she would be. A smile is on her sister's face.

The four withdraw, with Johnny again in the lead. At the rendezvous point they arrive a little early, and wait for Rian in a secluded patch of

saplings. It's not as cold as expected, but still a few degrees below freezing.

Rian keeps his eyes on the road and on the clock. He's been driving around the edges of Allentown, stopping once to fill the gas tank. He shakes his head when he sees the bill.

More wars for Israel, more invading and inviting the world, more dead white soldiers for bullshit democracy and more excuses for price gouging by the fucking corporations.

He redirects his thoughts back to the matters at hand. Rian climbs into the van and sets off again; this time his path angles toward the hillside where the recon team waits.

After turning off of South Pike Avenue, Rian hears a single ring from his trac phone. It's time to make the rendezvous.

KJ holds the AK in her gloved hands. She feels warm. She's also a little nervous. The proximity of Anna, Garret and especially Johnny cuts the feeling of nervousness by at least half. The four hide near the road, not far from where Rian dropped them off. They see headlights coming. It's clearly not the van, so they crouch down as it passes. A larger vehicle holds more promise; when the lights flash twice, they know it's Rian.

Rian pulls up on the shoulder. Garret is first in line, with Johnny guarding the rear. Once Rian hears the door close, he drives back on to the street and the long trip home begins.

"You saw me, didn't you?" KJ asks Anna, who nods.

KJ shakes her head and turns toward Johnny.

"How the fuck does she always see me?" KJ asks.

"Well, angel, Anna has years of experience, and a very sharp eye," Johnny says.

"I'm glad you're one of us," KJ says to her sister.

"We'll work on your hiding skills," Johnny says, "They're actually pretty good. But this is a good lesson for you. There are elites who can see almost anything that breaks a pattern, even little shit. Anna's gonna do a lot of covering for now."

He looks at the redheaded beauty.

"But not only covering," Johnny says.

KJ lays the AK beside her seat. Meanwhile, Anna lays her head on Garret's lap. Her legs are bent and her boots are on the floor, but most of her body stretches across the four seats on her side of the van. Johnny rubs KJ's back and asks if she'd like to lie down as well, but she cannot sleep. She listens to her iPod and enjoys Johnny's touch. Once, he thinks she's fallen asleep and he stops caressing her.

"Don't stop," KJ says, her eyes still closed, "Please."

The sky is still dark at 5:40 AM when Rian exits I-68 near Frostburg, Maryland and drives down US 40. On a wide spot to the right of the highway, surrounded by trees, he parks the van. The four warriors can finally exit the van and relax for a few minutes. Ever-vigilant, Johnny Bowen will still keep an eye out for threats, though he and KJ find time for a kiss.

"You OK?" Johnny asks her, his hands still on her hips.

"Yeah," KJ says, "It's not, like, something I can get used to, you know?"

"I know, angel," Johnny says, and draws her near, "I don't ever want you to get used to it."

On Saturday and Sunday, KJ and Anna practice dry-firing exercises from the woods opposite the intersection which Garret dubbed the "Aurora Y." Johnny watches over them. During those nights, KJ does not bring up the upcoming mission. She lies close to Johnny, often with her head on his chest, and is as intimate and affectionate as always. On Sunday night he has her sit up in bed as he caresses her back, where the wings spread across her immaculate white skin. He does not say a word about the mission. He will let her deal in her own manner.

On Monday, a dreary, rainy winter's day, Johnny stays at the kitchen table with Anna and KJ. Breakfast is over, but he keeps them so that they can discuss in detail what they learned from shooting into the windshield at Coalsack. The car windshield is a major variable in the upcoming mission. It is imperative that KJ choose a spot to shoot from that is perpendicular to the front of Maxwell's car.

Johnny Bowen looks at Anna.

"Anna," he says, "You'll be covering us. If worse comes to worst, and you're faced with two shots, take the one that best protects KJ."

"No!" KJ says, slamming her gloved fist on the table.

Johnny looks at KJ.

"Do it, Anna," Johnny says.

"Don't do it!" KJ says.

"I make that decision," Johnny says, still looking at KJ. "We talked about this, KJ, before you and Anna made your decision to join Capricorn Cell. It's important that Anna does her job."

"Johnny!" KJ says, "What the fuck?"

She has hurt on her face and urgency in her voice.

"Listen, angel," Johnny says, "If there has to be a choice, the shooter goes home."

She looks at him but says nothing.

KJ's silence returns as they go to bed. KJ changes into a thong and bra and brushes her hair while she stands in front of the bedroom mirror. Johnny watches her. For once, he doesn't think about her ass at all, but looks at her wings and thinks of holding her tight. She lays down the brush and climbs on to the bed. Johnny is sitting upright, still watching her every move. KJ does not stop on her side; she crawls over to him, grabs him and kisses him with great abandon. Then, her forehead against his and her eyes still closed, she breaks her silence.

"I love you so much," KJ says.

"I love you, too, angel," Johnny says.

Johnny caresses her back.

"Are you OK?" he asks.

He's not oblivious that tomorrow she will set out to kill a man.

KJ nods; he feels her do so. Her head is still against his. He holds her tight and smells her hair.

"I'll do this," KJ says, "I have to do this. They won't let our children live in peace and I know that they never will. We can't let them condemn our children."

Johnny lifts her chin and kisses her.

"I'll take you to Vancouver Island someday," he says, "After we win. It'll rain and I'll chase you in the rain."

KJ smiles and touches his face.

Tuesday morning is another dreary day in northern West Virginia. KJ fights a potent urge to go outside and smell the cool air. She caresses Johnny's chest before sitting up in bed. He rubs her shoulders and she sighs, and then squeals when he kisses her neck. She turns toward him. Her hair is all around her, with many strands over her face. He parts them and kisses her mouth.

Breakfast is light. Capricorn Cell will carry nutrition bars for quick energy, but they'll have to wait until they return to Procyon for a decent meal.

Johnny Bowen prepares KJ's rucksack. She does some light weight lifting to combat the stress, and the exercise helps. When she returns to her room via the kitchen – where she grabs a bottle of water – she finds that Johnny's completed his task and has left with her pack. She admires her arms in the mirror, and then her body. He'd love to be watching her right now and she wishes that he was. Her smile disappears and she turns away from the mirror.

KJ puts on a tight black tank top and black bikini briefs. Next are her socks, and a dark brown, long-sleeve t-shirt. She slides into one of her

dark pairs of camouflaged pants and puts on her skin-tight gloves. From her tall cabinet she takes out a camouflaged hoodie. It will be around 43 degrees tonight, with clouds and perhaps drizzle. Before leaving the room, KJ dons a black toboggan. Her lace-up boots are waiting in the storage room.

KJ goes through the kitchen and enters the living room. Garret is there. He looks at her but doesn't say a word. She continues to the storage room. Johnny is outside, guarding the pick-up spot. Rian is with him. KJ grabs her boots and sits on the bench in the storage room.

Nicole Chapman, KJ's cousin, knows a 20-year-old guitarist in a hardcore band. She once played him an mp3 of KJ singing, one that KJ had made in secret and Erica found when she and Gene scoured KJ's room. KJ's unique voice intrigued the front man for the band. During a brief telephone conversation, when Nicole happened to call while KJ was the only one in the Campbell House, KJ found out about the band's interest in her singing, and the nature of the band's punk sound. That evening Nicole called a second time and spoke to Erica. A week or so later KJ's parents made their final offer for her to return to Washington and redeem herself in their eyes. Both Erica and KJ knew that if she would return to Seattle she could at least be a guest singer for the hardcore outfit. It was one of KJ's dreams come true. Of course, she refused the offer.

The young punk musician is white. His name is Kerry DeRouen. Early last year, he wrote a song dealing with race. He hoped that KJ would be the one to sing it. He never told Nicole, since he wanted the song to be one of the highlights of their first studio album and he kept it secret from everyone outside of the band.

The lyrics are typical. DeRouen accuses his own white brothers of racism and condemns them for so-called abuses of a racial nature. DeRouen even threatens "white racists" with violence. Had Kaylee Jane never questioned her anti-white parents or the anti-white establishment, she would have been happy to sing such a song. It would have garnished her credentials and helped her career. It also would have thrown another pile of dirt on the graves of her future children.

KJ ties her boots. Her automatic pistol hangs on her belt.

Kerry DeRouen takes the stage later tonight, at a club in downtown Seattle. He'll wear a t-shirt with a big red star on the front, and a black fist on the back.

KJ walks down the tunnel. In her arms is her Remington 700.

Tonight, Capricorn Cell travels in the Toyota Land Cruiser. Garret explains along the way that they will return in a dark blue Dodge Stratus.

It will be a tight fit for Johnny, Anna and KJ but none of them even think of the return trip at the moment. They'd gladly suffer the discomfort if they could be sure of returning home safe.

All of the firearms except for their side arms and Johnny's shotgun, which lies on the floor, are in the back of the truck. The time is 12:15 when they depart, and the sky is dark and dreary above Procyon. KJ sits in the middle of the rear seat. She keeps her toboggan on her head, and with two cell members beside her it would be very difficult for someone to recognize her. For Johnny it's a little more complicated to keep his identity secret. He wears a pair of glasses similar to Rian's except the lenses are plain plastic, and he wears a ball cap on his head. It's not meant to fool the experts, just to keep casual observers from realizing that he's the fugitive John Ashley Bowen. He puts on the glasses as the Toyota leaves the pick-up spot. On any other day, Anna would laugh and tease him, and KJ would tell her to shut up while trying not to laugh herself. Today no one says a word about it.

On Sunday, Garret requested that everyone add songs to the playlist on his iPod. Rian begins playing their music. First up is one of KJ's selections, "Broadcasting" from *Comeback Kid*. Johnny looks at his wife as the music begins. She returns his glance and manages a little smile.

Once night begins to fall, Johnny removes his makeshift disguise.

At 18:30, Capricorn Cell's shooters and sentinels arrive at the winding hillside road where they disembark from the Land Cruiser. Rian has angled the vehicle so that trees block any long-distance view from the highway. Garret opens the rear, and KJ and Anna grab their rifles and rucksacks and hurry into the woods where Johnny awaits. Garret removes his shotgun and closes the Toyota's rear gate. He hurries off to join the others in the woods.

It will take Johnny and KJ about fifteen minutes to reach the vantage point. The four quickly move to the location where Anna and Garret will be guarding the rear. Anna chooses an obscured position and settles in, while Garret will perform a circular sweep to protect her from any close-up threats.

KJ finds her spot. It is close to perpendicular to the avenue that Maxwell will be using and it offers a clear shot. KJ waits for Johnny, who comes in a few minutes after performing a quick sweep. He is carrying the minimum of gear in his rucksack. A small sandbag fills the bulk of its volume. He lays the sandbag down for KJ to use.

"Don't touch it unless you have to," Johnny says, even though she's wearing gloves.

KJ lays her rifle on the sack. It is very sturdy in its position facing the street. KJ assumes a prone position and takes her earplugs from the pocket of her hoodie. She looks through her scope toward the direction of Maxwell's probably approach. A vehicle turns on to Delong. It is a blue Dodge Challenger. The right front shows the result of a recent low-speed collision. KJ keeps both eyes open. She looks at the telephone pole nearest the stop sign. The mill dots and her knowledge of its height tell her that the range is a little over 400 yards. Should she pull the trigger, the odds are good that she'll make the shot.

Through the muting of the earplugs, KJ hears Johnny say "angel." She looks to the rear.

"No wind," Johnny says from his crouching position near her boots.

KJ nods and returns her gaze to the street.

Anthony Steven Maxwell did not like some of the racial baggage of Barak Obama, though he voted for him twice. His car bears the symbol of his support for the non-white president, in the form of a sticker on the rear window. It's the only political sticker that adorns Maxwell's vehicle. It's Tuesday evening and there are still a few hours of work left to be done at the office when Maxwell calls it a night. His law associates, who must remain behind, watch as the Obama sticker – and the black Mercedes – rolls down Lehigh Street toward Emmaus.

Anna keeps both eyes open as she scans the area toward the hill-side drive. She estimates a range of around 300 yards to the center of the road. If she must take a shot at some unforeseen threat, she'll do so from a solid sitting stance. She looks over the area. She and Garret are alone, except for the silent trees.

KJ seats the .30-06 into her shoulder. Boyle and Johnny emphasized proper seating, so that KJ, a girl of smallish stature, will not begin flinching from the impending recoil and thereby throw off her shot. It was a lesson she took to heart.

The air carries no smell, only the cold of winter.

A second car approaches Delong Avenue. It is black. Through the scope, KJ sees the grill and the Mercedes symbol in the middle. The odds are very high that this is A. Steven Maxwell. She watches the vehicle. Her chest rises and falls as her breath fills and exits her lungs. The Mercedes rolls down Delong Avenue, toward the hill where KJ waits. It seems to be moving in slow-motion. Perhaps a few seconds have elapsed. KJ sees the car approaching the stop sign. There is no parallax in her view through the scope. She sees the face of the driver in the bright streetlight. It takes a familiar shape.

I would give my breath so that my son can live. You will not deny him.

As the car rolls to a stop, KJ has been holding a half-breath for three seconds. In Maxwell's car, the clock shows 8:11 PM.

At 8:11 in the evening on the 4th of March, 2014, Kaylee Jane Bowen née Campbell fires the first shot in the war against white genocide.

Anna and Garret hear the roar of the .30-06. Anna scans the darkness through her scope. Garret runs from trunk to trunk, and then to the rear of Anna's position toward Johnny and KJ. Both believed that KJ could pull the trigger. The reality comes as a shock, however. The proof of their theory is in the crack of the rifle.

KJ jumps to her feet. She will not look at the results of her shot; there is no time. Both Boyle and Johnny Bowen emphasized the one-shot rule, and now she must fly away. Johnny joins her as she rises and moves from her shooting position. She pauses a moment to speak to him.

"The sack, Johnny," KJ says.

"Fuck it," he says, "Let's go."

They make haste toward Anna's position. Johnny stays ahead and to the right, the most likely area of an enemy's approach – or shot. Anna and Garret are standing behind the larger trees when Johnny and KJ come into view.

"Is Rian coming?" Johnny asks.

"On the way," Garret responds.

Rian is driving down a tree-lined stretch of State Route 2023 when the phone rings once. He turns on to 5th Street and begins driving toward the rendezvous point. An hour earlier, Rian drove the Toyota truck to a far-flung woodland road northeast of Emmaus. There, with the hood up, sat the Dodge Stratus.

Austin Kelly was standing beside the vehicle. Rian parked and walked over to his friend. He shook Kelly's hand and left the Toyota's keys in his grasp. They then pretended to look over the Dodge's motor. Once they were convinced that no one was watching, Austin closed the hood and Rian climbed inside the Dodge.

In fifteen minutes, Capricorn Cell's combat team arrives at an uninhabited stretch of the rural highway. They see Rian approaching in the Dodge. When the cell rings a second time, the Dodge slows to a crawl. Johnny appears from the forest just long enough to flag Rian, who comes to a stop. Johnny opens the trunk and he, Garret and KJ lay their rifles inside before piling into the rear of the Dodge. Anna climbs in front, as Garret requested. Her Remington sits to her right, angled upward with the butt on the floor. Johnny and Garret flank KJ in the rear, with Garret to the

right. He removes the batteries from his cell phone. Rian hands his cell to Anna, who removes its batteries as well.

The black Mercedes-Benz rests against a pin oak at the end of Delong Avenue. The car drove forward at a slight angle, struck the curb and impacted against the oak. Inside, with a bullet through its forehead, is the body of A. Steven Maxwell.

It's dark and Johnny no longer needs his fake glasses or his hat. He doesn't bother with either of them. KJ does not speak. She leans her head against Johnny and, looking down, she puts her hand on his leg. It is a very tight fit in the rear and the ride will be long and unpleasant. No one says a word.

Rian alters the return route to Frostburg, Maryland. Just before sunrise they arrive along US 40, where he stops so that KJ and company can exit the cramped car, stretch, and, for a couple of persons, take care of personal needs. KJ stands among the winter trees and removes her toboggan. She closes her eyes as the wind plays with her mass of long hair. Johnny approaches her and puts his hand on her back. She looks at him for a while, and then squeezes his arm.

Back in the car, Garret and Anna change places. They also change the position of their guns. It's been a terribly uncomfortable trip and each member drinks a bottle of water and eats an energy bar.

Johnny glances on numerous occasions at his reticent wife. When their eyes meet, which is not often, he smiles a little or rubs her legs or arm. Anna does not look at KJ. There seems to be a boundary right now, and she does not want to cross it. This is a time for Johnny to approach his wife. Anna leaves her sister in peace.

It's early morning when the members of Capricorn Cell are safely inside Procyon House. They are all tired from the trip and the tension, and Johnny and Anna make a quick but filling breakfast while KJ showers. Neither Anna nor Johnny bring up the mission, not while they're alone in the kitchen or after Rian and KJ join them.

KJ comes to the table. She's wearing a t-shirt and exercise leggings. She sits beside Johnny, who pulls out the chair for her when she comes. She smiles at him before sitting. He caresses her shoulder as she takes a sip of her juice.

Garret, who also showered and changed, comes to the table after everyone's finished eating. KJ and Johnny are drinking coffee; Anna and Rian are sipping tea. Garret enters and stands before the four of them. He looks at each face, including KJ's, who looks up and returns his stare. Garret does not see either pleasure or agony in her expression.

"Maxwell's dead," Garret says.

KJ does not avert her eyes.

"And we made it back," Garret adds. He continues, "Johnny, I need to discuss something with you. We can do it tomorrow. Otherwise, we'll take a couple of days off."

Johnny showers as KJ lies on her back in bed. She looks at the ceiling and then at the bathroom door. She's still in the t-shirt and leggings.

Johnny, wearing only boxers, emerges from the bedroom. He walks to the bed. They'll need to sleep after being on a nerve-wracking mission, not to mention going without sleep for the past 20 or so hours. Johnny expects KJ to be a little withdrawn. Instead, as soon as he lies on his back, she lays her head on his chest and holds on to him with her left hand. She rubs his chest several times, and moves her knee up so that her leg is across his.

Johnny pulls the sheets up to her neck. Her eyes closed, she squeezes him a little and sighs.

On Wednesday morning, a nor'easter approaches the East Coast, including the states of West Virginia and Pennsylvania. At 9AM the outside world is calm, as it often is before the hell of a winter storm breaks loose. Inside Procyon House, KJ continues her strength maintenance routine and is lifting weights in the exercise room. Her husband is outside waiting for Jimmy Ford, who will deliver some emergency supplies at the drop-off spot before retreating before the storm. There is a chance that Preston County will receive over 20" of snow, and the possibility that Ford will not be able to make a supply run until early next week.

Anna enters the exercise room and KJ looks up from her bicep curls to meet her stare. The redhead's hair is in a ponytail and she, too, is wearing a tank top and leggings.

"Mind if I join you?" Anna asks.

"No," KJ says with a brief smile, "Of course not."

Anna takes a seat on the long bench beside KJ. She's already stretched, and picks up one of the dumbbells. They lift in silence for a while, until it's time for a break. Anna puts her arm around KJ and looks at her. KJ looks down at her boots. Her hair hangs all around her face and head, covers her shoulders and continues down her back.

"Are you OK?" Anna asks.

She doesn't know if asking is the best thing to do, but she believes the continued silence could feel like a condemnation, or perhaps revulsion. KJ is not suddenly unclean and Anna does not wish to leave that impression.

Through the strands of hair that cover her face like a veil, KJ stares at Anna. She has that wild look that she's shown on occasion ever since Anna met her.

"It doesn't matter what it feels like," KJ says, "It doesn't matter how sick it is to know you're going to kill someone. It's not right to ask Johnny to go through this alone. We have as much at stake as he does. Maxwell could have left us in peace. He could have been a good man and loved his white children, and I would have shot someone else so that his son could live in peace." She shakes her head. "But he couldn't," she says, "He wouldn't. He thought he could live a long, opulent life, betraying us and our children, and never pay the price. I guess he was wrong."

Anna nods. She opens her mouth to speak, but is at a loss for words. KJ squeezes her hand.

"We all have crosses to bear," KJ says, "I'll carry his instead of my son's."

While KJ helps Anna begin preparations for supper, and it's Rian's turn to clean the tunnel and downstairs rooms, Johnny and Garret meet in the media room. Johnny knocks twice on the media room door before trying the knob. It is locked. Garret lets him in a few second later, and then closes the door behind him.

Johnny Bowen is about to speak when he sees the picture on the Dell's screen. He sees the image of a black male. He sees the scar across his cheek. Johnny does not ask what was on Garret's mind. The picture answers his question.

Garret looks at Johnny. He sees Johnny studying the picture. He sees his green eyes staring intently at every feature on Yates' face.

"That as you probably guessed, is Markael Yates," Garret says. He turns toward the screen. "I've spoken to Ford and Austin Kelly. I've also spoken to Mason. We'll get Yates' itinerary, whatever it might be."

Garret can imagine it: smoke weed, have sex, hit up his family or threaten someone for money.

Johnny nods, his arms crossed.

"I have an idea, I'll run it past you and you can tell me what you think," Garret says, "Ford and Kelly are working on a Chevy pickup. It's an old farm use truck from Hacksaw's place. It's in the name of James Stone, who's been dead for eleven years and the truck just ended up in Hacksaw's possession. Austin assured me they can't trace it to him, and even if they asked he'll tell them it disappeared. He just cuts that patch of land for his cows."

"It's not by his trailer, then," Johnny says.

"No," Garret says, "It was on his property beside 381. We never went there together."

Johnny nods in approval.

"OK, cool," he says.

"There's one more thing, Johnny," Garret says, "Our wives won't accompany us on this mission. It'll just be you and me."

"Drive by?" Johnny asks.

"That's my thought," Garret says.

"I'll lay in the bed," Johnny says, "Tell Ford and Kelly to give me a way to see through the gate."

"This will be a one-use vehicle," Garret says, "Rian will pick us up on the way back and we'll torch the truck after we leave it."

"How?" Johnny asks to be sure Garret has a valid method.

"James will provide an incendiary," Garret says.

"OK," Johnny says, "Give me the details."

"Alright," Garret says, "But don't mention it yet. KJ's got enough on her mind right now."

"I wasn't going to," Johnny says.

Johnny does not leave just yet.

"Thanks for doing this," he says.

"He hurt one of ours," Garret says, "and he hurt your wife. I'll do everything I can to help the two of you get justice. I didn't think I'd be able to without jeopardizing the cell, but I think we can now."

"I'll never forget this, Garret," Johnny says, "Thank you."

Garret closes the jpeg file and maximizes an unrelated page. Johnny departs, closing the door behind him.

Over eight-hundred miles away, in a hospital in Jefferson City, Missouri, Sarah Neely has just given birth to her first child. He is a beautiful and healthy boy who they name Charles William. Winter has not loosened its grasp on West Virginia, but Missouri is in the beginning of an early spring. It will be a beautiful time for mother and baby to bond. Sarah's body has brought a white child to the living world, another way that a good woman gives life to her race and renews its future. Charles is healthy enough to leave with his mother after a routine hospital stay, and the two return to their new home in the quiet suburbs.

Tom will hold his son and look into his green eyes and cherish the little man. He will thank God for the present and hope for the future. Late one night, he will retire to his den, and remove a cell phone from its safe hiding place. He will look at the phone, and then carry it to the kitchen. The garbage container is almost empty. When Tom hears his son cry out for

his mommy, he returns the cell phone to its charging cradle and goes to meet his wife in their son's bedroom.

The storm moves through eastern West Virginia during the night. The snowfall accumulation once the storm clears will be over one foot. It falls short of expectations, but with two days of sub-freezing temperatures, roads will remain treacherous until the temperature rises on Sunday.

At the height of the nor'easter, a bolt of lightning strikes near Wolf Creek. The loud crack wakes both KJ and Anna. KJ, who is lying on her pillow, sits up and then returns to her favorite position with her head on Johnny's chest. He murmurs from the pleasure of having her close and caresses her shoulder as she curls up around him.

Anna turns toward Garret, who is also awake.

"Sweetheart," Anna says, "Forgive me for asking, but, when you went to Ohio, did you know that you could do it? Did you know you could shoot him before you did?"

"I had an idea," Garret says, "but they say you can't know until it happens, and that's probably accurate. But that doesn't mean you can do it twice, either."

Garret turns on his side to look at her face-to-face.

"It won't matter if he's white or black, or a woman," he says, "It'll look like a man and it'll feel like it. If you find that you can't go through with it, you'll become an auxiliary. You'll still carry one of the Armalites or a shotgun. I know you can shoot if someone else opens fire. Most of the time you'll be a spotter."

"I'll do that," Anna says, "But I hope I don't have to. I don't want to hurt anyone, but I can't watch while you fight. It's not right. Once things get going, so many white women are going to watch, and follow whoever has power at the moment. They'll call you a monster and a racist. But if we win, they'll praise you and Johnny. I'm with you from the start. Me and KJ, and Jesse, we're with you. I have to do this, for our children and for us. I just hope that I can."

"You will fight for our children, Anna," Garret says, "However it turns out, I know you'll fight, one way or another. You don't have to pull a trigger to fight for them."

Garret takes her hand before kissing her goodnight.

Anna expects there to be another mission in the next three weeks. When the training, exercise and general life routines continue well into March, and winter becomes a memory, it is clear that her guess was off. There is one change during the final two weeks of March. The men spend

more time on patrol, and make another trip to Coalsack. They stay a single night. Although they do not say what they're up to, vigorous training or preparation for a mission, Anna gets the impression that it is the latter.

Garret Fogarty celebrates his 24th birthday on April Fool's Day. After Christmas the members of Capricorn Cell agreed that from then on, gifts would be communal, i.e. a single card with each name would accompany the entire collection of gifts. There would be one exception, however: a husband or a wife would request a special gift to be given later, in private, from him or her to their spouse. Thus, Anna prepares and serves him a delicious meal and presents him with a high-definition recorder/binoculars combination. And later, she immerses him in all of her womanly affections, leaving no doubt in his mind that she loves him above all others. It is worth more than all the gifts he has ever received, a million times over.

On the afternoon of the 4th of April, Robert McKenna prepares for the night's work at Diamond Crossing. He has a concealed carry permit for Pennsylvania and places his Glock 21 .45-caliber handgun beneath his jacket. McKenna is clean-cut and trim, with rock-hard muscles. Back when he played hockey he had a great affinity for beer, and put on a few extra pounds. He wishes he could go back in time and play again. Perhaps he'd have gotten a shot at the NHL.

Robert McKenna drives his Jeep Patriot to Diamond a few hours before tonight's show is to begin. Beneath his jacket he wears casual clothing, including a t-shirt and jeans. Robert would rather wear something else but he does not want to stand out too much in the crowd. His massive physique will be enough of a hindrance in that regard. He sees Mason beside the entrance. The outside air is pleasant and he stays a while with his young boss. Tonight's band is an alternative metal trio from Ohio. The crowd should be on the small side. This particular band is what Mason calls "easy" since none of their songs deal with race. No one is expecting trouble, so McKenna will urge the staff to remain vigilant.

The show begins and ends without any sign of strife. As predicted, the crowd was small. It doesn't really matter; the band will continue, and word will grow that Diamond offers such bands a venue to display their talents. Bands with racial views like *Chironex* are sure to notice, and follow in their fearless predecessors' footsteps by asking to play at Diamond. Mason remains long after the show, down in the basement, sending out emails to hopefuls and scouring the lyrics of interested bands to be sure they are free of anti-white sentiment. Many are pro-labor, environmentalist, and anti-war. None of those beliefs have ever or will ever disqualify a possible candidate, as long as a band is not anti-white. It will be a long

night of work, but Mason is off tomorrow, and will have time to sleep and meet with his lady for an evening in Pittsburgh.

Robert McKenna remains as well. Security was light tonight; two of the five did not show. McKenna considered asking Mason to cancel the show, but since the band was “easy” he did not. Among the crowd were two faces that he did not like. They seemed to check out everyone, and changed places with regularity. Toward the end of the show, as the band played one of their final songs, the two left the premises. With that on his mind, and the fact that Mason remains by himself in the basement, Robert decides to take a few trips around the club grounds.

Although neither knows it, Robert and Mason are not alone. Twenty-five-year-old Jay Pearson and his roommate Duane Callier are crouching between the hedges and tree line to the rear of the club. Jay, who is white, was one of the two faces that McKenna noted. The other was their cohort Justin Kirkbride. Currently, he’s in the driver’s seat of a silver Honda Accord that sits at a local sports bar, up the road from Diamond. He awaits a call from Pearson and Callier before picking them up and – he hopes – departing the scene.

Jay Pearson is from Philadelphia. He is thin and attractive and has success with females who believe they are of like mind with his anti-white beliefs. He cannot hold on to a girlfriend, though, being volatile with his anger and vocal with his beliefs to the point of being obnoxious. Currently, he is single.

Duane Callier is black. He hangs out with a political zealot and overall loser like Pearson in order to have access to what would otherwise be forbidden – white female activists and stoners. Pearson knew Julian Lane and agreed with his attack on Diamond. He also hoped David Hill would die when Braylon Fischer shot him outside of the Syracuse nightclub. It is his idea to carry out a more substantive act of vandalism against Diamond. Before returning to the club, Pearson filled two jerry cans with gasoline and covered them in large sacks. Both Pearson and Callier have flares on their person and Callier will carry one of the sacks of gasoline. Callier cuts the chain-link fence in the rear and both saboteurs crawl in through a very low hole. Pearson knows that he and Callier will get one attempt to torch the place, or at least cause enough damage to force it into bankruptcy. Pearson’s been here before, and he knows the crowds are never huge. He and his cohort have waited until the crowd left and the lights went out. Now the place looks abandoned. Neither saboteur can see the little lamplight that Mason uses in the basement, nor do they see McKenna making his rounds in the front.

Still in a crouching position, Pearson advances with his flare. Callier, who came along more for the excitement than any ideological reason, follows Pearson with the sack. Pearson knows that the moment they douse the place, and possibly before, a security alarm will activate. It may be silent, but he knows that they will have to flee if they are to escape even a relatively mild punishment. When they arrive at the rear entrance, often used by Anna in days gone by, Callier begins splashing the building with gasoline. It is at this point that the alarm alerts the Murrysville Police to a potential break-in at Diamond Crossing.

At 2AM, Pearson is ready to ignite his flare. Callier grabs the sack and jerry can and begins fleeing toward the damaged fence. At that moment Robert McKenna, who is coming down the left – woodland – side of the grounds, catches sight of Pearson.

"Hands up!" McKenna yells.

Pearson lights the flare but holds it. He wheels to the left to see who's there.

"Throw it in the grass!" McKenna yells, "Now!"

Pearson looks toward the fence. Callier is nowhere to be seen. McKenna, who does not assume that Pearson is alone, shuffles back and forth at random to provide a moving target. The only thing that is constant is his aim on Pearson.

Jay Pearson begins to edge away from Diamond. McKenna hopes he will oblige his command, but he feels the grip of anxiety in his chest. Pearson may be calling his bluff – but is it a bluff? The pistol is steady in McKenna's hands.

Duane Callier is armed with a .22 revolver. He considers using it, but he's afraid he'll miss. Right now, he does not believe McKenna has a legal right to shoot. Instead of firing, Callier bolts into the forest.

At about twenty paces from Diamond – seven more than when McKenna told him to throw the flare into the grass – Pearson convinces himself that McKenna is bluffing. He is unarmed aside from the flare, and Diamond is empty. McKenna is more likely to chase him, or report his appearance to the police. He's not throwing the flare toward McKenna, anyway; in fact, his body is aimed at Diamond. Still, he does not waste time. He jerks his arm back to throw the flare as quickly as he can, hoping to run before McKenna can screw up the courage to pull the trigger.

As soon as Pearson's arm rises, Robert McKenna does exactly what Pearson is convinced that McKenna will not do.

The bullet strikes Pearson in the left shoulder. Stunned, he whirls back, stumbling, and now facing McKenna. He drops the flare. It burns

bright in the grass, but does not reach the nearby gasoline. Robert is still covering Pearson, and still ready to fire. As a reaction to the pain, a bewildered Pearson reaches over to his arm. In the glare of the flare and the darkness of night, McKenna must assume that he's reaching for a weapon. He fires a second shot.

Mason hears the first. He grabs his pistol and runs upstairs. He hears a second shot. As the report fades, the Murrysville Police arrive at the front gate to Diamond. It is closed. They do not hear either shot.

Jay Pearson falls to the ground. The second shot has struck him in the chest. He does not rise, but trembles and pushes against the grass. McKenna does not move. He looks toward the woods but sees no one.

Mason smells gasoline when he comes to the rear exit. He runs to the front and looks outside. He sees the police cruiser at the gate, and hopes that the shots fired have not claimed his friend. Before exiting, he hides his pistol under a covered table.

Saturday morning is a beautiful early spring day. Easter lilies are up in the corner of the yard, a reminder of the previous owners' love of flowers. So, too, are daffodils; their showy flowers are beginning to bud along the driveway, just past the tree line that hides them from the casual motorist. In the kitchen of Procyon, Johnny and KJ have loaded the dishwasher. Rian is away with Jesse, as is usual on weekends. Jimmy Ford will drop by around noon on the supply run. Anna, meanwhile, is in the exercise room doing aerobics. She expects KJ to join her at any minute. KJ should have already, but Johnny was being playful and the lovers indulge a little of their desire.

"Anna's waiting on me," KJ finally says.

"Well, don't wear that tight shit to the table if you want to be on time," Johnny says.

"Alright," KJ says, "I won't wear it anymore, since you don't want me to..."

"That's bullshit!" Johnny says, "You fucking know better than that."

She laughs.

"I'm just fucking with you," KJ says, "But I see your reaction, very impressive."

"Get the fuck over here," Johnny says. He grabs her and pulls her close, his hands finding a place on her rear.

Garret enters the kitchen.

"Where's Anna?" Garret asks.

Johnny motions with his head toward the exercise room. His hands do not move.

Garret cracks the door and calls Anna into the kitchen.

Whatever Garret has on his mind appears to be serious. Johnny pats KJ's rump and then, as she turns, he puts his arm around her shoulders.

Anna enters the kitchen. She can guess that Garret has something important to tell them; otherwise he'd have let her finish her routine. She stands just inside the open doorway.

"Robert McKenna's been arrested," Garret says.

Anna gasps. KJ and Johnny continue to stare at Garret.

"What happened?" Johnny asks after the realization hits a few times.

"Another anti-white zealot tried to set Diamond on fire," Garret says, "Rob shot him. He's in critical condition the last I saw."

"What are they charging him with?" KJ asks.

"Excessive force," Garret says, "I'm sure they'll go for manslaughter if the piece of filth dies."

KJ shakes her head. Johnny hears her snort in frustration.

"What the fuck?" KJ says, "We can't even defend ourselves anymore? They know why Diamond's been attacked. They let that other asshole off easy just to encourage another attack. And since it didn't go down like they hoped, now Robert has to fucking pay for it?"

"It's the same shit they used to do," Johnny says, "LA, New York, you read about that shit, remember?"

"Yeah, I know," KJ says.

"What do you mean, Johnny?" Anna asks, and Garret looks at her.

"Violence against pro-white punks in California and New York," Johnny says, "I've read about it. The pigs tolerate violence from anti-white assholes so they can intimidate pro-white punks and radicals. It's police state by proxy. What always pisses me off is when some antifa faggot bad mouths the pigs, when he fuckin' relies on the police for protection. They know the goddamned establishment will destroy any whites with backbone. At least Rob gave one of them what he deserves. Of course, he'll fucking pay for it."

"Do you think he'll talk?" Anna asks, in a voice so soft, if not for the silence after Johnny's statement, the others would have had trouble hearing her.

The silence continues. Garret contemplated this terrible possibility before he broke the news.

"I don't believe he will," Garret says, "Still, I'm going to send Jimmy a message. We need a warning system, one that's better than a few cameras. I'll contact him as soon as we're done here."

"What about our mission?" Johnny asks.

"It's still on," Garret says.

The young women look at him but do not ask.

Later that afternoon, Johnny brings a shotgun up from the armory. He lays it just under the bed on KJ's side.

"Angel," Johnny says, "We'll keep that beside the bed for the time being."

KJ looks down at the gun, which is visible between the bedspread and the rug on the wooden floor. It is a sharp reminder. As safe as Procyon might seem, the beast of war roams its green woods and quiet halls.

That night, Anna goes to bed alone. She remains by herself for four hours as Garret watches the camera feeds. He does not believe that McKenna will betray them. Even if he did betray Garret or Johnny, the enemy would be no closer to Procyon. That is, unless McKenna mentioned Jesse, Jimmy or Aaron Van Dyke. If Van Dyke is associated with the cell then Procyon will be compromised. Garret watches the monitors and sips the tea Anna made for him before she went to bed.

At 4AM, the alarm rings in KJ and Johnny's room. It's time for him to relieve Garret. KJ awakens as does Johnny. Her head is on her pillow, but her hand is on his chest and she is very close. She sits up when he does.

"I didn't want to wake you, but, there wasn't any choice," Johnny says.

KJ kisses his bare shoulder. She's wearing a sleeveless orange shirt, with the old Moxie Cola ad emblazoned on the front.

"You have to stay up?" KJ asks.

"Yeah," Johnny says, "I gotta watch over you."

He smiles. She puts her hand on his smooth chest.

"My Johnny," KJ says and sighs.

"Don't stay up," Johnny says.

Johnny kisses her head before rolling out of bed and throwing on a t-shirt and a pair of shorts. KJ curls up in bed. She thinks about what she would do should they face a desperate escape. If Johnny's not in the tunnel when she arrives, she will wait for him.

An owl swoops down and picks off some unlucky mouse or mole, but nothing else of interest shows in the cameras. At sunlight, Johnny goes to the kitchen. He's going to prepare a special breakfast for his wife.

When he opens the door, he finds that KJ is already preparing breakfast for him. She's also wearing another pair of exercise leggings. Johnny cannot speak for a moment. She cannot, either. He looks at the table. The wooden tray that he used to take breakfast to her is sitting there, with an

empty mug for the coffee she's brewing, and a glass of juice. There's also a plate for the apple pancakes she's about to put on the griddle.

"I was going to surprise you," KJ says and shrugs.

"Make enough for both of us," Johnny says, "We can eat in the other room."

KJ smiles. It's a discrete and warm little smile.

Johnny moves the little table into the secret room. Beneath *Misty Morn* they have their early breakfast. It is delicious as usual, but does not need to be. The time they spend together is the eternal memory.

Early on the morning of Wednesday, April 9th, a sunny, crisp spring day, Garret Fogarty drives his old Wrangler north on the Friendsville Road toward Uniontown. On the front seat is a case with a pair of binoculars and a rucksack. There is also a small cooler on the floor. In the back seat, lying on a sheet with his face obscured by a cap is John Ashley Bowen. On the floor, covered in a black sheet, is a 12-gauge shotgun.

While passing through woodland and farmland, the Jeep cruises through little Markleysburg. From the road Garret can see the now-vacant house that he and Johnny once owned. It reminds him of simpler times that weren't any better.

Johnny does not sit up to look, or he would see some very familiar territory. Garret drives past the unused rail line that passes not far from the Campbell House. Though the trees and other houses block the view, both men are familiar with the avenues around the place and this scene is well known to Johnny Bowen. Beyond the Campbell House and its neighbors is the mobile home park that Gene loathed and Erica didn't mind as long as she lived close enough to her lover to work for and visit him often. Garret takes a left on to a woodland road – the same that KJ chose when she fled the Campbell House, once and for all. Beyond is a department of transportation fuel depot. Thick scrub and ailanthus trees completely block the view to and from the rear of the depot. Here Garret pulls on to the shoulder and parks. From this position, he and Johnny can watch Farragut Street.

Markael Yates rents a one-bedroom apartment on Farragut Street. He will emerge sometime after noon if he's home. If he's at a friend's house, or if he spent the night with his mulatto girlfriend, he'll come in around 3 or 4 PM. A short time later, he'll leave once more. Mason informed Garret of Yates' comings-and-goings. Now Garret will verify that Yates' itinerary, such as it is, has not changed.

Garret parks the Wrangler, which is now burgundy in color. Johnny Bowen pokes his head up and peers out the rear window with his own

high-powered binoculars. He sees a row of ugly low-income apartments. He knows that the Campbell House is not far away.

"What is that place, over on the right?" Johnny asks, "It looks like fucking projects."

"Tuskegee," Garret says, "It's called Tuskegee."

He studied his maps well.

"Where those niggers beat that white guy?" Johnny asks, incredulous, "Her fucking parents brought her here to be that close to nigger fucking savages? Jesus Christ!"

"You didn't know it was that close?" Garret asks.

"No," Johnny says, "I just wanted to get her the hell out of there. Fuck, it's good that I did."

Garret nods. Though he's thirsty, he does not open the cooler. It will be a long day and he'll be thirstier later.

Johnny watches with vigilance and attention to every detail. Garret looks down the street about every fifteen minutes. Unless he's running top-speed, if Yates appears, Garret will see him.

At 3:30PM, four hours after Garret and Johnny arrive, a black male begins strolling down Farragut. Both sentinels look at him, studying his every feature. From the facial scar, it's obvious that this is Markael Yates. Johnny looks into Yates' face. He imagines Yates' yellow eyes, staring at the woman who Johnny loves. Yates was eager to destroy her both physically and mentally.

A little smile comes to Johnny's face when he thinks about the reception that Yates received when he tried to rape KJ. The wound that led to that scar must have hurt quite a lot. Both Johnny and Garret watch the would-be rapist make an abrupt left and enter a smallish apartment complex in the middle of Farragut Street.

They do not wait to see when Yates exits his apartment. They do not need to; on Friday, they'll be back, right here in this spot, until Yates makes another appearance.

After supper and a bit of kissing between her and her husband, KJ sits down at her bedroom table to read. Johnny disappears into the interior of the house. KJ finishes her book on electrical diagrams and begins reading the Chilton's guide to Jeep repair that Gary donated from his library. She wants to talk to her husband about making another camping trip, if that's ever possible. When he returns an hour later, she sets the book on the table and smiles at him. He's holding a piece of paper in his hand, and she can tell it's a picture of some sort though he has the printed side turned away.

"I need to show you something, angel," Johnny says, "It's going to be painful, and I'm sorry, but I need you to confirm it. There can't be any doubt."

KJ's smile disappears.

"What is it, Johnny?" she asks.

Johnny turns the picture toward her.

"Is this him?" he asks.

KJ looks at the photo and then stares into Johnny's eyes. She says nothing.

"So it is," Johnny says and she nods.

Johnny turns the picture away. KJ rises and grabs his arm before he can leave.

"You can't risk your life!" KJ says, "He's not worth that! I don't want you to do that!"

KJ fights an intense desire to thank him for what he's about to do. Her love for him is so great she'd forsake justice just to keep him safe.

"He hurt you," Johnny says, his green eyes full of severity, "and he will fucking die for that."

"Johnny!" KJ says as he turns to leave.

"No more words!" Johnny turns to her and says, and then he turns away again.

"Johnny!" KJ yells, and her voice pierces his soul.

Johnny turns his head sideways to hear one last appeal. If she asks him to renounce his mission he will keep walking.

"Please...be careful," KJ says.

Johnny looks back through the doorway toward the hall, his back toward her.

"I will, angel," he says and then leaves.

That night a heavy shower passes by. It is a welcome rain after a dry start to April. KJ is awake. She looks at her Johnny. He is lying on his back, sleeping. She wants to wake him, to thank him, to kiss and caress him and nuzzle his chest as her hair falls all around his powerful body.

"I love you," KJ says without sound.

Johnny wakes at 5AM. Rian spent the night watching the computer monitors, and at five he crept in and woke Johnny so as not to disturb KJ. Garret is awake and watches the monitors until the sun's rays flash green and rise. Rian gently closes the door as he leaves. KJ's arm is across Johnny's chest. She is still asleep. He's glad the covers are up to her shoulders, since she's in a thong bodysuit, and it slipped his mind that Rian would be entering. It doesn't matter that Rian is happily married and

there is no depravity on Rian's part should he see her bare behind. It's natural for a man to not want another man to stare at his woman's body, thong or not.

"Angel," Johnny whispers, and rubs her arm.

It's soft and smooth. He squeezes it just enough to feel the muscle that's under her skin. Its strength, great for a woman her size, is a wonderful contrast to her softness. She pulls her forearm back and tenses her bicep when he squeezes, which is what he hoped for. A soft murmur comes from her closed mouth and she sits up and stretches.

"It's early, Johnny," KJ says. She stretches again and a smile comes to her. "You feeling good?" she asks.

How he wishes to smile back and nod. Today he has to perform a different service for her, one that brings him no joy but that is necessary to set straight an event from the past. Johnny could not be there to fight for her. Now he will prove that, had he been there, her attacker would have suffered even more than he did.

"I have to go," Johnny says.

KJ's smile disappears.

"Today?" she asks, and pulls her arms in close to her body. "We can't come with you? I can't come with you?"

"No," Johnny says, "It's just me and Garret this time."

He runs his hand through her hair, all the way down to where it rests on her chest. She leans forward, getting very close to him.

"Please be careful," KJ says, "Please. I understand why you're doing this, but I need you more than I need revenge. I fucked him up, remember?"

Johnny looks into her eyes, those blue eyes that he adores.

"He's shown what he'll do and that will never change until he's dead," Johnny says, "He hurt you, and he'd do it again in a fucking heartbeat. He'd hurt you or anyone like you and I have the power to stop that."

KJ puts her hands on his cheeks.

"I love you," she says, and kisses him, "Remember to come home."

Johnny slides off the bed and to his feet. He looks at his wife before heading to the dresser and then the bathroom, where he washes his face and hands and dresses for the mission. It will take place in an urban environment, so he dresses in suitable apparel: jeans and a dark brown shirt. When he returns to the bedroom KJ is lying on her side, looking at him.

"I love you too, angel," Johnny says.

KJ rolls to her other side to watch him leave. When he does, she curls up and looks at his pillow before closing her eyes.

In the storage room, Johnny ties his hiking shoes. He removes a peculiar black cloth from one of the boxes and heads downstairs. In the armory he removes one of the remaining Mossberg shotguns. Among the boxes of ammunition is one marked "12ga". It has a bright yellow "A" on each side. Johnny opens the box and loads four shells into the shotgun. From a box of standard ammunition he removes ten additional shells, loads two and stores the others in his jacket pocket opposite a few items he deems essential. He continues through to the tunnel and walks the distance to the surface exit.

Garret Fogarty is alone in the cab of the white Chevrolet pickup. As the truck coasts down Chalk Hill, he glances at the objects on the floor of the passenger side. There is a smaller box with a wick that protrudes and enters the second, larger box. Inside the second is an incendiary device that Garret hopes will turn the cab into an inferno. On Garret's person is a .45 Smith and Wesson 1911, the sidearm of choice for Capricorn Cell. Behind him in the cab is a 12-gauge shotgun.

Inside the truck's bed, John Ashley Bowen suffers an uncomfortable ride. He lies beneath a tarpaulin which he holds up just enough to see. There is a slot cut in the left side of the tailgate. In Johnny's hand is the shotgun that he loaded with four unusual bullets.

KJ cannot return to sleep. She takes her iPod from the nightstand and puts in her ear buds. "Tragedia Dekadencia" from *Anorexia Nervosa* begins to play and she closes her eyes.

Both men are ready to fight. Once, while descending Chalk Hill toward Hopwood, Garret notices a state police car behind him. The Maryland plates on the Chevy are not valid. If trouble ensues, he will call Rian for an emergency pick-up. Then, he and Johnny will have to deal with their unwanted adversary.

The cruiser turns left toward Wharton Furnace and Garret feels some relief.

Skies will clear by nightfall but at the moment there are clouds. Uniontown is wet from last night's downpours and a thin layer of mud lies across the winding road that leads to the fuel depot. Garret parks the Chevy near the rusty rails and a muddy dirt road that crosses the tracks and joins Farragut Street. In the shadow of the thick grove of ailanthus and sycamore, Garret and Johnny wait for their target to appear.

Anna Fogarty née Murphy wears her cross, as usual. Today she'll hold it with greater frequency. After exercise, Anna and KJ will practice dry-firing in the tunnel. Each will watch and make sure the other is not making some mistake in aiming or firing. Then, after some lifting for main-

tenance, Anna will set up her target and shoot her bow. KJ returns to her room.

KJ does not believe the act to be born of superstition. Still, KJ feels that it can't hurt. After exercise KJ changes into the galaxy-pattern leggings and the Celtic Frost t-shirt she wore when she escaped from Markael Yates and the Campbell House. Today, though, it won't be her who needs to escape from that hellish corner of the world.

William Gant quit hanging with Markael Yates after the incident at the Campbell House. For whatever reason, he did not hate "the Campbell girl," though he has come to believe that she did deserve some form of punishment for her racism. Rape and incidental homicide do seem a bit harsh to him. Nonetheless, he is glad that the whole incident is over and there's no reason to renew his relationship with Yates. He figures that "Big June" wouldn't even remember who he is. Gant escaped the Campbell House with a minor cut on his face and he considers himself lucky. He has no reason to even talk to Markael Yates, let alone meet up with him.

In the fall, Willy Gant will attend classes at Duquesne University. He will try to earn a starting spot on the basketball team. It would be a dream come true for him, and not something he wants to destroy. Gant, however, is not unrealistic in his hopes. If he can make it as a substitute, he'll be happy for the chance to travel with the team and enjoy a few memories that he can share with his grandchildren. Perhaps he'll even play in the "Big Dance" someday. The last six months he's worked at a retail store and practiced sports in his free time. Indeed, Markael Yates is becoming an unpleasant memory as is the altercation with Kaylee Jane, and Gant no longer feels any culpability in her drowning. What's done is done, and it's time to move on.

Those unpleasant memories come roaring back at 11AM on the 11th of April. While Gant enjoys lunch at Fox's Pizza, none other than Markael Yates enters the pizzeria and sits beside him. Gant is horrified but acts the part of a friend who is delighted by the reunion. He buys lunch for his fear-some companion.

They do not discuss what happened the day Yates made his unsuccessful attempt at rape. Of course Yates lied to his friends in order to regain some of the aura he lost when word got out that a white girl put him in the hospital. That wasn't all he did to regain his reputation; last month a fully-recovered Markael Yates savagely beat another black male who mocked him with a question about the incident. Gant spares a little of his own ego by telling himself he's only buying lunch for Yates because his "brother's" been down on his luck, and after the meal the two can part

ways forever. It's for the best. He can't jeopardize his future at Duquesne, can he? Actually, he'd pay for Yates' lunch out of fear, whether he planned on attending college or not.

At the end of the meal, it looks like Yates will leave Gant in peace. But then he makes a proposition that entices Gant to remain with his treacherous friend for at least a few more hours.

"I got some good shit back at my place," Yates tells him, "C'mon over, you ain't never had shit like this."

Gant has not smoked weed since the incident. It's no major crime, and certainly won't damage his college or basketball career. He's known players at the collegiate level and most of them smoke at least a little. In any case, it is highly unlikely anyone would care to pursue and arrest him. He'd been to Yates' apartment complex a year or so before Yates moved in, when his cousin's ex-girlfriend lived there. The place smelled like weed more often than not.

William "Willy" Gant, who this July is moving to a dormitory in Duquesne, follows Yates out the door.

The wind that will clear the skies by evening shakes the smaller boughs of the trees. On their way from the pizzeria to Yates' Farragut apartment, Yates brings up Pittsburgh's recent basketball success and it puts Gant further at ease. The worry that he's making a mistake is all but gone as they turn the corner on to Farragut. He sees the two large apartment complexes and the smaller, ruddy one that Yates calls home. Why not hang one last time? Why not relax? It'll be a sort of going-away party.

Both Gant and Markael Yates see a white pickup advancing up Farragut. To Yates, it looks like one of the roofer's trucks from the mobile home park. Gant doesn't even notice if there is one occupant or two. Run-down pickups with white drivers do not interest either of them. If they did pay attention, they'd see that the driver is wearing a cap and sunglasses.

The pickup comes closer and from all appearances will continue north toward a construction supply company. Neither Yates nor Willy Gant assume otherwise. A short distance from Yates' apartment, before he and Gant have crossed the street, the pickup turns left and crosses lanes. The side door is a little off-hue compared to the rest, and the driver continues his U-turn at such a short distance as to be a rude shock to Yates and Gant. Yates stops and looks in anger at the truck. Gant stops as well. They expect the driver to complete the U-turn and then disappear down the road. Instead the truck stops, its rear gate roughly 10 yards in front of the duo. Yates notices the slot in the gate. If he'd been able to look through it, he would have seen nothing but a ruffled tarp and a shadow.

Had Johnny Bowen decided against waging this war, he'd still be in the bed of the pickup.

Gant sees the tarpaulin fly upward. He has no time to react before a figure rises with great speed from the bed of the truck.

Markael Yates glances at the figure. Events unfold so fast that only one image enters his mind. There is black cloth where the face should be. It is the last image his brain will ever see.

From 10 yards away, John Ashley Bowen fires a shot directly into Markael Yates' head and face. Blood, flesh and bone explode from the powerful impact. Yates stumbles backward several feet, his crumpling body at a slight angle to where he originally stood.

Willy Gant, who is too close to Yates to escape unscathed, takes two balls in his chest. He spins and falls to the ground, wheezing from the impact.

Johnny chambers another round and fires into Yates' body. He chambers a third, but does not fire. He taps the sliding window panel on the rear of the cab and returns to his position under the tarp. Garret hits the gas and pushes the truck down Farragut toward the National Pike.

Lying in the back of the pickup, Johnny returns his black cloth mask to his jacket pocket. Garret slows down to around the speed limit as he drives on to the National Pike toward Chalk Hill. Johnny loads two regular shells into the shotgun and keeps an eye on the road through the slot in the tailgate. So far, there are no pursuers. Should someone attempt to follow or apprehend him or his brother, Johnny will make their pursuit as costly as possible.

Garret estimates that they will have fifteen minutes before the police will begin a general search for an older white Chevy pickup. Before they began their approach down Farragut, he scanned the adjacent streets and saw no sign of police cars or patrolmen. He drives as fast as he can without risking attention by police or civilians as the National Pike takes him away from the homes and buildings of Uniontown. About ten minutes later, the pickup arrives at the Summit Inn Resort and the turn-off to a two-lane rural highway that runs past a golf course and into the deep woods. Exactly one mile from the final hole of the course, Rian will be waiting in the black Rubicon.

The minutes seem like hours as the golf course comes and goes. Garret hits the reset on the new odometer that Ford mounted for this purpose, and one mile down the road Garret turns left on to a small cut area in the forest. Here, the white pickup will serve its final purpose. He slides the window and yells to Johnny, and then starts the timer. Ford is running

a test on his detonators, that much is clear. An electric detonator ignites a small incendiary, which will ignite the two-minute safety fuse to the larger incendiary device. Should Ford have erred, and the detonator go off as soon as Garret activates it, he'll have two minutes to exit the cab before it becomes an inferno.

Rian and the Rubicon sit on the shoulder about 100 yards down the road. He sees the white pickup approach and sees it veer left. He starts the Jeep and begins a slow advance. Johnny and Garret come running along the tree-line, each holding a shotgun. They pile into the Jeep and Rian swings the vehicle around and heads south.

The detonator works to perfection. Ford thought it would; he'd run ten tests on the final designs. Thirty minutes after Garret begins the timer, the incendiary device in the front seat ignites. Its fierce flames will ignite two similar devices in the rear, as well as the gas in the vehicle. By the time the flames die, the pickup will be an immolated hulk.

The cloud cover has not yet broken by 3PM, and by the time the fire erupts the Rubicon is several miles away, entering a small hamlet. Even if a helicopter is searching the area around the flames, the Rubicon is far enough away to blend in with ordinary traffic. Still, Johnny keeps his shotgun close by his side. Garret's is there as well, since he's riding in front and didn't have time to adequately place the gun along the floor. Both men keep an eye on the road and Garret an occasional eye on the sky. None of the three will feel any less tension until they are safely within the tunnels of Procyon.

The route to Clifton Mills and Brandonville winds through small hills and thick woods broken by quaint little farms. The forest is not yet green but is rousing from its slumber. In this region it will be thick and on a clear day the blue of the sky and green of the trees will be spectacular. The scenery will be much the same south of Bruceton Mills on the road to Terra Alta and then, after an hour or so, Aurora. Ordinarily Johnny would enjoy this trip, and the fond memories of childhood that it evokes, but not today. He will not feel any respite as they leave Terra Alta, or pass the "Aurora Y", or even after the Rubicon is tucked away in the woods near the drop-off spot. Only when the outside door is locked and he can finally climb the stairs to the storage room will Johnny Bowen consider the mission successful.

"How'd it go?" Rian finally asks.

"Yates is dead," Johnny says.

He doesn't need confirmation. He knows the first shot struck Yates in the head.

EMS arrives quickly at the scene of the shooting. As Johnny predicts, Yates is beyond help. The massive head injuries proved fatal within minutes. On the other hand, Gant's injuries, though terrifying to him, are not fatal. Based on what paramedics can see, his basketball career might not even be in jeopardy. He's sweating quite a bit and throws up after they arrive. He is also having trouble breathing but that is to be expected. The force no doubt took the wind out of him, and there may be other injuries to bone and tissue. All in all, it appears that Willy Gant has had a brush with death.

In the short time it takes for Gant to reach the hospital, he tells the paramedics that he feels "numb all over." Before they can address this concern Gant suffers a seizure. Despite the paramedics' best efforts he soon loses consciousness. Inside the ER, he stops breathing. The aconitine that entered with the shotgun pellets is enough to shut down his lungs and affect his heart. Try as they might, doctors cannot arrest its progress, and two hours later a comatose William Gant succumbs to his wounds and the deadly toxin.

Garret is the first to arrive upstairs. Anna hears the downstairs door unlock and she's waiting for him at the top of the steps. She holds on tight as he kisses her head. Her red hair is in a ponytail and when he looks at her and smiles he flops it back and forth a couple of times.

"I'll start supper," Anna says.

"Hold on, I'll help," Garret says.

"KJ's gonna help me, you don't have to," Anna says.

"No, tell her it's our turn," Garret says, "We're back in time."

Anna kisses his cheek and squeezes him again before grabbing the colander from the storage room and returning to the kitchen.

Johnny is last to climb the steps. He waits for a while in the hallway, at the entrance of the armory. If someone enters he will sell himself so that the others can make a fight of it, and perhaps escape. There is nothing for fifteen minutes. He passes by the armory and up the steps.

Upon hearing from Anna, KJ goes to her and Johnny's bedroom. She's not sure what he'll want, if he'll even let her know what he wants or what he needs. She considers changing her pants and t-shirt, but decides to wait. She sits on the bed. When the doorknob turns she rises, and Johnny Bowen enters. He's taken off his jacket and the shirt he wore over his tank top. She looks into his eyes and then runs to him. They embrace and she closes her eyes as she lays her head to his chest. Then she pulls him down to her and kisses him, an act of love that lasts quite a while.

"I love you," KJ whispers, her eyes still closed.

Johnny's forehead is still touching hers.

"It's over, angel," he says, pulling her into his embrace again. "It's over."

"Are you OK?" KJ asks.

He nods before responding.

"This fucking country denies a man his right for justice," Johnny says, "They'd tell you and me to forgive that piece of shit. Well, I do not forgive him. He tried to take what only you had a right to give. Fuck him. Let him burn in fucking hell."

KJ rubs his back. Her eyes are still closed, and her head is in his bosom.

"I don't know who you saved today," she says, looking up at him with her blue eyes, "But thank you for saving her. You are a fucking hero." She almost chokes up on her final words, but she recovers. "Thank you for doing what no one else would do for a white woman like me," she says.

Johnny lifts her in his powerful arms and carries her to the bed, where he sits with her on his lap. KJ kisses his head.

"If there were a few more like you, angel," Johnny says, "we wouldn't have to do shit like this."

He looks at her shirt and her pants. He knows what happened last time she wore these together.

"You told me you didn't want me to become cynical and lose my love of life," KJ says, "I don't want you to lose that either."

"As long as you're in my arms there's not a chance of that happening," he says.

Johnny rubs her leg and she gets a little smile.

"I won't let that happen," KJ says, "And as long as you're here with me, it can't happen." She looks down for a moment and her smile fades. "Whatever you need, I'm here for you. You just showed your strength. We all know how strong you are, Johnny, my love." She caresses his cheek with her gloved hand. "But you still need a woman, and I'm here for you."

Johnny kisses her, first on the head and then on the lips. He lays back and she lies upon him, her hair all around both their heads.

"How could I ever lose hope as long as my angel flies to me?" he says.

KJ kisses him and laughs and nuzzles him. They're still laying there, her on top of him, when Rian summons them for supper.

James Ford drops by on Saturday, as does Jesse Donnelly. Examinations kept Jesse away on Friday. Since their time together is abbreviated this week, Jesse and Rian will use the secret room to share their mar-

ital love, and the other members of Capricorn Cell will make them a lovely and delicious supper.

Jimmy Ford brings the usual as well as a few unusual items. He stays for a beer and then leaves. He has work to do on the van. Bill Donnelly has offered to purchase a second van, this one a Chevrolet. It, too, will come from Quigley and will be four-wheel-drive. Soon, there will be no more need to use cramped vehicles like the Stratus.

On Saturday night, Johnny and Garret return from outside sentinel practice that included dry-firing and stalking. Garret is first upstairs. He removes his hiking boots and places them on one of the boot trays that Jimmy Ford brought this morning. Ford also brought a couple of vest-like pieces of attire, both dark green in color and both featuring storage spaces, pouches and clips for various items. Before Jimmy could finish his beer, Johnny was already loading one of them with various items that he deems important to a mission. Now the vests sit on the little table in the storage room. On the side of one of them, written in black, are the letters "KJ."

Johnny removes his hiking shoes and hoodie and grabs one of the vests before heading to his and KJ's bedroom. The door is closed, as usual, and he knocks when he arrives. There is no answer, so he tries the knob. It is unlocked. Inside, KJ sits on one of the chairs. She's reading and listening to her iPod. The movement of the door catches her eye and she looks up at her husband as he enters. She smiles and removes her ear buds.

"Hi, Johnny" KJ says.

"Hi, angel," Johnny says, "Come over here, I have something to show you."

KJ rises from her spot. She's wearing jeans and a t-shirt.

"Put on one of your hoodies," Johnny says.

She removes a dark hoodie from the tall cabinet and obeys his request.

"This is your web gear," Johnny says, "It's a lot better for you to use this than a rucksack or a backpack. I've packed it for the next mission."

The web gear is lighter and simpler than similar harnesses used by military snipers, but it is just right for KJ. Johnny puts the vest on her body. KJ fastens the belt. Over the hoodie it's snug. It does not hinder her movement in the slightest.

"It's nice," KJ says.

"There's one for Anna, too," Johnny says, "I choose the best looking one for you."

He winks and she chuckles.

“Thank you,” KJ says, looking into his eyes.

She looks down again at the web gear before moving her hair from the side of her face and returning her gaze to his eyes.

“It’ll be soon, won’t it?” KJ asks, “The next mission?”

“Yeah,” Johnny says, nodding.

Chapter XXII

Carrasco and Kemper

Anna realizes that she alone among the combat element of Capricorn Cell has not fired her weapon at the enemy. She alone does not know if she can look at a man in her scope and pull the trigger. Part of her wishes to be done with it. Part of her is saddened by that thought. The waiting is agony, and so is the desire to go on a mission. She wonders if they'll wait until summer. She wonders if they'll train for a while first. She has a feeling that they will not wait that long. She is right.

On Wednesday, the 16th of April, Johnny knocks on the exercise room door and enters. Anna and KJ have just finished their aerobics routines. KJ smiles at him, but it lasts even shorter than usual. His face tells her that whatever he has to say is serious.

"Garret needs to see the two of you," Johnny says, "He's in the media room."

KJ looks at Anna. They both stand and exit as Johnny holds the door. KJ touches his side as she passes.

There is a folder on the desk beside the Dell desktop. It looks like the one that contained information about A. Steven Maxwell. Both young women take this as a harbinger of a new mission. Garret stands beside the computer, his arms folded against his button-down shirt. Rian is seated to Garret's right. Johnny pulls out seats for both KJ and Anna, but he does not take a seat himself. There is no doubt that this is another war meeting.

"Angela Carrasco is a professor at Pennsylvania State University," Garret says, "She's from California originally, half-Mexican, half-white on her mother's side. Like many such individuals, she hates her mother's race. At Penn State she is professor of business ethics and is notoriously anti-white and anti-male. On-line rating sites are unflattering to her, to say the least. Hundreds of comments indicate her anti-white male nature in the classroom, and her attempts to divide white men and women. She's

given and sponsored anti-white speeches, the particulars of which are in the folder. She is a member of La Raza and several anti-racist groups which, as we all know, is code word for anti-white.”

Garret hands the folder to Anna. Her blue eyes meet his. He returns to the computer and brings up Google Earth.

“From the large grove of trees to the business building parking lot is a distance of 850 yards obscured by trees and structures,” he says, “However, from this area of hedgerows, the distance for a clear shot is around 450 yards. On Friday the 25th, Carrasco will give a sermon on ways to promote minority ownership of companies and corporations. It will be dark among the copse of trees and hedgerows, but it will be well-lit around the school and parking lot.”

Garret turns away from the computer and looks directly into Anna’s eyes.

“Anna, do you think you can make this shot?” Garret asks.

Anna looks at the screen. She does not open the folder. That will come; right now she blocks out the target and thinks only of the shot.

“Yes,” she says.

“Glance at that for a minute,” Garret tells her, motioning toward the manila folder.

Anna opens the folder.

Carrasco is in her late-30’s, thin and unattractive. She scowls at the camera, and in all three photos looks to be humorless and arrogant. Why shouldn’t she be full of herself? Students pay to be her captive audience, and if they’re white she is free to tell them to hate their brothers in race. She emphasizes that hiring minorities is not only good; it is her students’ obligation because they were born white. Despite her own whiteness and oft-proclaimed “anti-racism,” she belongs to the overt racial organization La Raza. She supports massive non-white immigration into white countries, of both a legal and illegal nature. Carrasco is open with her anti-white loyalties and is paid to promote her anti-white beliefs; if a white were to be so openly pro-white, he – or she – would lose his job at the very least.

Anna stares at the pictures, especially the portrait photo.

“The crimes of these traitors and profiteers may seem minor in comparison to their leadership or their martyrs,” Garret says, “But keep in mind; these are the soldiers in the war against our children. They have chosen sides in this war. They are not defending, they are attacking, not only us but our future as a race. They believe that we will respond with cowardice, because they know that the American power structure will

destroy any white man, or white woman, who dares to strike back. Do not be fooled. Should these little traitors ever obtain the power to kill us in the open, they will do so. Listen to their words."

Anna closes the folder. She looks at Garret. This Carrasco woman would make Bryce Murphy a wage-slave in support of her non-white people. She would try to take away his dignity as a white man, and if he resisted, she would not hesitate to use her army to murder him. Then, she would rejoice in his death. She would do the same to Anna's own son or daughter. Carrasco calls herself American, but her solidarity lies with the non-white invader.

"When do we go?" Anna asks.

Later that night, Anna lays her head on Garret's chest for a while. She feels the need to give and to receive affection. He caresses her arm, and traces the ivy, and then runs his hand down her body.

"I don't tell you that I love you nearly enough," Garret says, "But I do, Anna. I do love you."

"That's OK, Garret," Anna says, "You tell me when I need to hear it. And I love you, too,"

At 3AM on Sunday, April 21st, Jay Pearson, who never regained consciousness after falling into a coma in the ambulance, dies from his wounds. The District Attorney will now charge Robert McKenna with voluntary manslaughter. He will face the possibility of spending 20 years in a maximum security prison. As a white man forced to live among a huge population of black and non-white criminals, he would face the certainty of gang rape and repeated attacks by the non-white hordes. One-on-one he is more than a match for even the strongest black inmate, so they would simply overpower him with numbers. If Robert McKenna goes to prison, he will face a high risk of death, whether by knifepoint or by HIV infection.

Rian Donnelly and Anna Fogarty will perform the recon mission for the Carrasco strike. Since the combat team will spend more time in the area before the attack, Garret, KJ and Johnny will perform their own electronic reconnaissance on the computer and identify avenues of approach and retreat before departing on the mission. On Sunday, the 21st of April, a warm and sunny day, Anna and Rian leave Procyon for the Penn State campus. They depart in a green 1999 Subaru Forester that Ford owns in his name. They make no attempt to hide, and although Anna wears sunglasses and a floppy white hat it is to protect her eyes and skin rather than hide her identity.

Rian parks the Subaru near the university's museum of art. The two begin walking past the little rows of student housing and plentiful pin oaks

and Norway maples that surround them. Anna's hair is in a lush ponytail, and she's wearing a long-sleeve blouse and jeans. It's a tribute to the vindictive sun which she gladly pays, so that she will remain with her beautiful pale complexion and color. Anna and Rian pass several students and what must be staff as they walk the street toward the museum, an art gallery and several other administrative buildings to the east. The two cell members speak to each other in the Irish. It draws some looks, but makes it less likely that someone will question their status as students.

The street eventually crosses a north-south rail trail. When the two are alone, Rian looks at his map. They follow the rail trail until coming to the northernmost edge of a park. From there, Anna peers through a thin row of trees toward the target's eventual location. She sees the grove of trees and hedgerows. There is a small field between the park and the hedges. When it's dark, she should be able to cross it with minimal risk. To the right is a fortuitous row of trees that will block the view of the field, especially in the dark. There is a small structure near the hedges, and the service road that leads there ends in a tangle of brush that should obscure Anna from anyone who might be inside the structure. The hedges themselves, the best place for a clear shot, are likewise sheltered from the little building, which will probably be empty come nightfall. Garret will be there to make sure no threats come from the structure. Anna feels a deep appreciation for her husband, who spent long hours studying these features and chose the mission accordingly.

From the hedgerow the distance to the entrance of the business building is 400 yards. Anna is confident in her ability to complete this mission.

The next morning, Anna follows KJ into the exercise room. Today Johnny will join KJ for some light weightlifting. KJ is already strong and wants to maintain her physique, especially her beautiful biceps. She does not want to become masculine, so she works on maintenance now that she's where she'd like to be strength-wise. Johnny helps her.

Tomorrow, Anna is scheduled for weight lifting. Today she just wants to talk.

KJ is wearing exercise leggings and a tank top. Anna's wearing shorts and a t-shirt. KJ, who was stretching, stops when Anna enters. She expected her husband, not her sister.

"It's not your turn, is it?" KJ asks.

"No," Anna says.

Johnny enters, wearing shorts and a sleeveless shirt. Anna glances at the rabbit. His arms are huge.

"Hi, Anna," Johnny says, a little surprised to see her here.

It's become a custom for husbands and wives to lift together.

"Oh, hi Johnny," Anna says, "I won't be long. Do you mind if I talk to KJ for a minute?"

"No, go ahead," Johnny says.

Johnny rubs Anna's head and turns toward the door. Before he leaves he winks at KJ and she smiles at him.

"I'm sorry," Anna says after Johnny closes the door.

"It's cool," KJ says. She sits on one of the benches. "What's on your mind?" she asks.

KJ thinks she knows. Anna's always respected their little customs, and something important must have compelled her to interrupt KJ and Johnny's routine. Anna is thinking about pulling the trigger.

"It's not that she's a woman," Anna says.

"Good," KJ says, "It shouldn't matter."

"It doesn't," Anna says, "Traitors come in all kinds of stripes. It's just, I've never done this before. Were you nervous?"

"Me?" KJ asks, incredulous, "I'm nervous by default."

Anna laughs.

"OK, I mean, more than usual?" she asks.

"I felt this kind of unease," KJ says, "It grew, like, the whole time before we went back to Allentown. It was sort of like being a little sick. I mean, like, you're going to be sick, but you aren't yet, but it's kind of like you feel as if you're going to be sick."

"How did it feel to do it?" Anna asks.

KJ is silent for a moment.

"I remembered why I refused my parents' offer to go back to Washington," KJ says, "and I remembered why I joined Capricorn Cell. I remembered who I was doing it for."

Anna takes KJ's gloved hand.

"I hope I have that strength," Anna says.

"Think of your sons and daughters," KJ says, "and you'll find the strength."

When Anna rises she thanks and embraces KJ. Johnny enters, and he and KJ embrace. He shows her how much he likes the leggings, and then they begin their lifting with curls.

"Is she OK?" Johnny asks after the first set.

"Yeah," KJ says.

She touches his bicep.

"I think she'll be OK," Johnny says, "How about you?"

"I'm good," the angel says, a wild look in her eye and a little grin on her face.

For the trip to State College, Capricorn Cell will travel in the 4x4 Ford van. Jimmy has added observation and firing ports to the rear doors. The ports slide up and down, and are not noticeable when closed except at a close range. Even then, the thought that the ports are for combat purposes will occur to very few minds.

Anna slips a long-sleeve t-shirt over her black t-back top. She tucks both into her camouflaged pants and dons a high-collar camouflaged jacket. Her web gear sits on the table near the bedroom door. Garret packed the pouches and pockets, though it is not his specialty. Johnny told him what to pack. He saw how much KJ appreciated him packing her web gear, and he figured that Anna would feel the same if Garret packed her gear. Johnny's prediction is correct; Anna thinks of Garret when she straps on the web gear.

In the quiet of the storage room, Anna ties her boots. Beside her on the bench is her dark green boonie hat. Her hair is in a long braided ponytail. She checks her pistol one last time. Anna closes her eyes and breathes deep. It feels so safe at Procyon. The feeling is a lie. Nowhere is safe for a white man or white woman, not anymore. If the enemy knew of Procyon they would come and kill its occupants. Anna opens her eyes. The door to the media room opens and Garret enters. She looks up at him and he takes a seat beside her.

"When you became a woman," Garret says, "And I laid my eyes upon you, I thought about this fight that we have. In five hundred years, I want a man who looks like me to meet a woman who looks like you, and I want him to fall in love with his redheaded woman. Whatever happens tonight, I love you Anna, and I will always carry on this fight for those who have yet to be born."

She takes his hand and it helps her find some peace. Garret squeezes her knee and then rises. He climbs down the basement stairs and Anna watches him disappear.

In the armory, Anna looks at her rifle. The cross on the stock is beautiful. KJ did the absolute best she could when she painted it. Anna takes the gun into her arms and walks toward the forest exit.

The night is cool and the sky unsettled. The wind is light and spring peepers are chirping somewhere in the forest. It would be a lovely night for Anna and KJ to curl up in a tent next to their husbands. Instead, they make their way to the pick-up spot, where the Ford van waits under a camouflaged tarp.

Garret requested that Jimmy Ford pack survival meals for each member of Capricorn Cell, and he does not fail them. The five meals are inside a box in the rear of the van. If the mission is successful, or if they must cancel the strike, the members will find a safe place to eat on the return trip. Rian figures that they will stop near Lake Gordon.

For this mission, Garret carries the Armalite .308 rifle. Johnny has his AK47. There is an increased chance of meeting law enforcement, and the rifles give them a better chance of dealing with a threat from a distance. This is no time for paper allegiances or hesitation in the face of a threat to the shooters; if a police officer becomes a menace to Anna or KJ, or to their driver, both Johnny and Garret will attempt to neutralize the danger by any means necessary.

KJ listens to her iPod and Johnny rubs her arm and holds her hand. Anna listens to her iPod as well. She made a playlist two days previous. *My Dying Bride's* "The Sexuality of Bereavement" is the first song to play.

Rian fuels the van near Bedford, Pennsylvania. They are just past halfway to the destination and the hour is 2:30AM. Anna is still listening to music. *Celtic Frost*, *Moonspell*, and *Sirenia* follow *My Dying Bride*. "...A Distance There Is..." from *Theatre of Tragedy* plays on her iPod as the van enters State College. Four hours have passed since departure. It is now 3:30AM.

The van slows to a stop and Rian knocks on the rear cab partition. They hear him say that it's raining. They anticipated this. Anna and KJ tape their rifle bores and each dons rain gear over their outfits. Johnny Bowen, crouching by the door with his AK47 in his arms, opens an observation port and looks outside. It is dark and aside from the light rain all is quiet. Trees are nearby, and there is a narrow paved road. Johnny climbs out. He does not charge into the woods; rather, he looks around the van and creeps up the little road. For now, the rain is a cool drizzle. It will increase as the night becomes day. Not a soul is on the road, just as Garret predicted and Johnny hoped. All is clear, and Johnny waves the others out of the van.

Rian Donnelly will move the van but will not leave the area. He'll hide it to the north, among the trees. The van is a dark green now. Garret, Johnny, KJ and Anna know where he'll be hiding. Each could arrive at the rendezvous location alone if necessary. Whether any of them would leave the battlefield without their partner is another matter entirely.

At 5AM, Johnny finds a hiding place among the thick vegetation of the park. There is no path within sight, nor is the location visible from walkways or the main trail. Since KJ is the reserve – or "counter" sniper for this

mission, Johnny does not carry a sandbag in his backpack. She will use the bipod on her rifle if necessary. In lieu of the bag, Johnny has packed a Mountain Hardware two-person tent. It's a little thing that weighs around 5 pounds and it fits the description of the internet commenters very well: "You'd better like the person you're staying with if you sleep with someone in this tent." This is not a problem for Capricorn Cell.

The four hunker down among the trees while Johnny and KJ construct the tent. He's chosen a spot where the tent is invisible from all but the closest range, and by then an intruder would have to deal with Johnny or Garret, at the least.

The morning is very cool for late April. The Bowen's are first to use the little shelter for sleeping purposes. KJ, who is warm blooded, feels Johnny's arms and body against her own as they lie inside. She wraps her body around his and the feeling is ecstasy.

Johnny cannot kiss her head owing to her toboggan, so he kisses it instead.

"Sleep, angel," Johnny says, "They'll wake us in a few hours and we can stretch and take care of any bathroom business."

KJ curls up and sighs. Her toboggan brushes his chin. Breakfast will consist of energy bars and bottled water, but with KJ in his arms the nature of the meal won't matter to John Ashley Bowen.

Johnny glances at Anna and Garret through the mesh sides of the tent. They are standing guard not six feet away. The pre-dawn darkness isn't so dark thanks to the heavy clouds that reflect the city's lights.

KJ closes her eyes and touches Johnny with her nose before she drifts into slumber. Both Anna and Garret peer into the night. Capricorn Cell is alone for now.

The gray sunrise illuminates the pink and white blossoms and newborn leaves of the trees. There is a mist in the air and the sky is overcast, as expected. The forest is very thick in this northern part of the green sanctuary and is quite wild. Not one living soul appears. Should an inquisitive student or bicyclist have approached, Garret would have greeted him but said nothing else, and if pressed, would shush the inquisitor and point to the tent. Anna would have told any would-be interrogator to mind his business. Both Anna and Garret have their pistols at hand, though both have covered their main weapons in a manner similar to Johnny and KJ's rifles.

At noon the mist turns to light rain. Garret and Anna wake Johnny and KJ. They stand and stretch, and KJ hugs Johnny and looks into his eyes. The four eat their filling but bland breakfast. As tempting as it is,

Johnny does not pull off KJ's toboggan to smell her hair. He's content to see a little smile come and go from her face, and to feel her gloved hand touch his cheek. When they return to the tent, KJ pulls Johnny into her, and his head finds a wonderful place on her chest.

"No, stay there, please," KJ tells him, "That's a good place for you."

KJ holds his head to her chest and kisses him as he falls asleep.

Two hours before sunset, Anna and Garret wake Johnny and KJ. The rain is steady, though the wind is very light. In one hour Carrasco's lecture in support of white genocide will begin. In three hours, Anna and Garret will cross the field between the thick woods and the copse of trees with its hedgerow. There will be no moon to illuminate them, and a row of trees, three-and-four thick, will shield them from the windows of the nearest house.

Anna removes her rain gear as does Garret. Garret presses the both of them and puts them in his rucksack. They will abandon the plastic used to cover the rifles. The Fogarty's replace Johnny and KJ in the tent and attempt to sleep for as much of the remaining four hours as possible before Anna must set off on her mission. Anna plays a little with Garret's long blonde strands before she kisses his head and watches over him while he sleeps.

Johnny and KJ don their rain gear and move to the edges of the little secluded nest, with Johnny occasionally changing his position and KJ keeping watch over the field. Aside from the soft noise of the rain, there is little sound and even less movement. The adrenaline and tension of the combat mission keep their attention sharp and their minds from wandering.

The hushed voice of Johnny Bowen wakens Garret from his sleep. Anna was already awake. She lay beside her husband, their arms around each other's bodies as she watched him sleep. He kisses her on the forehead when he awakens and they exit the cozy little tent. As soon as they do, Johnny begins dismantling and packing the tent and the footprint underneath. Nearby, Garret uncovers his Armalite and Anna splashes her face with a little water from a bottle in Garret's backpack. Refreshed and awake, she checks her Remington sniper rifle and makes sure the thin scotch tape that will block the raindrops from entering the barrel has remained in place.

"Wait," KJ whispers as Anna and Garret begin to move.

She has been looking around the trees with her scope, checking out the field. Johnny has been keeping an eye on the rear and the left.

"What is it, angel?" Johnny whispers.

John Bowen is now very close to her. He looks into the darkness and sees a darker than normal shape moving along a path and tree line north of the field.

Through her scope, KJ sees a man carrying an umbrella. Though she has no intention of shooting unless it becomes necessary, KJ keeps a finger on the trigger as she watches the interloper. Periodically he stops and looks down, even kicking the earth a couple of times. When he nears the park boundary, he turns back. KJ watches him continue until he crosses a distant parking lot and disappears beyond the lights.

"He's gone," KJ says.

Anna and Garret move out, with Garret shadowing his wife's general path.

There are no lights on in the service building. Anna follows the tree line toward the copse of maples and oaks, her boots silent as she moves over the wet field. Garret follows her, but as they approach the thick growth that forms a living wall south of the building, he veers off to the northeast.

Anna enters the woods as Garret observes the building. There is a university van parked outside, but no sign of life. If there had been workers or watchmen, Garret was prepared to cancel the mission and tell Anna to withdraw.

Anna takes up a position behind the hedgerow. She looks at her watch. It is 9:30. The lecture will end at 10PM and Carrasco will probably emerge sometime before 11. Anna inserts her earplugs. She makes sure her bipod is level and stable. From her lying position she watches the front of the business building. She tries not to think of any faces, just the mission. Her beloved war family is counting on her. Bryce is counting on her. Her future children are counting on her ability to pull the trigger.

The other day, Angela Carrasco read about the death of a white baseball fan who was beaten by several Hispanics until he was brain-dead. The man's son was lucky to escape a similar fate. There was no horror or revulsion in her reaction, nor was there anger or shame. Unlike most whites who read of supposed "white hate crimes" that usually prove to be publicity stunts on the part of the "victim," Carrasco has no sympathy for this victim. In fact, she never feels any remorse or outrage when whites are the targets of actual barbarity or degradation. She would not tell her colleagues or confidants, but she could not care less about the fate of a white man, woman or child. To her "Reconquista" means extermination, and there are many traitorous white sympathizers who feel the same way.

Anna Fogarty looks through her scope at the closed doors of the business building. Raindrops fall upon the hedges but do not trouble her. These buildings, built with the white man's money and staffed by those who profit from the white man's decline, have become a source of resentment for young Anna. Inside these halls, enemies preach white genocide and then have the arrogance to show their faces in the sun, in public, and in the windows of cars that her hard-working father could never afford with his honest paycheck. They would indeed covet her if they saw her, yet their words and their deeds would result in the disappearance of red hair and blue eyes if these anti-whites triumph in the end. Should her son be a so-called "ginger" he will meet nothing but open hatred and mockery from these traitors. Anna thinks about her future child. He will have blue eyes and red hair, and his face and body shall resemble his father Garret. He will be strong. He will be courageous like Gary, and she will look at him with all the pride that a racially aware white woman feels when she looks upon her beautiful child.

The doors of the business school building open and the entrance hall vomits forth a mass of students and faculty. Anna scans the crowd as does Garret, though Anna thinks only of a certain face. She does not think of threats right now; KJ's sharp eyes are watching the field and Johnny is covering the rear. Anna has faith that they will not fail her. In her mind she tells herself that she will not fail them. She will not fail her son.

A pair of women exit the hall after the mass has begun to enter their cars. They stand inside the entrance, talking. One is a gray-haired white woman who smiles constantly. The other is a ratty half-white professor of lies and hate named Angela Carrasco.

Cars begin to pull out of the parking lot. Carrasco opens an umbrella and the phony gray woman does the same. They begin walking together down the steps and into the lot. The two are facing directly toward Anna. A couple of people are walking behind them. Near a silver Infinity, old gray-hair and Carrasco stop to finish their conversation. Carrasco's narrow, pointed nose and weak chin give her the look of a vulture, although a creature with her personality and worldview has none of the redeeming qualities of a flying scavenger. Carrasco says something and gray-hair laughs with gusto. Anna cannot hear the cackle, but she can imagine it's loud and insincere. She stares at her intended target. The man and his teenage son who were walking behind Carrasco have turned to the right and are no longer in danger of a miss or a perforation. Carrasco is now alone with Anna, and the apricot of her brain is perpendicular to the red-head's barrel.

When the rain started there was the temporary pungent smell of plants opening their pores, and then came the fresh scent. Now there seems to be no smell at all. Garret is satisfied that no one other than KJ and Johnny Bowen is in the immediate vicinity. He is looking through his binoculars and fixes his gaze on Carrasco.

The thunderous crack of Anna's .30-06 does not startle Garret. He is still watching Carrasco when the bullet strikes the left side of her head.

Once she's pulled the trigger, Anna's only concern is a safe withdraw for her and her husband. She cannot stand and run, or a lucky observer might pinpoint her position. She crouches and moves as fast as possible away from the hedges, rising only after she enters the woods. She sees Garret as he covers her right. She motions to him and the couple bolts along the tree line to the left of the field.

The rain begins to fall harder, and thunder growls in the distance. Johnny and KJ have advanced toward the rendezvous spot with Rian. Both will pause to be sure that Anna and Garret are not in trouble. It is very difficult to see them through the trees and darkness but both Johnny and KJ manage to glimpse Anna, then Garret, weaving between trees and making an excellent pace. The two pass by KJ and Johnny, who join the flight from behind.

Rian believes that he's found the perfect spot. Trees line both sides of the lonely road, and have quite a bit of depth, particularly to his right. He checked out this road during the reconnaissance with Anna and found one troublesome detail: an open gate partway down the road. There are bolt cutters in each of Capricorn's vehicles and the rusting gate is no match for the front of the van. Still, he'd like to avoid telltale damage to a vehicle that may have to pass by police cruisers without being recognized. For now, he does not worry. Rian waits in the driver's seat. A 12-gauge shotgun keeps him company.

Rian hears the shot echo through Happy Valley. He starts the engine but does not move the van. It is 11:15PM and the rain is getting harder. He keeps an eye on the mirrors. A quick movement in the right-hand mirror catches his eye and he puts his hand on the shotgun. His arm retreats when he sees Garret Fogarty approach from the right. At the same time, he hears someone opening the rear doors. Rian waves out the window and Garret turns back toward the rear of the van.

In minutes, the combat element of Capricorn Cell is on the move.

Johnny Bowen kneels by the doors, his AK ready. The others sit. They wipe their rifles, beginning with Anna. All four are wet, having stored their rain gear before Anna set out to accomplish her part of the mission.

KJ lays her gun to the side and removes her wet toboggan. She looks at Johnny and sees him peek through the narrow observation ports as the van rolls down the unpainted back road.

The return route begins to the north, but turns east, parallel to the line of Anna's shot. It is the quickest path toward the Mt. Nittany Expressway and puts the van well on its way during the critical thirty or so minutes after the shooter engages the target. Inside the spacious rear, none of the four see the upcoming gate but the van does not slow and there is no crash; the gate must be open. Rian keeps a good pace with the vehicle, though he cannot speed down the highways without attracting unwanted and potentially disastrous attention. Each time the van slows or stops, KJ feels the anxiety rise; she's not the only one. Anna, who is still holding her rifle, looks up and toward the door every time Rian alters the speed. KJ watches her husband, who mans the door. She wants him away from the likely target of an armed attack. High-powered rifles will pass through the metal doors. She says nothing, knowing he must remain there for the time being. He might give them a chance to escape should the enemy force the van to halt.

Rian opens the little sliding window between the cab and the cargo area. Everyone except Johnny rivets his attention on the little rectangular space. Johnny is still manning the door and keeping an eye on the rear.

"We're on 45 South," Rian says and closes the window.

The state highway is the first major step toward home.

Garret tries not to be too relieved. He cannot help but feel some joy as he takes his seat. Even Johnny Bowen returns to KJ's side. Garret looks at his wife. She's still holding the rifle.

"You can set that down now," Garret says.

Anna looks at him and nods. Once the gun is at her side, she looks back at him and he puts his hand on her leg.

As the van continues further south, between ridges and through dark countryside that in the gray light of yesterday was timeless and beautiful, the adrenaline and nervousness of each member of the combat team begins to wane.

"You wanna take a nap?" Johnny asks KJ, "It'll be a little while before we can stop."

"Are you OK?" KJ asks him.

"Yeah," Johnny says, "I'm fine. Go on, get some rest."

Johnny lays the AK to the side and KJ reclines her seat to what little extent it permits. Then she moves a little to the side, so that their shoulders touch. He puts his arm around her and she closes her eyes.

Anna watches them. She'd do the same with Garret, but she does not feel like sleeping. She takes his hand and looks down at the floor.

The tension builds again near the West Virginia border. The van slows and the four hear Rian say "cop." Johnny readies his AK and creeps to the door. He does not open any of the ports, although he is ready should it turn out to be necessary. The others pick up their weapons. KJ creeps over toward Johnny, who notices and waves her back to her seat.

KJ shrugs and starts to mouth "What" when Johnny puts a finger to his lips to shush her. The van picks up speed.

"All clear," Rian says, and Johnny returns to his seat and lays his AK to the side.

"The cop couldn't have heard me," KJ says to Johnny.

"No," Johnny say, "But I could."

"Ahh!" KJ says, her indignation obvious on her face, so he takes her by the cheeks and kisses her. It lasts a while. "I was worried about you," KJ whispers.

Johnny smiles and rubs her thick mane.

He's not the only one who smiles. A reticent Anna does so as well.

Inside the tunnel entrance, KJ watches as Johnny locks the outer door. She's holding her Remington. His AK is slung across his back. Then he smiles at her and she returns his gesture, looking down in that bashful manner that warms his soul to its greatest depth. Johnny touches her head and they return to the little universe of Procyon House.

Saturday's breakfast is simple, but owing to the chefs – KJ, Johnny, and Jesse who came over for the night and who will leave with Rian after breakfast – the results are excellent. It is still dark outside, and as the four shooters and sentinels will be going to bed, breakfast is really a very late supper. After the meal Jesse gives everyone a hug and leaves through the front door; a tired Rian heads down the tunnel. Today he'll be riding to Morgantown.

KJ loads all their towels into the washer before joining her husband in bed. She removes her old jeans and tank top, revealing something more to his liking, and climbs in on top of him. For a moment she thinks of the target in her scope. She closes her eyes, thankful that the man walked away. She knows in her heart that had he become a threat to those she loves, she would have pulled the trigger. Johnny's arms feel so good around her right now.

"Let me know how you feel," Garret asks his wife, "Let me know if you don't think you can do this."

Anna rolls on to her side to look at him.

"I know how resilient you are," Garret says, "But this is different. It must come easy for a lot of the enemy, because they don't see us as human. We're not like them, so this is going to be really, really hard."

"We're not like them," Anna says, "and we never will be, Garret. We love each other and we love our children, all white children even if we never meet them. I didn't want to kill her. But her side will run down Bryce until he hates his own life. They'll do that to any white boy, until we're so few they just kill us. She enabled them, Garret, and she may not have realized there'd be a price, but there is now. Soon they'll start to realize they can't take away our children's future without paying a price. I took that shot for our son, and I'd do it again."

"Anna," Garret says, "I love you, Anna. In my soul I wish you'd stayed with Gary."

"I know you do," Anna says, "But you're my man and I will follow you. My son's life depends on it."

After waking in the early afternoon, KJ and Johnny Bowen continue their maintenance lifting. Afterward, she rises from their face-to-face position on the bench and sits beside him. He looks at her boots and follows her body with his eye, up the tight exercise leggings and the snug sleeveless shirt. Johnny looks at the gloves and then her forearms and biceps, which are big and shiny. KJ put on a little oil before this session, in the sole interest of driving him insane.

KJ knows what he's doing. She flexes her right arm and he immediately caresses her bicep.

"You like that, don't you?" KJ says.

"Mmm-hmm," Johnny mumbles, feeling the smooth skin and strong muscle underneath its gorgeous white sheath. He then puts his hands around her and lifts her.

"That's not all I like," he says, showing her what he means.

"I know you like that, too," KJ says.

"This could go somewhere," Johnny says.

"Yeah," KJ says, "I think so,"

It's their turn tonight, should they wish to use the secret room. Of course, there's no rule it has to be during the night. Johnny kisses her.

Anna is in the tunnel practicing archery. Garret is in the media room. James Ford, who made a supply run in the morning, is unpacking the heavy bag that Bill donated from the Long Hall.

Garret's eyes are fixed on the outside camera feed. He sees something he definitely does not like. Ford hears a vehicle pull up near the house. All five of those present hear the doorbell ring.

Johnny looks into KJ's eyes and then rushes into the kitchen. She finds the .45 pistol stored in the exercise room; Johnny grabs the one in the kitchen.

Anna lays her bow in the tunnel and enters the armory. She takes one of the shotguns and returns to the tunnel, ready to shoot one direction and guard the other.

Garret watches a young white male and a young white female emerge from a white Chrysler 200. He's in a suit; she's in business-type attire. He can see that the male is carrying some kind of literature. Garret leans back in his seat.

James Ford sips his beer and walks to the door. None of the other souls enter the kitchen. Ford is the first line of defense, should combat prove necessary.

The male face that greets James Ford is somewhat rat-like, with a large nose and beady eyes. The girl, however, is pleasant looking, around 22 or so and well-kept.

Garret rises and opens the media room door, careful not to allow anyone in the living room to see him. He listens to Ford conversing with the two. It does not last long. As he suspected, they are Jehovah's Witnesses. He's actually glad they came. The house looks inhabited, perhaps by a young curmudgeon, but inhabited nonetheless.

KJ joins Johnny in the kitchen. He leads her to the storage room, where they wait.

"No, I don't want it," Ford says.

Garret hears one of the witnesses begin to speak.

"Listen, we're done here," Ford says, "Now fuck off."

Jimmy closes the door. It doesn't look like the Jehovah's will be returning to Procyon House anytime soon.

Garret laughs to himself. He walks into the living room.

"A little harsh, don't you think?" he asks Ford.

"Why can't they accept I'm a goddamned Irish Catholic and get the hell out?" Ford says, "Ah, it doesn't matter, they're gone."

"I'll go tell the others to stand down," Garret says as he enters the kitchen.

May is like two months, with the transition from spring to summer. The first half is rainy and the skies often clouded. It is, of course, pleasant for Anna and even more so for KJ. The second half is, as usual, warm and humid. Not every day is clear and sunny but summer begins with heat and enough sunshine to keep fair-skinned, intelligent girls like the war sisters indoors on most days. Due to the path they follow, the path of a rebel in

an oppressive and powerful empire, emerging into the sun has additional hazards for KJ and Anna.

The routines continue, as does the training. Capricorn Cell makes two excursions to Coalsack. Garret seems apprehensive during each trip. There's no word online about his own status, as a so-called free man or a fugitive, and in his mind he is close to forsaking Coalsack as a usable training site.

The five combatants remain for two nights on each excursion. The cabin is stripped, and the group stays in two large and comfortable tents, one for the men and one for the women. It was Johnny Bowen's idea for the men and women to sleep separate from each other during the stay at Coalsack. Before departure, Johnny brought up the idea while Rian was off with Jesse. Rian sleeps alone five nights a week, Johnny told them; let's not rub it in his face at Coalsack. They all agreed. Later that night, KJ cuddled up to her Johnny and told him what a beautiful gesture he'd proposed. She could put herself in Rian's place, and believed that it would mean a lot to him though he'd probably never admit it. She also told her husband not to worry; they would make up for the lost fun and intimacy after their return.

The first training mission is enjoyable as well as profitable. Anna and KJ place all of their shots, and there are quite a few. So, too, do Garret and Johnny. Garret's progress has been exceptional. Johnny will never tell anyone, but KJ will need a sentinel should he fall, and he wants Garret to be up to the task. He has more than enough faith in Anna's abilities to see and sense danger. Many times in the past she's proven her capabilities.

The second trip is in mid-May. The weather has just turned hot, and the skies mostly cloudless. Long sleeves, boonie hats and thick forest keep the sun from harming white skin, but nothing will stave off the heat and humidity. All five are thankful for the portable camp showers that always accompany them on such missions. Sleep, however, is uncomfortable and fitful.

For the rest of May, dry-firing and a single night training mission are the only tastes of battle for the young women. Johnny and Garret continue sentinel training, especially at night, and during the last week they emerge into the dark Preston County forests on five consecutive nights. They are careful to avoid getting too close to Wolf Creek, where avid fishermen try their luck against trout, both released and native. Johnny is tempted to approach and observe the fishermen, and then withdraw without being seen, but one mistake on his or Garret's part could be devastating, so the area is quarantined for the time being.

Chironex has not sat idle. There was a show at Diamond Crossing, and in late May Hill and the men play at a new club in Albany, New York. The place features punk, hardcore and metal acts as well as bands with an alternative or interesting sound, and the owners give *Chironex* a venue in spite of knowing the controversial nature of their music.

The crowd on that Saturday night, the 24th of May, is larger than expected. It is enough to give Hill a little hope that the message, in addition to the music, is having an effect. While Diamond's crowds are usually smaller than those at similar venues, they always seem lively and supportive. The audience at the Presto club is just as energetic and quite exceptional in size.

Hill and the men give everything to the performance, as they always do, practicing for perfection and taking the music deadly serious. He holds back nothing from his lyrics. "Rainelle," "Paces" and "Cockpuppet" garner more than the usual applause.

Unfortunately, "Bloody Kansas" attracts some unwanted attention. After the show, two police cruisers arrive at the club. Among the genuine hardcore fans was a plainclothes police officer, and what he had to say about Hill's choice of words – and violation of hate speech legislation – has summoned the other four officers in uniform.

Two hours after midnight on the 25th of May, the American powers-that-be arrest David Hill for the words he used in a song.

The effect on Capricorn Cell is at first volcanic. The Bowen's fume, and KJ even asks Johnny in private if there's any chance of breaking Hill out of jail and living to tell the tale. Johnny knows better than try such a passionate, principled and suicidal mission. In any case, Garret would have blocked such an ill-advised attempt as far too dangerous. Anna's reaction is mostly internal. Had she or KJ, Johnny or Garret never taken their shots, Hill would still be in jail for saying a word.

On the last night of May, as the anger spawned by the outrage fades, leaving behind frustration that lasts twice as long, Anna and Garret retire to bed. She has something on her mind that's been there since last November.

"Garret," Anna says, "I'd like to ask you something. It may be impossible, so I'm ready to be disappointed, OK? Do you think maybe I could go bow hunting this year?"

Garret knows it's a passion of hers. More important, it's another thread to the normal life she may never have.

"We'll work something out," he says.

Anna smiles and touches his cheek.

Since Julian Lane's pathetic act of arson, most members of local government have hoped for the day that Diamond Crossing would shut its doors forever. Small crowd sizes encouraged them, but the club would not die. There was talk of using eminent domain to close the place, but two free speech advocates were against the idea, and the others feared that local farmers might resent the implications for their own properties. Now, in light of the formal charges against a member of Diamond's security and a minor hit-and-run committed by an attendee at the most recent concert, the establishment finally acts. Mason Walker takes the call on the 2nd of June. Relatives of Jay Pearson have filed lawsuits, as have several others including race hustlers and anti-hate-speech activists. As owner of Diamond Crossing, Mason Walker will be financially responsible should he lose any of these suits. He weighs his options, knowing that the nation of his birth is increasingly hostile toward white solidarity and even white survival. For the time being, the doors of the Diamond Crossing will remain locked.

Garret learns the bad news via an encrypted email from Mason. It is late, and Garret decides to tell the others the next day. With Hill's arrest and an intense effort on behalf of the authorities to discover the identity of the Penn State sniper, the membership has enough reason to be tense. Between the media room and their bed, Garret does decide to confide in one other soul: his wife Anna.

"They're closing Diamond," Garret tells her as they lay together under the sheets.

Anna was feeling a bit amorous and was stroking his chest. Though it's not their turn in the secret room, there is much that two lovers can do elsewhere. When Garret saw how she felt he considered withholding the information. He does not, however, feel it right to hold such things back from his closest friend and only lover. Anna rises on her elbow.

"You're kidding," she says.

Garret looks at her and she sits up. It would be much nicer to feel her soft kisses on his chest. He'd decide to tell her again, however, if given the choice.

"First Rob and David, now Diamond," Anna says. Again she looks at her husband. "Do you think we caused any of this? I know, I know we didn't, it was already happening, but it just feels bad, you know?"

"They killed free speech long before we struck back," Garret says.

"I just don't want to hurt any of our own," Anna says.

"We can't avoid that," Garret says, "This is war. Our enemies are hateful, Anna. Look what they want to do to our entire race."

"I know," Anna says, "It's just hard to watch all this."

"I knew it would be," Garret says.

He's sitting up now, caressing her back. He feels her warm skin, which her bra hardly covers even when it does.

"Do you regret the last mission?" Garret asks.

"No," Anna says in an instant, "We have to fight. There's no other way to save our people."

"Those closest to us, who we love, they know the score," Garret says, "I wish we could protect them, but we can't. Most of them know that and the rest will come to understand. We'll pray for them, Anna, you and I."

"OK," Anna says and smiles, but the worry returns to her face.

"You know, Red, I was thinking," Garret says, "How about we visit your father sometime this fall? Maybe during bow season?"

"What?!" Anna says.

Garret nods and smiles. Anna hugs him and kisses him several times. Then she plays with his long blond hair.

"Thank you!" she says, "Oh, thank you!"

Garret puts his hand on the back of her neck and kisses her.

"Unless something happens in the meantime, we'll visit your father," Garret says when their lips separate.

Anna thanks him again. The worry on her face is gone, replaced by a look of affection.

KJ takes the news about Diamond with stoicism. Garret waits until after breakfast to tell the others, and Anna does not mention the bad news. Johnny looks at his wife, expecting rage but seeing resignation.

"I knew they'd do this," KJ says.

That night, as Johnny gently rubs her upper wings and runs his fingers through her long hair, KJ talks to him about Diamond.

"It was such a good idea," KJ says, "Each of you sacrificed so much to bring our Diamond to life. Now it's gone."

Though not technically accurate, her statement is likely to come true. The financial and temporal weight of the lawsuits will kill Diamond even if Mason fights and wins. Each week the legal enemy keeps Diamond closed, the harder it will be for Mason to resurrect the club. The faithful will have to move on to other venues, and bands that would have played there will commit to other clubs, or simply disappear.

"It served its purpose," Johnny says, "Far, far more than I could have hoped."

"Johnny..." KJ says.

"It did," Johnny says, "You mean that much, angel. You mean that fucking much."

KJ puts her hand on his chest.

"You're so good to me," she says, "You fight for every white child, ours included, and you treat me with such dignity and affection. I love you so much, Johnny. I can be strong by myself, but not like when I'm with you. You make me strong enough to fly."

"If I could find a place where white men and women could live in peace," Johnny says, "I'd hold you up so you could fly there, forever."

"And I'd carry you with my wings," KJ says.

Johnny sighs.

"You're such a beautiful and amazing creature," he says, both hands holding her hair to her cheeks, "Goddamn them for ever hurting you."

KJ climbs on him and nuzzles his head. He would defy the world right now.

Early in the morning of Wednesday, June 4th, the Albany County Correctional Facility releases its first political prisoner, David Hill. The judge gave him leniency though he asked for none. She told him, however, that should he violate the law once more, he will serve the maximum sentence. In the case of the hate speech law, that would be five years in prison. Before Hill's incarceration, *Chironex* was scheduled to play on Friday, June 6th at the Red Rose club in Buffalo. On June 4th, Hill calls Tom Gillen to ask for the band's consent. It is unanimous; the show will go on.

During the night of June 6th, Garret and Johnny practice nocturnal patrolling, threat analysis and elimination. Fireflies flicker through the forest and Johnny wishes KJ could see them, but she's inside Procyon, dry-firing with Anna. The blinds, as always, are down.

"Next time it rains I'm bringing her out here," Johnny says to Garret as they return.

For a white man who just suffered a month's incarceration, David Hill is in magnificent shape. His arms are well-developed and his body is in peak condition. His gray eyes are alight with purpose. For tonight's show he will dress as usual, in jeans and a t-shirt. He'll look as well as he ever has, perhaps better, and he will offer all his strength and acumen for this performance. When he takes the stage, he looks upon the crowd. Most of them are here to see his band, regardless of the message. He will give them the music they desire. He will also give them the message.

The first six songs are brutal and flawless. The band practiced hard in Hill's absence, while he lost none of his touch or desire while waiting

behind bars. If anything, his resolve is stronger. The first five tunes walk the line of the anti-speech laws. It's arguable that prosecutors could make a case that Hill has violated the anti-speech law, which is based on a similar statute from the UK. By the end of the evening there is no doubt that Hill set out to violate the new law. The sixth, and as it turns out final song of the concert, is sheer defiance.

The sixth song of the night's concert is "Rules of Engagement." In its own right, it is a violation of the recent hate speech act. Hill, however, adds a new section to the song. This time, after the police shoot down the husband of the raped woman, they also kill her as she tries to shield her dying husband. They won't shoot a nigger with a knife, but they'll murder a white man with a ring; those words leave no doubt as to Hill's intention of violating the anti-white "hate speech" law.

"If you don't think those two are a symbol," Hill says during the roaring end of the song, referring to the dying white couple, "If you don't think our brothers and sisters are in this together, wake the fuck up."

It is the greatest performance to date for the band *Chironex*. It is also their last. The owner of the club calls the band offstage between the sixth and seventh songs. Waiting for each member of the band are New York's finest, who arrest each member without incident.

For Cliff Collyer, Keith Smith and Tom Gillen, the overt war against the genocide of their race is all but over. The judge will give them leniency and they will serve minimal time. The three will form or join other bands, and although none will forsake his personal beliefs, they will abide by America's laws and no longer rage against anti-white injustice. For David Hill, however, the war has just begun.

"He was kind of our voice," Anna tells KJ as they clean their rifles in the armory.

"Yeah," KJ says, "He's fearless, you know. They'll try to break him but I don't think they can. They'll take away what freedom he had, and I imagine they'll force him into general population with all the fucking niggers. What I know of him, he's really tough and he'll keep trying to speak for our race. He'll sing whenever he can."

"That would have been you," Anna says, "if you would have become our voice. You could have, you know. Your voice is so powerful even when you whisper. Johnny said that to me the day after he met you. It's true. Anyone who's heard you sing would have to agree."

"Thank you," KJ says, a little embarrassed. "Johnny tells me that and it's, like, always so nice to hear it from him, and I really, really appreciate it, don't get me wrong. But we can't use our voices anymore. Those days

are over. They'll just silence us, any way they can." KJ picks up her rifle and wipes the barrel. "Something else speaks for us now."

"A killer voice," Anna says. She wipes the stock of her own rifle, near the cross. "A voice like thunder."

The middle of June is hot and humid. Severe thunderstorms will grow and rage over Preston County sometime after nightfall. In the little cosmos of Procyon House, the air conditioning keeps out the heat, and the roof will keep out the sun, the rain and the hail.

KJ feels nervous and anxious. Hill was an example to her, and now he languishes in jail, awaiting trial for hate speech and facing a likely sentence of five years in prison. If the enemy will put away a man for having a dissenting opinion, what will they do to her true love? He dares to fight them with more than words. She knows they will try to kill him. They will do worse if they can.

The door to the media room is locked. Inside are Garret and Johnny.

"I don't think we should show them," Johnny says.

On the screen are two web pages, side-by-side, so the headlines are visible:

Serial Killer John Bowen Still At Large
John Ashley Bowen: America's Breivik?

"I think they should see exactly what the enemy is willing to do," Garret says.

"I'm afraid they will," Johnny says, "I'd give anything so they don't have to, but we both know they'll find out how ruthless the fucking enemy is. Fuck, they already know. How many white babies die each year? How many white girls allow a stranger inside their bodies to kill their own fucking children, all because they're taught it's a right? You think they don't know what the enemy is willing to do?"

"Our women know about that, and they know about the enemy, too," Garret, says, "So let's not keep this secret. Let them see reality."

Johnny goes to get KJ, while Garret finds Anna in the living room, dusting the cabinets and countertops. He calls her to the media room and then summons Rian from the exercise room.

"KJ," Johnny says to her from the bedroom door, "I need to show you something."

KJ looks up from her drawing. This one features a patch of bladder campion and a wheel bug beside one of the stems. KJ rises and walks up to him. Johnny looks at her, into her blue eyes, and finally he kisses her.

"I was starting to think you didn't want to kiss me," KJ says.

He manages a little smile and, his arms around her, he pats her rear.

"You won't like this," Johnny says, "So be ready."

Garret has minimized the screens while KJ takes a seat beside her sister Anna. When she sees the articles brought up to full size, she rises to her feet.

"They're blaming you for Maxwell," KJ says, "And that fucking bitch at Penn State. Nice. They know better, they're just trying to hide the fucking truth. They know white girls aren't supposed to love their race. We're supposed to just watch it fucking die." She shakes her head and exhales in anger. "They don't want anyone to know, do they? They don't want anyone to know that a white girl is willing to stand up and fight for her fucking children."

"The weapon used in Allentown and Penn State is the same caliber as the one I used to shoot Strader," Johnny says, "They're assuming it's me. I knew they'd come after me when I shot him, so it doesn't really matter."

"Let's tell them who it was," KJ says.

"No," Johnny responds.

"It'll be huge, Johnny," KJ says, "It'll mean..."

"No!" Johnny says, "Absolutely fucking not!"

"Why not?" KJ says, "Why the fuck not?"

"Because you can't fucking walk away from this if they know!" Johnny says.

KJ looks at him. No one says a word. The same thought has been on Garret's mind as well. As long as they're anonymous, the ladies can still avoid the enemy's inevitable response. Neither man will chose propaganda value over the chance for their wives to escape, should things go badly.

KJ steps closer to Johnny. She looks up into his fierce green eyes. Hers are feral and passionate. Finally she shakes her head.

"I will not walk away from you," KJ says, "Even if I lose you, I will never leave you."

"I know you won't walk away from this," Johnny says, "I don't ask or expect you to. You wouldn't be here if you didn't believe in this fight, and I wouldn't have married you if you didn't believe in it. But shit happens. The two of you, fuck, maybe all of you, could disappear and they wouldn't know you were a part of this."

KJ speaks before the others can.

"What do I do then?" she asks, "Huh? Do I deny you? Deny that I'm your wife? Do I let you take all the blame?"

Johnny looks at KJ. There is hurt on her face, and although it is not pronounced he sees it. When a man loves a woman he notices such things.

The others remain silent. Rian, his arms crossed, reads one article and then the other.

"Come here," Johnny says to KJ. He puts his hands on her shoulders. "I know you won't deny me." He kisses her head. "I just think it's a good idea for your identity to stay secret for as long as possible, in case something happens to me. Let me be the target of their hate. Their words don't mean shit to me."

"Alright, Johnny," KJ says, "But I'll never leave you, even if something does happen. Don't ever ask me to."

"OK, angel," Johnny says and smiles. "Alright."

KJ steps into his embrace.

Later, once Rian is done lifting, Anna and KJ practice light aerobics.

"I agree with you," Anna tells KJ, "But you know, Johnny's just trying to protect us. I'm really grateful for what he's doing."

"Yeah," KJ says, "I am too, Anna. But we can't let them take the blame. The enemy's afraid of us girls. That's one reason they try so hard to convince us we're a minority, rather than white. It's so we won't stand together. We let our men fight and we act all bitchy and cynical before they win, and then we come running with hugs and kisses when they do." She shakes her head. "Not us, Anna, we can't be that way. We're going to stand with our men and I don't give a fuck what happens. Too much already has, and I'm not going to leave the people I love."

"I know, KJ," Anna says, "We're not gonna let them stand alone. That's all different now. It's all different forever."

KJ looks at Anna as the latter resumes her exercise. Those who would destroy without mercy any white man who dares fight the genocide of his race now have a target for their murderous wrath: John Ashley Bowen, Kaylee Jane's husband. They call him serial killer, Nazi, racist. They compare him to Anders Breivik, whose motivations included support for Zionism and who murdered young whites who could have awoken someday, young whites like Kaylee Jane Campbell.

"I can understand where they're both coming from," Anna tells Garret as they lay in bed.

Her heart agrees with Johnny, though her head tends to agree with KJ.

"So do I," he says, "They're both right. This is one of those times they have to decide a course. Johnny won't want his wife to face greater wrath

then she already does. Neither do I. But it may be time to let a little of our secret out in the open."

Anna touches his chest. She's wearing a corset, a black thong and black garter belt. He watched her approach and turn once for his pleasure before she climbed under the sheets. This weekend they have use of the secret room. She's been lighting that fire for a few days, slow but strong.

"I won't leave you, either, you know," Anna says and then kisses his arm. "I'll obey your desire, Garret, I won't reveal my identity. Anyway, I have to protect my father and my family as long as I can. But don't ask me to leave. We're in this together, as husband and wife."

"I'll never ask you to do that," Garret says. He turns toward her. Slowly his hand slides down her body to her rear, and he caresses her. "You're the finest woman I've ever known," he says, "And that's saying a lot. I know Jesse and KJ."

"Thank you, Garret," Anna says.

She smiles, her white face and blue eyes radiant even in the dim light of the little lamp.

KJ puts on a tight sleeveless top and a thong brief. She exits the bathroom to see Johnny removing his shirt as he stands beside the bed. He feels her presence and turns to look at her. His chest and scar and masculine face are beautiful to her. Johnny walks over and stares into KJ's eyes. She returns his stare.

"If I lose you, I'll keep fighting," KJ says, "But I'll never give myself to another man. If this war claims you, I will not walk away whether they know who I am or not. If it hurts them to know who I am, or if it weakens them, just a little, then let's tell them tonight. Let's tell them who shot Maxwell. You gave me every opportunity to refuse the mission. None of you would have hurt me had I not pulled the trigger. The others would still honor me. You'd still hold me and you'd still love me."

KJ's look of affection becomes one of stony determination.

"Every enemy I kill is one less enemy that our son will have to face," she says.

Johnny pulls her close. His strong arms hold her tight. She closes her eyes and squeezes him.

"I want to protect you," Johnny says, "My instincts scream that to me. I want to keep you safe and warm. But instead I lead you to fucking battle, in the most hateful fucking war there ever was." He sighs. "Alright, angel, someday we'll let them know. Fuck me for doing it, though."

"No, Johnny, don't be hard on yourself, please," KJ says, "You lead me and you protect me. You're doing all this for our children's future. I love

you with everything I am inside, and I will never deny you. You have to know that, because it's true, every fucking word of it. I'm your wife, Johnny Bowen. That means I'm yours forever."

Johnny kisses her head and embraces her tight. Then he looks into her beautiful, pale white face.

"What are we going to name our son?" Johnny asks, "You ever think about that?"

KJ is stunned by the question. She comes close to tears, though these would be tears of joy. He asks of a child not yet conceived, and the hope it gives her is euphoric. She looks into his eyes and smiles, and then she nods.

In December David Hill will face a jury of average Americans. Until that month he will sit in jail. The bail is much higher than usual. The judge gives the excuse that Hill has already violated the terms of his previous release and is likely to violate the law again. She is correct. Should Hill emerge from jail, he will challenge the stifling of white men's speech as soon as he can find a public venue – a street corner would do. He has something else in mind, however. He has told the men of *Chironex* not to post bail. He has urged his parents as well. Michael Donnelly contacts the band and learns of Hill's wish. No money is posted; David Hill will remain imprisoned. On the 23rd of June, *Chironex's* webpage announces that David Hill will be on hunger strike until he and all others imprisoned for violations of the hate speech law are released.

KJ feels relief when Johnny asks her to join him and the others in the media room. Anna feels it, too, when Garret comes for her. So, too, does Rian. The month of June brought tension and unease. It seemed more like a retreat than a return to practice and the normal routines, Procyon-style. After what feels like a series of defeats, Capricorn Cell will be striking back at the enemy. Each of the five feels the strange satisfaction; none of them allow it to grow into joy. Though satisfying, this must be the preliminary meeting before a mission, and the sobering fact is one of the shooters will have to kill again.

An unfamiliar image from Google Earth is on the desktop screen as KJ enters the room. The other day, she and Anna whispered to each other their speculation as to who would be the shooter on the next mission. Anna guessed that they'd alternate. KJ did not agree with the reason, but in the depths of her mind she does believe it will be her. There are plenty of other reasons why, not the least of which is the need to know if she can pull the trigger a second time. KJ guesses that the first four missions will determine whether she and Anna can be effective snipers. Her guess as

to the identity of the designated shooter is correct; Garret hands KJ the manila folder.

KJ opens the folder and sees the picture of a handsome white man in his late-40's. In one image he poses with a high-school football team. His body is as well-defined and as muscular as the strongest of his players. His hair is peppered with gray and is thick without any sign of recession or balding. He smiles in each of the pictures and, at a glance, seems unlike most of the people KJ knew as a child. She looks at the next sheet. The man's name is Leon Kemper.

"Leon Kemper," Garret says as KJ reads the name in print, "is an assistant football coach at the high school in Pineville, Kentucky. He manages an automotive supply store in town. In 2011, he ran for the state house of representatives as a Republican. His opponents were a typical Democrat and an independent who was much more interesting. That man, a Mr. Frank Huffman, had been a coal miner in Harlan County for most of his life. Unlike Kemper, he is an advocate for the working class and a proponent of a progressive tax on the wealthy. Kemper is a big business Republican. Huffman is pro-union and anti-immigration, both legal and illegal. Somehow, Kemper's people found out that Huffman was taking contributions from members of so-called racist websites and organizations. They also discovered that in his youth Huffman had been associated with members of the Ku Klux Klan. How? My guess is someone betrayed Huffman."

KJ continues to scan the information. She'll read every word after the meeting.

"Of course," Garret says, "Kemper made a big deal of the racism charge, trying to outdo his Democrat opponent in his denunciations of Huffman, who admitted to 'past indiscretions.' As always, it did nothing to silence the critics, and Huffman lost most of his support and all of his endorsements. So he groveled to the usual groups, and he returned the contribution money. In the end, the anti-white Democrat won the general election. Most voters in rural eastern Kentucky could not abide by Kemper's support of McCain and leniency on illegal immigration."

Anna looks at KJ, who returns her gaze to Kemper's picture.

"I will not ask you to kill a man for being pro- labor or anti-labor," Garret says, and KJ looks up at him. "I will not ask you to kill a man for being an environmentalist or a supporter of big polluters. I will ask you to kill a traitor, one who would rather see an anti-white win an election than a white man who loves his race. Betrayal should have a steep price. For using the anti-white slur of racism and destroying the political career of a

man sympathetic to the survival of our children, I ask you, KJ, to kill this traitor.”

KJ looks at the pictures again. In one photo Kemper shakes hands with some other Republican, both men sporting American flags on their lapels.

“I estimate the range to be around 350 yards, at a downhill angle,” Garret says. KJ looks up at the screen. “If Kemper is in the light, do you think you can make a night shot from 350 yards?”

KJ looks at Garret and nods. “I can,” she says.

As a member of Orion Cell, the satellite cell of Capricorn, Austin Kelly performs the reconnaissance for this mission. He drove to Kentucky to purchase a vehicle that he and Ford will refurbish and sell. On his return trip from Lexington, Austin passes through Pineville. Internet records indicate that Kemper lives just outside of town, in a tiny community to the north. Kelly drives his Dodge Avenger down the country roads around Pineville until he arrives between two forested hills. There, just to the left of where the hillsides meet, is the Leon Kemper residence.

Kemper and his wife live in a decent-sized home that is surrounded by a manicured lawn and a forest that encircles their property and covers the nearby hills. There used to be a swingset and a basketball court, though both are now a memory. The Kemper children are gone. The son is in Afghanistan. The daughter is attending classes at USC. Kemper’s son wears flag lapels like his father; Kemper’s daughter is becoming a leftist Democrat, with the help of her professors. Both are physically attractive like their parents. Politics aside, the Kemper youths share more similarities than not. Both believe that a man should be judged by the content of his character, and that racism and poor education are the reasons that blacks in real life fail to live up to the Hollywood image. The son would blame liberal handouts and the daughter would accuse white “racism” in general, but both would agree on the problem. They would also consider a white advocacy or separatist movement, even if explicitly peaceful, to be a travesty that cannot stand. For the son it is “un-American.” For the daughter, it’s “reactionary” and “racist.”

Leon Kemper is looking forward to a weekend of relaxation at home. He’s bought beer for the Cincinnati Reds game and for a heavyweight boxing match scheduled for Saturday night. On Sunday, he and his wife will attend services at the Episcopal Church, and then he’ll try to finish the railing on his deck before turning in for the evening.

Austin Kelly arrives home on Friday, the 4th of July. He wants to take his girlfriend to dinner and a fireworks show in Pittsburgh. Rachael Mulhol-

land is a lovely girl, the most attractive he's ever dated. Her face is very slightly masculine, but her beauty is undeniable and her body is ravishing. She has hazel eyes and light brown hair and her skin, while not untouched by the sun, is just a little tanned. She has already passed the test several times, and even used the word when she was upset at the actions of flash mobs and the wave of black-on-white violence. Austin's mentioned the peril that white children will face in the future. She agrees that it is dire, and added that someone has to do something. He has not told her about the war against white genocide. He may not ever tell her. Regardless, he has fallen in love with Rachael, and he believes her when she says that she loves him. Recently, he's been pricing rings.

In the early hours of Saturday the 5th, a brown Ford van rolls south past the "Aurora Y." The van pauses beneath a tongue of thick forest that engulfs the highway but soon continues its voyage south. In the driver's seat of the van is Rian Donnelly. Inside the body of the van are the four shooters and sentinels of Capricorn Cell.

This will not be a pleasant trip. The air conditioning for the rear is enough to prevent fatigue but not sweating. In four hours, the cell will arrive at the Cabwaylingo State Forest. There, they will stop for a night's sleep in the back of the van. There are bedrolls and packed food and enough water for a morning shower, which the five will eagerly anticipate after a hot night. Except for Rian, each shower will be a two-person affair, in order to conserve time and ensure that there is enough water for all five persons. None of the husbands or wives objects to the arrangement.

KJ has read every document about Kemper. She has looked at each picture and tries to imagine his life; the joys and pains and everything else that brought him to his destination. She knows this type of exploration will make it harder to pull the trigger, but she has resolved not to fire her gun in haste.

When she reads about his family she sees that he has a son and a daughter. Like many whites, two children are all that the couple will ever have. She thinks about the son and the daughter. During the election, Huffman's association with those who want to save the white race – KJ's race – cost him any chance for victory. Why would Kemper destroy a man who would fight not only for his own grandchildren but also for Kemper's descendants? Why is the approval of a political party or the approbation of a deluded public more important than the very lives of your descendants? Kemper would not approve of Gene Campbell or his beliefs, or probably even the way he treated his daughter Kaylee Jane. The worldview that he embraces, of open borders capitalism and the libertarian

denial of race, will lead to the exact same result as Gene's anti-white beliefs, i.e. the disappearance of white genetics. Unlike Gene Campbell, Leon Kemper cannot claim to be a member of the leftist anti-white cult. He is a respectable conservative, and tows the racial line in order to avoid conflict with anti-white zealots as well as for his own selfish gain.

"Are you comfortable with this mission?" Johnny asked her at the end of the second meeting, during the day before the mission. Either woman can reject a mission at its final stage, though both Garret and Johnny will expect a good reason.

KJ nods.

"Yeah," she says, "I don't fucking care what convinced him to betray one of ours, just that he did. Our enemies get stronger when a white man betrays his brother. There has to be a price for that."

KJ looks up at Johnny as the van approaches the Cabwaylingo Forest. He puts his arm around his wife. They both smile at each other. Her smile is gone in a flash, but the love she feels is never diminished. Kemper's fate isn't the only thing on her mind. Johnny will protect her as she prepares to take the shot. She worries about him, and what he might face while doing his duty.

When it comes time to sleep, each member washes up outside the van and the couples take turns walking down a dark woodland trail and along the lonely forest road. At Garret's request, Rian goes with him and Anna. Garret wants to let the primary shooter and her sentinel have time alone. Once they've all returned, and teeth are brushed and faces washed, the five cell members pile into the van for what will be an unpleasant but essential night's sleep. At least hoodies and long-sleeve shirts won't be necessary.

Johnny locks the doors and opens the observation ports to allow the night air into the van. At Johnny's request, Jimmy Ford mounted metal brackets around the van's windows. Once Johnny opens the sliding window covers, he bolts rectangular pieces of screen to the brackets. He also duct tapes pieces of screen to the observation ports. The screens were one of the projects that Johnny completed downstairs in the armory, and to the other members of the cell they are a godsend. The screens will allow cooler night air to enter, while preventing bloodthirsty *Aedes* mosquitoes from feasting on the young rebels of Capricorn Cell. Garret is quick to commend Johnny for his foresight.

Johnny is the first to rise in the morning. He does so with such stealth and consideration that only KJ awakens. If not for the heat, her body would have been intertwined with his, though her arm is still across his chest.

She sits up and smiles at him. In the soft light of dawn that shines through the ports and the side window he can see her white skin and thick hair. He touches her, and runs a finger from her neck across the top of her chest. He feels the beads of sweat at the bottom of her neck. He can imagine them glistening in the light of their bedroom.

When Johnny opens the door, the others, in a light sleep due to the stuffy conditions, all begin to stir.

"Go ahead and eat breakfast," Johnny says, "I'll get the shower ready."

Aside from the fact that cleanliness is a passion of each member of the cell, there is a great advantage to such showers. Not only will it serve to keep the members healthy, as clean skin is bactericidal, it will reinvigorate those who could not quite rest during their fitful sleep. Today it does exactly this.

The mission continues, but everyone is in better spirits after breakfast, cups of cold coffee and a shower. Near the Kentucky border – only Rian knows the location with certainty – Johnny removes the sandbag from his backpack. He hands it to a surprised KJ. Kneeling in front of her, he watches as she turns it twice in her gloved hands and then looks into his eyes.

"Your name is on Bill's payroll," Johnny says, "and his is on your application for a driver's license."

Johnny reaches over and pulls a sharpie out of his backpack as KJ lays the small sandbag on her lap. He hands her the sharpie.

"Choose a nickname," Johnny says.

Johnny feels Garret and Anna staring at him from behind. KJ stares at him as well. There is emotion behind her neutral expression. It becomes a little more apparent after a few seconds. KJ looks at the bag and opens the pen.

I am Angelique KJ writes on the bag. It's obviously the penmanship of a female.

Johnny looks at Garret and Anna. He's ready to defend KJ's actions. Neither objects to it. He takes his seat beside KJ, and then takes a flashlight from his open backpack and tapes it to his AK. It's an unusual act on his part, and one that he does not wish to repeat. Tonight, however, they will be fleeing through thick woods whether the mission is successful or not, and they will need illumination. He knows the risks of shining a light during the retreat, but deems the speed it affords to be worth the danger. The path of retreat from the Kemper place is a bit long; so long, in fact, it almost convinced Johnny to cancel the mission.

The remaining drive from Cabwaylingo to Pineville, KY is just over three hours. Few words are exchanged in the back of the van over the course of the trip.

At 9PM, the waiting is over. Capricorn Cell's combat element prepares for departure. The ladies don their hoodies and web gear. Johnny checks and verifies the safety of the area that Rian chose for disembarking. It's a lonesome road that winds around the two hills that surround the Kemper place. Once Johnny is sure it is safe, the others exit the van. They will traverse the southwestern hill and find a sniping position on the opposite slope, hopefully one that offers a perpendicular view of one of Kemper's windows.

The four climb the hill. Anna and Garret take positions at the crest. They will advance once they're sure no one is following them. The thick woods will limit visibility. No one will fire on a stranger unless certain he is an interloper. Before departure, Johnny repeated the warning over and over – there will be no fratricide. They must be sure of their targets. KJ and Johnny continue down the slope. Three-hundred twenty yards from Kemper's house, there is a spot with a flat rock and an excellent angle through the trees and into what may be the kitchen window. A light is on in the room. KJ inserts her earplugs and Johnny lays the sandbag on the rock. She adjusts her weapon for wind and distance. The wind is light but not insignificant. Now that she's an experienced sniper, the wind will not throw off her shot.

From the look and pattern of the curtain's edges, KJ figures that her initial guess is correct and that this is the kitchen. The light still shines from within. KJ scans the surrounding area. The kitchen must lead to a small-ish porch or room, which opens on to a huge deck.

Crickets chirp throughout the woods and yards of Kemper's house and those of his neighbors'. A drop of water from this morning's rain falls from the canopy and splashes against the top of KJ's head, but it does not distract her. There's a cooler on the deck out back, and a grill that sits idle.

If you knew my husband, you would betray him, even though he risks his life for your grandchildren. You would betray him even though they would kill him, and you know it. Fuck you.

Anna has taken a position to the rear-left of KJ. She can see the deck. Garret directed her to assume a second firing position. If KJ cannot take the shot, Anna will. Unless a threat arrives, or KJ or Johnny cancels the mission for some other good reason, Capricorn Cell will not leave without success. Anna dons her earplugs. She sees the rear door of Kemper's house begin to open. Only the screen door remains between who-

ever opened the inner door and oblivion. Anna cannot see who opened the inner door.

A face appears from the left and for a moment remains in the kitchen window. It is a face now familiar to KJ. She prepares to take the shot. At that moment, Kemper moves back to the left and out of view. KJ waits. She glances at the deck. The screen door begins to swing open.

The scent of a skunk creeps into the heavy forest air. It is not overpowering. The little scavenger must be somewhere down the hillside.

Anna sees Kemper opening the screen. She will not take the shot unless she knows that KJ will not fire. Kemper steps out on to the deck that he finished this morning. In the light of the porch they see him. He's wearing shorts, flip-flops and a short-sleeve shirt with a red and white pattern. He stops at the cooler for a beer. It was full yesterday until the guys came over. There are still a few Budweiser's left.

As Anna watches Kemper through her scope, she hears the muffled report of KJ's rifle through her earplugs. She sees the results. The .30-06 bullet crashes through Kemper's forehead, completely perforating his skull. Bone, blood and brain material erupt from the exit wound.

As always, there is no time for reflection. There is no discussion other than simple questions, rapid-fire answers and brief commands during the flight to the pick-up point. KJ moves so quickly that she does not look toward the deck after firing the shot. She's seen enough to know that she hit her target. She glimpses Johnny a little ahead of her. He is ever mindful to stay within sight of his wife, and she is relieved to see him. Along the way, Johnny went over and over in his mind the lay of the land and what they might use as landmarks in the dark. As soon as KJ fired, he turned on the light that is taped to his AK rifle. The time is 10:45PM, and the two move as fast as possible around the trees, saplings and briers. Johnny blazes a path ahead and KJ follows his every move. Back at KJ's sniper nest, the sandbag sits in its now-quiet resting place.

Anna and Garret begin moving almost as soon as they hear the shot. Anna has a flashlight, and since her experience moving through heavy woodland is greater than his, she is the guide and he is the guardian. They do not move with haste at the moment. When Johnny and KJ catch them, they let Johnny go past, and then Anna follows. KJ, her flashlight still in her web gear, follows Anna. Garret, with his .308 Armalite, protects the rear. With Johnny bounding through the brush and taking the occasional swipe from a vine or a bramble, the others avoid the tangles and the scrapes. Back in the earliest days, Johnny taught KJ an obvious but easily forgotten lesson about wearing the right clothes in the thick woods,

especially when she might have to flee. He demonstrated with hurried flight through some of the worst undergrowth around Coalsack. When she saw the thorns and sticky seeds in his long sleeves, she appreciated his insistence that she, too, always wear long sleeves and long pants if there was any chance she might have to run, even if it meant sweating more than usual.

The four arrive at the road within twenty minutes. Rian is not parked where he was. Garret whips out the cell and rings once. Two minutes pass and he considers starting off to the northwest and finding a hiding place until Ford or Kelly can come to the rescue. They all hear a vehicle engine come to life. The new brown van rounds the curve in the road and pulls up to the left. Rian chose a better vantage point, and awaited a sign, which was well within his rights.

Johnny wastes no time in opening the door. Before he can close it, Rian is turning around and the van is rolling down the highway. The thirty minutes are up; Rian turns off all lights and puts on his night vision goggles. Ford had them in each vehicle from the first training mission. Since the thirty-minute window is over, Rian does not take the most direct escape route. It passes too close to the Kemper residence for comfort. He continues on the lonely road to the northwest. When he comes to a two-lane country highway that looks well-traveled, he removes the goggles, turns on the lights and continues.

The van continues down the road until Rian sees a sign indicating Pineville's distance and direction. It also indicates that the tiny town of Arjay is up ahead. Rian recalls there being a road from Arjay to London, Kentucky, that was one of his alternate escape routes. Unless something interrupts or a threat emerges, he will use this route. He feels the tension ease a little.

Johnny crouches by the locked rear doors, his AK47 ready for combat and his mind ready to sell his body as long as he can in order to spare the others. Time passes without the van stopping. There is no warning from Rian or other sign of impending trouble. The adrenaline begins to subside and sweat flows less from nerves and more from the heat. Now the four in the rear can feel the full misery of a torrid summer night. Storms won't come to break the humidity and the darkness does little to lessen the heat. It doesn't matter much to KJ, however. When Johnny can finally relax and take his seat, she assumes a new position on his lap. Still wearing her hoodie, and being warmer than any female he's ever touched, she does little to help him feel any cooler. It does make him feel much better, so he goes with it.

KJ takes off Johnny's hat and kisses his head.

"I'm going to smell pretty nasty by morning," KJ says.

He laughs. It relieves some of his tension.

"No, you won't," Johnny says, "You'll be alright."

He caresses her back. Garret looks at Anna.

"Are you OK?" Garret asks.

Usually she'd be stroking his arm or leg, or glance at him and look down, smiling. Right now she's looking down but not smiling.

"I will be," Anna says.

Garret takes her hand.

"We'll talk about it when we get home, OK?" he says.

"OK," Anna replies, "Thank you, my love."

On the return trip, Capricorn Cell will not stop for a night's rest. They will stop four times for other purposes: twice to refuel, with only Rian exiting, and twice to stretch, walk and take care of essential business. It will be a long nine hours including the pauses.

The heat does not rob them of their appetites. Each of the five eats their assigned meals. Johnny urged Ford to store fifty bottles of water, and these are a great respite, even if too warm to be anything more than adequate to the palate. There are even enough bottles for Anna and KJ to pour two each on their heads, soaking the thick hair that looks magnificent but magnifies the effects of heat and humidity. Their husbands accept this act with wholehearted approval.

Johnny removes the flashlight from his AK. It's an unmodified weapon, which he prefers, and he'd rather clean off tape residue than alter the look of his favorite firearm.

After the van turns right at the "Aurora Y", Rian announces their impending arrival at Procyon. The four warriors prepare to disembark, but not one of them breathes a sigh of relief. They will not feel any safer until the last member enters the subterranean tunnel to Procyon.

"I'll stay while you camouflage the van," Anna tells Garret, and KJ follows suit by telling Johnny the same.

They both know that the offer is in vain, but neither would have felt right if they hadn't offered. They know that the men will refuse. Rian tells everyone that they can do as they wish, but he's not going to stick around. The levity is welcome after all the anticipation and worry.

Johnny follows Rian, Anna and KJ to the tunnel entrance and Garret guards the van. Near the tunnel entrance KJ stops and looks at Johnny.

"Go take a shower, angel," Johnny says, "You're... pretty nasty right now."

KJ looks at him, the exaggerated outrage on her face growing.

"You fff..." she begins to say, when Johnny grabs and kisses her. When they separate KJ has the tiniest little smile on her face.

"I won't take long," KJ says from the tunnel entrance after their lengthy and passionate kiss.

Johnny returns to the van and helps Garret apply camouflage. When the deed is done, they, too, return to Procyon House.

Each member of Capricorn Cell takes a long shower and changes clothes before enjoying a simple but delicious supper. The fresh vegetable salad and the stuffed steak and mushrooms are more than a delight; today they are a spiritual panacea. After the meal, KJ and Johnny retire to their bedroom. Her .30-06 rifle sits in its resting place downstairs. KJ closes the door behind Johnny and strips down to her thong. She's not wearing a bra.

"Don't look," KJ says before opening the dresser.

She grabs a couple of items and bounds inside the bathroom. Inside, she puts on a pair of shiny black leggings over her thong. They're brand new and she can tell they're going to be ridiculously tight. In fact, it's almost impossible for her to don them – almost. She looks at herself in the mirror. The leggings are beyond tight. Like several of the others, this pair goes up past her waist and covers her stomach, being tight enough to show the form of her beautiful little belly. She turns around and looks at the rear, which inspires her to laugh a little from embarrassment. KJ shakes her head and rolls her eyes, and considers for a moment whether she should show them to Johnny or peel them off. They look painted-on.

"Fuck it," KJ says at last.

KJ puts on a metallic teal bra and walks out of the bathroom to show him. When he sees her he jumps up from the bed.

"Jesus Christ!" Johnny says, "Is that paint?" KJ exhales sharply and shakes her head. She's a little embarrassed. "Turn around!" Johnny says, "Holy shit! Where the fuck did you get those?"

"Jesse brought them," KJ says, "I gave her my measurements so they'd be nice and tight, and I mean fucking tight, but she brought these that are even smaller."

KJ shrugs. Johnny steps over to his wife.

"I'm going to have to buy her something nice," Johnny says, "like a car." KJ shakes her head and laughs, her hand covering her face for a second. Johnny turns KJ around and stops her when her rear is facing him. "Or a boat," he says, "Jesus Christ! I'm gonna have to buy her a boat."

Johnny turns KJ around to face him and looks into her eyes.

"Put on a shirt, not a loose one either," he says, "The whole fucking thing, boots, gloves, all that shit. We've got the room tonight and we're going on a date. Go on!"

Together, KJ and Johnny resist the callousness of war.

Garret unbuttons his shirt at the foot of the bed. Anna is already under the sheets. Procyon is safe for the moment and the bed never felt so comfortable. Both of them have showered and feel renewed, though Anna seems a bit melancholic.

"I just saw Johnny," Garret says as he removes his shirt, "He was carrying KJ to the master bedroom."

Anna watches him as he removes his pants and changes into the boxer shorts he'll wear to bed. He climbs in beside her. She touches his chest and he turns toward her.

"What's wrong, Red?" Garret asks.

"I hate what we have to do," Anna says, "I hate it. I hate that it's come to this. I hate that we have to kill someone so that our children will have a chance to live. That's all I want, if all I can have is one thing, Garret, I want our children to have a chance to live in peace. I want them to be proud of who they are, not constantly have to apologize and face all this degrading shit. It's so sad and pathetic. It's so damn wrong."

"It took me years to come to this decision," Garret says, "I agonized over it. I can't see any alternative other than making treason and betrayal painful, as painful as we can make it. So far we're succeeding. We've accomplished three missions and we've come back home."

Garret runs his hand over her head and through her hair.

"I'd take you further away than the Berkshires," he says, "If it all ended tomorrow, and we didn't face this genocide anymore, I'd take you far away, to Ireland or Scotland, or maybe Nova Scotia. Somewhere we'd never have to see any of the places where we've killed someone. We'd bring your family, too, all those who'd come, and we'd never come back."

Anna smiles a little. It is sad, and she looks toward the foot of the bed.

"When Kemper went down," Garret says, "it felt like he fell on my chest. The two of you shouldn't have to do this. Johnny shouldn't have to do this. God...I believe in God, you know that. I've asked Him to make me guilty of your sins, Johnny's and KJ's too. If I've ever led you astray then I pray I'm the only one who pays for it."

"You didn't lead us astray," Anna says, "We came of our own free will, and besides, what we're doing isn't wrong. We have to fight. We can hate it, but we have to do it."

"Did you watch him die?" Garret asks.

Anna nods.

"That's the reality of war," Garret says, "But I'm sorry you saw it."

Anna looks into his eyes.

"It is my turn next?" she asks.

"Yes," Garret says, "Are you OK with that?"

Anna nods again.

"We're here because we know what we have to do," she says, "I have to keep fighting until God grants us a family. I have to fight for our children, even if I can only dream of having them."

Garret touches her arm and squeezes her.

"I wish you'd stayed with Gary," he says.

Anna moves closer to him and he wraps his arm around her body.

"I love you, Garret," Anna says, "I'll be there when you need me."

Late in the night, KJ wakes. Her naked body is wrapped around her husband's and her head is on his chest. Her hair is a soft cushion beneath her face and a veil draped over it. She opens her blue eyes. He told her she is beautiful, the most beautiful woman he's ever seen. She believes he meant every word. She hopes so, not for herself, but for him. He deserves a beautiful and affectionate wife and she intends to fill that role all her life. KJ reaches up and caresses his chest. Earlier, he stood between her and those who would have hurt or killed her. He would do so again, right now, should she need him to.

"Are you alright, angel?" Johnny asks.

"Sometimes I worry about what might happen to me, as a human," KJ says, "but then I think of you. When I feel like I might lose my heart to this war, I think about you and I think about our dreams. I'm going to weep sometimes. Hard, actually. I'll wish I could erase some of these memories, but I won't lose who I am. I won't let that happen."

Her touch inspires such joy in his soul. KJ continues to caress his chest and includes his stomach. Her fingers trace every feature of his well-toned abdominal muscle.

"I killed a man today," KJ says, "and then I thought about you and the baby you're going to give me someday, and I remained KJ Bowen, your wife, now and forever."

She feels his arms tighten around her and she closes her eyes.

"I never want to let you go," Johnny says.

"Neither do I," KJ says.

Chapter XXIII

Ne Me Quitte Pas

July turns to August and the mornings begin to hint of fall, though the heat of day is often fierce and relentless. Jimmy Ford brings tomatoes from Hacksaw's garden and the taste is divine. At Procyon, the routines continue. Jesse comes on Fridays and Rian leaves with her for the weekend. Ford comes on Saturdays with supplies and whatever news he can obtain.

Garret does not encounter any mention of Angelique in the press or on the various anti-white discussion forums. It does not come as a surprise, since the police will attempt to interpret the meaning of the written message before releasing any details. There are still articles linking John Bowen to the shootings, including the Kemper case. There is also a police sketch of the driver in the Yates/Gant killings in Uniontown. It does resemble Garret. Anna comes by with tea, and when he shows her the computer screen she puts her arms around his shoulders and kisses his head.

"We knew we couldn't have a normal American life," Anna says, "We didn't really want that, anyway. It's killing our people."

Amidst the training and planning, Garret makes time to continue his search for potential targets. Rian is often at his side during the second phase of his search, the part that involves geography and avenues of entry and escape. During one such meeting Rian realizes that the desktop computers are factory-made. This is shocking to him. He's known Garret for years, and assumed that he had modified if not completely built the computers.

"Is that just a normal Dell desktop?" Rian asks.

"Uh-huh," says Garret, who is scrutinizing a map of southern Maine.

"Why?" Rian asks, "You built dad's computers, why'd you settle for this?"

"If someone gets into the computer and reads the diagnostics, they'll find ordinary components," Garret says, "They'll think someone bought this computer for regular computing needs."

"So that's it then," Rian says, "It's another ruse."

"That, and I won't lose any sleep if we have to destroy it," Garret says.

"Makes sense," Rian says.

A week later, after Anna finishes archery practice in the tunnel, she cuts through the armory and finds that Johnny Bowen is there, cleaning the Armalites and shotguns.

"Hi, Anna," Johnny says, looking up from the rifle with the folding stock.

"Hi, Johnny," Anna says and smiles.

For two years she almost told him that he's like a big brother to her, but she pulled short when she realized that such a comment, made in good faith and kindness, is still destructive to a man or a woman who is, in fact, not in a familial position. Now that he is married, the dynamic is completely different, and both would take the statement as a great compliment.

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

"She's practicing French with Jesse," Johnny says, "I spent an hour practicing with them, but this needs done."

"Hey, can I ask you something?" Anna asks.

"You know you can," Johnny says.

"Yeah, but this is a little touchy, I just don't want you to get mad if I ask," Anna says.

"I won't, Anna, go ahead and ask," Johnny says, looking down at the rifle "I guess you want to know what we were doing last night."

The day before, after Johnny and KJ finished their calisthenics routines they returned to their room for a shower. KJ was wearing tight exercise leggings and Johnny was particularly interested in the manner in which they fit her. The fun that ensued, which stopped just short of being more appropriate for the secret room, became a bit louder than they'd intended. Both Johnny and KJ were certain that Anna and Garret must have heard. Anna, in fact, was heading for the kitchen when KJ yelled out and she did hear every word.

"No!" Anna says.

"Good," Johnny says, "I wasn't going to tell you."

"Johnny, I'm sure you could have been a cell leader," Anna says, "Why didn't you choose to be?"

"It's a good question," Johnny says, "I could have." He looks at her. "But it's not my gig. Someone needed to train Garret and help train the two of you; even you, Anna. You don't make many mistakes, but we can watch

out for each other so that our mistakes don't become second nature. Capricorn Cell needed someone like me. It needs someone like you and KJ, it needs Rian and Jesse and the men from Orion. And it needs a leader, one who will stay all day and all night making lists of targets."

"OK," Anna says and looks down. "Johnny, what if something happens to Garret? What will you and KJ do? What happens to Capricorn?"

"We'll try to keep that from happening," Johnny says and smiles.

Anna smiles and hugs him as she passes.

During mid-August, section manager Robert Arnett returns from his most recent trip to the Adirondack campground. He stayed two nights in the new cabin with his oldest son. The weather was perfect for hiking and swimming, and the pair engaged in both. They scouted the terrain for good hunting sites and built a fire and Arnett made barbecued ribs. They're his specialty.

The Arnett family has been Republican for some time. Robert follows in the footsteps of his father, a fiscal conservative. He also fancies himself a religious man. There are times when the direction of the country and the party trouble him. There are times when his own actions at work trouble him. He would be quick to say that he has to tow the line, or he'll be out of a job and his children will suffer. Not only is this defense short-sighted, it is untrue. In reality, it's quite nice to finally make enough money for a campsite and a small pleasure boat. His marriage is stronger because of his earning power and he can finally buy a small vacation place near the North Carolina seashore. The power is enticing as well. Men jump to work when he passes them. Some lavish him with friendly gestures and work hard even when he's not present. He knows they're doing this to attach themselves to his rising star, and to move up like he did. Still, it appeals to his ego.

When Arnett sees the smile on his son's face, the troubling moral inconsistencies fade away and he feels proud of his accomplishments. If standing up for a white employee will cost him the campsite and his boat and the other sources of his family's happiness, then he will not rise. White workers' sons may have lives that are much more difficult than their fathers', but his will not. His son will inherit his money and properties and, he hopes, the same sensible approach to life. Before leaving the Adirondacks, Robert Arnett looks back at the pines and the cabin and the mountains. The campsite is truly beautiful. He's already making plans on returning for two weeks next summer, probably in mid-July.

Two-thousand nine-hundred miles away, a lean, rock-hard and tanned John Boyle begins setting up his tent. The firs and pines of the Ange-

les National Forest surround him. He has lived in this region for six months and has effectively disappeared from view. He has no intentions of surfacing for at least a few more months. He will stretch his money for far longer if necessary. Inside the covered bed of his Ford pickup are various supplies and tools. There is also a Parker-Hale rifle and a 50-caliber Barrett sniping weapon. John Boyle has not forsaken the fight against white genocide. He is familiarizing himself, as any guerrilla must when he finds himself in a war zone.

In the psyche of many men, September is fall, though temperatures and weather conditions across Appalachia resemble August at least for the first half of the month. This September begins as do most, with hot days and cool nights. The first day of September will turn out to be the hottest day of the month. Capricorn Cell will not suffer the heat, however, thanks to Procyon House. It's Johnny's birthday and there will be a celebration, but first there is a meeting in the media room. This is a war meeting. Present are Garret Fogarty, Johnny Bowen and Rian Donnelly.

"It's more complicated than usual," Johnny says as he looks at the screen.

He and Rian have already ruled out two of Garret's target options. Johnny didn't like the first because of the extreme range and lack of cover closer in to the target. Rian rejected the second due to concerns over a one-lane bridge that may or may not be closed, and which garnered low ratings from the National Bridges database. The third option presents its own problems, but none insurmountable and the strategy devised by Garret is interesting. Anna will be the shooter on this mission, and her experience could help her pull off their most spectacular attempt to date.

The distance of the shot as well as the nature of the terrain are not optimal, but the mission is worth a little extra risk to each of the three men. The mission calls for an expendable vehicle. They discuss the dangers of Ford or Kelly buying a vehicle or donating one of theirs. Stealing a vehicle will be risky for either man; too risky, in fact, considering the necessary work they do for Capricorn Cell. Johnny or Rian could steal a car, but in that case Ford or Kelly would be in jeopardy from working on a stolen vehicle. Capricorn Cell may need to go that route in the future but Garret will not authorize such actions until absolutely necessary. Instead, Garret has a bold solution. He is not wanted; not yet. He will purchase an automobile, which Ford and Kelly will modify. After making the purchase, he will call his father on the old cell phone that he once used for business purposes. He'll mention that he bought a car for local use until he can make his move to Oregon.

Garret intends for it to be his last conversation ever with his parents.

Johnny and Rian eventually agree to the mission. In two days, once he's finalized everything, Garret will call in the ladies and present the details. The meeting at an end, he tells Johnny it's time to begin the celebration.

Johnny opens everyone's gifts to him, which are mostly supplemental and replacement items that he uses on missions and for training. There are also shirts, pants, jeans and socks and the like. Of course, KJ withholds her gifts until later. As Anna had done for Garret on his birthday, KJ makes a spectacular meal for her husband, and the two dine alone in the living room. She dresses in a white button-down short-sleeve blouse with a high collar that she leaves unbuttoned. Her jeans fit her to perfection, and she wears a pair of elbow-length gloves that may not go with the ensemble, but he likes the look of them and that's what matters to her.

Once they've finished their *boeuf à la bourguignonne* and the lavish salad that KJ made to accompany the dish, and the wine glasses sit empty in front of each candle, she takes him by his hand and leads him to their bedroom. There, she gives him his two gifts. The first is a water-resistant rain jacket.

"I know you won't tell me if you're cold, so I asked Jesse to buy that for you," KJ says, "It'll keep some of the cold rain off of you if we have to scrunch down in the forest. Autumn's coming, you know."

The camouflage pattern is a very good one for hiding. KJ must have devoted her internet time to finding the right jacket.

"Thank you, angel," Johnny says.

"Here's the other one," KJ says.

The second gift is on the little table. Inside a little box wrapped in blue paper and a white ribbon is a pair of aprons, the words "Mr. Bowen" on one, and "Mrs. Bowen" on the other. His features a black rabbit above the blue letters; hers has the outline of several feathers.

"We won't have to wear those shitty yellow ones anymore," KJ says.

Johnny smiles at her.

"That is so fucking sweet," he says, "Jesus, that's..."

Johnny signs and shakes his head, and then waves for her to come to him. She does so, and enters his tight embrace.

"I love you, Johnny," KJ says, "Happy birthday."

"I love you too, angel," he says.

KJ doesn't tell him that, in order to avoid even the slightest chance that the authorities would keep Jesse's address on file should she order aprons with the name "Bowen" on them, KJ asked Jesse to buy two high-

quality but otherwise plain white aprons. With great care, she drew a rabbit on his and an angel's wing on hers. Jesse then embroidered the names.

That night KJ rubs Johnny's shoulders and caresses his chest, his back and his belly. They kiss and she cuddles him for the longest time, leaving absolutely no doubt in his mind that her love for him knows no bounds. It is the greatest birthday of his life, entirely because she belongs to him.

Two days later Garret Fogarty packs a valise and dresses in a silk long-sleeve shirt and black slacks. Other than a concealed Beretta BU9 pistol that Jimmy Ford dropped off for this occasion, Garret will carry no guns for today's mission.

"I'll be careful," Garret tells a worried Anna, who still holds on to his arm as he steps near the downstairs steps. "If anything happens I'll contact Rian or call one of the emergency Trac Phones. I will not be back tonight, so please, Anna, don't worry."

"OK, Garret, I'll try not to," Anna says.

They both know that she will.

For this mission Garret will drive his Wrangler Sport. It is parked just off the highway in the drop-off and pick-up spot. He climbs inside and drives down the highway toward Aurora. In tiny Scherr, West Virginia, a retired mechanic is finally selling his 1990 Toyota Corolla. He's asking \$1000. Garret will offer him \$700 cash if the car's actual condition matches that advertised in an auto trader flier. If Garret is successful, he'll drive the vehicle to Ford's garage. Garret will borrow a car from Ford – he'll call it a dealer loan should anyone ask – and drive to his parents' house, where he'll visit his parents for one final time. He will tell them that he's heading west, to Portland, and that he'll send word once he's established himself. Then they'll give him a "peace out" or similar lame expression and he'll leave, never to return.

Jimmy Ford and Austin Kelly will scrutinize the Corolla. They'll verify that it's in operating condition, make a few modifications and change the main VIN. That is not all. Since Capricorn Cell will have to abandon this car, Ford and Kelly will search out every hidden VIN and obliterate those. Those they cannot reach they'll replace with parts from junked Toyotas. They will also paint the car dark green. Finally, once Ford drives the Toyota to the pick-up spot, he'll swap the plates with one of the plates that he acquired in late-night drives around rural Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. It will not be a perfect ruse, but the exchange of plates will hopefully keep Garret's identity a secret. Ford was careful not to take more than one from each state, and then he only took from vehicles that looked

to get very little use but whose plates had not rusted or faded. When Garret arrives at his garage, Ford has a Virginia plate ready for the Corolla.

For the upcoming mission, two vehicles will leave but only one will return. Rian, Johnny Bowen and KJ will depart with the Chevy van. As of the planning phase, they do not know what color the van will be. Anna and Garret will leave in the Corolla. For this mission, Johnny and KJ will remain with Rian while Anna takes the shot and Garret drives her to a pre-determined ditching point. From there, they will cross either a short tract of woodland or ford a creek. Since water may be involved, Anna will carry her rifle in a waterproof scabbard. Garret hopes that she will not need it; if all goes according to plan, she will not.

On the morning of the 14th, Garret rises early to make breakfast for his wife, who is celebrating her 19th birthday today. He kisses her on her red head and leaves for the kitchen. Garret is quite the capable cook, though he cannot match his wife or the Bowen's. He does measure with them when it comes to breakfast, so he will serve her the meal that he knows best to make.

While Anna and KJ exercise and Johnny Bowen emerges into the woods for a routine patrol, Garret retires to the media room for a quick check on news. It is Sunday and Rian is due back any time. They won't be making Anna's birthday supper for at least an hour. Garret peruses the usual sources and then checks his private email accounts. There is an unread message from Mason Walker. This is not an unusual event; communications with Mason are quite common. Garret has him perform vital reconnaissance from time to time. Garret opens the message and begins reading the code. He has learned it so well that nothing needs to be written down.

There is no information pertaining to a possible mission. The email begins with an abject apology. Garret continues although the first few words fill him with dread and frustration.

On the night of the 13th, in spite of reassurances from Bill Donnelly that any financial difficulty that Mason might encounter over Diamond Crossing would be resolved by the Donnelly Family, Mason was feeling defeated and depressed. He'd had an argument with his girlfriend. It was one that both parties should have avoided and it hurt them both. She was waiting for him to call, and several times reached for her cell phone only to leave it lay on the table. He considered calling as well. Instead, he fell back into old habits, and drove to the sports tavern in Somerset.

After a round of beers and hot wings, he called one of his work friends who came by about an hour later with two other guys who he intro-

duced and vouched for as good fellows. They drank for a while longer, too long of course, and the conversation turned from one thing to another. Someone mentioned Obama and amnesty for illegals, and Mason joined in the discussion. These words and actions do not trouble Garret to any great degree. He knows that Mason would not apologize for criticizing a president or calling him some derogatory name, and that does not alarm Garret, either. He continues reading.

The next paragraph begins with Mason assuring Garret that he did not mention the safe house – whose address he does not know – or the names of most of the active cell members.

Most.

Garret feels the weight of anxiety growing in his chest.

The work friend says that something should be done, or America is doomed. They all seem to agree. Then Mason says that someone will do something. He writes that he did not say what, or who, but he did guarantee that someone would rise. That was not all. Later, after several changes of conversation, his work friend mentioned an old flame. Mason admits to Garret that he once had a deep crush on Anna. He was very good at hiding it, but it was real. She drifted toward Garret before he could summon the courage to ask her. And now that all is well, and he has someone who he loves and Garret has Anna, Mason Walker was drunk enough and foolish enough to mention Anna Murphy by name in the company of men he does not know or trust.

Garret does not know how to respond. He stares at the screen. Each individual mistake is small, and the sum is not large, but four men will now associate Anna Murphy with Mason Walker, and Mason Walker with some kind of opposition to the American system that may or may not include a potential for violent resistance. They will also associate Mason Walker with Anna Murphy, should Anna's identity cease to be secret.

John Bowen returns from his short patrol. Garret calls him into the media room.

"I've decided not to tell the women, or even Rian," Garret begins, "Mason let his mouth run a little."

Johnny, who sat the AK beside the row of chairs, begins to have a concerned and annoyed look on his face.

"How bad is it?" Johnny asks.

"It's not catastrophic," Garret says, "but he mentioned that someone is going to fight for our race, and later he mentioned Anna's name. He didn't associate her with the fighting, but they'll remember the things he said and if she's ever found out, which I think we all know is a matter of time,

they'll remember that Mason talked about her. He jeopardized himself more than anyone. Anyone except Gary, of course. He didn't call her Anna Fogarty."

"Fuckin' idiot," Johnny says, "Was he drunk?"

Garret nods.

"Hell of a birthday gift, huh?" Johnny says, "Oh, Mason sends his best. He mentioned you to some strangers the other day, and used your maiden name." Johnny shakes his head in frustration. "Have you told Gary?"

"I'll figure out what I'm going to tell him," Garret says, "As rough as it's going to be, he has to know so he can protect himself. I don't know if he'll ever forgive Mason for it."

"Stupid fuck," Johnny says.

"We're going to visit Gary soon, in October," Garret says, "I'm going to hold off mentioning both the trip and Mason's idiocy. The enemy doesn't know about Procyon, heck, neither does Mason, so we're not compromised. I'm going to let Anna have some peace on her birthday."

"Yeah," Johnny says, "I agree with that."

No one minds that Anna and Garret postpone cleaning the secret room until later in the week. Tonight and Monday night it is theirs to enjoy. On Sunday night Garret presents his gift to her: an elegant green dress, as beautiful as any she's ever seen. The color is exactly the same as the leaves on her ivy and its form will complement her tattoo as if it was designed to go with her body art.

"There's a special occasion coming up," Garret says, "Wear it then."

Anna smiles and then rushes him. Her strong arms hold him tight.

"Thank you, Garret," she says.

He can see the importance of the ivy to her, and he's come to cherish it.

That night Anna wears a sheer bodysuit with just a thong underneath. The sight drives Garret wild with passion.

On the morning of Wednesday the 17th of September, Garret tells the others not to begin lifting or training until they've met in the media room. It would appear that Capricorn Cell is about to go active again.

KJ and Johnny are dressed for exercise – specifically, strength training. Anna will practice dry-firing and Rian will continue studying primary and secondary escape routes for the upcoming mission. Once they're inside the media room, Garret gives the manila folder to Anna. This time the target is not white; he is Rabbi Michael Levenson, a member of the Reform Jewish Movement who lives in Utica, New York.

"I have several reasons to support the killing of this man," Garret says, "First, he has written blog posts about David Hill, all of them supportive of a prison sentence. Levenson is a strong Zionist who supports the interests of Israel over our white nations, including America, the white nation that graciously protected and nurtured his neurotic and usually anti-white tribe. As a Jewish supremacist, he supports apartheid in Israel while supporting open borders and miscegenation in white nations."

KJ, who is standing with Johnny, looks over Anna's shoulder at the picture of the rabbi. His Jewish features are obvious. He does not have hateful eyes or a face twisted by evil. In fact, he looks somewhat kindly. But in one picture, standing to his right, is a beastly Jew whose gnarled, ghoulish face inspires immediate disgust.

"Who is that?" KJ asks, her nose wrinkled in disgust over the abhorrent image.

"That is Dr. James Kirstein," Garret says, "A Canadian Jew who is a leading proponent of hate speech laws and just happens to be an abortionist."

Levenson and Kirstein are smiling in the photo.

"In Levenson's most recent post," Garret continues, "he condemns David Hill as a domestic terrorist and recommends harsh judgment for 'racists' and 'anti-Semites' like David. He's never said a word about negro flash mobs or the rash of black-on-white violence after the Trayvon shooting, but he's quick to use the word racism, which of course is a code-word for anti-white."

"David's on hunger strike for our race, and this piece of shit wants him to stay in prison," KJ says, "He wants David to die."

"He wants all of us to die," Anna says as she looks at the picture of Levenson smiling, his green eyes expressive, almost innocent, behind a pair of wire-rim glasses.

"Should you accept this mission," Garret says, "You'll need to understand that it will be different than any other we've undertaken. There will be two teams. One, consisting of KJ and Johnny, will travel up with Rian and will remain as his guard unless called to action. Anna, you and I will enter the combat zone alone. It is an urban environment and there will be people outside when Levenson appears at his synagogue. Eventually we will ditch our car and retreat with Rian and the second team. Since the best alternate escape route includes water, you'll have to carry your rifle in a waterproof scabbard. Jimmy Ford brought four of them last Saturday."

Anna flips through the papers that pertain to Levenson and finds several handwritten sheets that deal with the logistics of the mission.

"Johnny and I have detailed the mission," Garret says, "We've included sketches and maps. I think it's a good idea for you to study those today and tomorrow. KJ," Garret says turning toward the savage angel, "We discussed your role for this mission. You'll be carrying an Armalite. We get one shot at Levenson, but we might need extra firepower to escape."

KJ looks at him and nods. The cell goes about their business. If there are questions, they will pose them as they arise. None do for the time being, and the day marches on.

"There are a lot of reasons to take on this mission," Garret says to Anna as they prepare for bed. "Punishment for betrayal isn't only for white traitors. Non-whites like Levenson who profit from our decline should feel the pain as well. If he has his way, David Hill will starve to death in prison, and we'd lose what's left of our free speech. I believe that Levenson is doing what he thinks is right for his people. But it comes at the expense of my race, and, by God, that will not stand."

Garret steps over to the bed. He sees Anna look at him and then down. He touches Anna's chin and lifts her head so that she looks into his eyes.

"I look at you, at my beautiful young wife," Garret says, "You're fighting for our children, and for every other white child. You risk your life for them. Levenson and others like him will hate you for your love, your natural, intense love of your kinfolk and all white children. He'd choose a future without red hair and white skin. For that alone he deserves to die."

"He'd choose a future without blond men," Anna says, "He doesn't want our son to be born, Garret. Men like this rabbi, and all his white traitor friends want to tell me what color child I can have, or even if I can have a child. They want to control even that most intimate part of me. It's our life, Garret, and they have no right to it. If that rabbi has his way, neither you nor our son will live. That's a good enough reason for me to kill him."

Garret kisses her head.

"Those who fear you will say all sorts of terrible things about you," Garret says, "If their lies ever trouble you, remember what you mean to me and to all of us who know the truth. I love you, my wife."

"I love you too," Anna says and embraces him. "I love you so much. It would be easy to let this world make me cold, but it never will. You're my flame, Garret."

The drive to Utica will last almost nine hours if done without pause. On Thursday, Jimmy Ford brings the Corolla to Procyon. Anna and Garret pack the vehicle before Ford departs with the Toyota from near the pickup spot. On Friday morning, he will hide the car in the woods across the

highway. The van will be in the usual spot among the trees. The skies will be mostly cloudy to overcast from West Virginia to upstate New York. It will be a beautiful fall weekend, if a little on the cool side. Anna will bring sunglasses and two boonie hats – a black one for the trip and a dark green one for the mission. She probably won't need the black one or the sunglasses, but she wouldn't feel right not being prepared for a sunny day. On Thursday evening, she stores her rifle in the waterproof scabbard and fixes a tether to the case. If she must swim with it, she'll pull it with her body. Tying knots has always been a special talent of hers. The tether will break before it becomes untied.

KJ won't need sunglasses, regardless of cloud or sun. She'll be riding in the back of the Chevy van, which is now red and black in color and features the name of a defunct parts store on the sides.

There will be sandwiches and drinks in a cooler inside the Toyota. Likewise in the van; if all goes right during the mission, the rebels will eat a hodgepodge of healthy, but expedient food. This time, not only will Rian gas up the van before the mission, there will be two spare gas tanks in back for rapid or clandestine filling.

Rian, Johnny and KJ prepare to leave. KJ puts on one of her numerous pairs of exercise leggings as well as a black t-shirt. Her web gear and martial attire will be in the van. Johnny wears jeans and a shirt. His gear will be in the van as well. With no other persons present, they can dress in the privacy of the van well before their arrival in Utica.

The van and its warriors depart at 6AM. Garret and Anna leave two hours later and drive south through Aurora before turning north toward Rowlesburg, West Virginia. Since there's no functioning iPod connection in the Corolla, Anna listens through her ear buds. Garret is delighted to see this. She needs to relax.

Two hours into the voyage and about two hours before they stop to stretch and breathe the outside air, KJ removes her ear buds and looks at Johnny. He looks at her and is about to take her hand when she leans over and kisses him.

"Hello, angel," Johnny says and smiles.

"Be careful, Johnny," KJ says, "Please."

His smile disappears.

"OK, angel," Johnny says.

The Armalite with the retractable stock sits beside her.

Outside of Harrisburg, Garret stops for ten minutes so that he and Anna can eat their sandwiches and drink a bottle of water. Rian has just piloted the van through Wilkes-Barre. He will stop for another round of

stretching and a short walk in the sparse woods south of Morris, New York. He and the Bowen's will eat and stroll down a little trail before they begin the final leg of the journey to Utica.

In her mind, Anna has rehearsed her course of action once they reach Utica. She will find her position, around 700 yards from the temple entrance, and unless called or threatened will remain there for two or so hours until services end and the rabbi emerges. At that point, she will attempt one of the longest shots she's ever tried to make. If she is successful, it will be the third-longest shot of her career. The other two were in rural Pennsylvania, under excellent conditions and surrounded by family. There was no stress then. For whatever reason, she feels less stress tonight than she figured she would, though she is by no means relaxed.

In the forest not far from Morris, where earlier the second combat team stopped for a bite to eat and a short walk, Garret parks the Toyota down a dirt road out of sight of the main highway. Anna changes into her combat gear, but puts a flannel shirt over her web gear. She leaves her hat on the seat behind Garret. She won't be wearing a hoodie for this mission; her dark green top is sleeveless, but she's put black armbands that go from her wrists to just beyond her elbows, leaving her hands free to feel the trigger and the weapon. Her upper arms will be bare. Should someone see her in the car before dusk, they won't be surprised or startled by a camouflaged hoodie.

The Toyota arrives in the southern approaches of Utica at 6PM. In an hour it will be sunset. Garret drives to a winding woodland road that passes through a cemetery, and continues until it merges with an avenue that is flanked by houses. At one of the more remote curves, which he identifies from his satellite image map, he slows to a momentary stop. Anna looks at him. He does not look at her, but speaks in a soft voice.

"I love you, Anna," Garret says, "Godspeed."

"I love you, Garret," Anna says as she opens her door.

Anna climbs out, grabbing her gun from the rear seat. Once it's across her back she disappears into the forest.

Anna does not watch as Garret departs. Her mission has begun. She works her way through the darkening woods toward the highways and buildings to the north. The forest seems too quiet, even though she can hear cars beyond the trees and the ceaseless hum of the city. Anna removes her rifle from the scabbard. If she is caught, she will not escape, but neither will she surrender. They will have to kill her. She is Anna Fogarty née Murphy, a white Irish Catholic woman. She will never fall on her knees before the enemies of her race.

Darkness begins to fall as Anna approaches the edge of the woods. In the fading light of evening, she sees a short stretch of grass and then the thin line of trees that separate and shield the grassy patch from the expressway. Anna carefully returns the rifle to its scabbard and puts the straps of the scabbard across her chest, fixing the rifle to her back. She lies as close to the ground as she can and begins crawling through the grass toward a hiding spot.

The sky is cloudy this evening. The wind is slight when it blows at all. Anna moves with methodical care. In the dying light, any motorists who happen to look her way will see what looks to be an empty plot of land.

The lights in the synagogue are burning. Outside there are many cars, including Levenson's Ford Explorer. Anna finds the lone spot from which she has a direct line of fire to the parking lot. She'll use the rifle's bipod for stability and shoot from a lying position. Before she gets into position, Anna removes a piece of white cardboard from her web gear. It is small, cut to wallet-size, and on one side she has written the word "Phaedra." She lays it in the grass.

Time grinds forward. Religious services at the synagogue are supposed to end at nine. When the hour arrives, Garret pulls off the road that parallels the parkway, and he stops around 20 yards from Anna's position. At twenty minutes after, attendees of the Friday night services begin to exit the temple. Anna watches them. Even in the scope they seem far away. The mil dots confirm a 700 yard shot. The wind is calm. She sees a man dressed like a rabbi who walks into the parking lot. It is 9:40 PM. She can see enough of him to tell it's Levenson. He pauses to address someone and then walks toward his Explorer. His eyes do not see her, though they face her exact position. Her breathing takes a familiar, deadly rhythm. She takes a half-breath. The smell of grass is stronger than the odor of passing vehicles.

Garret hears the discharge. At that instant the massive .30-06 bullet strikes Levenson almost between the eyes. His body will linger for three days, though his brain dies at 9:42 that night.

By choosing a spot shielded by trees in front and to the right, Anna solved the dilemma of a speedy escape. She can crouch and stay out of sight of those in the synagogue parking lot, and she can also make haste to the Corolla, which is sitting to her rear-right. Anna moves swiftly in her crouching position and yet remains unseen by those courageous enough to try and spot the shooter.

As soon as Anna climbs into the car, Garret drives on to the parkway. He turns on to a residential street, using houses to shield the Corolla from

passing automobiles. Then he turns left, toward the eventual rendezvous with Rian and the second combat team. He remembers the sequence of streets as well as the overall lay of this section of Utica. Ignoring the rows of houses and businesses, he concentrates on street names and the general direction of travel. Soon they are heading north toward the outskirts of Utica, in the direction of the famous Erie Canal.

Rian has parked the van off of a little-used road that runs out of Utica to the north. The road parallels another road which also passes through some scrub brush and a grove of young trees. Between the two roads is a swampy pond. The van sits among brush and staghorn sumac, which are thick enough to provide excellent cover even in daylight.

John Bowen is outside. He's scanning both roads and the rear of their position. At the moment there are no visible threats. Rian sits at the wheel, and KJ is in the rear of the van. The rear doors are open. She's in her camouflaged gear, and wears gloves and boots. She does not wear a hat or toboggan; her hair is more than thick enough for the 59 degree air temperature. At the moment she crouches in the van, the Armalite rifle in her hands.

Johnny glances at his watch. Whether successful or not, Anna and Garret must be coming by now. He looks through his binoculars toward the closest road. It is the road that Garret will prefer, since it puts them very close to the van. To the far left he sees a car, which is advancing very slowly down the road. Johnny clenches his teeth when he realizes that the vehicle is a police cruiser.

"Guard the van," Johnny says to KJ, "Stay here no matter what."

"Johnny, I could..." KJ begins to say.

"Do it!" Johnny says.

KJ watches him begin a swift advance toward the first road.

Garret keeps his eyes on the road to the left of the boggy pond. He sees the police cruiser which has picked up speed. Garret shakes his head.

"We have to ditch by the pond," he says.

Anna nods from the back seat. She's already stored her rifle in the scabbard. Garret has packed her things into his backpack. There are two north-south roads. The one nearest the van is to the left of the boggy pond. This is the route of the police cruiser, and what was the preferred escape route for Anna and Garret. The second north-south road runs to the right of the boggy pond. Connecting the two, just south of the pond, is a road that goes almost due east-west. Garret drives up the second north-south road and then veers right into the brush. He watches the police cruiser

turn on to the east-west connecting road. The police cruiser continues until brush obscures it from view. Every minute the Fogarty's wait, they jeopardize themselves and the other team. With Garret in the lead, he and Anna run toward the pond.

Garret stays to the left of Anna, closest to where he last saw the police cruiser so that he might shield his wife. The water where he runs is shin-deep. Anna's path cuts through knee-deep water, but owing to her leg strength she makes good time. She knows that there can be deep spots, so she holds the scabbard at chest level. A little more than half-way across, Anna steps into one such spot. It's much deeper than she could have guessed. In an instant she disappears completely under the water and slime.

Garret sees a vehicle appear on his left. It's the police cruiser, which has turned around and is driving toward the original escape road. If the police cruiser stops along the north-south road, it will block their advance. The lights come on. Garret turns to warn Anna. All he sees is the scabbard, floating in a disturbed place in the dark waters.

Officer James Swilley calls in a possible sighting of the sniper. He parks halfway up the first north-south road and rises from the cruiser with his gun in his hands. Garret, who is now running toward the spot where Anna disappeared, is in range of the officer's .45 caliber pistol. It's a long shot but Swilley is one of the best on the force.

From the tall grass, thistles and dandelions to the left of Swilley's car, John Ashley Bowen gets down on one knee. He sees Swilley as the officer stands up from his cruiser. Swilley is in the iron sights of Johnny's AK47, at an angle that will not jeopardize Anna or Garret should a bullet traverse the policeman's body. Johnny squeezes the trigger. The bullet strikes Officer Swilley in the back of the head, shattering his skull. Bone and pieces of scalp hang from the massive exit wound as Swilley falls lifeless to the earth.

Anna breaks the surface as Garret approaches. She swims forward and steps up on to more solid earth. She pulls in the floating scabbard and Garret grabs her arm. They begin running toward the right when they hear a voice yell out to them.

"Anna! Over here! Here!" the masculine voice yells. Johnny has to use her name. Escape is far more important than anonymity.

Anna and Garret see Johnny's silhouette on the raised embankment. His features flash in the light of the police cruiser.

KJ is outside the van. She sees the police cruiser's lights and her heart sinks. She hears the discharge of Johnny's rifle and is familiar

enough with the AK to know its sound. Every urge in her body cries out for her to run to his aid, but she obeys him and remains at the van. She does hurry to the edge where she can see beyond the trees and bushes. If someone appears, she will not take a shot unless she's sure of the identity of her target. If, however, she is certain that the target is not her husband or her war family, she will open fire. In minutes she sees Johnny and the Fogarty's crossing the road. KJ climbs into the van and crouches by the door, Armalite ready. When the three arrive, she retreats inside so that her mates can enter with ease.

"Let's go!" Johnny yells to Rian as he embarks.

Johnny closes the door and then opens the observation and shooting ports as the van begins to roll.

Rian must weigh the risks of remaining in New York State against travelling an obvious but direct route out of the region. He splits the difference; during the hours that he devoted to studying access and escape routes, and searching for the location of gas stations and other places of interest, he memorized a route south of Oneonta that includes a gas station. Once clear of Utica, he steers the van in the direction of Windsor, New York.

Everyone in the rear of the van feels the tension. Johnny stands vigil at the door. KJ is seated but still grips her Armalite. Garret, too, holds on to his gun, while soaking wet Anna sits opposite KJ. The gun scabbard, its contents safe and dry, lies to her left. No one says a word. Their fate is in the hands of the Donnelly son. Johnny does not look at his watch. Garret hazards a glance.

A half hour has passed since Johnny shot the police officer. Neither Garret nor Anna looked at the results of Johnny's act. Neither of them had time to reflect. This is war, and at least one of them would likely be dead or wounded had Johnny not taken the shot.

Garret is the first to lower the tension just a tad. Again, Ford has gone above and beyond, and the van is stocked with more water than necessary for drinking purposes. He takes a bottle and hands it to Anna, who manages a little smile and then dumps the water over her head and face. It will still be a miserable ride for the wet redhead.

"Stopping for gas," Rian says from the front of the van.

Johnny kneels by the door as Rian fills the cavernous gas tanks of the Chevy van. Now begins the long drive home. After three or four hours, if he thinks it's safe to do so, Rian will find a place where they can all stretch and breathe a little easier. The night air will be crisp and clean south of Wilkes-Barre, where he hopes to make the stop.

For two hours Johnny guards the others. He risks quick glances out of the ports cut in the rear door. He sees a well-lit tractor and trailer. Later, he sees a car with one light burned out. The van keeps moving.

KJ watches her beloved and thinks about what just happened. The cop car blocked Anna and Garret's route of escape. She heard Johnny fire his gun. He would not have done so just to frighten away the police officer. The sound was certain to attract attention. Though the authorities won't know for certain that Johnny is responsible for the officer's death, they will blame him for it. He will now be "cop killer" Johnny.

Finally, Johnny feels comfortable enough to take his seat. He lays the AK to his left. KJ has already laid her Armalite to her right. She puts her hand on his leg and looks into his face. He puts his arm around her.

"Thank you, Johnny," Anna says.

Johnny and KJ look at their redheaded sister. Johnny nods. KJ takes his arm into both of her gloved hands and looks into his eyes when he turns toward her, but neither of them speaks.

After a while, Anna opens Garret's rucksack. She lost her green boonie hat in the swamp, but the black one – and more important – her dry street clothes are in the bag. She'd thought about changing when she entered the van, but with everyone on edge and the risk of being caught still high, she did not think it proper to become a distraction. Now that there is relative calm, she whispers in Garret's ear that she'd like to get out of her wet clothes.

Once Garret mentions her desire to the others, Johnny turns toward KJ. He puts his hands on her biceps and looks into her blue eyes.

"I'm gonna look at my woman," Johnny says, "Let me know when you're done changing."

Anna laughs a little, touched by the decency of his gesture. KJ touches Johnny's cheek and smiles. Although Anna is wearing panties and a bra, they are tight, and Garret appreciates Anna's discretion. He also appreciates Johnny's chivalry, and how he honored both Anna and KJ. Anna changes and takes a seat beside her husband. In an instant she no longer feels depressed.

South of Wilkes-Barre, Rian takes an exit off of Interstate 81 in De-lano, Pennsylvania. He recalls there being a rural highway that eventually returns to I-81. He remembers that it snakes for a while through woodland and between two small ridges and could be used to shake a pursuer. Although there is no obvious pursuit, he still takes the road. There is bound to be a pull-off where the anxious warriors can stretch their legs and fill their lungs with outside air. He finds the perfect spot and the five

members of Capricorn Cell waste no time in enjoying a few precious moments under the night sky.

Once they're on the road again, Anna puts in her ear buds. It's not long before Garret sees her start to nod off. Though they are beginning the final stretch for home, Procyon is still 250 miles away. There are two sleeping bags in the rear of the van. Garret rolls one of them open and tucks his wife inside.

"She looks comfortable," Johnny says.

Johnny unfurls the second bag beside Anna's.

"Hey, Johnny," KJ says, unable to hold her tongue, "Why don't you lie down for a while?"

"I was going to," Johnny says.

Anna, her eyes closed, laughs to herself.

"Oh...OK," KJ says, startled.

Johnny smiles at KJ.

"Of course it's for you, angel," he says, "C'mon, get in."

"I knew it was," KJ says, a wicked grin on her face.

KJ crawls down on to the bag. Johnny is on his knees fluffing the travel pillow that was inside the sleeping bag. He tucks her in as she climbs inside. Then she sits up and kisses him in a most intimate fashion.

"My hero," KJ whispers, her forehead to his.

Dawn is rising when Capricorn Cell arrives at Procyon. Once the equipment is secured, Anna hurries off to take a long shower. Swamp water isn't the sweetest smelling substance, especially after eight hours. The others, in turn, refresh their minds and bodies under the warm, clean shower spray. Garret tells Anna to take her time; he will use Rian's shower when he's finished.

KJ is first to emerge from the bathroom. After kissing Johnny and rubbing his hand, she heads straight to the kitchen. Everyone is famished after the long trip home. The others gradually join her, with Anna of course coming last. They make pancakes, eggs, bacon and crepes. Nothing complicated; the tastes are, as usual, superb.

After breakfast and a little relaxation time for digestion, the cell members retire to their bedrooms. It is time for a peaceful sleep. It is also time for Anna and Garret, KJ and Johnny to be close, physically and spiritually. Anna holds on tight to her husband. She might have lost him, had Johnny not been there. He might have lost her, and Capricorn Cell might have lost the both of them. Anna doesn't think about Levenson. She is in the arms of the man she loves, and that keeps all the painful and distressing thoughts at bay.

KJ, whose head was on Johnny's chest, rises on her elbow and looks into his face. Their eyes meet.

"You saved their lives," KJ says.

Johnny reaches up and touches her hair.

"You're more and more beautiful all the time," he says.

"I wanted to thank you for saving them," KJ says, "and for saving me."

She caresses his chest. He breathes deeply.

"You deserved a good man," Johnny says, "You deserved peace of mind, and to be loved, not hunted because you're the wife of a murderer."

"A good man has to kill sometimes," KJ says, her fingers touching every inch of his breast.

Johnny touches her arm and then her side. She is so smooth and warm.

"You deserved to have everyone love you," he says, "for your voice and your eyes, and for being who you are. But you're all alone, trapped with us in this fucking den."

"I am not alone," KJ says, "We have each other and that's more than I could ever have if I'd run away from this life. Thousands of fans could cheer for me when I walk up on a stage, and I'd have all the comforts a girl could want, but you know what? I'd have nothing. I have to live with myself, and I wouldn't have a fucking thing without this love. I'd be a hollow fucking shell, with empty fucking breath, and when I died I would be nothing."

She caresses his chest again. She traces the scar.

"This is real," KJ says, "What we're doing is real. It's our war, Johnny, our war for our children and the future. I do have something, more than anything I could ever have if I ran away. I have you."

"You know, angel, when I hear you talk like that," Johnny says, "I don't want to change anything that ever happened in my life, no matter how fucked up, just in the off-chance I never would have met you."

Johnny turns on to his side toward her and pulls her close to his body. Then he rolls on to his back, with KJ on top of him. She put on a thong bodysuit when they went to bed, and now he puts his hands on her bare cheeks. He pats her a few times and kisses her neck. Her hair is all over and around her head and shoulders, and his face. KJ smells so nice.

Her sensual presence and lavish affection help Johnny Bowen remain whole.

It does not take long for the police and the press to blame John Ashley Bowen for the death of Officer Swilley, as well as the sniping of Rabbi Levenson. There is no mention of Angelique or Phaedra.

A world away and it's time for the big push to the summit. Dr. Steven Keller turned back this morning after showing what could be signs of high altitude pulmonary edema. Discretion is always the better part of valor at this altitude. Some say that Cho Oyu is the easiest of the 8000 meter peaks to climb; that is of course a relative term. Dozens have died attempting to summit this, the world's sixth highest mountain.

On September 21st, Aaron Van Dyke of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, becomes one of the proud few to reach the summit of the 26,900 foot tall mountain. Aaron would credit a lifetime of preparation for his success. His excellent physical condition and his inborn ability to resist the physiological effects of extreme altitude are just as valuable. Until today, however, he did not know if he could resist the brutality of an 8000 meter climb. He did not know if high altitude pulmonary or cerebral edema would threaten his life and force him to forever forsake his dream of climbing at least one of the 8000 meter peaks. Now, at the age of 23, he knows. Without supplemental oxygen, and having encountered none of the more unusual difficulties or life-threatening health problems that often arise from such climbs, Aaron Van Dyke stands atop Cho Oyu.

Aaron does not savor the moment. His thoughts are on the descent. Successfully climbing an 8000 meter mountain is not a one-way trip. He snaps a few photographs with his digital camera and then begins the tedious and dangerous return to base camp. He'll feel the exhilaration later, once he and his companions are safe in their tents. Then, he'll drink some tea and call his father with the wonderful news.

On September 30th, a weary but triumphant Aaron Van Dyke arrives at Pittsburgh International Airport. He is greeted by his mother, father and younger brother. Aaron's father throws his arm around his son's neck and looks into his eyes. The father has a huge smile on his face. His young son has already surpassed his greatest climbing achievement by over 2000 meters. Instead of being jealous like some self-absorbed fathers, Gerald Van Dyke could not be more proud.

October begins with a brief but beautiful Indian summer. Temperatures will be in the upper 60's and skies will be blue. The changing leaves will be bright in the morning sun. The false summer will end by the seventh, but most inhabitants of Appalachia, from sparrow to human, will appreciate and enjoy the warm, dry air.

Aside from night excursions, the members of Capricorn Cell will not experience the lovely weather. Although Anna and KJ would not appreciate the sunshine, an outing in the Land Cruiser would be much to their liking. Neither the women nor the men are upset at the prospect of remain-

ing indoors. The 1st is their wedding anniversary and they'll all be looking forward to a day without training, studying, staring at a computer screen or doing various household chores. There are other things to do that day that are more important than any of the aforementioned tasks. It just happens to be Jesse and Rian's turn to use the secret room during the week of Wednesday the 1st.

"You know, Johnny," KJ says, her hair supplementing the wild flame in her eyes, "There's no rule against making love in our room." She gets close to his ear. "And if there was, I'd break it."

Anna does not use those exact words, nor does Garret, but it's a given that they feel the same. He's already planning a rose petal bath for his beloved, and there is no way the evening will end with a simple peck on the cheek.

On the 1st of October, it is agreed that the men will make and serve breakfast to their wives. The ladies will repay the loving favor with supper. Spontaneity would have been more endearing, but KJ and Anna had already planned on serving their husbands breakfast in bed, and Jesse would have made Rian breakfast in the kitchen, served with a steaming cup of Earl Gray that he enjoys most in the late morning. When the men intervened the day before, they did not say in so many words that they would be serving breakfast, as that would have destroyed the romance of the act. Instead, they set a time for breakfast and then preempted their ladies by serving each woman breakfast in bed two or so hours before the supposed wake-up time. It was not much of a surprise, but the love that gave birth to the gesture is never forgotten by the three young women.

As the evening slides into night, Anna has her rose petal bath. When she sees the bath all drawn and beautiful, her spiritual transformation is instantaneous. She laughs and giggles and is as boisterous and animated as she's ever been. Once she climbs into the tub, Garret rubs her shoulders and she closes her pale blue eyes.

"You said you'd like to take me away from this war," Anna says, "You do take me away, Garret. You do."

KJ takes a quick shower and puts on a t-shirt and black thong bottom. She plans on wearing a pair of shiny leggings and a tight top, and playing with her husband until the evening – and the passion – climaxes. She steps out of the bathroom to get her clothes.

"A little shower can feel so good," KJ says, looking toward the dresser as she steps into the room.

Johnny, who is standing near the bathroom door, walks up to her.

"You're going to need another one," he says.

KJ looks into his eyes. A little smile is on her face. It vanishes in an instant when she sees his expression. He lifts her into his arms and then throws her on the bed. She bounces once, and spins around to face him, her body on all fours. Her hair is all around her face and shoulders and she has a strong feral look. She looks as if she'll run from him, and once he catches her – or she lets him catch her – she will wrap her legs around his body and kiss him with wild fury. It is a look that no man could possibly resist, and one that she will show only to her husband.

Jesse misses no detail. She wears the lace teddy, the garters, and straps, the collar and the cuffs. Rian is still dressed in his smart but casual shirt. The two enjoy a deep red wine and conversation. It's their way to build up the romance. There's not the instant passion or wild abandon, or the timeless elegance of rose petals and scented candles, but rather a slow escalation of intimacy and sexuality, with a hint of a climax that is certain to come. Jesse's lace lingerie is that hint.

"It's exciting, actually," Jesse says, "I don't want to imply that it's easy or that it's fun, but, honestly, it is exciting. I'm excited to be part of this. It's just...amazing. And it's humbling. We're not waiting for some politician or celebrity to take up our cause, or fight for the future of every white child. We're doing it ourselves. We aren't just talking. Our child will be born into a better world because of what you're doing. It's an honor to be part of this, Rian. They took that sense away from some women, but there are still white women who know what honor is. I feel it. This is huge, it's huge."

The wine may have made her a little more talkative, but it does not speak for her.

"Dad was right when he said the war has to begin here," Rain says, "But we can't allow non-whites to overrun the homeland. It's happening on the continent and they're startin' it at home, too, so I'd say we got a fight there that has to start. When I have enough experience fighting the war, I'll ask Garret to find a replacement for me. Then we'll go home."

Jesse smiles and sips her wine.

"Please be careful, sweetheart," she says, her smile disappearing, "I know this is war and they need you, but I need you, too."

Rian's been strengthening his chest, and she notices when he takes off his shirt. Jesse rises and touches his breast. His hands find her body, which is clothed yet more or less nude. Not long after, their passion and desire move toward the inevitable climax.

Anna and Garret do not sleep until the hour is very late. Once the flames of love settle from an inferno to a steady burn, the two lovers lay side-by-side, their bodies touching from chest to feet.

"We'll visit your father next week," Garret says.

Anna was stroking his chest but stops and looks at his face.

"Really?" she asks, "You really mean that?"

"Of course I do," Garret says.

"Oh, thank you!" Anna says, "Thank you, Garret, thank you!" she repeats, kissing his chest in between.

With an arm wrapped around his chest, she squeezes him tight.

"You're coming, aren't you?" Anna asks.

"Yes," Garret says, "You'll be spending a week there."

She rises on her elbow and looks at him.

"A week?" Anna says.

"I've already mentioned it to your father," Garret says.

Anna nuzzles his chest and closes her eyes. It's been a lovely anniversary.

KJ's naked body lies next to Johnny's. Her leg is over his, and her hand is on his chest. She awakens but leaves her hand in its place. He rolls on to his side and takes her into his powerful arms, and then he kisses her.

"How's my angel?" Johnny asks.

KJ nods.

"Wonderful," she says.

"Good," Johnny says and rubs her back. "Hey, you remember what you asked me the other day?"

KJ closes her eyes and nods. She asked if they might go camping again, someday.

"We can go next week," Johnny says, "Next Tuesday and Wednesday."

KJ opens her blue eyes.

"Really? You're serious?" she asks.

"Yes, angel," Johnny says and rubs her head.

He then lifts a handful of her mane and smells it. He sees her surprise turning into joy.

"That's, like, so fucking awesome!" KJ says. "You sure it won't be too dangerous? I don't want anyone coming after you."

Johnny shakes his head.

"We'll be careful," he says.

KJ smiles and nuzzles him, and then returns her hand to his chest.

Unless something interrupts her stay, Anna will remain for five days at the Murphy Home. According to the plan, Garret will stay until the 8th of October, and Anna will have two days to be alone with Gary. When

Garret tells her this she kisses him and thanks him, both of her hands on his cheeks.

Austin Kelly will leave a red 2004 Volkswagen Beetle in the driveway of the Murphy Home so that Garret can leave during the night of the 8th. He'll return for Anna late in the evening of the 10th. Meanwhile, KJ and Johnny will spend a night in the woods near Bill Donnelly's place, and Rian and Jesse will stay all week at a cabin she rented in Canoe Creek State Park. Fortunate scheduling and outside work enable her to stay away from school, at the cost of long hours of study and assistance work during September.

Sunday, the 5th of October, is a beautiful day. It and the morrow will be the last such days for the year. The leaves around Aurora are splendid but in two week's time they will be spectacular and Anna worries she won't be able to enjoy the sight. She has trouble sleeping that night and stares at the window, wishing she could open it to the autumn night. The stars are bright tonight, as indicated by internet weather sites. She misses going outside at a whim. It's another sacrifice she'll make for her children's future.

In the morning hours, Anna and KJ do their aerobics. Rian will return this afternoon from his weekend with Jesse, and she will return tomorrow to pick him up for their vacation at Canoe Creek. Johnny is cleaning the firearms and when he's finished he'll clean the downstairs rooms.

Garret does not study or search for targets. He reads in the bedroom and listens to his own iPod. Joan Baez's "Jesse" begins the playlist. Garret is glad that his wife can visit her beloved father, but he is not happy at the moment. If not for John Bowen, he and his wife would likely be dead. He missed the chance to neutralize a major threat. That's not all that troubles him. Before Capricorn Cell ever fired a shot, Garret Fogarty believed that no one aside from his closest friends and allies would come to the aid of his combat cell. It was a sobering and painful realization. It is all the worse now that his belief is confirmed. Yesterday, there was speculation on the internet that John Ashley Bowen is a member of a pro-white terrorist cell. Garret knew that there would be such accusations, and he knew that virtually everyone would condemn the actions of such a cell. Still, the ubiquitous denunciations are painful. Even those websites that are pro-white in nature are directing more vitriol toward Johnny Bowen than against those who wish to exterminate the white race.

Garret cannot help but feel anger over their cowardice.

Gary Murphy expects his daughter to arrive late in the night. He's bought a cake and is ready to make a late supper should she be hungry.

He also expects her husband; the man who she followed into war. Gary looks at the clock. It is 9:30PM.

A gentle breeze rustles the pin oak that grows near the Murphy Home. Time is crawling. Gary puts on a pot of coffee. Ten minutes later, a Subaru Outback with a gorgeous redhead at the wheel pulls into the driveway. Gary, who is tending to business in the bathroom, hears the doorbell.

"I knew it!" Gary exclaims, pulling up his zipper and washing his hands as fast as he can before hurrying to the front door.

Gary throws a robe over his night-clothes as he runs. At the door, in a casual but adorable autumn dress is his 19 year-old daughter. Her red hair is in a thick, braided ponytail that hangs down her robust chest. Her skin is as white as ever, and her blue eyes as clear and bright.

For the first time that he can remember, Gary fumbles to unlock the door. "Shit" he exclaims, and then he flings the door open. Anna is standing before him. She looks into his blue eyes.

"Hello, daddy," Anna says.

"Come in, hurry!" Gary says. His prudence is wise.

Behind Anna is her husband, a beautiful man with long blonde hair that lies on each shoulder. He wears what he usually does, dressing in a rather formal fashion, even though he's known Gary for years. Garret follows Anna inside and brings their bags in from the porch.

Gary takes his daughter by the shoulders and grins from ear to ear. She looks into his eyes. Her tears will flow whether anyone likes it or not; it will happen. Gary knows this. He pulls her into his huge embrace, and she holds on like the little child who lost her mother.

"I miss you, daddy," Anna whispers.

"I know, sweetheart," Gary says, rubbing her back. "I love you so much."

"I love you too," she whispers from his chest.

Garret waits in silence. He leaves them in peace, so that they might hold on to one another for as long as they wish. After Gary kisses her head and pulls her back, the big man grabs Garret and hugs him.

"How are you, son?" Gary asks.

"Fine, Gary, thank you," Garret says.

If the future was assured and their race could live and prosper in peace, Anna, Garret and Gary would have gone out to the little restaurant in Donegal, Pennsylvania. The Fogarty's would have news: Anna would be pregnant. That night, after the lovers leave for their home in the Berkshires, Gary would touch his wife's portrait. Out of sight of his daughter and her husband, he would weep tears of joy.

Tonight, Garret will sleep on the couch. He insists. Anna will return to her old bedroom. In the darkness, she will pull open the drapes and the window and look at the heavens. The Belt of Orion stares down through skies that will soon be much colder. Anna takes a deep breath and then closes the window.

The high temperature on the 6th is almost 80 degrees. It is misleading; the high will drop by nearly twenty degrees the next day. It will be cloudy all day and rain during the night of the 7th. For KJ and Johnny, it will be perfect weather for the two of them to lie close in a tent. The low will be a very cool 40 degrees on the night of the 7th, when they plan on spending the evening in the woods. Neither is deterred by the impending change in the weather.

During the day of the 6th, after breakfast and some lifting, the two prepare for their short camping excursion.

"Do you think we could visit Bill?" KJ asks Johnny.

Johnny shakes his head.

"No, Bill's in Ireland," Johnny says.

"Really?" KJ says, "When did he leave?"

"It wasn't that long ago," Johnny says. He rerolls his sleeping bag and is satisfied with the second attempt. "I don't know for sure. Garret just said he's out of the country."

"I hope someday we can see them again," KJ says.

"So do I, angel," Johnny says.

KJ lays her rucksack on the floor and puts her gloved hands on her hips. She looks at Johnny.

"It'll be fun just being there again," KJ says, "But I still miss the others."

"I know what you mean," Johnny says and approaches her.

"It's still nice, though," KJ says with a little smile on her face.

Johnny kisses her.

"We'll turn in early," he says, "We have to be there before sunrise."

"Are you driving us?" KJ asks.

"Nope," Johnny says, "You are."

KJ looks at him with surprise that turns into joy.

At 1:40 the alarm rings. KJ groans and wrinkles her forehead without opening her eyes. Her arm is on Johnny's chest. His right hand is between her thighs. She's wearing a thong bottom, which did not come off during the night.

"Wake up, angel," Johnny says, "It'll be worth it."

"I know," KJ says after opening her eyes.

She sits up and stretches. Johnny turns on the nightstand lamp.

"Turn your back toward me," Johnny says.

When she does he pulls off her tank top. With her bare back and angel wings facing him, Johnny kisses several of the feathers. Then he puts his arms around her and smells her hair.

"Anytime I'm losing myself" Johnny says, "I keep my mind on my angel. You're worth this fight."

"I love you, Johnny," KJ says as she squeezes his hand, "I love you more than anything. I can't lose myself as long as I love you."

Johnny kisses her shoulder.

"Let's get ready," he says.

KJ dons her camouflage apparel, one of her hoodies and a black toboggan. She puts on a pair of high boots and black gloves and straps on her knife and her side arm. Downstairs, she shoulders the Armalite with the retracting stock and puts an extra clip in her rucksack. Johnny brings one of the other Armalite .223 caliber rifles. He packs two extra clips. He's tempted to bring the AK or to let her carry it – he noticed that she enjoys that – but for this trip he'd like interchangeable ammunition.

The night air is crisp. KJ sees her breath in the bright waxing moonlight. It is light enough that they must exercise more than the usual caution while moving. After a few stops and precautionary searches by Johnny Bowen, the two arrive at the pick-up spot. There, under a fall camouflage tarp is the blue Jeep. KJ smiles at Johnny when she sees it. She had an idea what she'd be driving when he told her that she would.

Again, Jimmy Ford has done a masterful job preparing the Jeep. The tent is inside, as is the food for tomorrow's breakfast and supper, as well as breakfast for the second day of their little vacation. There is also a portable shower and water heater. There won't be a need for any cold showers.

Just across the Pennsylvania state line, Johnny admonishes KJ to slow down. He did so to keep any stray police off their tail. In addition, it enables KJ to slow down enough not to hit a doe that runs into the highway.

Johnny shakes his head.

"See there?" he says, "There's more than one reason to slow down. Jesus Christ, you fucking speed demon!"

"Hey!" KJ says, "I can't help being eager."

Johnny laughs.

"I get that," he says.

It's been a while since they left Procyon.

When KJ drives into Hopwood, there is no temptation to continue north. Had she done so, she would have passed by the Campbell House. The thick trees would have blocked the view, but her familiarity with the area would tell her, even in the dark of night, that she was near her old prison. Instead, she turns right at Hopwood and continues skirting Uniontown. She continues through Lemont Furnace, and on to the winding forest road that leads to the Donnelly Homestead. For now there are few emotions, but she has not yet seen the entrance gate or the Long Hall.

At 4:30AM, KJ turns on to the nameless gravel road that enters the Donnelly property and continues all the way to the parking lot outside the hall. Now the past catches up with her, and she feels both relief at having escaped her oppressive home life, and the pain of missing one of the two men who made that dream come true. She thinks of Megan, who cooked with her and shared traditional Irish recipes with her, and who also made her lunch or supper when KJ was either too busy or too late in coming because of Erica or Gene. Johnny, too, is quiet. He misses Bill and Megan, who he was very fond of, and who were quite fond of him. He knows KJ is feeling strong emotions right now. Other than reaching over and squeezing her shoulder, he leaves her in peace.

The gate to the Donnelly Homestead is closed but unlocked. Bill left it so in case Gary wanted to hunt his property during deer season, a proposal that Anna's father wholeheartedly accepted. Johnny hops out and opens the gate, closing it again when KJ drives past. She can see the unlit Donnelly Home to the right, and the blackberry patch to the left. She smiles a little when she realizes that she never had to pick blackberries for Bill. It's a sad little smile. She still has that smile when her Johnny jumps back inside the Jeep.

KJ parks the blue Jeep at the far end of the hall. She did not imagine she'd ever see this place again, and if she had, her imagination would have filled it with the people she'd grown accustomed to seeing there. This early morning it is dark and lonely. The Chevy dump truck is parked out front, its bed toward the entrance road. She remembers riding in that bed on the day she gained her freedom.

The sun is still well below the horizon. Johnny Bowen removes his pistol and steps outside into the cool autumn air. All is still. He walks around the rear of the Jeep and opens KJ's door. She smiles at him and exits. The two will find the perfect sheltered campsite and then move the tent and other objects into the woods. They will set up camp and the shower as the sun rises behind a thick gray veil, and Johnny will build a fire as his angel prepares breakfast. A little later they'll take a hike into the woods. They

may walk all the way to Dunbar Creek, time and safety permitting. For now, it's enough to be out in the clean air, with no walls or long hours in the back of a van.

Gary is off all week. He rises before Anna and tiptoes past a sleeping Garret in the living room. Once in the kitchen, he puts on coffee and mixes up some multigrain pancakes. Breakfast won't be the near-art of Anna's cooking, but it will be pleasant and filling. Anna is first to join her father. She, too, slips past Garret without waking him and enters the kitchen. Anna has a blue robe over her nightclothes and her hair is no longer in a ponytail. She smiles at Gary and walks over to help him.

"I got it," Gary says, "You can make breakfast tomorrow if you want."

"OK, dad," Anna says, and then takes a seat.

Two purple asters sit in the little vase on the table.

As the pancakes cook and the coffee perks, Gary touches his daughter's head.

"I'd like to tell Hannah to drop by before you leave," Gary says, "She deserves to give you a decent goodbye."

"I'd love to see her," Anna says, "but I better ask Garret. He's very good at working things out."

"OK, sweetheart," Gary says.

A little later they have their chance. Garret, wearing an open shirt and jeans over his nightclothes, joins them in the kitchen. He kisses Anna on the head before sitting.

"Garret, dad asked if my Aunt Hannah can drop by and see me," Anna says.

"Would she be alone?" Garret asks.

Anna nods and looks at Gary.

"Alone or with Bryce, but no one else," Gary says.

"I know that you trust her," Garret says, "Alright. Just don't say anything about the safe house or the other members, OK?"

"OK, I won't," Anna says.

"It's fine then," Garret says.

Anna smiles and leans over to kiss his cheek. A thought dawns on her.

"What about you?" Anna asks, "Can I tell her I'm married? Do you think it would be dangerous to talk about that?"

"It's alright if the world knows that we're married," Garret says, "It just can't know where we live."

"OK," Anna says and smiles.

Right now she doesn't show how much his words mean to her.

"Do you want to see Bryce?" Gary asks Anna.

He knows her heart yearns to see her nephew. He also knows that it will be very painful for her to say goodbye again.

"Yes, dad," Anna says, "Please."

Gary nods. Again he touches her head. The pancakes are excellent, as is the homemade elderberry jelly. None of them discuss Hannah or Bryce, not for the moment at least.

After the Bowen's finish breakfast, Johnny extinguishes the fire and he and KJ set off into the woods. When she sat beside him and drank coffee, he wanted to pull off her toboggan and run his fingers through her hair, but he figured he'd like that even better when they return. KJ puts on her web gear. She's started loading it herself, based on Johnny's lead. There is an item he left out the first time that she now packs. She knows why he left it out, and the next time she saw him she kissed him and told him how much she loves him. Then, when she returned to their room, she put the little box with the capsules in her web gear.

The majority of leaves are still green. Others are showing various stages of autumn color. Some maples are ablaze with red; some poplars are yellow. The gray sky and impending showers will do their best to accelerate the color change, as will the falling temperatures. The air is a cool 44 degrees as Johnny and KJ head out into the forest.

KJ glances at the foliage as they make their way through the woods north of the Donnelly Homestead in a general arc towards Dunbar Creek. She has an idea where they are going. She recalls similar walks with Johnny and with Anna. She wishes she'd held on tighter to those times when she lived them, but they passed in a flash, leaving her back in her dark world. At least that's passed as well. She feels the Armalite rifle in her arms. How she'd love to walk with this man into these woods, and not have to carry a gun.

As they approach the creek and one of its tributaries, Johnny stops KJ and whispers that they must be cautious and quiet. Neither of them wishes a confrontation, and will flee any contact unless those they encounter – or who encounter them – attempt to hinder or halt their escape. The last thing that Johnny or KJ wish is to fire upon an otherwise innocent fisherman or hiker, but he will not allow anyone to harm her and she will not leave him to fend for himself.

The weather is not only to KJ's liking, it lessens the danger of the woodland hike in that anglers are much less likely to spend a workday out in the dreary and wet conditions. Johnny forges ahead once they approach the waters, and quickly returns to his wife. He leads her toward a

spot that is easily recognizable to her. Ahead is a deep pool in the creek, one of the deepest on the upper end. It is where Bill Donnelly baptized Kaylee Jane Campbell.

"It seems like a lifetime ago that we came here, doesn't it?" Johnny whispers as they look at the crystal-clear waters.

"Yeah," KJ says, "Thank you for bringing me here when I needed it, and thanks for caring so much about me, and making sure that I got this done. I wish I could thank Bill for going through with it. He could have just laughed at me. You could have, for that matter."

"No one would do that," Johnny says, "Those people who were around you, they thought they knew everything, didn't they? They think people like Bill and me are nothing but shit. When he baptized you, angel, he gave you the start the rest of us got when we were babies. Those people around you denied you that. Well, at least now you have that clean start. You're life is yours, to do what you want, and to believe or not believe. It didn't suddenly make you some Holy Roller or Christian fucking Zionist. It just gave you a fresh start, that's all. Before that you didn't have the clean start that all of us had. But now you do, angel," he says and smiles. They look out at the water. "I'd say those you grew up with are the ones who don't know shit. What if the Christians were right? What if being baptized is the only way to live forever? But you know, that's not even the most important thing. Your mother and father were willing to gamble your chance for eternal life just to hold on to their goddamned atheist religion, and just to fucking give the finger to Christians. You know, that's fucking pathetic."

KJ squeezes his forearm with her hand and looks into his face. He stares at the rushing creek. Leaves are beginning to collect at its edges.

"I'm here, Johnny, and I was there in the water," KJ says, "They couldn't have me. They couldn't turn me into one of them, no matter how hard they tried or what they were willing to give to me. I realized what the future will be if whites like them decide the fate of our race. I won't be a part of their betrayal. They could threaten my life and I still won't become what they want me to be."

Johnny looks into her eyes. Both her hands are on her rifle.

"I'm sorry, angel," Johnny says, "Maybe that came out wrong. God, I fucking know you're not one of them. I didn't mean it that way, angel."

"Hey," KJ says, a little smile on her face as she bends and looks up into his eyes, "I'm cool. It's normal for you to be pissed off by what they believe. At least you'll say something. Fuck, you're doing something. It was beautiful what you and Bill did for me, right there in that water. The

two of you believe that it gave me life. You gave me life! I don't know anything about God and I don't really know what I believe about Him, but I know that all those around me, my father and my mother and all their fucking hipster friends, every fucking one of them lied to me about my race. Race is the most intimate part of our identity, and they deny that we even exist. But at the same time they want a future without white skin, except in their little fucking communities. They want people like you and Bill and Anna to suffer and disappear forever. I could have stayed among them, and lived in a place where niggers and spics can't ever go, in a big fucking sterile house, with some asshole who thinks like they do. That's how they live, we both know that. I could have ignored what's happening to other whites, like you and Anna. But when they commit evil against a man because he's white, they do it to me, too, and I am not going to swallow that shit or any of their other shit. If they'll lie to me about something obvious like race, why the fuck should I believe what they say about God?"

Johnny shoulders his Armalite and puts his hands on her shoulders.

"There's no one like you, angel," he says.

"Yes there is," KJ says and flashes him a brief smile.

They take a last, long look at the water. A brook trout floats closer to the shore until it notices that it's being watched, and then it swims under a large rock.

Back at the campsite, Johnny builds another fire and they sit down to a cup of coffee. He stands his gun beside the bench and puts his arm around KJ. She remembers the other day, when he was doing pushups in the exercise room. Johnny told her to climb on his back, and he proceeded to finish his routine once she did.

"Garret mentioned that Anna's coming over tomorrow or the next day to do a little hunting," Johnny says, "You ever shot a bow?"

"Yeah, actually," KJ says, "But it's been years. My father bought me a bow when I was thirteen and I used to practice on occasion. Actually he encouraged me to do that kind of shit, what most people call boy things. That wasn't wrong, though. It was the lectures on equality I could have done without."

"No, it wasn't all bad," Johnny says. "It's good to be capable. But I imagine you didn't go hunting."

"No," KJ says.

"Do you want to?" Johnny asks.

KJ raises her eyebrows and shrugs.

"No," she says, "I don't really want to shoot a deer. I mean, like, I'm not a hypocrite, I'm really not. I know Anna hunts and that's cool, they use

the meat. There's nothing wrong with that. And it's a way for her to be close to her father. But, like, it's just not my thing, OK?"

"That's fine, angel," Johnny says.

"I imagine that sounds pretty bad, since I've shot two people," KJ says.

"No it doesn't," Johnny says, "You wouldn't have shot them if they weren't betraying us. It's completely different. You're not a hypocrite. You don't go off on Anna for being a huntress. You just don't want to do it, and that's cool. Shit, I don't want to fucking do it, unless we needed the meat, then I'd do it."

"Yeah," KJ says, "I would, too."

Johnny rubs her back. KJ looks down and then back at him.

"You've done things wrong before," Johnny says, "and you've made mistakes; we all have. But you're not wrong this time. You have a lot of empathy and it's hard to watch you in the middle of this fight. I know you don't want to shoot anyone. I understand that. You know, someone told me once that a good man has to kill sometimes. The person that told me that, well, she's kind of a brilliant person, you know."

For a brief second, KJ almost comes to tears and Johnny sees it flash on her face. Then she recovers and kisses his cheek. She looks down at the fire, the tiniest smile on her face. Johnny puts his arm around his woman and he, too, looks at the flames.

After nightfall, Anna puts on her mushroom toboggan and walks out to the Subaru. She removes her bow and arrows from the rear. It's the bow that Garret bought her. Anna pauses but a moment, when she's rounded the corner and stands at the base of the front steps. She looks up at the cloudy sky and closes her eyes, and takes several deep breaths.

Only three days left.

Anna jogs up the steps and into the kitchen.

Early on the 8th of October Johnny wakes to find KJ still sleeping, her back toward him but so close he can feel her hair against his shoulder. The two person sleeping bag feels even nicer now than it did last night. KJ's wearing a t-shirt, so he cannot see her wings, but it doesn't matter right now. He turns and puts his arm around her. She is so warm.

"Mmm...Good morning, Johnny," KJ says.

KJ nestles her head into her pillow. Johnny kisses the hair that touches her back. He wants to stay there with her, all day and then the next.

"I'll make some coffee," Johnny says, "No, stay here. I'll let you know when it's ready."

KJ lies back down and closes her eyes.

Before he exits the spacious tent, he hears her speak.

"I love you, Johnny," KJ says, and he smiles.

Near the fire, Johnny takes his binoculars out of his rucksack and scans the area. There is another vehicle parked in the lot of the Long Hall. It must have arrived during the night, while he and KJ slept. The sight causes no trepidation. Two spaces over from the blue Jeep is his Rubicon, still wearing its black paint from the last excursion.

As Johnny puts the finishing touches on breakfast – he plans on serving KJ both breakfast and coffee in bed – he glances toward the Hall and sees another vehicle approaching. It, too, is quite familiar: Anna's old Outback is rolling down the gravel road to the parking lot. Johnny waits until the car stops. Three persons exit and the third makes him smile. Together with Garret, who is wearing what he calls street clothes, and Anna, who is decked out in garb appropriate for bow hunting, is the big red bear himself, Gary Murphy. He isn't carrying a bow.

"Are you sure you don't want to hunt?" Anna asks him as they stand in the parking lot. "I could spot for you, or run one up."

"No, sweetheart," Gary says, "I'll check it in if you kill one. I have one permit and that's all we're going to take."

"Oh, I know, dad," Anna says, "I wouldn't mind running them to you."

Ardent conservationists the both of them, Anna and Gary have never abused their hunting privileges, and both despise the crime of poaching. Even in these extraordinary and perilous times, Anna is not tempted to violate the one-deer limit.

"You're the ace," Gary says, "I'm gonna make sure no one bothers you."

Gary takes his 12-gauge pump shotgun from the Subaru. He means what he says.

Before father and daughter set off into the woods, Gary approaches his son-in-law. They hug each other tight, and Gary puts his big paw on the back of Garret's head. He looks the young man in the eyes.

"You've won the best woman who ever lived," Gary says, "I'm glad it was you, son. Take care of her, and take care of yourself."

Garret grabs the big bear's hand in both of his own and shakes it with vigor.

"You too, Gary," Garret says. "God bless you."

Gary smiles and winks, and then turns back toward Anna without further words. Garret and Anna kiss and then the younger man walks to the Rubicon. The keys are under the cover of the spare tire. Anna waves as he drives away.

On the way in, Garret mentioned that KJ and Johnny Bowen would be camping in the woods. They, too, know of the Murphy's intentions of hunting. Everyone is in agreement: verify first, and then fire if necessary. It's always been an unwritten yet inviolable rule that fratricide is worse than letting the other guy shoot first.

Johnny fulfills his wishes and serves KJ breakfast in bed – actually, in bag. She smiles at him and shakes her head.

"I would have helped," KJ says.

"That's why I'm serving you," Johnny says.

Since it's daylight, Garret will not drive directly to Procyon. He pilots the Rubicon further south, to a remote highway surrounded on both sides by thick forests and long ridges. It was one of the locations he investigated for possible training purposes. Now it will serve as a holding area until dusk. When he arrives he'll pull off the road, drive the Rubicon into a secluded spot, lock the doors and set his alarm. He's hoping to sleep for at least a few of the long hours he'll have to wait.

A little over a half-mile from the Donnelly Homestead, Anna comes to a well-worn ATV trail. She remembers using this trail, though in the year before she joined Capricorn Cell the trail fell into disuse. It is a bit troubling that the ruts are fresh and deep. There is something else that interests the young redhead. There is a plethora of deer tracks, most from does but a few from bucks. Anna observes the trail for a few minutes and listens for the sound of voices, footfalls in the water, or motors coming up the lane. The forest is all but silent. For the first time today, she feels a few drops of rain. She crosses quickly into the surrounding forest, trying not to splash too loudly as her boots enter the muddy water of the ATV ruts.

Once she's across the trail, Anna turns somewhat to the southeast. If memory serves her well, she is now heading perpendicular to Dunbar Creek. She does not want to follow its course. That would make the likelihood of encountering a stranger much higher. As she approaches the west bank of the creek, she sees a sight that makes her eyes grow and her body come to a complete halt. Stopped along her side of the waterway, bending to get a drink, is a huge male whitetail.

Anna crouches and readies her bow. He won't give her a shot, not yet, and the range is still extreme. She lowers her bow. She can see that his rack is not impressive, though his body is massive. That's what matters to her. Suddenly the deer looks up. Perhaps he's felt the weight of her stare. He charges off into the laurel and spicebushes. Anna curses herself for looking directly at him. Still, the day's not over. She begins a methodical pursuit, hoping to find the big buck or some reasonable replacement.

Gary has his cell set to vibrate. He bought a TracFone for Anna to use. He doesn't care if she's successful in the hunt, as long as she comes back safe and sound.

The buck ran north along Dunbar Creek. Anna's intuition tells her to head south. It could be a big mistake, but such intuition has served her well in the past. She listens to the ancient whisper of her soul and heads south, toward the confluence of Dunbar and Glade Run. Moving as swift and silent as possible, her bow at the ready, Anna makes a tight circle through the forest and then curves back toward the creek.

Anna cannot help but smile when she sees a huge buck with a smallish rack moving along the creek toward Glade Run. Without making a sound, the redheaded huntress moves back toward the northeast as the buck takes a timid step into the shallow waters just up from Glade Run. Anna stops well behind him, and creeps over toward the stream. If the buck hesitates any longer, he'll present a perfect profile for a killing shot.

The deer looks up from the creek. Perhaps he senses Anna. She is downwind and he cannot smell her. Perhaps he catches a glimpse of her blue eyes, or the pale white of her skin. Whatever the reason, he stops to assess the situation. It is his undoing. Anna lets fly her arrow. The razor blade tip slices through his shoulder and shreds his heart. The buck wheels to run but, mortally wounded, he falls lifeless on the shore.

As Gary walks along Ferguson Run, he feels his phone buzz in his pocket. Before he answers it he can guess it's Anna, and that she's been successful.

"How big is he?" Gary asks.

"Four point," Anna says, "But you should see the size of him. He reminds me of the buck you got over at Cranberry."

Four years ago, Gary shot a similar creature near Cranberry Glade in Somerset County. It was by far the largest deer he's ever harvested.

"I knew you'd get one," Gary says, "Where are you?"

"Over by Glade Run," Anna says.

"I'm coming," Gary says.

Anna draws her knife and changes gloves to an older pair. She'll begin field dressing the deer. If she's not finished by the time Gary arrives, he'll pitch in.

The sun is beginning to set when Anna and Gary bring the deer to the Long Hall. The thick overcast prevents the sun's rays from coloring the sky and the growing darkness indicates that the hour is late. Gary tags the deer and secures it to the roof of the Subaru. Once they're finished, Anna hugs her father and he kisses her head.

For a moment it feels like old times.

KJ peers into the window of the silent structure. Although it is dark inside the forest workshop, she can tell that it is almost empty. Gone is the lathe; gone, too are the saws and shelves full of tools. Leaves are collecting around the entrance and the ATV trail. It is a sad reminder that not all of the past was bad, and the good part is also gone forever.

"It's tough sometimes," Johnny says from several paces to her rear, "It seemed like we'd always have this place and these people. But they're gone now."

KJ looks down and nods, and then she turns and looks into his eyes.

"Let's go, angel," Johnny says, "We'll be leaving soon."

KJ feels as if she'll never see this place again; or Bill, for that matter.

As he and KJ approach from the east, Johnny sees Anna and Gary standing beside the Subaru. Anna looks in Johnny's direction, a little to his left in fact, and says something to Gary. She's seen KJ.

"She sees you," Johnny tells his wife.

"Fuck!" KJ says, "What is it? What the fuck makes her see me?"

She looks at Johnny, who has a little smile on his face. She decides to tease him.

"Am I getting fat?" KJ asks, trying to sound deadly serious. She succeeds.

"Jesus Christ, no!" Johnny says, his smile disappearing in an instant.

"Don't start getting self-conscious about your body, alright? You look fucking awesome." He exhales, with a little frustration obvious in the sound, "Don't you dare lose any fucking weight."

KJ laughs.

"That got a rise out of you, didn't it?" she says, "Don't worry, Johnny, I'm not going to lose weight." She gets up close to him, and a wicked little smile grows on her face. "I was just fucking with you. I know what you like. I'm not going to ruin what drives my man wild." KJ touches his face and caresses his jaw. Then she steps backward. The smile goes away. "Seriously, though, why does she always see me?" KJ asks, "I have to be fucking up, but I can't figure it out."

"We'll work on it," Johnny says, "I'll try to fit in a few training sessions in the woods. We just have to be extra careful right now. You got to remember, though, Anna's fucking good at this shit."

Gary smiles toward them, though he does not see KJ or Johnny until they are close to the little field where cows once roamed.

"Nice," Johnny says to Anna when he examines the deer. She thanks him.

Gary hugs KJ for some time. Her eyes closed, she holds on to him. Her Armalite rifle is across her back. Gary then holds her by the cheeks and looks into her beautiful face.

"Mrs. Bowen," he says, "What a damn fine man you're chosen, and he's so lucky to have you. I'm so happy for the two of you."

There's no reason to tell them that he's worried to death for their safety. They won't renounce the war. They need to fight, and he wouldn't ask them to stop. They're fighting for their children's lives.

"Thank you Gary," KJ says, "How have you been?"

"Good," Gary says, "I'm a lot better now." He winks and she smiles. "Come 'ere, son!" Gary says to Johnny.

They embrace. Gary kisses Johnny's cheek before they separate.

"I'm so happy to see you again," Gary says, looking at both KJ and Johnny.

Johnny puts his arm around KJ. They're a handsome pair. They look like rebels.

Gary made a cooler before he and Anna left from Lemont Furnace, and now the men share a beer. The women will be driving, so they drink Saratoga water. Though they talk about training and patrol duty, no one mentions the combat missions, and Gary does not ask. Finally, the sun gives up on breaking through the overcast, and night begins to fall. Gary hugs KJ and Johnny before he and Anna prepare to depart.

"Will we see you again?" KJ asks Gary in a whisper as Anna talks to Johnny.

"I'll drop by for Christmas," Gary says.

"Please do," KJ says in a soft but clear voice.

Gary touches her shoulder but, unsatisfied, hugs her again. He's so much like Bill to her. In a world bereft of good men and women, KJ is amazed to know some of the very best that remain.

Anna hugs Johnny and KJ, and Gary follows her to the Subaru. Johnny and KJ watch them drive away. Before disappearing down Old Braddock Road, Gary reaches out and waves to KJ. She sees his face for an instant, and then he is gone.

KJ sits on Johnny's lap for an hour more. At first he is eager to go back to Procyon after the Murphy's left, but when KJ asks if they can stay a little longer he accepts. She puts her arms around him and he holds her warm body. They say very little. She doesn't need words right now; she needs him to be close.

Before going to bed, Anna brews some Lady Grey tea. She has a robe on over her nightclothes, and her thick red hair is down and all

around her. Gary is also robed. He's put on the slippers she bought for him three Christmas' past.

"Hannah's coming in the morning," Gary says, "Bryce, too."

Anna smiles when she hears their names.

"I'm so glad they're coming," she says, "Thank you for setting it up."

"Just don't beat yourself up too much," Gary says, "Bryce is in good hands. Michael and Emily will teach him to love who he is. He's a Murphy, Anna. Just like you."

"I know," Anna says, "It'll be hard though. I'm gonna cry and there's nothing we can do about that."

"Oh I know you will," Gary says, "Just be sure some of those are tears of joy."

Anna rises early on the 9th. She's aware that tomorrow night Garret will return and she will leave her father behind once more. She tries not to think about how long it will be until she sees him again.

Breakfast is almost ready when Gary enters the kitchen. The asters are wilted, so Anna replaced them and the clear vase with an empty ceramic one. Painted violets adorn its sides. Gary sits at the little table and Anna pours him some coffee. Today doesn't seem so much like old times as it should.

At 8:30 AM an old Chevrolet Impala pulls into the driveway of the Murphy Home. Above, the sun peeks through fractures in the fall sky. It is cool today, and when Hannah emerges from the Impala, she's wearing a coat and gloves. She lifts Bryce out of his child safety seat, and Anna sees him from the window. He's wearing a blue toboggan and a cute little jacket. In his arms he holds "Benny", his stuffed rabbit. Anna wonders if he still has his panda hat.

Hannah holds Bryce's hand as he climbs the steps. Hannah is still lovely, though she looks perturbed. Anna can guess as to why.

Anna has changed into jeans and a dark red blouse. Gary's wearing a sweater. He opens the door for Hannah and the little man. Hannah smiles when she sees Anna. It's a warm smile, full of emotion. Gary kisses Hannah's cheek and then holds Bryce while Hannah embraces her niece.

"How are you?" both Hannah and Anna ask at nearly the same time.

Anna laughs a little and nods.

"I'm good," Anna says.

"We miss you, Anna" Hannah says, winning a temporary victory over her emotions, "I pray for you every night."

"Thank you," Anna says, "How is everyone? How's Clyde and Chloe?"

Anna has already asked Gary, but out of politeness and familial affection she asks Hannah. Hannah is glad to fill her in on the family's recent fortunes. Anna can't help but smile at Bryce, who is in Gary's arms. He looks at her but does not return her smile.

Gary sets Bryce on the floor. Hannah gets quiet so that her niece can focus her attentions on the little tyke. Anna opens her arms and smiles at him.

"Come here, Bryce," Anna says.

"It's Anna," Hannah adds, "You remember Anna."

Bryce looks at Anna, a little scared. Gary is about to lead him to her when the realization finally comes. With an open-mouthed grin on his face, Bryce runs like a happy two-year old to his long, lost surrogate sister.

Anna takes him into her arms. She successfully fights off the tears, if only for the moment. She would not have blamed him had he not recognized her, though it would have hurt her deeply. The tears she almost sheds are born of longing and joy. Anna lifts him and holds him close.

"Anna! Anna!" Bryce says and again she very nearly loses her composure. Instead she smiles and kisses him, and lavishes him with praise for his speaking ability.

"Look at you!" Anna says, looking into his blue eyes, "You're such a strong little man!" She kisses his cheek.

Hannah would love to spend all morning talking to Anna and Gary. She knows better than to ask too much about Anna's life, but there are many events and stories to relate. She knows time is fleeting and stays with Gary as Anna plays with her beloved second cousin.

Anna digs out what's left of her old toys and they put them to good use. Not all of the toys are girly in nature; there are plastic wolves – Bryce calls them "doggie" – and an old Fisher-Price jeep. Before they finish playing Anna will give them to Bryce to keep.

Near tea and biscuit time, Bryce takes a nap and Hannah gets her chance to talk to Anna. Gary brings a seat up from the garage and Hannah joins them at the table. Her hair's a little grayer than before, but she is aging gracefully and is still striking to the eye. Anna pours the tea and takes her seat opposite Gary. She notices Hannah looking at her ring.

"I'm married," Anna says.

"Who's the lucky man?" Hannah asks.

"Garret," Anna says.

Hannah knows of whom Anna speaks. It was her first and only guess.

"I never got to know him as well as I would have liked," Hannah says, "but you two seemed perfect together. I hope you can both be happy."

"We are," Anna says, "When we're together, everything's good. He can make it that way."

Hannah smiles.

"I wish we could have been there when you got married," she says, "It would have been nice to have the ceremony at St. Joseph's."

"It would have meant so much to me to have the family there," Anna says, "But it had to be this way. I couldn't say no to the man I love. I couldn't turn him away for a dream that I know I can never have. I'm sorry, Hannah, I wish all of you could have been there. It just had to be this way."

"At least you won't be alone," Hannah says.

Hannah gets Bryce once the tea cups are empty. Gary carries the toys out to Hannah's car. Hannah is the first to shed a tear. She hugs her niece and rocks her side-to-side.

"Please, God, please be safe," Hannah says.

"God bless you," Anna says, her eyes closed tight, "Tell everyone I love them, OK?"

"OK," Hannah says.

Hannah wipes her eyes and manages a smile. Thus far Anna has not wept. Now that she must say goodbye to Bryce, there is no chance that her eyes will remain dry. Anna kisses Benny, which makes Bryce laugh. Hannah smiles at them and at Gary, and then she departs outside.

"I love you so much, little man," Anna says as she takes him into her arms and hugs him.

Anna's tears flow as she knew they would. She kisses Bryce's head and wipes her eyes. Still fighting the flow of tears and still losing, she dresses Bryce in his hat and jacket. When she does, she sees a hurt look growing on his face. Her tears are provoking him to cry, which she does not wish to do. She summons the strength of the Irish from deep within and manages to hold back the tears and to smile at him. His hurt look fades. Then, with Gary following, she lifts Bryce and carries him down the steps to the Impala.

Fat stratocumulus clouds cover most of the sky. It is cool and beautiful outside. Gary opens the passenger side door and Anna secures little Bryce in his safety seat. Before withdrawing she kisses his head.

"I'll be over on Sunday," Gary says to Hannah.

Hannah wipes her eyes and acknowledges him. Then she backs out on to Main Street. Before driving off, she waves to Gary and Anna. Anna sees Bryce in his chair. She can cry when he's out of sight.

At Procyon, KJ and Johnny have cleaned and stored their clothes and camping gear. Now Johnny is in the armory, cleaning the Armalites

that he and KJ took on their camping trip. KJ is in the exercise room. It is the perfect time for Garret to approach Johnny about something that's been on his mind.

"John, you got a minute?" Garret asks as he enters the downstairs room.

Johnny is cleaning the Armalite with the collapsing stock. He lays it on the table.

"I've been thinking about our last mission," Garret says, "I need you to tell me what I did wrong, and how to correct it."

Johnny looks at him and then picks up the gun again.

"You didn't do anything wrong," Johnny says as he begins to clean again, "You thought Anna was drowning, so you went to her."

"I failed to neutralize a threat," Garret says.

"Anna needed you," Johnny says, looking at Garret again, "I took care of the threat."

"You might not be there next time," Garret says.

"Neither of us might," Johnny says.

Garret begins to wish that he'd asked some other time.

"It was too easy to finally let ourselves be happy," Johnny says, "But you and I both know this war will kill us. It's already decided. This is how it always happens. Because no one was willing to stop it when it started, someone has to die. Our race will survive, Garret, but we're the price." He looks at the rifle and begins wiping the barrel. "And we're dragging the ones we love most right along with us."

"No, we aren't," Garret says, "They were going to fight anyway. Don't you see that your own wife was going to go to war with or without us? All her life she's been betrayed. She just had the sense to realize it, and the strength to resist. She would have fought and died all alone. John, we need them, and they need us."

"I don't want to kill her and I don't want to kill Anna, don't you get that?" Johnny says.

"You're not," Garret says, "Where could they have had a life? Tell me, and we'll leave tomorrow. Honest to God."

"Don't act fucking smart," Johnny says.

"I'm not, John," Garret says, "Tell me, what's out there, other than treason and cowardice? Our brothers and sisters ignore the future. They're letting our white descendants inherit the cost of their cowardice. Everywhere, we're guilty for being born with white skin. These two white women know what that means. They don't want their babies to face that kind of pain and terror. If we don't fight, that's all they'll have, shame and death."

"I know that," Johnny says, "What the fuck, you think you have to tell me that?"

"She shouldn't have to, either," Garret says, "But she will, because she's as convinced as either of us that we have to fight. You love her, I know, and I understand what you're thinking. I love Anna, remember? They love us and they need us. I'm not going to say you're wrong, John, maybe all of us will die. But because of us, white children will live in peace. That's worth dying for, I'd say, and so would KJ."

Garret departs and Johnny continues cleaning the guns. A half-hour later he ascends the steps.

KJ is doing curls in the exercise room when Johnny enters. She lays down the dumbbell when she sees him enter the door.

"Hey, Johnny," KJ says.

He goes straight to her and lifts her up from the bench. He then kisses her, deep.

"My warrior woman," Johnny says.

Her strong arms hold on tight to his body.

"Just say wife," KJ says.

"My wife," Johnny says.

He pulls her back to look into her eyes, and moves a little of the hair that's in front of her face.

"My wifey," Johnny says and smiles.

"Yeah," KJ says. The little, open-mouthed smile disappears from her face. "Are you alright?" she asks.

"Yeah," Johnny says. He pats her rear and smiles again. "You know what they say, some days are diamonds, some days are dust."

She hadn't heard that one before.

"I guess this one isn't a diamond, is it?" KJ says.

"It is now," Johnny says and her little smile returns.

Anna wakes on Friday morning. It's cloudy again. Anna can see the gray through her bedroom window. She watches its unchanging face for a while. Today is the last time she will see her father until at least Christmas.

Anna holds Gary's hand while they have tea. He's already made breakfast so she helps him make supper when the time comes. They have Cornish game hens with bubble-and-squeak on the side. Anna takes it upon herself not to be glum. Her father deserves a wonderful day before the two must part ways. Father and daughter laugh and talk and try to make the most of the time, and although he knows she's putting on a happy face for him, her smile pleases Gary to no end. He knows this is another crossroads.

The short fall day fades into a cold night. Both Anna and Gary have retold the old stories and recalled the old memories. Their bellies are full and two bottles of Guinness are empty on the table. Now they both await Garret's arrival. Anna wants him to come. She wants him to hold her tight, and to show her how much he loves her. She will surely show him later. She wants to return to the Murphy Home next weekend for tea. That, she knows, cannot happen.

When Garret arrives at 9PM, Gary walks with Anna to the kitchen door. They hear Garret walking the steps. Gary opens the door and Garret enters. He looks at his wife. In her simple jeans and hooded jacket she is gorgeous.

"Take care, son," Gary tell him after they embrace, "Take care of my daughter."

Garret shakes Gary's hand and the two men never avert their gaze from one another. Garret wishes his father-in-law good health and luck, and the older man hugs him again. Then Garret touches Anna's chin and walks the steps down to the vehicle of the day, the black Dodge Stratus.

"I already talked to Garret about Christmas," Gary says. Anna nods and looks up into his eyes. "I'll come over on Christmas Day, and you know what? I'll bring some of that Russian cake we used to buy from St. Mary's. We haven't had that in a while. Oh, and I'll bring some venison, too."

"Thank you, daddy," Anna whispers.

Gary takes her into his huge arms and she closes her eyes. Pain and tears cannot diminish her beauty.

"Daddy," Anna says as he wipes one of her tears with his finger, "Don't come if it's dangerous."

"Now you know better than that," Gary says, "I'll be there."

Anna finally smiles.

Before they drive down the street and away from the Murphy Home, Anna looks back at the kitchen. The light is on. She sees her father go back inside and close the door.

Anna has something sexy in mind when she prepares for bed. Tonight she and Garret will sleep together in the secret room. Garret doesn't wait for her to change clothes to show her his affections. He takes her into his arms and kisses her, and then holds her tight. Anna feels the insurmountable joy of being loved by her man. Garret kisses her again before retiring to bed.

Anna takes her mesh bodysuit and thong to the bathroom. He's giving her what she needs. She will now return the favor.

Autumn is aflame during the week of the 13th. The hills and forests have never looked better. Twice, Johnny and KJ, Anna and Garret risk a brief daylight sojourn into the woods. They choose cloudy days and do not say for long. Still, the masses of red and yellow leaves are spectacular. During the return trip, when Johnny and KJ are alone, she speaks to him in French. Not everything she says relates to the excursion.

For days, forensics experts have scoured the Toyota Corolla that police found abandoned on the night of a double homicide in Utica, New York. Not far away was the body of Officer James Swilley. The VIN numbers on the Toyota are false, and someone has obliterated the hidden numbers. The police have found a hat, which they recovered from a bog hole in a small swamp. They did not find a single strand of hair. They have a shell case from a 7.62mm Warsaw Pact round, most likely fired through an AK47. They have fragments of the bullet that killed Swilley as well as the bullet that killed Rabbi Levenson. Now they find something even more important. In the front of the Toyota Corolla is a single eyelash hair.

Like the vast majority of those born in America after the 1970's, as well as those unwitting or unlucky enough to have provided the information via medical tests or other means, Anna's DNA profile is on file. The eyelash is a perfect match. The authorities scrutinize the hat one more, but find nothing. No matter; they will follow this lead and hope for a breakthrough.

The next day, like a bolt out of the blue, Homeland Security receives a call from an anonymous citizen. He's read about recent events and believes that they're the result of terrorism. He mentions a man who during the course of a conversation hinted that there would be an armed resistance to the government's race policies. The informant gives the police a name and the authorities look into the man's history. It seems he managed a club that featured racist acts like the hardcore band *Chironex*, whose lead man is in jail for violating hate speech laws. It is a tiny thread of a lead; hearsay, really, and possibly vindictiveness on the part of the caller. Homeland Security, however, does not need substantial evidence to detain or arrest. Pro-white groups and individuals – which Homeland Security considers to be domestic terrorists – are at the top of their long list of undesirables.

On Tuesday, October 21st, a Pennsylvania judge issues an arrest warrant for Mason Walker. Shortly before Robert McKenna is to face an expedited trial, the police call him in for questioning. They ask about his relationship with Mason. He tells them that Mason is a friend as well as his ex-boss, and that he is a decent man. Then they ask if he knows a girl

from Lemont Furnace named Anna Murphy. Robert has little doubt that, should he cooperate, he will escape with a minor punishment rather than face a possible 20 years in prison for manslaughter. The police interrogators make that clear without stating the obvious.

"I've never heard of her," Robert tells them.

In a flash the autumn leaves turn brown and begin to fall en masse. The trees will soon be naked, all except the red-brown leaves of a few oaks, and of course the holly and pines around Aurora and Cathedral Park. Johnny Bowen does not lament the loss of fall color. November is the month of KJ's birth, and she is more important than any leaf and more beautiful than any autumnal display.

The night of the 31st of October may be cold outside, but inside Procyon it is pleasant. Anna makes gingerbread and, in a rare night visit, Jimmy Ford brings fresh cider and milk from Hacksaw's farm. Later in the evening, Johnny and Rian conspire to make the house a tad cooler, so that the women will need a little extra warmth during the night. The ladies figure out why it became cooler during the night but none of the three objects. Cool or warm, they would have stayed close to their men.

Johnny wakes during the night. Sleeping KJ is lying close by, facing him. With great care he reaches over and pulls some of her hair over her face. He sees her move a little, but she does not wake. He pulls a little more over her face. This time the thick strands touch her nose. She groans and snuggles her pillow, but again she remains asleep. Unable to resist, he pulls more hair over her face, and then watches his wife's reaction. This time she opens her eyes to see him watching her.

"Did you do something to me?" KJ asks.

"Yeah," Johnny says.

"What?" KJ asks.

"I'm not telling," Johnny says.

KJ closes her eyes.

"You fuck..." she says.

A little smile is on her face. Johnny smiles, too, and pulls the covers up to his shoulders. After a few moments he moves even closer to her body. His arm moves forward under the sheets.

"Stop that!" KJ says in a loud whisper, her eyes still closed.

"No," Johnny says.

KJ giggles again.

"You know, we have the secret room tomorrow," she says.

"I know," he says.

Johnny leans over and kisses her neck through her mane.

"Goodnight, angel," he says.

"Goodnight, Johnny," KJ says.

She opens her eyes a moment and looks at him before returning to sleep.

Johnny wakes in the morning and looks at the clock.

"Shit!" he says.

The alarm is off. KJ is nowhere to be seen and it's already 8:30; two hours later than he wanted to wake. There is a knock at the door. Perhaps a previous knock is what roused him.

"Come on in," Johnny says.

He can guess who turned off the alarm.

"It's your birthday!" Johnny says as KJ brings a tray of delicious breakfast food.

"Love doesn't have a calendar, Johnny," KJ says, "You have to try the blintzes. They're fucking incredible."

Lingonberries add to the already excellent taste of breakfast. Among her culinary skills, KJ's strongest point is her knowledge of when to step back and let the tastes come to fruition on their own. There is nothing forced or masked about the tastes of this meal. It is pure and delicious.

"Thank you, angel," Johnny says.

"You're welcome, Johnny," KJ says.

She is standing beside him now, wearing tight jeans, and he rubs the side of her leg. She has one of those ornery little smiles on her face.

"I want you to have energy for later," KJ says.

Johnny laughs, and feels both love and hunger for his woman.

Last night was cold enough for a dusting of snow, the first of the year. Before she opens her gifts or gets ready for an evening and night of love with her husband, KJ accompanies Johnny outside. They practice extreme caution and will not wander far. Still, it is a beautiful little respite. The air is cold and clean and flakes of snow fall here and there. Some have stuck, and with the recently fallen leaves the scenery is picturesque.

"I like the snow," KJ says.

Johnny puts his hand on her back. She looks up at him, her eyes shining and much of her hair spilling out from under her black toboggan. She's wearing her lovely brown jacket and a tight pair of camouflage pants. Her assault boots are spotless and her pants are tucked inside. In her gloved hands she holds the usual Armalite rifle. He'd prefer that she be holding his hand, and upon the return trip he'd open the front door and carry her over the threshold. That dream will have to wait for less interesting times.

"I've always liked snow," Johnny says.

Near the pick-up spot, the two pause for a moment and then turn back. Johnny stops her at the secret entrance. A couple of snowflakes meander through the empty boughs and swim around her immaculate face. Johnny touches her hair and kisses her lips.

"You're nineteen," he says, "And you're more and more beautiful every day. Happy birthday, angel."

"Thank you, Johnny," KJ says, "I love you."

"I love you, too," Johnny says.

After a lovely supper courtesy the other members of Capricorn Cell, KJ opens all of the gifts save the ones Johnny requested for her. Again, most are necessities and items of use on hikes and during missions. She does receive a gorgeous yellow dress from Jesse, who measured KJ a few weeks ago and refused to tell her the reason why. KJ figured it was for a gift. Jesse hugs her and then the others. Rian is already heading down the hall to the secret entrance/exit, and the two must be leaving if they are to enjoy the weekend together.

Upon Garret's recommendation, Anna requested three new swimsuits for KJ. Two are one piece suits, but the third is a black bikini. It is sexy and very tight and obviously meant for a private swim with Johnny.

Later, in the secret room, Johnny gives KJ the gifts he requested. The first gift is one that is meant for levity, though he wouldn't mind seeing her wearing it.

"I thought that might help you hide from Anna," he says of the camouflage thong when she opens it.

KJ laughs.

"Yeah, but it needs your hand on it to be accurate," she says.

"It'll be there," Johnny says.

Before opening the second of four gifts, KJ pauses.

"Johnny, I know you paid for these," KJ says, "You really shouldn't."

"You haven't learned by now that I'm always going to buy you something on your birthday?" Johnny says.

"I know," KJ says, "but it's different now."

Johnny shakes his head.

"It's more important now that we hold on to what we have," he says, "It's the little things, angel, that's what matters most in the end."

KJ looks at him but says nothing. She opens the second gift. In the box are warm black booties that will fit inside any of her boots. She can also wear them to bed, should she wish. She has pairs like them, but these are obviously the most attractive, looking like little boots themselves.

"Those are a lot better than socks," Johnny says.

"Thank you, Johnny," KJ says. He can tell she likes them. "These are cool, thank you!"

Johnny hands her the third gift. It is an Asus laptop. She looks up at him, her expression a look of urgency but he anticipates this reaction.

"I am never going to quit buying you things that you'll enjoy," Johnny says, "So hush." He looks at the computer. "Check it out," he says, "We loaded it with music, and I mean fucking loaded it. I know how much you love music. Now, you can't access the net without hooking it up in the other room. But you can use it for music and art. There's a modeling program on there that you might like."

KJ shakes her head.

"You can give me what I want later," Johnny says, "You can do that if you think the gifts are too much."

KJ smiles at him. Her gorgeous eyes are full of affection for her man.

The final gift is an extra one from Johnny Bowen. KJ opens the rectangular box wrapped in silver paper and pulls out an album.

"You've asked me for pictures from my life," Johnny says, "Well, there it is. Me, in pictures."

KJ opens the album. In the first picture a green-eyed toddler sits on his grandfather's lap. The old man has the look of a miner. The young man is a strapping babe. KJ flips through the pages. Johnny's uncle appears, standing with the nine-year-old Johnny in front of an old Ford Bronco. She sees a picture of young Johnny just before he left for Iraq. He's wearing his dress uniform. KJ feels the rush of emotion.

"That's an extra gift," Johnny says, "I didn't want pictures of me to be your main gift."

"What?" KJ says, "It's the best gift!"

She rises from the edge of the bed and steps up to him.

"Thank you, Johnny!" KJ says and embraces him. "Thank you so much."

Johnny rubs the back of her t-shirt. It doesn't seem right at the moment to put his hand on her rear, despite the tightness of her jeans. In fact, it doesn't cross his mind. Those feelings will roar back very soon, but at the moment husband and wife prefer just to be close to one another.

At the breakfast table on the 3rd of November, Garret requests a meeting with all active members of Capricorn Cell. KJ and Anna are dressed for aerobics; Johnny is wearing his rugged camouflaged clothing for a patrol, and Rian is dressed casual. He intended to read and then, once the ladies finish their exercise, to lift weights. Everything's on hold

until the end of the meeting. Garret departs from the kitchen. The others will follow, starting with Johnny. KJ looks at him and then at Anna. Both wonder who the shooter will be.

Garret answers the question as soon as the two ladies take their seats in the media room. He is holding the manila folder and hands it to KJ Bowen.

"Dominic Mosley owns a strip club in Masury, Ohio," Garret says, "It appears that all of the broken women who work for him are white. We also know that he allows lap dances. Unlike the dancers, many if not most of his patrons are non-white. As in the Strader case, an action I wholeheartedly endorse, the act of operating a strip club and hiring white women to demean themselves and their broken clients is justification enough for a sniper mission. In this case, Mosley's race and flagrant degradation of young white women are strong reasons to consider him a target. KJ, due to Dominic Mosley's intolerable offenses against the dignity of white women, and in the interest of discouraging others from following his lead, I ask that you kill this man."

KJ looks at the pictures. Mosley is corpulent but muscular, having once played for the Cincinnati Bearcats football team as an offensive lineman. He shaves his head bald and looks like any number of his peers. His mammoth size, however, should distinguish him. KJ stares into his dark eyes. She notes every feature of his Negroid face.

"What's the distance?" KJ asks.

"600 yards," Garret says.

"I think I can do it," KJ says.

She closes the folder. She'll read the information later.

Garret brings up a map on Google Earth.

For the upcoming combat mission, Capricorn Cell will use three vehicles. One of them is a new addition to the motor pool: a Mazda5 minivan. When purchased it was silver; now it is dark blue. Jimmy Ford bought the Mazda with money he made off a refurbished Viper. Capricorn Cell will depart with the Chevy van and change vehicles near Grove City, Pennsylvania, where Aaron Kelly will park the Mazda5 along a dirt road that parallels the main highway and a meandering creek. During the return trip, Jimmy Ford will meet Capricorn Cell along Route 551 north of Pulaski. There, the cell members will change to the Ford van, which is now white.

On November 4th, KJ, Johnny and Rian assemble at the pick-up location. KJ and Rian are armed with Armalite rifles; Johnny carries his WASR AK47. Today the cell will engage in a reconnaissance mission. Right on time, James Ford appears in the Toyota Land Cruiser. He slows

enough for Rian to hop inside, and then continues west toward Rowlesburg. When the Toyota returns, Rian is alone inside.

It is imperative that no one recognize Johnny Bowen. This mission will take place entirely during the dark of night. They will have precious little time to reconnoiter the best shooting locations. Capricorn Cell's recon detachment arrives at the outskirts of Masury, Ohio, at 11:30 PM. The night sky is clear and warm for November. A two-lane rural road runs in rough parallel to a steep – banked creek that snakes through fields full of brush. Rian pulls off beside the closest bend of the creek, which cuts through a stretch of brush and trees that to the north includes a small tributary stream. Johnny and KJ will have to cross this swampy tributary due west in order to arrive at the furthest banks of the larger creek. From the bank of the larger creek to the entrance of Mosley's *Club 392* is a distance of 600 yards.

Dominic Mosley opened *Club 392* in 2011. It is a large structure, neither clean nor filthy. There are no statues or tacky Roman paraphernalia, though it does have a silhouette painting of a naked woman. The club had been a bar, and before that, a similar but less successful strip club. Tonight the place is empty and dark. KJ scans the creek and the club with Johnny's binoculars. She sees a bend in the stream that approaches the club. It offers a clear shot and cuts the distance to a little under 600 yards. Trees shield the spot on two sides, from the left and to the rear. KJ turns to scrutinize the rear of their current position. There is a service road to the right of the rural highway where some heavy equipment is parked. It looks like a residential construction site, though no foundations are yet apparent.

Johnny, too, scans the area. He scrutinizes a cemetery that lies north of the best route of escape. On the one hand, he does not like the clear zone around the cemetery road and the rear of KJ's likely position. On the other hand, the clear space will facilitate a rapid withdraw, and if they are to undertake this mission it will have to suffice.

During the return trip, KJ leans into Johnny and he holds her. Very few words are exchanged between them, though Johnny removes her toboggan and kisses her head several times. She closes her eyes and remembers her long kiss with Johnny in the waters of the Shaver's Fork River.

Friday, November 7th, is another day in the war. It dawns clear in West Virginia but cloudy in Ohio. Capricorn Cell will not depart until 8 in the evening. The combat team spends their time in the Procyon House by preparing for the mission. KJ and Anna pack their web gear and dress for combat. Both check and load their bolt-action rifles. KJ tucks the string

with the dog tags and silver ring under her hoodie while Anna, who is not wearing gloves, is wearing her wedding band. She'll secure it in her web gear before they depart on the mission.

In the armory, Johnny loads his AK as well as two extra banana clips of ammunition. He takes one of the sandbags marked "Angelique" and puts into his rucksack.

Rian straps on his holster and fills it with his Beretta .45 caliber automatic pistol. His is the only sidearm that's not a Smith and Wesson 1911. Rian is wearing dark-colored but ordinary attire. He wipes his glasses and grabs his big folder of maps and notes.

Garret ties his hair back into a thick blond ponytail. Like KJ, he'll wear a toboggan though his is dark green rather than black. He shoulders his .308 caliber Armalite and cuts through the living room before heading to the exit tunnel. There, he meets Johnny Bowen. Anna is next, and then Rian. KJ arrives last. Other than a brief smile toward Johnny, she has no expression on her face.

It is nightfall around Procyon and the wind is blowing. If it's this strong at Masury, they'll have to cancel the mission. Earlier, conditions were unsettled at Masury, but the wind was light. Garret hopes that trend will continue. He also hopes for a storm; it would be much more likely for an eye witness to interpret gunfire as thunder.

At 8PM, Capricorn Cell departs from the pick-up point in the now-maroon Chevrolet van.

Glen "Butch" Hoffmann turned 53 back in August. He's been a member of the Southwest Mercer County Regional Police Department for the last twenty years. Before that, he served in the United States Marines, including combat duty in Operation Desert Storm. He's maintained his physique, and his graying hair and mustache do not diminish his impressive stature or lean, unwrinkled face. In fact, his hair now matches his sharp gray eyes. Tonight Officer Hoffmann will make the normal rounds, with one exception. There are some vandals he'd like to surprise.

The rear of the Chevy van is cool for once; so cool, in fact, that even KJ keeps her toboggan on her head. She is a little nervous, though not as much as on missions past. She looks at Johnny. He smiles and winks, which puts her at ease. She reaches over and he feels her smooth glove as she squeezes his hand.

As the rain approaches Grove City, Pennsylvania, temperatures rise. It will rain tonight. In fact, it may storm. Though it's November, it's been unseasonably warm in northern Ohio. The snow from a few days ago is long gone. But it will return. These storms will usher in an early winter.

Outside Grove City, Rian exits from Interstate 79 and drives west on to State Route 208. A red star on his map indicates the rendezvous point. The road cuts straight through woodland and farms. Once past the farms, Rian slows the maroon Chevy van. He sees a white van parked next to a Mazda5. The lights of the white van flash and then the van pulls out. Though Rian cannot see its occupants, he knows that Jimmy Ford and Austin Kelly are inside. Jimmy and Austin will return in a half hour for the maroon Chevrolet van.

Rian pulls off behind the Mazda. Jimmy Ford left a pair of keys for the vehicle on Friday. Rian taps on the rear partition and jumps out of the Chevy. He climbs inside the Mazda and starts the engine. Johnny Bowen is first out of the maroon van. He guards the others as they pour out of the rear. It is too warm outside. Thunder will roll tonight.

Anna enters the Mazda and sits beside Rian. Next inside is Garret, who heads for the rear. KJ and Johnny sit in the middle. As soon as Johnny closes the right side door, Rian accelerates the minivan. They are long gone before Jimmy Ford returns and leaves Austin Kelly with the maroon Chevy van. Unless something goes terribly wrong, they will meet again, near Pulaski, Pennsylvania.

Rian turns on some music. Ford left an iPod Shuffle with the likes of *Pearl Jam*, *Stone Temple Pilots* and *Green Day* on the playlist. No one is enthralled, but no one objects. KJ thinks about the mission. She'll have to cross a boggy little creek. She thinks about what happened to Anna. Could she surface? She does not have a waterproof scabbard. Johnny mentioned that they do not expect a swim. KJ comforts herself with his assurances.

Everyone becomes deathly quiet. Rian turns off the music. The lights of Masury glow against the angry gray sky. Lightning flashes in the distance, but the wind is slight around town. Rian turns on to a straight road that passes several homesteads and fields. One such field is bordered by forest and bathed in darkness. Johnny and KJ will cross this field; Anna and Garret will traverse the road and assume positions so that they might cover the primary combat team upon their return, whether the mission is successful or not. Johnny will exit the Mazda first and, if all goes according to plan, he and KJ will begin moving toward the meandering creek. Rian shouldn't have to stop for more than a minute. Once he sees Anna and Garret cross the road, Rian will drive to the chosen hiding place among the trees and brush.

The two sniper teams are very fast in exiting the Mazda once it arrives beside the empty field. Rian continues up the long rural highway

and turns around on an abandoned industrial road. When he returns to the field he no longer sees his brothers and sisters.

Butch Hoffmann served ten years in the USMC. He has four confirmed kills. One was an Iraqi tank commander who Hoffmann picked off as the commander sat a little too high in his seat. Hoffmann could have remained in the Corps, but he decided that the life of a small-town Pennsylvania cop was better than the life of a marine sniper.

Someone's been vandalizing the heavy equipment at a construction site east of the Masury rail depot and the Shenango River, on the Pennsylvania side of the state line. Butch Hoffmann drives up the south side of the dirt road that leads to the construction site and parks his patrol car in an abandoned lot beside the road. He puts on his poncho. It's bound to storm. That won't deter the vandals. They broke all the windows in a haul truck the last time it rained. The weather won't stop Hoffmann, either. He walks up the road, allowing his eyes to adjust to the darkness. He'll find a hiding spot near the vehicles, using his experience as a sniper as his guide.

Johnny crosses the field after he scans it for unwanted contacts. When he's convinced it's clear, he hurries across, followed by KJ and the second team. At the sickly woods beyond, Johnny and KJ continue toward the tributary brook and the larger creek, while Anna and Garret turn south. The Fogarty's will cover the field until they hear the shot; then they'll move down the road to alert Rian. There will be no use of cell phones tonight. They have to abandon that practice. A cell is a beacon to one's location and the enemy will use any means available to locate and destroy the white rebels. Garret expects them to raise the stakes. As usual, Johnny leads the way, finding the easiest path of advance for his angel. They follow a deer trail to the small boggy tributary of the larger creek.

"Be careful," KJ whispers as Johnny fords the waterway.

KJ takes a deep breath before advancing. She might need it.

Though her boots slosh through mud and water, the morass never rises above the middle laces, and KJ climbs the opposite side with ease. Lightning flashes closer and it begins to rain. KJ's put a piece of tape on her barrel. The rain will mask her approach but will not hinder her shot.

The banks of the wide creek are congested with the remains of summer's vegetation. Across the sluggish water are a neglected field and a rail yard. KJ worried that rail cars might block the shot. None of them have moved since Tuesday night and the avenue of her shot is clear. When KJ finds her spot, Johnny removes the sandbag from his rucksack and tosses it on the ground. KJ watches him as he creeps into the brush,

to remain ever vigilant, and to risk or give his life if necessary so that she might live. She feels the pain that a woman who is unafraid to love a man feels when she realizes that her man's dedication would drive him to accept death on her behalf. KJ inserts her earplugs and prepares her rifle. She arranges the bag so that the side with "Angelique" is on top, lest the wet earth ruin the message.

The area around *Club 392* is dark. The entrance and exit, however, are well-lit. If Mosley exits tonight, he will find the most beautiful woman he's ever seen waiting for him. If he knew what she intended to do, he'd rather she be a thousand miles away.

John Boyle often made KJ wait for a shot. Sometimes, in the steam-ing heat of June, she would lie and sweat in the shade that protected her from the sun but could not shield her from the humidity. Tonight she waits for three hours. The first storm skirts Masury. The wind blows so hard at one point that KJ fears they will have to cancel the mission. Aside from wetting her toboggan, the storm leaves her untroubled and the wind dies as the storm passes. KJ wrings out the knitted cap and returns it to her head. The air is still warm. Sure enough, another storm appears. This one will strike the heart of town and it will be fierce.

At 3:30 AM, the calm before the storm arrives. Across the creek and the rail yard, outside *Club 392*, a gentle rain falls. At the creek itself only a few drops are falling. The wind is slight. KJ's blue eyes watch the rear exit as the clientele begin to depart. Some are black. Some are fat. Not one of them is Dominic Mosley. A skinny black male, his hat bill turned upward, walks out to a white Thunderbird. He doesn't run though the rain is falling. Another black male, this one wearing glasses, exits the club. He opens an umbrella. Behind him, in the shadows, is a corpulent mass of dark flesh. He steps into the light. The bespectacled cohort holds up the umbrella, but chubby doesn't step outside. He stands there, his profile all but covering the wide exit doorway.

The creek smells of flood, though the water is low. The silt of a flood keeps its memory alive with its scent.

Cornell Curry, an "investor" in *Club 392*, is looking at Mosley's mas-sive head when his peripheral vision catches a bright flash. Within a sec-ond he hears a sharp crack of thunder, just to the north. It sounds like the lightning struck something up the street. He can hear the sound of car alarms after the thunder fades. Cornell does not turn to look; his boss may step out into the rain, and there will be hell to pay if the umbrella isn't over his bald head. Thunder doesn't interest Cornell anyway, and he will not remember the impressive lightning that flashes to the north.

What he sees next will remain with him for the rest of his life.

At 3:33 AM, a massive .30-06 bullet strikes Dominic Mosley between the eyes. It traverses his brain and punches through the rear of his head. Cornell Curry watches in horror as his boss falls to the ground. Mosley's body convulses as death claims its useless mass.

The shot seems to unleash the thunderstorm. Lightning flashes and rain begins to fall around the lazy creek. KJ is already on her feet as Johnny runs to her and they begin their retreat. She did not stay to watch Mosley die; she saw the strike and can feel that she's killed him.

Butch Hoffmann is about to call it a night. The vandals haven't shown. Hoffmann is near the northwest edge of the dirt road. Just beyond is a lonesome two-lane highway. If he continues in that direction, he'll be within sight of a dark field just south of the old cemetery. If he continues walking, he will be in the scope of a redheaded huntress. Hoffmann hears something that to almost everyone in Masury is the sound of thunder. He knows better; somewhere, perhaps toward the rail yard, someone has fired a high-powered rifle. Hoffmann draws his .40S&W automatic pistol and creeps to the wood's edge. There, he radios the station in Farrell, Pennsylvania, and in a low voice informs them of his suspicions.

Anna is watching the road and the wood line, but now she and Garret must move south toward Rian, who has edged the unlit Mazda up the road. The mandatory end-time is 4:30. In theory, they will cancel a mission if it reaches its time limit.

Butch Hoffmann is unaware of Anna's presence. He crosses the road toward the dark field at the exact moment when Anna and Garret begin moving south. It is a huge stroke of luck; had Anna seen his uniform, easily visible from inside his open poncho, she would have opened fire. A ditch runs part way along the margin of the field and the trees, forming a sort of boundary between the field and the cemetery grounds. Hoffmann does not want to be caught in the open if a gunman approaches the field. He jumps into the ditch, which conceals most of his body.

Johnny Bowen would prefer a forested line of withdraw. The field is a menace to him. But speed is of utmost importance, and the breaking storm is providing an excellent cover for their retreat. He charges into the field, moving at irregular angles should someone take a shot at him. KJ follows him after a few seconds. She mimics some of his motions. They assume that Rian is approaching; if not, they'll cross the road and head south through the woods. Johnny won't press their luck in two open areas.

As Johnny nears the edge and KJ is in the middle of the field, a vivid display of lightning casts its bright glare upon the field and the ditch. The

crouching figure in the ditch becomes aware that he is not alone in the field; so, too, does KJ Bowen.

KJ freezes. She is in the open and her intuition tells her that she is in grave danger. She begins to eject the spent round from her Remington and chamber a live one.

Butch Hoffmann thinks he sees motion in the field, but it is at the edge and he cannot tell where it went. He hopes it was a deer or his imagination, though he does not trust fate. He turns around to face the direction of the motion, rising only enough to peer over the edge of the ditch. Then the world is lit by lightning and he sees a person come to a stop. This time the figure is in the middle of the field. Standing there, looking toward him is a long-haired young woman in boots and army apparel, and she is holding a rifle.

The sight of the figure in the ditch is a horrifying shock to young KJ. She will not cycle and aim the weapon in time to avoid a shot should the stranger fire at her. He sees her and turns, rising just enough to fire. KJ has no time to think. There is a blur of motion to her right and, in spite of the earplugs she still wears, she hears the bark of an AK47 that shatters the lull between cracks of thunder.

Johnny Bowen fires six rounds as fast as his semiautomatic rifle will allow him. He advances until his body is between KJ and the unexpected enemy. She looks toward the ditch, ready to fire, but Johnny is now blocking her from shooting – and from being shot. KJ recovers her presence of mind and completes cycling the bullet.

Johnny turns toward her but he does not move his body.

“Go, angel, go!” she hears Johnny yell, “Toward the road!”

Johnny runs with her, still keeping his body between hers and the ditch. KJ sees the Mazda in the rain. Someone is outside of the vehicle and the door is open. She sees Garret, aiming his Armalite through the window of the open rear door. Anna has taken a kneeling position beside the driver’s side door. She rises when they arrive. As Garret returns to the rear of the Mazda and Anna climbs inside the front passenger seat, Johnny watches the ditch. A flash of lightning reveals a prone figure. KJ climbs inside, followed by her husband. Johnny slams the door and Rian puts the Mazda into motion.

Minutes previous, as the minivan rolled toward the dark field, Rian and Anna witnessed the exchange of fire. Anna flew out the door; Garret rolled down the window and flung open the left side door. He could not tell who fired at whom, but if anyone other than Johnny or KJ approached the vehicle, Garret would have cut loose with his Armalite.

Anna recognized Johnny and tried to find the reason for his attack. She would not have fired unless certain of her target's identity. Once the firing ceased, Anna scanned the ditch with her scope. All she could see was a bundled mass that may have been a wounded or dead intruder.

Her speculation is correct. Lying in the ditch is the body of Officer Glen Hoffmann, 53 years of age. Johnny Bowen's first shot struck him in the throat; the second entered his right eye. Though he does not know it, John Ashley Bowen has killed his third sniper.

The Mazda departs from the scene of the firefight. KJ looks at Johnny and smiles, though her face shows her anxiety. He squeezes her gloved hand and forces a smile.

"Are you OK?" Johnny asks.

"Yeah," KJ says and nods.

KJ perceives that something is amiss. She doesn't think much about it. Johnny will hold her, and later, she'll show him how much she loves and appreciates him and their worry and angst will go flying away. All they have to do is get home in one piece, and she can show him how much she loves him. KJ looks down takes a deep breath.

"Are you..." KJ begins to ask, hoping to inquire about her husband's health, but Johnny speaks before she can finish asking.

"Garret," Johnny says, "I think you better call Tom."

A lightning strike upon the hood of the Mazda would not have shocked Johnny's mates as much as his soft-spoken request. Johnny wasn't the only one who fired his weapon. Hoffmann managed to discharge his sidearm and his .40S&W bullet struck Johnny near the stomach. The bullet crossed his body, emerging from his back. Had the bullet found KJ instead of her sentinel, the wound inflicted would likely have been fatal.

Anna looks back at Johnny. She knows immediately what's happened. Garret feels the skin on his scalp begin to crawl.

KJ looks up at Johnny, a pleading and incredulous look on her face.

"What?" she says.

KJ's world hangs on the next few moments.

"Do we need to stop?" Rian says.

"No!" Johnny protests, "Keep going!"

"Johnny, what's wrong?" says KJ, her face pleading and desperate. "Johnny!"

He looks at her. She looks more wounded than he does.

"Where are you hit?" Garret asks from behind.

Garret has already pulled the emergency cell phone from his rucksack.

KJ touches Johnny's face. She feels his shaved cheek through her glove. She does not weep; not yet. The shock is too great. He sees her smooth white face and thick hair in a flash of lighting. Her emotion overpowers her shock.

"It's my fault," KJ says, "It's my fault! I'm so sorry, Johnny! I'm so fucking sorry! It's all my fault!"

"No!" Johnny says, "It's not your fault! You did your job and I did mine. I'm your fucking sentinel, remember? And I love you, KJ! I fucking love you!"

KJ hears pain in his voice. She holds on to him, afraid to squeeze lest she aggravate some unknown wound. Anna looks forward and holds back her tears.

"I love you, Johnny," KJ whispers.

The shock is still so great that the whole event seems unreal.

Seven hundred thirty miles away, a cell phone rings near the bed of Tom and Sarah Neely. The loud noise wakes her from a pleasant dream and thrusts her into a real-life nightmare.

"No," Sarah says, "Oh God, no."

Tom looks at the number. It confirms their fears. Someone is hurt bad. He does not answer the phone. The caller ID tells him all that he needs to know.

Garret closes the call before the phone message service activates. He can only hope that Tom has seen who's calling and that he'll respond to their cry for help.

"Do you need something to drink?" KJ asks so softly that only Johnny understands.

He shakes his head no, and she holds on to his right arm.

Anna looks down. She closes her eyes and makes the sign of the cross. Her rifle sits to her right, angled upward and toward the rear.

"Where is it, John?" Garret asks.

"My stomach," Johnny says.

KJ closes her eyes. A look of pain is on her face.

"I love you," she whispers.

Tom throws on a shirt and jeans. He has two bags packed for an emergency. These he grabs from the closet. He goes to his son's bedroom and kisses him on the head. Sarah follows and watches him.

"Do you need me to help?" Sarah asks.

"Stay with Chuck," Tom says. His voice is strong and resolute. He is a man. There is no longer any question that he will help those who are fighting for their son's future. "I'll call when I get close."

Sarah may not match KJ, Anna or Jesse in physical beauty, but Tom would not trade his loyal, loving wife, and the mother of his son, for anyone on Earth.

The Neely's van roars to life. Sarah hears it pull out and speed away.

Garret rings Jesse and again he closes the call before leaving a message. Tom may need her assistance. She is a skilled if inexperienced nurse. If Tom cannot come, she may have to explore and clean Johnny's wound. If the bullet remains inside, or if it's wreaked havoc on Johnny's organs, Jesse may have to do a lot more.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" KJ asks in a whisper, "Anything, my love?"

She looks into his handsome face. He is more beautiful than any man she's ever seen. His green eyes and lovely face and the expressions he shares with her through those eyes touch her deeper than any man ever could.

"Stay close," Johnny says.

KJ looks down, still holding his arm. Her toboggan is on the floor as are the earplugs, and her mass of hair drapes his arm. No one hears her weeping.

"Stay with me," her lips say, but the only sound is her breath.

Tom Neely begins the long drive to Amboy, West Virginia. In his mind he rehearses what he may have to do. Garret would not have called if Tom's skills could not be of use. Someone is hurt but not at death's door – at least not yet. It could still be a head shot. He cannot imagine Anna or KJ with such a horrifying wound, but that might very well be the case. Tom cannot imagine any of them in such a state. He turns on his iPod. *Ashokan Farewell* begins to play. He feels a weight on his chest and throat.

"We're getting close to Pulaski," Garret says, "Can you change vehicles?"

"Yeah," Johnny says. KJ looks up at him, still holding his arm with both hands. He looks into her eyes. "We'll do it," he says.

Rian stops along Route 551 north of Pulaski. Nearby is the white 4x4 Quigley/Ford Econoline van, as is the 4x4 Chevy van. The lights of the Chevy flash, as does the lightning in the distance. The storms will strike here, too, but only after Capricorn Cell has departed.

Rian and Anna are quick to abandon the Mazda. Johnny sees Jimmy Ford standing beside the Econoline van. Rian tells Jimmy something and points to the Mazda. KJ opens her door but does not exit. She looks at Johnny.

"Go on, angel," Johnny says.

"Not without you," KJ says.

She lifts her Remington from the right of her seat.

Garret reaches around Johnny and opens his door.

"Do you need help?" Garret asks.

"No," Johnny says.

He climbs out, as does KJ, who runs around the car to be with him.

Garret follows Johnny, who is still carrying his AK. He still has a job to do, until KJ is safe inside Procyon, or his body no longer allows his mind to protect her.

KJ does not look inside the Mazda. If she did, she would see blood on Johnny's seat. Jimmy Ford touches Johnny on the shoulder. Johnny looks into his gray-blue eyes.

"Thank you, John," Ford says.

There's no time to say how much it means to hear that.

Capricorn Cell climbs inside the Ford van. This time, it's Jimmy Ford who closes the rear doors, though Johnny crouches beside them. Ford watches the van drive away. He gives a thumbs up to Austin Kelly, who is at the driver's seat inside the Chevy. Orion Cell begins its withdraw back toward southern Pennsylvania.

"Johnny, please sit down!" Anna says.

Johnny does not look away from the observation ports on the rear door of the van. KJ watches him.

"Please, Johnny," KJ says with that unforgettable voice of hers.

Johnny looks at her. Then he walks to his place at her side. Finally he rests the AK47 on the floor.

"Is it bad?" KJ asks.

"You weren't shot," Johnny says, looking into her eyes, "So no, it's not bad."

KJ loses her composure for a moment, but resists breaking down. He may need her to fight. He's given everything for her, and she will not let the enemy take him away from her.

Garret gives everyone a bottle of water. Johnny sips his. KJ holds on to hers until her husband demands that she drink it. When Garret approaches with the little medical kit from the rear of the van, Johnny requests and then insists that KJ not look while Garret bandages his wound. Once the job is done, he resumes his place beside KJ, who takes his hand and squeezes it in hers.

The van comes to a stop in a rural area south of Washington, Pennsylvania.

"Time for gas," Rian says through the open corner of the partition.

The rear doors open and the sight that greets Rian Donnelly is startling, though he should have expected it. KJ is kneeling. She holds Johnny's AK and is ready to use it. Anna is holding her rifle and Garret is on one knee, his Armalite ready. Johnny sits on his seat, fighting his own internal war.

"I need the gas can," Rian says before entering.

KJ relaxes but holds on to the AK.

Rian uses the reserve can of gas rather than risking a stop at a service station. It is also faster that way. Garret shoulders his gun and hurries outside with the second can. He brings the empty and the quarter-empty cans back inside while Rian hurries back to the driver's seat. KJ lays the AK on the floor beside her husband and kisses his head before taking her seat.

"Don't worry," Johnny says to her, "I'll be alright."

KJ smiles at him and runs her gloved fingers through his thick hair. It's what any man, even a dying one, would tell the woman he loves.

No one sleeps during the return to Procyon House, and there are but few words spoken. After a while KJ asks Johnny if he's alright but in spite of his reassurances she begins to succumb to her emotions. He brings her back to her strong self by putting his hands on her cheeks and smiling. His gesture helps her hold back the emotions and she manages to show him a wounded little smile.

After an eternity the van stops. KJ rises but Johnny stops her. This time he takes the AK and stands guard over her. When Garret opens the door, they see the familiar trees of the pick-up spot. It is early morning. After Garret shoulders Anna's Remington, Anna walks over to Johnny.

"I'll carry that, OK?" she says, her hand on the AK.

"OK, Red," Johnny says.

From the van to the tunnel entrance, Garret, Anna and KJ cover their wounded brother. Rian, pistol drawn, brings up the rear. Anyone who impedes them now will face a hail of bullets. There will be no exceptions, and each is in agreement even if they haven't discussed the matter. Garret opens the tunnel door and Anna enters, followed by Johnny and KJ. Garret will not enter until Rian is inside the tunnel.

They do not pass through the medical room. Johnny will wash first, as will KJ and Garret. Then those three will return downstairs and enter the room that no one wants to see.

Upstairs, Jesse waits in the living room. Garret is first to enter. She jumps to her feet when she hears him ascend the stairs.

"Who is it?" Jesse asks.

Jesse's in a t-shirt and jeans, but has more suitable medical attire on the countertop. There is also a handbag.

"Johnny," Garret says, as Johnny walks inside, followed closely by his wife.

Jesse almost weeps when she sees KJ's face.

"Where were you hit, John?" Jesse asks.

"Stomach," Johnny says, "Exit wound to the rear."

Jesse feels a chill. She cannot succumb to her emotions. He will need medical help. She tries to concentrate and begins preparations for a surgical intervention.

"Wash up, anyone who's going downstairs," Jesse says, "I'll get dressed."

"Tom should be coming," Garret says, "If not, you'll have to do it. I'll help."

Jesse nods, trying not to look at KJ, who holds Johnny's arm.

"Wash up and change, KJ," Garret says, "I'll help Johnny."

KJ looks into Johnny's eyes, and he returns her loving stare.

"I love you," KJ says, trying her best not to show her intense emotions.

"I love you, too, angel," Johnny says.

Garret and Johnny proceed to the Fogarty's bedroom.

KJ follows them after a minute or so. She heads straight for her and Johnny's bathroom. With the shower running, she begins to weep.

After her quick shower, KJ dries and dresses as quickly as she can. She throws on a pair of jeans, a t-shirt and a clean pair of gloves. Almost as soon as KJ returns to the hallway, Johnny, wearing shorts but no shirt, emerges from the Fogarty's room. KJ sees the entrance wound but doesn't stare. She looks into her beloved husband's face. The threesome proceeds into the living room, where Anna has replaced Jesse. They pass by her without exchanging a word. Anna watches Johnny and sees the exit wound. It is bleeding, but not as large as she feared it would be. It could still be fatal. She's still holding on to Johnny's AK47. When Johnny, KJ and Garret leave, Anna will lay the rifle on the countertop and bury her face in her hands.

Jesse waits outside the medical room. Garret stops beside her. Johnny and KJ continue into the medical room and KJ closes the door behind her. He removes his shorts and, now naked, climbs upon the dreaded operating table. KJ takes his hand and he looks up into her eyes.

Garret and Jesse enter not long after. KJ steps aside and returns to the little room outside the medical facility. Jesse removes a thermometer

from her medical bag and takes Johnny's temperature. She examines the wound and looks for incipient infection. After cleaning both sides of his wound, she covers it with bandages. It is all they can do until Tom arrives, or until they are forced to perform a laparotomy on their own. Johnny clothes himself and steps into the hall. KJ smiles, though her worry is obvious to him. Garret brings seats down from storage and cool, fresh water from the kitchen. Now they must sit and wait.

Time crawls. Finally, Garret brings out the gurney and Johnny climbs atop the soft surface. It will do him good to sleep. Then Garret and Jesse climb the steps. They do not try to convince KJ to abandon her vigil. She will stay with him until he goes under the knife.

"Sleep, my love," KJ says in her gorgeous voice. "Your angel won't leave your side."

She holds his hand and arm in her warm gloved hands.

At five in the afternoon, a Chevrolet cargo van arrives at the driveway to Procyon House. Following the directions that Garret left for him and that he memorized before he destroyed them, Tom arrives at the exact address. Fourteen hours have passed since he received the call. Outside it is windy and rain is beginning to fly against the face of the house. The air is turning cold, and Tom puts his hands in his pockets as he approaches the front door.

Garret finds Johnny sleeping and KJ at his side in the dark.

"Tom's here," Garret says.

They help Johnny to rise from the gurney and return to the medical room. Garret leaves before Johnny undresses, while KJ remains and helps him. He runs his fingers through her hair. Before Johnny lies naked on the table, he smells her thick chestnut mane.

"I need you to be strong," Tom says to Jesse as he disinfects his hands and arms in the living room.

Anna stands by the door to the hallway and the bedrooms. The AK47 is in her arms. She readied the weapon when she heard a vehicle outside, and should the guest prove to be unwanted she is prepared to open fire.

"When we open him up, we may find out that he's dying," Tom says. Anna holds back the tears. "But he may not be gone. We may be able to save him. I'll need you to help me."

Beautiful Jesse looks at him with her green eyes and she nods. Tom is skinny, too skinny to be handsome, but he is resolute and his confidence lifts Jesse's spirits. He gives her courage.

Johnny lies on the table. He looks into KJ's beautiful face. She holds his hand and looks into his eyes.

"Where would I be without you?" KJ says, "All those girls say they're strong, that they don't need a man. I might have said that once, but I was a fool. What would I have without you? You opened my cage, Johnny. It took a man to do that, not a boy, not some silly belief that a woman is just fine by herself. It took a real man. I used to dream that I'd fly away from everyone who hurt me. But I couldn't do it by myself. You gave me my wings, Johnny Bowen. You lifted me up to the sky."

KJ leans close to him. He takes her hair and smells it.

"Thank you so much, Johnny," KJ says, "I will always love you."

"I love you too, angel," Johnny says.

Tom knocks on the door and enters. He's dressed for the life-and-death task that lies before him. He sees KJ for the first time and looks into her blue eyes as she looks up at him.

"I hate to ask you to leave, KJ," Tom says, "I know you're Johnny's wife. We'll let you know everything as soon as we can."

KJ nods. Jesse comes inside the medical room. She, too, has just changed into a pair of scrubs. Jesse smiles when KJ's eyes meet hers. As KJ departs, Jesse and Tom wash in one of the sinks along the wall. Tom asks Johnny how he's feeling. KJ closes the door behind her and climbs the stairs alone.

Anna is sitting in the living room. Finally, the AK47 is out of her arms and on the counter, alongside her web gear. She's still in her camouflaged clothes and boots. A cup of tea sits in front of her on the smaller table. She rises when KJ enters and watches her sister walk toward the hallway door. She doesn't say a word, and neither does KJ. Anna watches as KJ enters the hall and close the door behind her.

At the far end of the hall, to the left of Rian's bedroom door and where KJ promised to be Johnny's wife for all time, hangs the cross that Anna placed on the wall before their wedding. KJ walks to the end of the hallway and stands before the cross. She looks down for a moment and then slowly goes down on her knees. She does not look up for a moment, nor does she speak or move. She kneels there, breathing deep. The silver cross is simple, without engravings or written prayers or blessings on its unmarked surface. KJ pulls the string with the dog tags and silver ring from under her t-shirt and holds the ring to her chest. She continues to kneel and looks down again before she finds the words to speak.

"I've seen Anna make a cross before," KJ says, "But I don't know if I should do that, so I'll just talk."

A brief but intense look of hurt flashes across her face, and Kaylee Jane Bowen begins to pray for the first time in her life.

"Please, God," she says, "if what he's done is wrong, please forgive him. He loves us. He had to fight and he had to kill, it was all for us and it was never for him. He loves us and we love him so much. Whatever he's done, he did it for us. He did it for our son. Please, God, forgive him." She closes her eyes and whispers, "please."

KJ rises to her feet. The tears that wet her face shine upon her pale white skin. When she returns to the living room, Anna approaches her. She looks into KJ's eyes, but it is KJ who speaks first.

"I want to thank all of you," KJ says, "You took me into your family. You risked your lives for me and sacrificed so much. You're my sister, Anna, and I love you."

Anna embraces KJ and holds her tight.

"We love you, too, KJ," she says, "We're a family now, forever. That's one thing that can't be undone."

Anna steps back to look into KJ's eyes.

"I'll pray for Johnny," Anna says, "He's my brother and I'll pray for him."

"Thank you," KJ says. She touches Anna's cheek and smiles for a moment, though it is painful and full of tears. "Thank you so much."

Anna and KJ wait in the living room. An hour passes, and Anna excuses herself so that she can change out of her combat attire. Before she returns she opens the kitchen door to inquire if Garret or Rian have any news, but neither knows any more than she does. Another hour crawls by. Finally, Tom Neely appears from the storage room. He's changed from his scrubs so that KJ does not see the blood from her beloved husband. The two sisters rise. Anna squeezes KJ's hand. KJ feels a weight on her chest. What matters most to her in all her life hangs on Tom's next few words.

"I don't think the bullet passed through any of his organs," Tom says, "But, we'll keep an eye on him, since he could still end up with an infection."

Tom sees the relief on both KJ and Anna's faces. KJ grabs his hand. He sees the tears in her eyes.

"Can I see him?" she asks.

Tom nods. She kisses his hand.

"Thank you for coming," KJ says as she holds his hand to her head, her eyes closed. "Oh, God, thank you."

KJ loses her composure for a moment. Then she flies toward the stairs, leaving Anna to thank Tom through her own tears.

KJ opens the door to the medical room with the greatest care, lest she disturb her beloved Johnny. Jesse is inside. She hasn't removed her

apron. KJ sees the blood. It is then that Jesse realizes and regrets. She pulls it off, but it's too late.

"Can I be alone with him?" KJ asks, her eyes pleading.

Jesse nods and then steps outside the room and closes the door.

Johnny lies on the table. He raises his hand, since he knows who's come to see him, and KJ steps to the side of the table. A sheet covers him from his feet to his chest. He looks at her. She is so very beautiful. He's just come out of the ether-induced sleep, but his mind is clear. He looks into her haunting blue eyes and sees the pain and the love on her face, and he smiles at her.

"Hey," KJ says, and takes his hand into hers.

"Hi, angel," Johnny says.

Johnny looks as if he's taken a nap and nothing more. She expected him to look strong. She knows it is not a sign of certain recovery. KJ puts both hands on his right hand and forearm. He looks at her hair, which is like a thick halo all around his wild and passionate angel.

"Do you need anything?" KJ asks, "Anything at all?"

"Sing for me, angel," Johnny says.

When Johnny went unconscious and Tom prepared to explore his wound, Johnny wanted to hear KJ one last time, in case he would have never regained consciousness.

KJ fights hard to control her emotions. She looks into his eyes. Johnny waits patiently for her. He looks at her hair again, which is all around her, straight and thick and clean. He'd like to smell it again, but her voice is what he needs to hear right now.

The instruments that Tom and Jesse used are on a tray near the opposite counter. Cloth covers them and there is blood on the cloth. Jesse will return a little later to clean and disinfect the tools and surfaces.

KJ's voice is not suited for operas. It is not the voice one would hear in a church choir. It is clear and strong with the power of passion and love unbridled, and even in a whisper she can stir Johnny's soul and lift his body from the cold embrace of death. Before meeting her, he had never heard a voice that had half the effect on his mind and soul as does hers. He's never loved anyone else half as much as her.

KJ begins to sing. She has chosen a song that she learned long ago, Jacques Brel's "Ne me quitte pas." As the words of the haunting French melody speak to his soul, Johnny's attention is fixated on his angel and he could not look away from her even if he were foolish enough to try.

Outside, in the little room at the foot of the stairs, Jesse has just changed from her scrubs to a t-shirt and jeans. She'll wash the scrubs

upstairs in the storage room. Before she can open the door to the stairwell, she hears KJ's voice. She, too, knows the song very well. Now it is Jesse's turn to suffer for her emotions. She covers her mouth and begins to weep. Then she opens the door and flies up the stairs to avoid hearing another beautiful and tragic verse.

KJ's voice is not notable for its range; it is unforgettable due to its potency. As she sings she holds on tight to Johnny's arm. She wipes the sweat from his forehead with her hand. Her glove feels smooth and gentle on his skin and he closes his eyes for a moment. Then he looks at her. Though she shows no emotion, tears flow down her immaculate face. KJ's singing increases in urgency and there is flame and passion in her voice. She grips his hand and arm with both hands and looks into his eyes. Her fear for his life and the pain of almost losing him are now obvious in her expression, and her voice grows in intensity. Then, near the end, she becomes reserved. As KJ completes the refrain, her voice is but a whisper and the pain on her face fades, although the tears continue to flow.

Johnny looks at her for some time before speaking.

"You belong so far away from here," he says, "The next time you see the sky, angel, fly away."

"Not without you," KJ says, holding on tight to his hand, "and not without our son."

Tom checks on Johnny a little later, and he and the eternally vigilant KJ help Johnny onto the gurney, which has become a de facto bed.

"He should be able to move upstairs in a few days," Tom tells her, "Make sure Garret calls me if he shows any sign of infection." Tom looks into her eyes. "Take turns with the others, OK? Make sure you get some rest. It won't do him any good to worry about his wife, alright? That's very important, KJ."

KJ nods.

"Thank you," she says.

Tom touches her head.

Of course, during the first night KJ will not leave his side. Garret is about to demand that she do so when Anna stops him. Tom meets with Garret before he departs on the grueling drive home. Jesse, however, will remain a couple of days, classes be damned.

"Call me if there's any change for the worse," Tom tells Garret.

"Thank you, Tom," Garret says, "I know you're sacrificing for us, and none of us will ever forget that."

"Johnny gave his blood for my son," Tom says, "We won't ever forget that, either."

Anna peeks through the blinds as he drives off. Then she heads to the Fogarty's bedroom for a shower. It has been a very long two days.

That night, as Jesse and Rian stand vigil downstairs, and KJ curls up in bed and cries herself to sleep, Anna and Garret find time to rest their weary bodies.

"I had a dream, once," Garret tells Anna before they fall asleep. Anna turns toward him and puts her hand on his chest. "I could see a young man up in the mountains, and a beautiful girl with long red hair and a green and white dress. She runs from him, laughing, beyond the furthest pine trees and up the slopes of grass and purple thistle flowers. Her hair flows in the wind like water, and her dress, too. She lets him catch her, and then they laugh and kiss." He reflects for a moment, looking upon the woman in his dream. "And then I woke up, and Johnny's bleeding downstairs and KJ's in there crying. They deserve a life together, not his blood on a goddamned table in the basement."

"We deserve a life together," Anna says. She touches his cheek. "So do all white children. I'll keep fighting for your dream, so that a redhead girl can live it someday."

Garret looks deep into her blue eyes. She smiles and runs her fingers through his long blond hair.

"You are the finest woman who ever lived," Garret says.

His stare is piercing; it has the strength of a king. Hers is warm and unyielding, like a mother who offers her life for her child.

"You give me the strength to be that way," Anna says.

Garret rubs her arm and they fall asleep.

Each member of Capricorn Cell takes turns helping Johnny, though KJ assumes the greatest share of the burden and will not allow anyone else to relieve her of the most important duties. She changes his bandages even though he tells her that Garret will do it.

"I'd listen to you, Johnny," KJ tells him, "But I love you too much."

After a couple of weeks Johnny Bowen is on the path to recovery. He shows no sign of infection and is tempted to begin lifting again, though he is wise enough to heed Tom's advice and wait another three or four weeks. Since they cannot lift weights together, KJ is certain to wear the exercise leggings around him before and after her routines, so that he might enjoy at least some intimacy beyond kissing and snuggling.

A few days later KJ puts on a tight and shiny pair of leggings and comes into the living room, where Johnny pulls her close and puts both hands on her rear. On that same day, God knows how far away, Mason Walker can only dream of what it felt like to be intimate with Gina Stark-

weather. He has not seen her in three weeks and the thought of never seeing her again causes him such pain that he comes close to tears. He has no idea where the authorities have taken him. The cell is dark and cold; the interrogation room is bright and too warm. His head always hurts and his mouth is always dry. Sometimes he swoons in and out of consciousness. Mason remembers them forcing him upon a gurney. He remembers them injecting him with something, and then the dreams came. Now he's in the cell again, on a hard floor, trying to stay warm. He wonders if his mother and father will ever see him again.

Garret stares at the computer. Then, almost as if from a spasm, he jumps to his feet and summons the other members of Capricorn Cell. Anna wonders if another mission is in the works, and if Johnny will accompany them or if it will be just her, together with Garret and Rian.

As they approach the media room door, Johnny grabs KJ and kisses her deep. It's been a while since things have gone further than kissing and feeling; doctor's orders, of course. She must sense the desire in his passionate kiss.

"We have to wait," KJ says when they finally separate, "Come on, sweetheart, I promise it'll be worth it."

"I know, angel," Johnny says, "But he didn't say anything about kissing."

She laughs.

"That's true," she says.

KJ gets a wicked smile and kisses him before they enter the media room.

On the screen is a picture of Anna, courtesy Laurel Highlands High. There is a picture of Johnny Bowen as well, and an inaccurate sketch of a "blond Caucasian male of interest." According to the press release, the three are part of a domestic terrorist cell known as WILO – the White Liberation Organization, pronounced, they say, like the tree.

"That's fucking stupid," KJ says and Johnny laughs, "And what about me? They have you three fuckers up there! What am I, shit?"

Johnny laughs again.

"You're fucking hurting my side," he says.

"Oh fuck!" KJ says, all of a sudden serious, "I'm sorry!"

"There's not a word about you," Garret says, "I'm sure that will change, though."

Anna is ignoring their banter. She stares at the screen.

"Garret," Anna says, "Tell dad not to come for Christmas. Tell him it's too dangerous."

Garret looks into her eyes.

"OK, Anna," he says, "But you know your father."

"Please, Garret, tell him no!" Anna says.

"I'll tell him not to come," Garret says, "Gary will decide if he is or isn't."

"What are we going to do about this?" Johnny says.

"Nothing," Garret says, "We stay focused."

KJ stares at the picture of Anna. It occurs to her that Anna has so much to lose: her family outside of Capricorn Cell, her cousins, her father Gary, Bryce. She puts her hand on Anna's shoulder. Anna turns and looks at her, and tries to smile.

Beside the picture of the gorgeous redhead are the words "wanted" and "accessory to murder."

The night is cold and clear. Inside Procyon, Johnny feels good enough to clean the rifles and the armory. KJ and Anna finish aerobics and KJ makes tea for Johnny. Before she can take it to her lover, Anna intervenes.

"Do you mind if I take it to him?" Anna asks, "I'd like to thank him for all he does. I haven't been able to talk to Johnny too often, since...you know."

KJ looks at her. A little smile grows on her face.

"Tell him I made it, alright?" KJ says.

"I wouldn't tell him anything else," Anna says and smiles.

"KJ made you some tea," Anna tells him before she even sits it on the table beside Johnny's seat. He has the AK47 disassembled and is cleaning every part. "I asked if I could bring it to you," Anna says.

Anna is stunning in her exercise leggings and tank top. Her ivy and her white skin are a radiant combination; a living work of art. But Johnny's thinking about KJ as Anna would have guessed.

"Thank you, Anna," Johnny says.

"Johnny," Anna says after sitting beside him, "I wanted to thank you for what you did. Any time one of our men protects his woman, all of us white women need to thank him. I can't speak for all of them, just like I can't force them to see the truth, but I can speak for me. Thank you, Johnny."

Johnny looks into her blue eyes.

"I won't let anyone hurt her," he says, "or you."

Anna smiles.

"KJ's my sister," Anna says, "She's as close as any birth sister could be to me. It's so nice that you two found each other. Johnny, when this is

over, please visit us.” She squeezes his hand. “Bring your son. I think we’ll have someone for him to play with.”

Johnny sips the tea. It is cherry and the taste and warmth bring back memories of good Christmases. This time he squeezes Anna’s hand.

“You’re welcome, Anna,” Johnny says.

She smiles and rises.

“KJ’s still in the kitchen,” Anna says, “I’d bet my life on it. I’ll send her down.”

He laughs a little and nods.

“Yeah, do that,” Johnny says.

Moments later, KJ is at his side, trying to help until he stands, pulls her up from her seat, and kisses her. Then he slaps her rear with an open palm that causes no pain, just a little slapping noise.

“Get out of here,” Johnny says, and she scurries to the door. Then she stops and looks at him. “Two weeks,” he says, “In two weeks you won’t get away.”

Jimmy Ford brings a turkey on the weekend before Thanksgiving. Anna, KJ and Rian stuff and bake the bird for a lovely Thanksgiving meal. It comes out moist and full of flavor, the perfect complement to the sweet potatoes, green bean casserole, cranberries and spiced pumpkin pie. KJ and Johnny have their meal in the living room. At first she didn’t want to dress sexy, since he shouldn’t be making love for another couple of weeks, just to be safe. He insists; it will whet his appetite even more than the meal, and make the coming of December even nicer. So KJ puts on tight black leggings – not the ones that look like paint, but another pair that’s still a tad beyond tight – and her long gloves, tall assault boots and a snug turtle-neck.

The two lovers savor the excellent food. Then, with her iPod playing through little speakers, they dance. KJ puts her head against his chest and he rubs her back.

“Thank you for protecting me,” she says.

“It’s my job,” Johnny says. He pulls her back to look into her eyes. “And I love you, angel.”

She cuddles him and they dance. KJ closes her eyes and imagines him chasing her in the rain, and then the moment she lets him catch her.

On the night of Thanksgiving, Anna and Garret retire to the secret room, as is their right this week. Tonight she wears a tight pair of shiny black leggings. KJ’s not the only one who enjoys such apparel. Neither is Johnny; as Anna and Garret share their own slow dance, Garret’s hand finds a most appropriate place on her body. The dance continues until

they are horizontal on the bed. There, Anna unties her ponytail and lets her thick red mane fall all around him. She lies on top of his body and kisses him.

"Did the girl in your dream have an ivy tattoo?" Anna asks.

"Yes," Garret says, "All around her arms, and it was beautiful."

Anna sits up and removes her tight long-sleeve top, revealing a simple black bra over her ample chest. She returns to kissing him. Now he can see and touch her ivy-sheathed white skin. He couldn't imagine her more beautiful than she is, leaves and all.

On the last day of November, the Federal Bureau of Investigations forces Gary Murphy to answer several questions about his daughter. She left for California, he tells them. She applied and was accepted at UC Davis. He doesn't know anything else, he tells them. He's aware of the accusations against Anna. He tells them it doesn't faze him. She's a wonderful girl and she will do what's right. The terrorist they're after is someone else's daughter. He doesn't feel like they're convinced, since he didn't tell them what they wanted to hear. He doesn't care. The authorities would kill Anna and her husband, regardless of the righteousness of their fight. They couldn't care less.

December begins cold and the aching sky will not snow. Gary stops at the grocery for the week's purchases. When he gets to the Murphy Home he finds it a little painful to climb the steps. It was a hard day at the Consol mine. An email from Garret has been on his mind all day long, which made a tedious work day seem even longer. Gary's son-in-law requests that Gary not come to Procyon House for Christmas. Gary knows it's Anna's wish, for his own safety. He'll be there if he can.

There's no flower or vase on the table, and no candle, either. Gary stores the groceries before heading to the shower. On the way he looks up at his wife and touches the picture frame as he passes.

Supper hasn't been the same without a beautiful redhead opposite him at the table. The chicken and dumplings are delicious and the Guinness goes down smooth, but Anna's absence is telling, as it has been all these days. At least he'll see her again soon. Christmas is 20 days away. After spending Christmas Eve with Hannah, Michael, Emily, Bryce and the others – how many depending on Hannah's success at organizing the party – he'll drive later that night to Procyon. He pauses for a moment. He'll have to be sure no one follows him there.

Gary opens his copy of *Shane* and sits down to coffee before bedtime. He won't be working overtime this weekend. There are presents to buy. He'll spend Saturday morning looking for a toy for Bryce; something

masculine and classic. He's already ordered two Broadbent hams: one for the Murphy-Buckley clans, and one for his war family. Gary finishes his coffee and writes a note on the kitchen table:

Buy new cooler.

Two masked guards enter the cell. Mason lies on his back, on the hard floor. The dark ceiling isn't spinning as fast as it was. Now they've returned to plunge him into the dream world again. They'll force him with their chemicals to betray someone. God knows who he's already betrayed.

There are no mirrors in the hallway, past the other cells or in the bright room where the mulatto nurse gives him his injection. There's no mirror in the empty room, either, but he wouldn't remember if there was. He remembers a voice and a few fleeting images. He remembers trying to fight, but that memory may be more wish than reality. The guards say nothing and he does not look into their eyes. He can see their skin is dark – not Negro, but dark. God knows where they've taken him. It seems too cold for Guantanamo, but how the hell would he know?

The place smells like hospitals used to smell. Everywhere it's the same.

They pass the other cells, as they always do. The cells are always quiet. Inside the bright room the nurse opens a box and then finds the vein in his arm. She's never used alcohol to sterilize the site. The injection pinches. Mason rises from the table and the "juice" hits him. He falls forward and on to a green waste basket. Its bright color seems out of place.

A guard grabs him. This one has a pistol at his side. The other probably does, too. The guard jerks Mason to his feet. No one speaks. They lead him back to the cold cell with no bed. In what seems like forever they'll return for him. That's when they'll ask questions. He's not sure. He never remembers.

The room begins to settle. Mason has no idea how long he was out, or how long they interrogated him. He rubs his face and his hair. It's shaved now. There's a painful spot on his head. He hopes he didn't fall down again. He hopes he fought. Mason curls up in the corner, the one he won't defecate or vomit in. His mind begins to return.

The safety razor from the trash can still lies in the left corner of the cell.

There is not much time. Mason bites into the plastic. Tears fill his eyes. What names did he give them this time? Who did he kill? Did he kill one of the fighters, one of Garret's little cell, those who have dedicated their lives to fighting for all white children, even though they will never know the joy of having their own? Has he betrayed all of them?

Mason thinks of the child he will never hold. He thinks of Anna, who he once loved with great passion and pain. He thinks of Gina. That passion belongs to his Gina now, and he'll never see her again, either. He weeps, unable to stop the flow that he wishes to stop. They won't come for him for a while. His body is still curled up in the corner. The ever-present cameras will see nothing until he is beyond their reach.

Mason Walker does not need to look down to know he's opened his vein and artery. He feels the warm blood escaping his left arm. He thinks about Johnny Bowen, who he always admired yet never seemed able to approach. He whispers a prayer for the members of Capricorn Cell, a simple cry for their protection. He calls them "brothers and sisters" so the enemy cannot guess who he's talking about, if they can even understand his soft whisper. He thinks of those he may have already betrayed and the tears come again. No more; whatever secrets remain will die with him.

Gary lies in bed, unable to sleep. He's left the window a little bit open. It's cold as hell but the big bear doesn't feel its bite. The night is quiet and still. Tonight could be the night. He has a gift in mind for Anna, but he is ready to give a whole lot more if she needs him to; if tonight is the night.

The sky is a solid nighttime gray above both Procyon and Lemont Furnace and it refuses to snow. No snow falls in Southern California either.

Anna wakes at 1:30 and looks at her husband. She moves closer to him and he puts his arm around her. Rian's room is empty; he and Jesse are in Morgantown. Next door, Johnny and KJ were laughing and talking a little after midnight, but they must be sleeping now. In fact, KJ is very close to him, so close he feels her hair on his shoulder. He feels her breath as well, and stays awake so that he can feel it a little longer.

Gary Murphy hears the front door explode. He hears a huge crash in Anna's bedroom. Gary rises up but does not climb out of his bed. He hears someone creeping down the hallway. His is the only door on the left. He hears the bathroom door creek open. His door is the last one left.

Mary Murphy did not allow either doctors or cancer to kill her daughter. She chose to risk her life in order to give birth to Anna. In the end, Mary gave her life for their child. She will not die in vain. Gary can picture his beloved wife, her pure white skin and blue eyes shining as she smiles at him from the diving board. This is her first dive, so her long red hair is not yet wet. He looks at her arms. Those warm, loving arms that he has missed for so long will soon be around him again.

Officers from Pennsylvania SWAT prepare to force the door to Gary Murphy's bedroom. It is then that they hear a single gunshot from the opposite end of the room, where the bed touches the wall.

Blood flows from a fatal wound inside Gary Murphy's mouth. It may never touch the policemen's hands, but it will stain their souls forever.

Anna and Garret are having a cup of coffee when KJ walks into the kitchen and prepares a thermos for her and her husband. She's wearing a black toboggan and is well dressed for the cold December morning with a turtleneck under her hoodie and snug camouflage pants over her exercise leggings. It's cloudy outside and finally starting to snow. KJ's boots are new –they were a birthday present – as are her gloves. On her shoulder is the light Armalite rifle. On her hip is her pistol. She and Johnny are going out for an hour or two, and she is happy for the opportunity. KJ stirs some fresh milk into the thermos and then pours herself a small glass. This milk is unpasteurized and worth its volume in gold.

KJ smiles at the Fogarty couple as she heads toward the living room.

"Isn't she cute?" Garret asks.

"What?" Anna asks, looking up from her coffee and cookbook, "Oh, she's beautiful."

Anna sips her coffee and turns the cookbook toward Garret.

"I know she is," Garret says, "I meant, she's cute in that hat and outfit. By the way, where's your mushroom hat?"

Anna looks up at him.

"In the bedroom," she says.

"Wear it later," Garret says.

Anna smiles.

Today is Saturday, the 6th of December. In addition to completing a routine patrol, Johnny and KJ have a more important mission: find pine cones for the Christmas garland. Jesse removed Johnny's stitches and he's started lifting again. KJ wanted to thank Tom for working on her husband, but there's no way to contact him. She hopes he can feel her vibes through the cloud-covered sky.

Not far from the "Aurora Y," Johnny takes KJ's gun and leans it against a pine. He does the same with his AK. Then he kisses her, long and passionate. Tonight the secret room is theirs and he's feeling very good. It's been a while since they shared their passions in the most intimate and ultimate manner.

Garret kisses Anna before departing from the kitchen to the media room. He checks the secret email account for Jimmy Ford. There is a message. Garret translates the subject line. It is intentionally misleading. He opens the email, which contains only a single short sentence. He translates it in seconds. All of Garret's light-hearted feelings and longing for Christmas turn to darkness when he realizes what that one line means:

We lost Gary.

Garret stares at each word, over and over. With great trepidation he opens the home page to a Uniontown newspaper. There, for all to see, is the horrible truth. Gary Murphy has shot himself. Garret looks at the picture of the Murphy Home, a place intimate to his memory. Gary would not betray them. He would not betray his daughter. He knew the location of Procyon and he has taken his secret beyond the enemy's reach. Garret does not want to tell Anna. It is, in fact, the last thing he would wish to do. He must, however, for she is his wife and he is a man. He exits the page after reading the story. Garret rises from his seat by the Dell desktop and walks through the living room entrance.

Anna is in the kitchen. She's cutting vegetables for a bountiful supper. Garret enters and puts his hand on her to stop her. Their eyes meet.

"Come with me, Anna," he says.

Anna obeys without question. Something terrible has happened.

Johnny has a bad feeling for some reason and has KJ wait among the laurel as he creeps around the hidden tunnel entrance. Everything is fine, so he returns for her and they descend into the tunnel. The warmth of Procyon House greets them as they approach the armory. Johnny and KJ leave their rifles there. He looks back at the tunnel. Though he's sure he locked the entrance, Johnny returns to verify the fact. Upstairs, he leaves his rucksack and both he and his wife leave their boots in the storage room. Johnny notices that she's wearing the booties he bought for her birthday and he smiles.

Johnny opens the door for KJ and she enters the living room. They head for the hallway. They'll change clothes, help Anna with supper and get ready for a night in the secret room. It's been weeks since they've made love and both anticipate every moment, from the foreplay that's arguably already started, to the cuddling and closeness afterward.

Again, Johnny opens the door for her. They enter the hall only to be greeted by a sound that makes them both shudder. KJ looks back at Johnny without taking another step. From the Fogarty's bedroom they hear the voice of Anna, wailing as they've never heard anyone weep before.

Johnny motions for KJ to come with him. They return to the living room, where she sits on his lap and holds on to him with both arms. KJ looks into his eyes for a moment and then kisses his cheek. Johnny sees the growing sadness in his wife's nuanced expression. He rubs her leg, as much in the dark as she is and just as shocked at the sudden horror that has threatened what little bliss a guerrilla cell can have. Neither

Johnny nor KJ will inquire as to what's happened. They sit in silence, as Anna's crying carries like a soft sob from the hallway into the living room. KJ closes her eyes. All she knows is that she needs to be close to Johnny right now.

KJ opens her eyes when she hears someone walk into the living room, though she does not look who. Johnny watches Garret approach.

"Gary's dead," Garret says. Johnny finds it very difficult to swallow. KJ doesn't move. "SWAT came after him," Garret says, "He shot himself because he knows where we live, and they don't."

Garret exits into the kitchen. Johnny holds on tight to KJ, who still looks at the wall. She lays her head against him and closes her eyes. He feels her gloved hands squeeze him as tears begin to escape down her face.

Near Barstow, California, a dark green truck enters the U.S. Marine supply depot. The truck proceeds to the holding area behind an industrial incinerator. There are several lots ready for the incinerator, including toxic chemicals and outdated rations. This load has priority and jumps ahead of all the rest. Among the scrap and waste and medical supplies marked for incineration are the Earthly remains of 21-year-old Mason Walker. According to the media, he was shot trying to escape from "custody" and remains at large.

That night, Johnny and KJ sleep in the secret room. They do not make love. She curls her body around his and holds on tight. Often he runs his hands through her hair.

"Gary died for us," KJ says, "They fucking killed him. They killed a good man like Gary just to get to us. Goddamn it, they're so fucking evil!" He hears the pain and rage in her voice, like the beginning of a storm. "They tell us that we can't do shit, and that we're racist and evil, when they won't even allow us to have a fucking opinion about our own future, and they'll kill a man like Gary just for giving a fuck about our children. What the fuck can we do other than fight that kind of evil? What can we do other than kill those fucking bastards?"

"I know, angel," Johnny says, "God, I know."

The next morning, Garret sees the press release about Mason and hopes for the best. He hopes Mason hasn't betrayed any of the Core Group. Though he doubts Mason would willingly do so, Garret knows that drugs and extreme measures can make a man talk. Torture can also compel a man to say what his barbaric enemy wants to hear. While it's usually inaccurate, if all they need is rumor or testimony to dispatch a SWAT team, information obtained under extreme duress will be good enough. All

those neocon rationalizations for torture weren't just smoke and bluster. Garret checks the email account he's set up for communications with Mason. There are zero unread messages.

The sounds of the "Caoineadh Na D'tri Muire" greet KJ as she walks toward the open door of the Fogarty bedroom. Garret is in the media room. Johnny and KJ had been lifting weights. Their routine complete, Johnny kissed KJ on the head and left to join his blond brother. Meanwhile, KJ set out to change from her exercise clothes but she stops when she hears the sad and beautiful song emanating from the Fogarty bedroom. Now is the time to visit her sister.

Anna is sitting at her table. From her iPod speakers sings the sweet voice of Cathie Ryan. KJ knocks softly at the door. Anna looks up at her and smiles.

"Do you mind if I come in?" KJ asks.

"Please come," Anna says.

KJ sits beside Anna. She doesn't quite know what to say. The music is not what she'd have on her iPod, but it is lovely and powerful.

"I don't understand the words," KJ says, "but somehow it speaks to me."

"Yeah," Anna says, "I believe you."

KJ reaches over and takes her hand. She looks at Anna. She sees the Irish strength and Irish pain in her eyes.

"Thank him for me," KJ says, "when you pray."

Anna opens her mouth to speak but just smiles.

"I will," she says.

Johnny and Garret walk to the living room.

"So what do we do about this?" Johnny asks him, "Do we find out who's in Pennsylvania SWAT and ambush them, one by one? What do we do about it?"

"We stay focused," Garret says, "We could battle the police forever. They'll just replenish their ranks. Remember, the traitors we could have killed or frightened, who are doing the real damage to our race's survival, would feel a lot safer if we're tangled up in battles with the police. A lot of them don't care for their protectors, so we die, the police die, it's win-win for the traitors. No, we keep moving forward. But I think we need a change of scenery for the time being. We ought to let things cool down around here."

"What do you have in mind?" Johnny asks.

"We'll pay a visit to Carina Cell," Garret says.

Chapter XXIV

Road Trip

In the second week of December, Garret tells Jimmy Ford to stay away for a while. Mason is Ford's second cousin and it's likely the police will pay attention to him for a while. Austin Kelly, who is taking Mason's place as an auxiliary, will likewise keep a low profile. Jesse will bring the supplies and gifts and stay for Christmas Eve. Garret expects it to be a somber Christmas Eve; though the presents are heartfelt and the food is extraordinary, he is right.

That night, Anna sits on Garret's lap as he sits on the edge of their bed. Earlier, Jesse and Rian sat and talked with Anna about the good times that Bill and Gary had over the past years. Rian hugged her and kissed her head before it was Jesse's turn.

"God has a place for men like Gary," Rian told her in the Irish, "He gave everything for us. It was a great honor to be his friend."

"Thank you, Rian," Anna said while she hugged him tight.

"Tell me, my wife," Garret says to her in the darkness of their bedroom, "Tell me your desire."

It's snowing outside. It will be a white Christmas.

"Our children need us," Anna says, "They'll face a lot more than we do, and they'll need us to be strong."

He kisses her head.

"I love you, my wife," Garret says.

"I love you, too, Garret," Anna says.

Warm tears creep down her face.

Johnny sneaks out of bed. For the first time since he was shot, KJ's body isn't touching him, and now that the hour is 7 AM he slides out of bed to make her breakfast. He creeps past the closed doors of the Fogarty and Donnelly bedrooms. Johnny opens the kitchen door and is surprised to find Anna mixing up the ingredients for a strawberry and vanilla cake.

"Good morning, Anna," Johnny says.

"Hi, Johnny," Anna says and smiles.

Anna is wearing a t-shirt and jeans and a white apron. Her hair is in a long, braided ponytail.

"How you doin'?" Johnny asks.

"Good," Anna says, "I'm good."

Johnny opens the refrigerator and removes the ingredients for KJ's breakfast.

"You making breakfast for KJ?" Anna asks.

It's common knowledge that they both have this adorable competition to see who can make breakfast for whom.

"Yeah," Johnny says.

Johnny will make blueberry pancakes and complete the main course with some ham left over from yesterday's excellent supper. On the side will be farm-fresh yoghurt and homemade bread.

"That's so nice," Anna says.

"How about you?" Johnny asks, "What are you up to?"

"I'm making a Christmas cake for all of us," Anna says, "I was going to make it for dad."

"I'm sorry, Anna," Johnny says.

"No, Johnny," Anna says, "It's Christmas. We still have that. I won't let them take Christmas from us."

Johnny touches her shoulder.

"Don't let them," he says, "It's our holiday."

Johnny takes the eggs and the milk from Hacksaw's chickens and cows out of the refrigerator. Anna gets back to the cake. Johnny leaves with the tray in order to surprise KJ, and Garret arrives for coffee. Anna takes her husband's hand and kisses his cheek. He sees her smile and then looks into her pale blue eyes.

"Merry Christmas, Anna," Garret says.

"Merry Christmas," she says.

On the evening of the 26th, the police department in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, receives a call. A man meeting the description of John Bowen has entered the woods to the east of town. Police dispatchers send six officers to observe the location. They are not to enter the forest or engage Bowen. For one, he may lead them to the terrorist cell. He is also a lethal marksman and is sure to be armed.

At 5:55 PM, a man meeting the description of John Bowen emerges from the woods and walks through the yard of 60-year-old Mary Ann Baker. Baker calls the police; an assembled SWAT team hurries to the location.

The man meeting the description of John Bowen is wearing fatigues and has a rucksack on his shoulder. He continues walking until he turns on to Fronheiser Street and enters the house of 33-year-old Franklin Humphrey. The Johnstown police watch the house. Frank Humphrey is home as is his wife Julie. Though this is a major complication, SWAT will not hesitate to enter should they receive the word.

At 10 PM, when the lights go out at the Humphrey place without any sign of Bowen or the Humphreys, SWAT goes into action. Officers from Pennsylvania SWAT force the front door and enter the small white house. They burst into the Humphreys' bedroom, where they find the terrified couple. Other SWAT team members force the door to the guest bedroom.

The man meeting the description of John Ashley Bowen fires an ineffective shot from a .38 caliber revolver. It was a gift from his father, who gave him the pistol on his 30th birthday. SWAT returns fire; his body riddled with bullets, the man falls beside the guest bed.

Thomas Allen Humphrey, brother of Frank, dies minutes later.

Garret Fogarty learns of the SWAT incident early on Saturday the 27th. Garret has a great deal to discuss with Jimmy Ford via coded email. He's hoping to catch Ford when he's on-line. Garret opens the email account for Ford and sends him a message. While he's waiting, Garret opens Cristi's account. There is an unread email. Once more, Cristi asks when Capricorn Cell will visit him in Minnesota. This time Garret responds: the week of the first.

Rian and Jesse decide to celebrate the New Year in Morgantown. At first, Rian asked her to stay at Procyon House. Ever since the incident with Gary, Rian has begun to worry that he might be identified and therefore compromise the others. He casts aside his worries. He and Jesse will leave after sunset. Rian takes advantage of the moment, since it's likely that at some point he will no longer be able to leave with his wife. Jesse brings some excellent French champagne for those who remain, and then she and Rian depart for her small apartment where they will enjoy a good deal of their own champagne, and a night of celebration and love.

At the kitchen table in Procyon House, Anna drinks a cup of tea while KJ enters and sits beside her. KJ is wearing tight, shiny black leggings. She's also wearing boots, elbow-length gloves and everything that Johnny wishes her to wear.

"I know it's not our turn," KJ says, "In fact, it's Rian and Jesse's turn to have the room. Actually, when they leave, it's the next couple's turn to have the room, which would be you and Garret."

"You want to have the master bedroom, don't you?" Anna asks.

The master bedroom is, of course, the secret room.

KJ nods and says "yeah." Unlike Anna, whose hair is in a ponytail, KJ's is all around her, even a little over her face. Perhaps she and Johnny have already begun their fun. Anna looks at her sister. She can imagine that the couple could hardly wait for their turn to use the room after Johnny's recovery. The death of Gary no doubt delayed their return to normal married relations. Anna decides to sacrifice for her brother and sister, and she smiles at KJ.

"Have fun," she says.

KJ kisses her head twice, and then a third time, and then she jumps up and hurries back to her husband with the good news.

Garret receives good news of his own later that night.

"I'll take care of Procyon," Jimmy writes, "Rian and Jesse will be here and I'll take care of any repairs or supply issues. Tomorrow night I'll leave the Ram Charger. Take it to Cristi's, then trash it. If anyone ever asks, I'll report it stolen. It's time I upgrade my wheels."

Garret stares at the response. James Ford is giving all that he can to the struggle. Not every warrior fires a gun.

"Happy New Year," KJ says as she slow dances with Johnny in the secret room.

"We Only Say Goodbye," plays from the speakers and a bottle of champagne waits on the nightstand. KJ does not know the hour, but it doesn't matter. The night has hardly begun and the change of the calendar is less important by far than what will take place later tonight.

Johnny touches her hair and then her nose, and KJ looks down and smiles. There's that wonderful bashfulness; and then, the feral look that replaces it. Johnny pulls her close and kisses his wife.

In the wee hours of the night Johnny awakens. He runs his hand over KJ's head, as she lies next to his body with her leg over his. He hears her sigh.

"It's been a while," KJ says.

"Yeah," Johnny says, "it has."

"Is your belly alright?" KJ asks, her eyes still closed.

"I'm good, angel," Johnny says and kisses her head, "Thank you."

KJ opens her eyes and he sees them through her veil of hair.

"I didn't know Gary for very long," KJ says, "I can't imagine what Anna's going through, and I'm not trying to compare it to that, but it really hurts, you know? He was such a good man, and we lost him, another strong white man who's gone. I'll miss him, Johnny. I wanted to see him when we have a family. I wanted him to hold our son."

She caresses his chest.

"I'd give him back to Anna if I could," Johnny says, "God knows I would. I'd stop all this shit, I don't know how, I'd try. But there's nothing we can do now, or then, really. We can't go back. Somebody had to fight, or we're just setting up the next group of white kids to suffer what you suffered, and someday we'll be gone forever. I love you, angel, and I'm not going to set up your children for suffering and death just because they're white. Gary gave everything he had for white children, and goddamn it, I am not going to disappoint a man like that."

Johnny looks into her eyes again. Her hand strokes his chest, across the knife scar and beyond. KJ doesn't speak for a while, but looks at him, the man she loves with all her heart.

"I love you, Johnny Bowen," KJ says, "Please remember that if anything ever happens."

"I will, angel," Johnny says, "and I love you, too."

KJ smiles and cuddles the pillow. Then she leans over and puts her head on his chest.

"Angel," Johnny says, "My angel."

Two days later, KJ is listening to music and reading the Chilton's Jeep manual in the Bowen's bedroom.

"Guess what?" Johnny says as he enters the room.

KJ removes her ear buds and looks up at him.

"We're going on a road trip," Johnny says.

KJ shakes her head and looks down at her book.

"You like to fuck with me," she says and starts to reinsert her ear buds.

"Yeah, I do," Johnny says, "But I'm not fucking with you right now. Come on, I'll help you pack."

"You're serious?" KJ asks.

"Of course, angel," Johnny says as he walks over to the dresser.

Garret tells Anna at about the same time.

"Is everyone going?" Anna asks from the bench in the exercise room.

Anna's just finished lifting. Garret watched her, and she laughed a little as he did. Then he felt her arms and kissed her head before telling her the news.

The death of Anna's father interrupted the Fogarty's most intimate interactions, though it did not diminish their inextinguishable flame. Now that a little time has passed, the passion is again manifesting in physical ways. Both Anna and Garret are fulfilling their marital obligations, from affection to conversation to sex. Gary knew that each of those obligations

is essential and he would not wish for his daughter and son-in-law to ignore them, especially on his account.

"Rian and Jesse are staying so the place looks inhabited," Garret says, "It'll attract less attention, and even if it does we won't be here."

"Where are we going?" Anna asks.

"Minnesota," Garret says, "We'll leave tomorrow night. Oh, and make sure to bring your tail."

A surprised and joyous look grows on her face.

"My mermaid tail?" Anna asks and he nods, and then he smiles at his Irish mermaid.

Tomorrow comes with lightning speed.

"Gloves," Johnny says as he puts a pair of tight black gloves on KJ's beautiful white hands.

"Gloves," KJ says once she's wearing them.

The hour of departure is arriving fast, and all four rebels have packed their bags. All that remains now is to dress KJ.

"Turtleneck," Johnny says before he dresses his wife in a long-sleeve turtleneck shirt.

"Turtleneck," KJ says once it's on her body.

And so it goes. As he puts on her booties and her black tuque – which he calls "hat" – he says the word, and once the article of clothing is on her body, she repeats it.

"Boots," KJ says, once they're over her booties and the laces are tied. "You forgot one thing," she says as Johnny stands and looks at her.

"Oh yeah," he says, "Kiss."

Johnny pulls her up to her feet and kisses her lips.

"Kiss," KJ says, after the long kiss is over.

Johnny and KJ grab their rucksacks and shoulder bags before heading to the armory. Rian has packed two coolers for the trip; one with food and food elements, the other with water, beer and iced tea. Johnny carries one of them from the kitchen to the storage room.

KJ smiles at Rian as she passes through the storage room. Anna hugs him and wishes him well in the Irish. Johnny shakes his hand and they embrace.

"You know where all the guns are," Johnny says.

Rian nods.

"Have a good time," he says.

Johnny slaps his shoulder.

Garret is last to arrive at the downstairs door. As he wished, they left one of the coolers for him to carry.

"We'll send a message when we need you to come," Garret says, "Talk to Jimmy. Let him know what vehicle you need."

"Be careful out there," Rian says.

Garret almost tells Rian to give his regards to Bill. With Bill in Ireland, neither have a means of contacting him at the moment.

The evening is cold and cloudy. Skies will clear somewhat and it will be even colder tonight. For the first leg of the journey, Johnny Bowen will drive. KJ will sit to his right. A tarp covers the Ram Charger and the little trailer that is hitched to its rear. It's an old trailer which Ford refurbished, cleaned and painted dark gray for this mission. Inside are tents, water and other necessary items.

For the trip, Capricorn Cell will carry the sniper rifles, two Armalites – the one with the retractable stock and Garret's .308 caliber – Johnny's AK47, and of course a 1911A1 side arm for each of the four warriors. There is also a pump shotgun for emergencies.

Inside the Ram Charger, the air is pleasant. It is not hot, an error that many make during a frigid winter's night, but rather the temperature is perfect for the young warriors who are heading into the unknown. Cristi has assured Garret that their lodgings will not only be safe, but will be much to their liking. He's also informed Garret about the indoor pool and the nearby lake.

Anna has brought her mermaid tail and has also packed a few swimsuits. Garret told Johnny to pack a few swimsuits for KJ. He knows that Cristi has a well-stocked exercise and weight lifting room, and space for the ladies to dry-fire. Although they will not be interrupting their training and maintenance regimens, the cell members should appreciate this little vacation away from the four walls of Procyon House.

"Put on some music," Johnny tells KJ as he drives south toward Aurora. She smiles and removes her iPod from her handbag. Once it's connected, she scrolls the playlists and selects *Celtic Frost*. She knows that the majority of those present enjoy the band's music. "Drown in Ashes" is the first song to play.

In addition to the necessities and niceties, the Ram Charger contains large cans of gasoline well stored in the rear cargo area. Near Lima, Ohio, as the black Dodge approaches a lonesome gas station, Johnny pulls off the highway and into a shielded field. Anna, who dozed off, awakens. With Garret as an armed guard, Johnny exits to fill the tanks. KJ exits as well; she has her pistol in her gloved hand. It is a clear, cold night. KJ touches Johnny's shoulder as he fills the cavernous tank. Anna, too, exits to stretch her legs. Her pistol is at her side.

Johnny drives a little closer to the gas station and parks within sight. It is getting ready to close, but Garret arrives in time. He fills two of the cans and then returns with the other two. He's the only one who can safely appear on the station's cameras and he must pay first. When they leave, Johnny is sure to keep the license plates out of sight of the station attendant.

Near Indiana's Pokagon State Park Johnny parks the Ram Charger for the daylight hours. The site is as good as it can be for winter. The thick growth of trees will shelter them, as will the current darkness. There's no snow in spite of the temperature. The dark vehicle and the tents will blend into the forest.

The men erect the two tents and are quick to unravel the two-person down sleeping bags. Tonight there will be no showers or even changing. Aside from the removing of hats, boots and gear, Johnny and KJ will sleep as they are. They eat their late supper – herb rolls and tuna – and climb into the tent. Anna and Garret do the same. Once the meal is comfortably digested, Johnny and KJ curl up for some sleep. Johnny is pleased to see that KJ is still wearing the black booties he bought for her.

Garret kisses Anna and heads outside. He'll stand guard with Johnny's AK 47 until noon, when he'll wake Johnny for his turn. The ladies will sleep for seven hours and then everyone will make an expedient breakfast. Garret plans for them to be awake and ready to move by 5 PM. It will be a cold night and morning for Garret Fogarty. Johnny and Anna have told him the signs of hypothermia and frostbite, though he already knew them and dressed accordingly.

Garret watches the sun rise and feels the temperatures climb into the low-30's. It's a world of difference from the teens. At noon, he walks over to the Bowen's tent. When he peeks inside he finds husband and wife very close inside the warm down sleeping bag. Their foreheads are almost touching.

"Johnny," Garret says and does what he hoped not to: he wakes KJ. She stretches inside the bag and then wakes her husband with a touch.

"Hi, angel," Johnny says and she smiles. "Are you cold?"

"No," KJ says, stretching, "Garret's here."

"Oh, I know," Johnny says, "I want to make sure you're nice and warm before I leave."

KJ smiles at him and he puts his hand on her cheek and kisses her. Then he starts to climb out.

"Keep warm," Johnny says and she cuddles the pillow, her eyes now closed.

Outside, Johnny takes the AK and a weary Garret Fogarty heads for his tent and his warm redheaded wife. Clouds have rolled in but it will not snow or rain today.

Johnny patrols the area while the others sleep. When he's satisfied that they're relatively safe, as safe as hunted rebels can be, he builds a small fire. Soon there will be coffee and breakfast above its flames. Johnny also fills two large bowls with water so that everyone can wash their face and hands. When the hour arrives he awakens his brother and sister, who are already awake, and his wife, who was not.

After the meal and some much-welcomed hot coffee, Johnny and KJ go on a patrol that is more for pleasure than any necessity. Once they return, Garret and Anna take their turn walking among the trees. The sun grows tired behind its veil of heavy winter clouds. Johnny and Garret dismantle the tents while the women pack the sleeping bags and other gear. With Garret Fogarty at the helm and his wife by his side, Capricorn Cell leaves the Indiana forest before the last rays of light disappear into the approaching night.

In spite of a short stop for leg-stretching and other necessities, as well as another pause for refueling, Garret makes good time and they arrive in southeastern Minnesota well before dawn. Johnny sees the Mississippi for the first time in his life, though he must settle for a nighttime view. As dawn approaches, it looks to be another cloudy day and it may even snow. Unlike the Ohio fields and woodland that are bereft of snow, there is a remnant of white powder among the Minnesota trees. Another four hours and Capricorn Cell will be at Cristi's door. It is tempting to press on, but it will be daylight soon and Anna and Johnny would be in greater peril of being recognized. Since it's earlier than it was when they arrived in Ohio, Johnny has time to set up a shower. It'll have to be quick, 3-4 minutes each, and he and Garret will warm the water during their watch periods. As they figure it, a warm shower will reinvigorate everyone after two days of road travel.

KJ rises early. It's 1PM and Johnny's watch has just begun. Inside the Fogarty tent, Garret undresses and climbs inside the sleeping bag with Anna. He is asleep in minutes. KJ puts on her toboggan and her boots. She's already wearing her gloves and booties, which helped her keep warm in Johnny's absence. She shoulders the Armalite with folding stock that Johnny left for her self-defense. The campsite is well-placed. The Ram Charger sits in a treeless lane just large enough for easy entry and exit. Otherwise, the many leafless trees block it from sight. Capricorn Cell's tents sit just behind the truck. They, too, are invisible from the lone-

ly two-lane road that eventually passes near Minnesota's Whitewater State Park.

"The Coleman's warmed up the water," Johnny says to KJ, "You wanna take a quick shower? You might not want to wet your hair, though. That'll take a long time to dry and it's fucking cold."

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

"I didn't have time to set up a curtain," Johnny says, "I'll make sure no one watches, OK?"

"That's cool," KJsays and smiles.

Johnny unfolds two chairs near the shower so that her clothes and towels won't touch the ground. It's hard to keep an eye out for interlopers while KJ undresses, but Johnny's love and sense of fraternity compel him to keep watch. He is sure of her safety before the water comes on, and once it does he can finally enjoy the sight. KJ knows he's watching; she turns her back toward him. From her incredible mane of hair to the soles of her feet he can see every detail, including each highly detailed feather of her angel's wings.

Three and a half minutes never went by so fast.

When the water stops, the cold will rush in. Johnny is ready. He lays the AK on the chair and hurries to his wife with a large towel, which he wraps around her immaculate white body. He pulls her close for a moment. She looks into his eyes.

Anna has crept up to the shower. She waits until they finish kissing to have her own fun.

"The tents are still up if you need one," Anna says.

Johnny feels KJ tremble from being startled. She looks toward the voice and realizes it's Anna.

"You fucking scared the shit out of me!" KJ says.

"Always be prepared," Anna says.

"I'm not a fucking boy scout!" KJ says.

"It's my turn next, Anna," Johnny says, still holding KJ. "Go pester your husband."

"I love you, too, Johnny," Anna says before walking back to the fire that Garret started.

KJ dresses and then Johnny removes his olive-colored pants and long-sleeve shirt. KJ watches him the entire time. She even brings him a towel when he's done. The sensation of her gloved hands rubbing his chest and back with the towel is a most sensual experience. For a moment she stops, looking at the scar from the entrance wound in his abdomen. He notices.

"Angel," Johnny says, "That one means more to me than the one on my chest."

KJ looks into his eyes.

"I love you so much, Johnny," she says, "Every white baby is going to owe you his life."

"As long as they have peace and dignity they don't owe me anything," Johnny says, "That's all I want. And my wife. I want her too."

KJ touches his cheek.

Neither knows it, but Anna has returned to have some more fun. She hears Johnny's words, and backs off without making a sound.

Garret is last to shower. Anna stands watch over him, as he did for her. He was particularly protective of her posterior, it would seem. Supper is on the fire – grilled flank steaks with yoghurt mint sauce – and KJ and Johnny are on opposite ends of the fire pit. He's keeping an eye on the road. Earlier, a state road truck passed. Now he hears an engine in the distance. He creeps up to a small gap in the trees. A red Ford Bronco approaches. This is not unusual; some hikers prefer this less-used route to Whitewater Park. But then the Bronco slows to a stop.

Johnny, holding his AK47 at the ready, backs up toward KJ.

"Angel," he whispers loud enough for her to hear him clearly, "Tell Anna and Garret that someone's here."

KJ picks up the Armalite from their little bench and hurries toward the shower. When KJ arrives, she turns her head so as not to stare at Garret's naked body. Anna turns toward her with a start.

"Someone's coming," KJ says, "You'd better tell Garret."

Anna had an idea when she saw KJ with the Armalite in her arms. She grabs the shotgun and runs over to Garret.

"OK, Red," he says.

Garret shuts off the shower while Anna hurries with KJ to the camp.

Meanwhile, Johnny Bowen watches as a muscular white man emerges from the Ford. He comes around front and steps up to the wood line. There, he unzips his jeans. The man is wearing a jacket that is too thin for a woodland jaunt. Johnny is a little relieved from the man's actions and attire, though the AK47 is poised to kill.

The young man looks up. He smells the air. He smells the faint smoke of the cooking fire. He zips up his pants and bends his neck to peek through the trees. His hands go into his jacket pockets as if to stay warm, but instead he removes a cell phone.

Walk away, Johnny thinks, Goddamn it, walk away!

The sights at the end of the AK barrel are aimed at the man's chest.

Anna sees the Bronco through a cleft in the trees. KJ stands to the right rear of Johnny, ready to unleash the Armalite should he need her help.

If the muscular man steps inside the woods, John Ashley Bowen will kill him. If the man hadn't opened his cell phone, Johnny could force him to lie down while Capricorn Cell flees the area. But a simple 911 call will bring hordes of police. If the man enters the woods or begins to make a call, Johnny Bowen will not hesitate to shoot him down.

Walk away.

The man looks at something on the cell phone screen. Then he closes the phone and turns his back to the woods. Minutes later, the Bronco drives away.

"Time to go," Johnny says.

They'll have to eat the emergency rations that Ford always prepares before a mission. Again, they owe him. Anna runs to retrieve the shower and chairs. The others dismantle the camp and extinguish the flames. The steaks will remain, half-cooked, for a hungry coyote.

Garret drives the last leg of the journey to Cristi's little paradise in the woodlands near Browerville, Minnesota. When they arrive there is a wonderful sense of finality even though each of the rebels knows that this is but a brief change of scenery. The hour is 1AM and although it is dark and flurries fill the air, they can see the little Eden their friend has created. There are two houses and an enclosed pool. To the east is the bank of a clear lake. Huge pine trees surround the houses and the covered pool. KJ looks at the place. A 1980's model Toyota Land Cruiser, refurbished and in excellent condition, sits out front. Cristi waits inside, with warm beds and coffee. And warm showers; the members of Capricorn Cell will enjoy the time spent in the loving bosom of Carina Cell.

Garret pulls into the driveway in front of the larger of the two houses. A light is on inside. Garret calls the required number and rings two times, as Cristi requested. He closes the call and removes the battery. It is Tuesday, the 6th of January, and although an inch or two of snow could fall tonight it's already a beautiful day.

There is still anxiety in Garret's mind as he waits for Cristi to exit. When the front door finally opens, and the familiar handsome face peers out, they all feel a great sense of relief. Cristi waves for them to enter his home. Johnny climbs out and hurries around to open KJ's door. She could have exited already, but she knows he likes to do that.

The Capricorn rebels leave everything in the Dodge except their side arms. Cristi hurries them inside before he throws his arms around Johnny.

Cristi is as comely as ever, and stronger. His light brown eyes are bright and his dark hair is thick. Cristi looks at KJ, who smiles, and he embraces her.

"How are you, KJ?" he asks.

"Wonderful," she says.

Cristi wants to ask about her relationship with Johnny. He looks at her hand, but she's wearing gloves and he cannot see the string with her wedding band that's tucked underneath her turtleneck. He glances at Johnny's hand and sees a ring.

"Well, now, what's this?" Cristi says, grabbing Johnny's hand.

Johnny puts his arm around KJ.

"We're married," Johnny says.

"No shit?" Cristi asks.

"No shit," KJ says.

Husband and wife share a kiss.

Cristi rubs the toboggan on KJ's head and then turns toward Anna. They embrace. He holds her for a while and kisses her head. He knows.

"You OK, Red?" Cristi asks.

Anna smiles and nods.

Cristi touches her chin, and then grabs Garret's hand. They end their handshake with an embrace.

"We're married, too," Anna says, and Cristi kisses her hand.

"Mrs. Fogarty," he says, "Mrs. Bowen, welcome to my home."

The woodwork is exquisite as are the throw-rugs and the hand-painted wooden icons on the wall. There is a china hutch in this, the living room, and a glance at the adjacent room reveals a lovely and well-stocked kitchen.

"The four of you will be staying in the house next door," Cristi says, "I'll take you to your rooms and then we'll have some coffee."

The adjacent house is smaller. There are two bedrooms, a bathroom and a small kitchen near the front entrance. Capricorn Cell will not use the front entrance; the basement of the "guest house" is connected to the basement of the larger house via a short underground passage. After the brief tour, the five white guerrillas return to the spacious kitchen of the larger house. Coffee is on and Cristi, Garret and Johnny go outside and retrieve Capricorn Cell's arms and possessions. Anna and KJ decide to join them. Far above, the Belt of Orion peeks through a break in the clouds that will not last.

Cristi helps his brothers and sisters move into their new home. The guest house is much smaller than Procyon and there is no secret room. The beds are doubles and, owing to the rather short stature of Anna and

KJ, they are comfortable and intimate. Closet and dresser space is small; some of their items will rest in plastic boxes. They'll also share a bathroom which, fortunately, has a spacious shower and bath.

Once settled in, the warriors of Capricorn Cell join the captain of Carina Cell in his own sizable kitchen. Coffee is ready – strong, unfiltered coffee cooked in a pot over the flames. Cristi pours each of his guests a cup and adds the requested additives: sugar for Garret, cream without sugar for Anna, KJ and Johnny. Cristi takes his coffee black as the devil, hot as hell and sweet as a kiss, as the saying goes.

"So, Johnny," Cristi asks his old friend, "How the hell have you been?"

"Good," Johnny says, about to sip his coffee. He feels KJ's gloved hand squeeze him under the table. "I got shot."

"Protecting me," KJ adds in an instant.

"Jesus Christ!" Cristi says, "Are you alright?"

"Never better," Johnny says, and flexes his sizable arm.

He's lifting again and is as strong –and large – as ever. Cristi laughs.

"Fucking show-off," Cristi says, "You always grew faster than me."

Cristi rises and walks over to Johnny. He puts his hand on the back of his dear old friend's head and looks into his eyes.

"Don't get shot anymore, alright?" Cristi says, "That's bullshit."

"I'll try not to," Johnny says. He rises and hugs Cristi. "It's so good to see you again."

They finish their coffee and Cristi puts on another pot. This time he'll "Irish" Johnny and Garret's coffee with a little Jameson.

"Have you heard anything from Boyle?" Garret asks.

"Before Christmas," Cristi says, "McShane and Toomey have contact when Boyle wants them to. I heard that some La Raza fatass has half her brain missing, and I'm pretty sure Boyle's the reason. How he found out she's a member I have no idea, but he did."

"Have you heard anything about David Hill?" Johnny asks.

KJ and Anna perk up.

"He's still on hunger strike," Cristi says, "At least as far as I can tell. I'm sure they're force-feeding him by now."

Johnny sees the pain and rage flash on KJ's face.

"I'll fucking kill someone if he dies," Johnny says, "Honest-to-God. Some antifa motherfucking pussy who wouldn't stand up for David's right to speak. I'll kill some motherfucker."

"It seems you already have," Cristi says, "Goddamn, this is real, it's all real! You're doing it. You're fighting the fucking war."

"So are you," Garret says, "Thank you for the money and support, Cristi, we could not do it without your help."

Cristi pours five shot glasses full of Jameson.

"To each of you," Cristi says, looking in turn at each member of Capricorn Cell.

"To Carina Cell," Garret adds.

The five guerrillas down their whiskey.

"I believe Mason is dead," Garret says and Cristi agrees.

Anna looks down. Johnny feels KJ squeeze his hand again.

"Do we get revenge?" Cristi asks.

The room is dead quiet.

"We keep fighting for our children," Garret says, "For all white children. Mason wouldn't want us to throw away our chance to do what's right, just to even the score."

"Neither would dad," Anna says.

KJ looks at her sister and she returns the stare. A very faint, painful little smile comes to KJ's face.

"Let me know what you need, Garret," Cristi says, "On the weekends I go to Minneapolis to set up installation dates and long-term business deals. That's the best place to do research. Let me know, OK? Anything you need; info, equipment, anything. If it's too big, I'll cut it up."

"OK," Garret says with a smile, "We'll do that."

"Great," Cristi says, "Let's check out the pool."

Before they go, he remembers that he hasn't shown them the exercise equipment. He takes them to the second floor, where he has equipped an exercise hall that's a rival of Procyon's exercise room. Then Cristi leads Capricorn Cell to the crown jewel of his little kingdom. Inside a shelter that is connected to the main house and which is out of the view of nosy strangers is a sizeable heated pool. The water is the perfect temperature and its depth ranges from 4' to 10'. Johnny raises his eyebrows several times as KJ looks at him. They will have a great deal of fun in the heated pool.

Two days later, Anna and KJ practice aerobics in the upstairs hall. They work hard and get quite sweaty before returning to their rooms via the passage to the guest house. Anna is outside the Bowen's bedroom as KJ enters and Johnny ambushes her. The door closes. Anna hears KJ purr. She says something to him in French and he responds. Then there are soft sounds, and KJ laughs. The walls are indeed thin in the guest house. Anna catches herself eavesdropping and in her mind scolds herself for being nosy. She is about to leave when she hears KJ gasp.

"Fuck!" KJ says, "I didn't know you were going to do that!"

"What, are you pissed?" Anna hears Johnny say.

"No!" KJ yells, "Don't fucking waste this, Johnny!"

Anna retreats to her room. There, Garret reads a 1960's astronomy book that Cristi happened to have on the shelf in the guest room. Garret lies on the double bed. He's folded the ladybug bed sheets that Anna brought from Procyon and has set them aside so as not to wrinkle them.

"We're not going to have much privacy," Anna says.

Garret tosses the book on the floor. He jumps to his feet and grabs his Anna. She looks into his eyes, a little startled, and before she can recover he takes her into his arms. Garret lays her on the bed. With his body on top of her, he kisses her and runs his finger between her breasts.

"So what if they know?" Garret says, "We're all married. They don't do anything that we don't do, we all know that."

Anna sighs and laughs. She's so soft and solid and warm in his arms, and her skin is so smooth. Like KJ, she wears no makeup to mask her skin's natural beauty, which is immense. In her leggings, the same type that KJ wears while exercising, Anna's ample female form turns Garret's burning desire into a raging inferno.

Garret kisses her lips and chin and neck, down to the full bosom that a tight t-shirt cannot hide.

Tonight the men and women of Capricorn Cell hold on tight to their humanity.

The next day, the 9th of January, Johnny and Garret plan on patrolling the local woods. Before leaving, both men lift weights during the pre-dawn hours. KJ lifts later in the morning, after the men have departed. As she finishes, Cristi drops by the exercise hall. He, too, is dressed for physical exertion.

"So, Mrs. Bowen," Cristi says and she turns to face him.

"Yeah," KJ says, "That's right, Mrs. Bowen. No hyphen or maiden name bullshit, just straight-up Mrs. Johnny Bowen."

"You know," Cristi says as he sits on the opposite bench, "I've never had a friend as close as Johnny. We were so tight. We got into all kinds of shit, you know. If I could pick a woman for my best friend...it would have to be you, KJ. I'm glad it's you."

"So am I," KJ says, with that little smile of hers growing on her face.

"One thing about Johnny," Cristi says, "He'll sacrifice his life for what's right. I'm not surprised he was shot. I regret it, you know, but it's no surprise. He's a fighter. Every fight he's ever been in, and he's been in a lot of them, every one was right."

"I'll never let him forget what that means to me," KJ says, "If a woman doesn't appreciate a good man then she didn't deserve him in the first place."

"I'm glad you're the one, KJ," he says, "You're just the right woman for a fighter like Johnny."

"Thank you, Cristi," KJ says.

"When you see him," he says, "Kiss him. Don't say a word, just kiss the fuck out of him. Other girls fucked up and couldn't see how important that is to a good man like Johnny. So word to the wise, don't fuck up like they do."

KJ looks down and laughs. She's still the same fierce, feral, and shy little angel.

"I won't fuck up," she says.

Cristi doesn't mention Johnny's mother. He doesn't need to. Later that evening, KJ follows Cristi's request to the letter.

At 6 PM on the 10th of January, Garret, Cristi and Johnny meet in the kitchen of the larger house. Three open bottles of Guinness sit on the table. Outside, it is snowing hard and the wind carries a killer negative 5 degree bite. It's too snowy and cold for Cristi to go to Minneapolis this weekend. Temperatures will rise on Monday, and he'll set out to repair the furnaces that need work after a brutal winter weekend.

"We didn't come here to disappear," Garret says, "We're at your disposal, Cristi. Please don't assume we're on vacation."

"Actually, I've made a list," Cristi says, causing Johnny's eyebrow to rise.

"Sounds good," Garret says, "Who's the wheel man?"

"I could do that," Cristi says.

Missions here will be a little different.

"Do you think that'll work?" Garret asks.

"I'll get you in," Cristi says, "You'll get yourselves out. I'll keep that in mind when I plan; you keep that in mind when you decide whether to accept a mission or not."

"OK," Garret says, "How do we get out?"

"Alright," Cristi says, "You'll use one of the ATVs or the Jeep. I have two bikes, two ATVs and a good old Jeep that's nigger-rigged as fuck."

"Cool," Johnny says.

Garret nods and swigs his beer.

On Sunday, the men have another war meeting. Cristi presents a green folder. Johnny's not surprised it's green. Cristi has always held the Romanian Legionnaire movement dear to his heart. Garret opens the fold-

er for all to see. The first option is a white male in his early 50's. He's wearing a sweatshirt with a dragon logo on its front.

"Coach Dave Stotts," Cristi says, "Last year, after his team lost in the Division 2 football playoffs, he blamed the defeat on having too many white players. He said they're too slow to compete. You can see the article where he's quoted. I checked his recruits this year. Sharp increase in the number of *ciori*."

Cristi uses the Romanian slang for blacks. He usually does this instead of saying "nigger."

Garret turns to the maps.

"You're good at this," Garret says as he peruses them.

"You set the standard," Cristi says, "That cocksucker rabbi deserved it most, but damn. Who shot that *jid*an motherfucker?"

"That would be the work of Mrs. Fogarty," Johnny says.

"Goddamn!" Cristi says, "Wow. That was a hell of a fucking shot. They think you did it, Johnny."

"No they don't," Johnny says, "They want you to think that. They don't want a white girl to be the face of our resistance."

Cristi nods.

"Let them deny us," Garret says, "They can keep dying. We have a war to fight, whether or not they face the truth."

January and February will be snowy and the opportunity to go active will not exist. Capricorn Cell will train; the ladies will dry-fire almost every evening. All five members of the combat force will keep in top physical shape. Capricorn Cell will go on night patrols, and even make a few security patrols in the Ram Charger. These will, by necessity, take place at night. Garret spends time with a borrowed laptop and also engages in his other passion, stargazing. Cristi has an excellent portable telescope and Garret, his long blond hair down over his ears for warmth, will brave frigid nights to see the heavens.

Anna will bring him tea and cuddle him later.

In early February there is a warming spell. Though not necessary for the use of the heated pool, the outside warmth – which Capricorn Cell can finally observe through raised curtains – stirs the desire in Johnny Bowen to go swimming with his woman. That desire, in turn, inspires a similar urge in his wife.

"I'll be in the pool," he tells her one cloudy afternoon in February.

Johnny pulls off his t-shirt and drops his jeans. He's already wearing swim trunks. KJ makes an ornery observation. Johnny makes a face at her and then he heads toward the passage between the houses. When he

arrives at the indoor pool he lays five towels on a chair and dives into the warm water.

Johnny submerges many times, enjoying the feeling of cutting through the water as he swims beneath the surface.

After a short while he surfaces for another breath and sees the most beautiful figure he could ever imagine standing beside the pool. KJ may have a blue towel wrapped around her waist, but Johnny recognizes the suit: it's the one piece thong that Anna bought for her. It was always tight and now it's tighter than ever. She removes the towel and then slides into the water, feet-first.

KJ looks at Johnny as she paddles out into the deeper waters. She does not smile; her passion is too strong for a simple, happy gesture. When she's in the middle of the pool, she takes several deep breaths, filling her lungs with air, and then plunges under. Her rear and legs rise as she goes beneath the surface. Underwater, KJ swims down to the bottom. There, the strong little beauty stands on the white bottom.

Johnny Bowen swims down to his wife. When he's somewhat close, he sees her mouth the word "Hi" without speaking. She waves with one hand. Her thick hair flows all around her face and upper body. To him, it is perhaps the most extraordinary sight he's ever seen. It seems as though his angel is floating in the heavens, unaffected by gravity or worldly sorrows. He swims over to her and they kiss. Then they look into each other's eyes, and she blows a stream of bubbles from her mouth. Johnny takes KJ into his arms and carries her with him. He is a much better swimmer, but she can hold her breath longer than anyone in Capricorn Cell. They break the surface and he feels her breathe. Her breath is deep but not rapid.

In the shallower water, they stand and kiss with fiery passion. Johnny holds her rear in his hands and kisses her hair and her neck. Then he looks into her blue eyes, and the world stops.

"You're my angel," Johnny says, "All mine. Any motherfucker tries to touch you and I'll break his fucking neck."

She nods slowly, a wicked little smile on her face and a wild, untamable look in her eyes.

"I'll die before I love another man," KJ says, never altering her gaze.

"Angel," Johnny says, "The day you can no longer fly, I'll break the fucking sky with my hands."

Johnny Bowen is unyielding and uncompromising, full of love and passion and so tender to her when she needs him to be. The enemy has millions of bullets and just one could take him away forever; one almost

did. KJ's wicked smile mellows in the face of her intense love for this man. She lays her head against his shoulder and closes her eyes. The touch of her flawless skin would drive a lesser man mad with animal desire. He holds her tight and kisses her head. They remain together, their bodies touching for the longest time, yet it seems all too brief.

The next afternoon, KJ wakes to find Johnny looking at her.

"Did I wake you?" Johnny asks.

"No," KJ says.

She closes her eyes again.

"Are you still thinking about a name?" Johnny asks.

Her blue eyes open. He reaches over and lowers the sheet. She's wearing the tank top and black thong she wore to bed this dawn. He rubs her pale shoulder.

"You mean our son?" KJ asks, "When we can..."

"Yeah," Johnny says.

"How about Lucas?" KJ asks, "I kind of like that name."

"Yeah, Lucas," Johnny says, "I like it, too."

"It's just a thought," KJ says.

"It's a good one," Johnny says.

KJ smiles and then sighs.

"As long as he's healthy," she says, her voice soft but potent as ever.

Johnny looks at her for a while. She feels it and opens her eyes again, and when she sees him staring she gets a little smile.

"You know," Johnny says, "You're going to be such a wonderful mother. Honest-to-God, angel, I don't think any woman will love her baby as much as you will. I bet my fucking life on it."

"Just make sure you're with me," KJ says, "Our baby's going to need his father. We'll both need you to be there."

Johnny leans over and kisses her cheek. Then he pulls her hair over her face and she laughs.

Winter does not linger, with exercise, night excursions and the pool all adding to the number of distractions and tasks that help speed the march of time. There is also training. On a warm late-February night, the four Capricorn guerrillas squeeze into Cristi's black CJ-7 and drive north into the deep woods. There, they practice live firing all day, in spite of the intermittent rain.

On the first Saturday in March, the weather is sunny and cool. Capricorn Cell remains indoors as is usual on such days. Cristi is away in Minneapolis. He has a girl there, as well as business. Johnny and KJ "get" Cristi's larger house for the day and Johnny finds not only the Bose sound

system, but one of his friend's iPods as well. They have permission to use both in the blanket "use whatever you like" statement that Cristi made and repeated at least twice, mentioning the sound system and his iPods by name. Listening to a man's iPod without his permission would be a major violation of privacy. Rebel cells, who are confined together for long periods of time, should know better than to engage in such an irresponsible act and had Cristi not emphasized their use, Johnny would never have touched them.

Johnny is ready to connect his iPod when he sees Cristi's still connected to the Bose system. For "shits and giggles" he pushes play. He expects to hear the *Eagles* or *Nickleback*. What he gets is something quite unexpected.

KJ is sitting behind him. She's wearing tight leggings again – silver ones this time, just as tight as any of the black pairs save the "painted-on" pair. She's also wearing the shiny boots that Johnny bought her for their first date, and a black *Cruel Hand* t-shirt with a stag's head in the center. She, too, is taken by surprise when *Blondie*'s "The Tide is High" begins to play. Johnny laughs first, followed by KJ.

"Fuck," Johnny says.

"What is that?" KJ asks.

"Fucking *Blondie*," Johnny says, "That's a little before my time. Jesus."

The two sit silent for a moment as Deborah Harry begins singing.

"You know, we're being assholes right now," KJ says.

"Yeah," Johnny says, "I know."

"He took us in," KJ says, "He brings us food, and lets us use his pool. Yeah, we're kind of being assholes right now."

"I know, angel" Johnny says, "You're right. It's still funny, though."

KJ jumps up and begins moving to the music. Her rear undulates in the direction of her husband and her gloved hands wave and flow as her bottom moves side-to-side.

"You like this shit?" Johnny asks.

"Fuck no," KJ says and turns toward him. "But why waste it?" She stops moving and puts her hands on her hips as he watches her. "Get the fuck over here!" she says, "I want those big fucking arms around me."

She has that look again.

Johnny takes her into his arms and they dance to music neither one ever would have chosen in a million years. It serves its purpose.

The next week, the men meet each day and discuss the course of action for the combined cells. The target list is down to three; the coach is

still among them. That Friday is warm and lovely. Cristi will leave a day early. He's going to meet with his girlfriend in Minneapolis, and is liable to spend a couple of nights at her place.

Anna and KJ make herbal tea and serve the men. The sisters retreat to the guest house and spend time listening to music and reading. Outside, the morning sun rises on a cloudless and peaceful day. Once the preliminary war meeting between Garret and Johnny comes to an end, Anna changes into a black cocktail dress and meets Garret in the larger house. They slow dance to the music of Vera Lynn and share several kisses before he goes upstairs to lift weights and she puts on her swimsuit and hits the pool. Since Garret cannot join her today she does not wear her silver suit.

This weekend it's the Fogarty's turn to stay in Cristi's house. The bed in the second bedroom – the one Cristi doesn't use – is queen sized. Tonight it will be used for cuddling and sleep. That could change come tomorrow night. When Anna closes her eyes, Garret kisses her cheek and wishes her pleasant dreams. She smiles and drifts off to sleep.

Garret awakens to the sound of sobbing. His body feels his wife's short breaths and he sees her lying on her back, the shine of tears on her face. Garret takes her hand and she glances at him and smiles, but her expression fades to pain. He holds on to her hand.

"The leaves were all bright and pretty," Anna says, "I picked up Bryce and daddy pulled on his little foot, and he laughed, and daddy had a puppy. I don't know where from, he just had it." She laughs a second and it is painful to hear, since it doesn't come from joy. "Dreams don't have to make sense, do they?"

"If I could change everything," Garret says, "I would, my wife. I'd change everything except the people we love."

Anna squeezes his hand.

"I know, Garret," she says, "Thank you."

Garret reaches over and wipes her tears.

"There was a time when this young fool welcomed the war," he says, "It meant we'd finally make a stand. After all the years of just watching and taking it, while our youngest generations suffered and their parents did nothing, we were finally going to fight back, for them. We would be the first. Now that we have to fight, I hate it. I hate everything about it."

Anna touches his cheek and his blond mane.

"You were never a bad man, Garret," Anna says, "You've always been beautiful where it matters most. But you're a man and you fight when you have to. We're fighting for our baby, but not just him. We're fighting

for KJ's baby, and Jesse's baby, too. We all hate the war but we didn't start it. We just have to finish it."

Anna takes a deep breath and wipes her cheeks.

"I miss daddy so much," she says, "I miss him so much. I can't even visit his fucking grave because they'll be expecting that. I'll always miss him with all my heart. But he'll see our son, he will. He'll see when we win and KJ kisses her baby and holds him, and Johnny holds both of them in his big arms. He'll see Sinead's baby and all our sons and daughters. He'll be right there with us. He'll be there because he was right, and because we're doing what's right. He'll be there, and he'll see everything that's good in our lives."

Garret kisses her head through her thick red hair.

"There will always be red hair," he says, "There will always be blue eyes and white skin, as long as there are white men with courage, and there always will be men like that. Your father was one of them. Gary is our model and we will not disappoint him."

Anna closes her eyes. Tears flow again, but this time there's pride and strength as well as pain.

When Bill and lovely Megan departed for Ireland, Bill Donnelly had more in mind than just visiting his daughter and his relatives. He sought to renew old contacts and to strengthen old ties; old Republican ties. It is a dangerous, potentially lethal game for Bill; many in the movement are sympathetic to his worries. Some, however, are as poisoned as any American traitor, and would betray him in an instant. Most such betrayers would actually believe they'd done the world a service by betraying a man who has devoted his life to the Irish Republican cause. Bill not only loves his people for their language and culture, he loves them for their appearance and their white skin. Because of this, and because he wants Ireland to remain Irish, and the white Irish people to remain white, he is considered racist. Some of his fellow Republicans would betray him for his love faster than they'd turn in a Unionist informant.

Bill spoke to his wife about the risks he'd be taking. She gave him her unwavering and undying support. Bill will move forward, taking a leap of faith in his fellow white Irishmen. He will approach those he deems most receptive to his proposals and his concerns, and he will trust them with his very life. This time he will tell them that their war is not only in the north. It is in each and every white country, each of which is forced to accept genocidal levels of non-white immigration, their own dear Ireland included. Bill will tell them that they must resist the genocide of white Irishmen, no matter what the cost, no matter what must be done. Should

any of those he trusts betray him he will likely pay with his life. In March, Bill bids farewell to Sinead and her fiancé, leaving them and his wife in Galway so that he can devote all his efforts at convincing his CIRA brothers and sisters that the peril he sees is very real, and must be opposed without delay.

In May, Bill will secure a place of peace for his beloved brothers and sisters across the ocean. Those who risk their lives for future generations deserve at least a little solace and joy, and he is hell-bent on providing it for them. He will create a little haven for the warriors – a little Elysium.

During the last week of March, Garret assembles the other members of Capricorn Cell in the kitchen of Cristian O'Toole's house. They know this is a war meeting. The night before, as they lie together in their bed, KJ predicted to her husband that such a meeting was soon to follow. She did not know that it would be the next afternoon. Neither did Johnny.

"I'm bringing Audrey over on Saturday, so keep busy in the guest house," Cristi tells Garret before the others arrive, "I'd prefer not having to explain all of this."

"OK, sure," Garret says.

Anna is first to arrive, followed by the Bowen's. They sit around the table, with KJ, Johnny and Anna facing Garret. Cristi stands to his right.

"James Douglas is a pastor at the Episcopal Church in Onalaska, Wisconsin," Garret tells them, "I'm sure he'd say he's a man of God, and that he does the Lord's work. Apparently for Mr. Douglas, the Lord's work includes support for illegal non-white immigration, as well as the silencing via hate speech legislation of anyone who opposes his and his church's efforts at flooding this once-white nation with non-white immigrants. He, like many among his church's leadership, supports abortion, which in Onalaska, a city which is 95% white, usually results in the death of a white child. He apparently sees no problem in flooding this nation with non-whites while supporting the slaughter of unborn white children. He apparently has no problem watching the decline of the European population, nor does he lament the decrease in white women's fertility brought about by the programs that he and his church supports. Pastor Douglas is politically outspoken and has attended several anti-white meetings and conventions, which of course he would call anti-racist. He has joined anti-white coalitions in calling for the punishment of what they call hate crimes. Like Rabbi Levenson, the implementation of the pastor's agenda would result in the ultimate extinction of our race. Unlike the Rabbi, Douglas is not an antagonist from a hostile race, but rather he is a traitor to our own."

Garret requests the green folder from Cristi. He then hands it to KJ.

"Because he supports our genocide through non-white immigration, and because he supports the silencing of our dissent," Garret says, "I ask that you, KJ Bowen, kill Pastor James Douglas."

KJ uncrosses her arms and takes the folder. She looks upon the man that her captain is asking her to kill. He is a short and somewhat overweight man with a perpetual smile and a receding brunet hairline. He wears wire-rimmed glasses, and although he has a pleasant expression his eyes are more or less vacant. KJ flips through the pages of evidence, and glances at the reasons Garret and Cristi considered Douglas in the first place. The pastor is like so many other men of the cloth, in his preferences and opinions. Like most of them, he would aid and abet hostile non-whites in order to avoid an accusation of racism. He would replace the white faces in his flock with brown ones if it means more pews filled on Sunday mornings. The banality of his anti-white worldview is both unsurprising and horrifying in its implications. His support, like the support of so many others like him, gives power to those who are eager to implement the final anti-white solution to the so-called race problem. His support gives power to those who would replace the imaginative white population with a malleable brown one. Perhaps the pastor's death will make others like him reconsider their treason. KJ turns the pages until she comes to the maps. These she spreads on the table.

"I estimate around 300 to 400 yards," Garret says when he sees her look at the detailed satellite map. She looks up at him. "As you can see, there is a thick forest and hillside to the east. Between the hill and the four-lane highway is a dirt road that hugs the base of the hillside, and a thick line of trees that shield the dirt road and any shooting position you might select. The dirt road joins a paved highway and, eventually, the four-lane. From there we have several options for escape, including a straight shot northwest into Minnesota."

"I might hear this one when it hits," KJ says.

Garret hesitates for a moment.

"Yeah," Johnny says, "You might, but I doubt it."

"Do you accept this mission?" Garret asks.

KJ nods.

"Yeah," she says, "He made his choice."

The intent is to embark on the Onalaska mission the following Sunday. By Thursday, it is obvious that the weather will force Capricorn Cell to delay the action. The wind is sure to exceed 30 miles per hour in advance of a powerful cold front. Instead, Johnny, KJ and Anna will perform a night reconnaissance mission on Saturday the 12th of April. When

Cristi returned from Minneapolis the previous Sunday – the 6th of April – he stayed just long enough to change from his more formal attire to jeans and a t-shirt. Then he and Johnny left in the Land Cruiser. Johnny dropped him off in downtown Annandale before returning to Carina's base of operations. Cristi showed up several hours later, just before dawn, at the wheel of a black 1992 Wrangler. It will be the vehicle for both the reconnaissance mission and the actual combat mission.

Though the wind is indeed too high for accurate sniping, on Saturday, the 12th of April, Anna Fogarty, KJ and Johnny Bowen depart from Browerville in the black Jeep. They leave at 7PM and arrive at Onalaska in the darkness of night. They will not stop in or near the city; instead, Johnny drives past the dirt road and returns down the city streets that offer a view of the Episcopal Church parking lot. The three are silent as he does so. KJ keeps a sharp eye on the surroundings. Anna keeps a sharp eye on any cars that might be following.

None of the three discuss the upcoming Friday. That is to be the day of the combat mission. It will be the 18th and it will be Good Friday.

Good Friday will be cold and cloudy. It will be perfect weather for a mission. The wind will be light at the most, with gusts no stronger than 15 mph. Reverend Douglas will hold a Vespers service that will end during the dark of evening. He will be outside at just the right time.

On Tuesday the 15th, Garret and Anna lift weights and then enjoy a short swim in the pool. This time she wears her silver suit. He holds her and kisses her before they towel off and return to the guest house. Then he tells her what's on his mind.

"I'm not happy about the date of this mission," Garret says, "but we won't get many chances like this."

"I'm not happy, either," Anna says and looks into his eyes. "But KJ's right. He made his choice. He'd send the pigs after us even if he knew they'd shoot us down like dogs. Men like him started this war, we didn't."

In the Bowen's bedroom, KJ dresses for her turn with the weights. Johnny watches her put on her exercise leggings. He's already in his shorts and will join her on the bench.

"Are you OK with Friday?" Johnny asks as she puts on her gloves.

KJ nods and looks to the side and into his eyes.

"They wouldn't care," she says, "They killed Gary right before Christmas. Why the fuck should we give them any peace? They'd kill us on Easter Sunday if they could."

Johnny rises from one of the little chairs they've placed in the bedroom. He nods and puts his arm around her as they exit into the hallway.

Reverend James Douglas is a recent grandfather. His 20 year old daughter recently gave birth to twin daughters, both white. The end of Holy Week is a very busy time for the 48-year-old reverend. He'll have little time to see Tess or Trudy. He will pay them a visit later in the day on Easter Sunday, and then they will return to the Douglas Household to enjoy the sumptuous meal that Angela Howatt-Douglas will prepare, beginning Saturday morning.

The idea that either of his granddaughters might suffer violence at the hand of a hostile non-white invader, one given succor by the very reverend himself, never enters Douglas' mind. If it did, he would be ashamed for being judgmental.

Anna does not eat any meat during Holy Week. Twice that week KJ makes vegetarian meals in addition to the standard fare, in honor of her Catholic sister. Cristi and Garret eat fish, while Johnny and KJ are the only two who eat red meat during the week.

"I guess you're as big a heathen as I am," Johnny tells KJ as she eats her steak on Wednesday.

She puts her hands on her hips and looks at him with that adorable outrage on her face; the outrage he loves to provoke on occasion.

At 11PM Thursday night, Garret Fogarty backs the black Jeep out of the driveway of the Cristian O'Toole residence and begins the trip to Onalaska, Wisconsin. The sky is cloudy and a cold drizzle falls in Browerville. To Garret's right is Anna. At present, she is armed with her automatic pistol. Her rifle is behind the other members of Capricorn Cell, who sit in the rear seats. KJ is to the right, behind Anna. Her bolt-action rifle is in a case to her right. John Bowen is to her left. For reasons of space, he'll carry what he calls KJ's Armalite. The stock is currently retracted and the gun is on the floor. In three hours Garret will stop and everyone will stretch their legs. For the first couple of hours, Garret will keep to the less travelled roads. John Bowen will stay vigilant. He has rehearsed with the others the bailing and ambush procedures should the nightmare scenario come true, should they be pursued or attacked.

At a little after 4 AM, Garret exits Highway 53 in Onalaska and begins driving toward the east-west street that will take them either to the heart of Onalaska or to its suburbs. He turns left and to the east, but does not drive beyond the forested hill to the east of town. He looks in his mirrors and asks for Johnny and KJ to help him make sure there is no other traffic before he pulls off of the highway. In the dead of night, this stretch of road is presently bereft of other travelers. Garret turns left on to the dirt track that runs north-south and parallels U.S. 53. About a mile north along

the dirt road, with thick growth to the left and to the right, he parks the Jeep just off the track on the right-hand side. There, he and Anna exit so that KJ and Johnny Bowen can climb out of the Wrangler and move west into the shielding trees.

The night is cold – barely above freezing, in fact. Even with her natural warmth, KJ is glad that she's wearing the booties under her boots, and, as always it would seem, the gloves on her hands. Her hoodie and web gear help her stay warm as well.

Among the awakening trees and under the watchful eyes of her husband, KJ finds an excellent location for a shot. From her hidden vantage point she will have little trouble striking a target that stands anywhere near the parking lot of the Episcopal Church. Just behind it is a flat area that is surrounded by trees. In this tiny haven, KJ will sleep under the watchful eyes of her sentinel and lover. Anna and Garret will while away the daylight hours guarding the two members of the active team. The sky is still cloudy as dawn approaches, although no precipitation is falling around Onalaska. Johnny is carrying the small two-person tent in his backpack. It is low enough to be completely hidden among the trees. Anna brings KJ a sleeping bag and a little pillow from the rear of the Jeep. She'll return for them at sundown on Friday, well before KJ attempts her shot.

Johnny sits on a little cushion he packed in his rucksack and KJ climbs into the tent. Her hair goes all the way down to the top of her belly and is so thick she does not need the toboggan to keep her head warm. She removes it and holds it in her arms against her body. She enters the sleeping bag, her head toward the entrance and her husband who waits outside. Johnny reaches into the tent and puts his hand on her arm and for a moment feels her bicep. Then he closes the tent and leaves KJ in peace, so that she might get a little sleep. KJ does not zip the bag up past her waist; it might hinder her should she need to make a rapid escape.

The tranquility of the woods together with the comfort of the sleeping bag and the warmth of her clothes help KJ fall asleep during the long wait for nightfall. Johnny can afford no such rest; much of the time he sits nearby and listens for possible intruders. Anna, meanwhile, dons her own black toboggan and patrols the area east and west of the road. She, too, wears gloves to ward off the chill.

KJ awakens well before nightfall. Johnny has placed a sandbag at her chosen spot. KJ sits on the cushion as Johnny packs the tent and carefully steals away to the Jeep. He returns with a thermos of warm tea and several energy bars. It's as good a lunch as can be expected under the circumstances. When they finish their makeshift meal, Johnny secures

the sleeping bag and cushion and slides the thermos and food wrappers inside. They'll clean the bag and cushion when the mission is over – assuming all goes well. Johnny then sits beside his wife and rubs her back. They don't exchange a word; they do not need to. She looks at him and smiles for a brief moment. He knows very well what she has to face each time she takes a shot.

Anna drops by and takes the sleeping bag. She smiles when KJ's eyes meet hers, but she says nothing. She knows what KJ is feeling right now. Johnny left the tent with the Fogarty's when he visited the Jeep for tea and food. Anna and Garret will store the sleeping bag and other gear in the duffle bag secured to the top of the Wrangler. Anna touches Johnny's face and smiles before departing with the sleeping bag, having never said a word during her brief visit.

The Good Friday evening service is well-attended. There is a soft light in front of the church that will illuminate Reverend Douglas when he exits. It is enough not only for KJ to take the shot, but to see the finer details of his features. The distance is 300 yards.

By 11PM on Good Friday the air is quite cold; colder than usual for April, even in northern Wisconsin. There is no smell, not even a hint of chimney smoke or diesel exhaust. The wind is still and the woods are silent. KJ can see the wisps of steam when she exhales her deep breaths. Even the highways seem more deserted than usual. As time moves, agonizing and ponderous, she finds herself wishing this mission was long over.

Reverend James Douglas does not linger after the services come to an end. He looks forward to spending much of Sunday at the church. Not so much Good Friday; perhaps it's the solemnity of the day, but he has always had a dislike for the Vespers service. There are still quite a few parishioners present in the parking lot and near the exit when he walks down the steps toward his car.

To her subconscious relief, KJ does not hear the bullet strike Douglas in the side of his head. Her earplugs and the sound of a passing gasoline tanker block the noise. Neither does she see the results of the lethal wound, beyond his immediate physical reaction and collapse. She places the shot with perfect precision and then she flees, her husband protecting her from the front. When they arrive at the Jeep, Garret and Anna jump into the rear and pull the front seats into upright position. Johnny takes the wheel and KJ lays her rifle to the right of her seat. She draws her pistol from its holster and holds it in her gloved right hand. Johnny speeds down the dirt track toward the cross-town highway, and

before anyone can even hazard a guess as to the location of the sniper, Capricorn Cell is well on its way back to Browerville.

Tonight there are no surprise encounters with police. Along a lonely stretch of highway about an hour and a half from their destination, Johnny sees a dirt road that parallels the two-lane highway and he drives on to the unpaved track. There, he fuels the Jeep with a large jerry can while the others stretch their legs. He watches KJ as she stretches her arms and legs, and she notices and comes over to him. She kisses his shoulder before entering the passenger side of the Wrangler.

That night, as they lie in bed, Johnny tells his wife what he thought the first time he saw her. They talk about the first few weeks after they met.

"And the night I saw your wings for the first time," Johnny says, "I tried to prepare myself mentally but that image, there was no way I could be ready for that. There are things I'll never forget, angel, and that is definitely one of them."

KJ turns toward him and lays her head on his chest.

"You keep me from drowning in this," she says, "You do, Johnny. You keep all this death from becoming normal."

There will be no Easter dinner at Bill's place or family celebration with the Murphy clan. Cristi isn't at the Browerville home, either; he's with Audrey and her family in St. Paul. Capricorn Cell makes the best of the difficult situation, and each of the four members contributes to a magnificent Easter supper. They partake of an excellent glazed ham that came from a nearby farm. The delicious sides include spring peas with cream and asparagus with cranberries and pine nuts, and for dessert a poppy seed roll. The Easter meal is a pleasure that the rebels will not forsake, particularly in light of the suffering and losses of the last six months. Anna refuses to allow her deep bereavement to darken the event. It is a heroic resistance, and a testament to the inner strength that her father gave to his beautiful daughter. There is laughter and a round of toasts until the wine glasses are empty and everyone feels a little sleepy from the good food and drink. The relief over the successful mission – everyone came home – adds to the feeling of peace, and that night the husbands and wives sleep well in each other's arms.

Cristi returns on Monday and everyone is in a good mood. There is no discussion of the mission. Cristi already knows of their success. He's already seen the virulent denunciations, many by anti-white media figures who would ordinarily regard a man of the cloth as an enemy. Garret sees them, too, but it does not bother him. He is used to such tantrums by the

media and their anti-white allies. He does not trouble the other members of Capricorn Cell with such annoying, but impotent condemnations.

On Tuesday, Cristi invites the others to his house for a few drinks. He's purchased a new European film that does not portray their race in a demeaning or negative manner, and for a little change of pace he'd like the five of them to watch. Anna and Garret take seats on the small couch to the left of the coffee table. KJ and Johnny share the larger couch to the right. Before he starts the movie Cristi inquires as to what each person would like to drink.

"Guinness," Garret says. He's in his usual attire, with only the top of his long-sleeve shirt unbuttoned. "What would you like, Red?" he asks his wife.

"I'll have a Guinness, please," Anna says.

Anna and KJ finished aerobics a little earlier and now Anna has showered and dressed in jeans and a white ruffle blouse. KJ is also in jeans, but her top is a sleeveless black turtleneck.

"Two Guinness," Cristi says.

Cristi's simple t-shirt shows off his arms.

"Make it three," Johnny adds.

His simple t-shirt makes Cristi's arms look less impressive by comparison.

"Hey, do you have any cherry wheat?" KJ asks.

"Yeah, I have a few left," Cristi says.

"She'll have a Coke," Johnny says.

KJ turns and looks at him.

"What?" Johnny says, "You're not 21 yet."

Cristi backs up a few steps toward the kitchen and then stops. Amused, he waits for further developments.

"Anna's having a fucking beer!" KJ says.

"Garret's taking a big fucking risk," Johnny says, "He'll be up shit creek if he gets caught. It's a crime, you know, the shit that he's doing. I'm not fucking contributing to the delinquency of an underage person."

KJ gasps and gets that outraged look that he was hoping for.

"You fuck me!" KJ says.

Johnny looks at her and successfully keeps a stone face. It isn't easy. Then he looks at Cristi.

"No ice," Johnny says.

Cristi smiles and stifles a laugh. He walks into the kitchen, seemingly in order to fulfill their wishes.

"I don't get ice?" KJ says.

KJ's expression goes from indignant to crestfallen. She looks down and leans over, putting her head against his shoulder.

"But I'm your woman," KJ says.

KJ reaches over and rubs his leg. Johnny is quiet for a few moments.

"OK," he says, "You can have ice."

"Thank you," KJ says, still leaning against his shoulder. "Johnny?"

"Yeah?" he says.

"Can I..." KJ begins to say.

"No," Johnny says.

"OK," KJ says.

She chuckles before sitting upright again.

Cristi brings in the three bottles of Guinness. Then he returns to the kitchen. KJ looks at Anna and Garret who each take a drink of their beer.

"Where's my Coke!" KJ yells.

"Get the fuck over here," Johnny says as he grabs her and pulls her down on to him, so that she's laying across the couch with her head on his lap.

KJ turns to the side and looks away from him.

"I'm supposed to be mad at you," she says.

"Yeah, but you're not," Johnny says.

KJ rolls on to her back and looks up into his eyes.

"No, I'm not," she says.

KJ sits up and flashes him a mischievous little smile.

Cristi brings the Coke – with ice – and sits it in front of KJ on the table. KJ looks at Johnny and shakes her head and an almost silent laugh escapes from her nose. She looks down and her hair hangs all around her. Anna and Garret watch in amusement, and Anna laughs.

Johnny puts his arm around KJ.

"Maybe in a couple of years, sweetheart," he says.

KJ laughs again.

"What can I do?" she says, still looking down.

"You could drink your Coke," Johnny says, rubbing her back.

That night, KJ strips to her thong and tube bra and climbs in bed to await her husband. He was busy cleaning the rifles and pistols after the film and told her he'd be by as soon as possible. KJ hears his footfalls outside the door and she moves to the edge of the bed.

Johnny enters carrying two bottles of cherry wheat ale. He sees her smile as he approaches. KJ rises from the bed and the two sit on the two wooden chairs beside the card table. Johnny hands her one of the open beers, and they touch bottles and take a drink.

"You know just when to fuck with me and just when to be intimate," KJ says and touches his cheek. "Don't ever quit, Johnny. I love you so much."

"I love you too, angel," Johnny says and again touches her bottle with his. He takes a deep drink of the ale and so does she. "Just don't tell anyone about the beer."

KJ laughs and then looks back into his eyes, a little smile on her face. She finishes her beer and sets the empty bottle next to his.

"Are you finished?" Johnny asks and she nods. "Good. Now it's your turn to be intimate."

"Yeah," KJ says and then rises from the table. Before she can curl up with him in bed and kiss his chest, he seizes her and kisses her mouth.

"How are you, angel? Are you holding up alright?" Johnny asks once the long kiss is done.

"Yeah," KJ says, "I'm good. You get me through this, my big, strong hero. You and the dreams we have."

That night KJ awakens and watches Johnny sleep for a little while. Victoria is nothing but a city, but their Victoria is a beautiful dream. She closes her eyes and pictures them walking hand-in-hand near the waterfront. She'd have something to tell him as they strolled along the bay, something huge; something so wonderful that it might bring this powerful and uncompromising man to tears. She feels him touch her hair and she smiles. There's no need to open her eyes again. She sees him touching her hair, and Cole Island and the beautiful shoreline is in the background.

For the next couple of weeks, Capricorn Cell has no intention of going active. They plan on returning to their routines. The men and the women dry-fire and practice a little unarmed self-defense. All four continue to maintain their impeccable physical condition, and in their free time they indulge their hobbies and other interests.

One-thousand eight-hundred miles away, John Boyle stalks the San Gabriel Mountains. He's made forays into towns and even into Los Angeles proper, and has had a couple of meetings with John McShane. These took place away from his campsite. McShane brought some money and a rucksack full of the most vital supplies, such as precision ammunition and antibiotics and the like. Otherwise, John Boyle manages on his own. He doesn't have the protection of a sentinel or the eyes of two other cell members. He's resolved to make up for that with audacity and ruthlessness.

In late December, Irish John Boyle played the role of a human rights activist and it won him a spot in bed with an attractive college girl. Though

it is undeniable that John was sexually attracted to the promiscuous student, sex was not the reason why he pursued a girl who he'd ordinarily consider a "slag." While enjoying a drink in a smoky little bar, John overheard the girl sharing her thoughts with a Mexican female of similar age. Based on the outspoken political opinions of the white girl, John figured that she might be a useful idiot and lead him to a target worthy of elimination. One drink led to another and John and the "slag" spent the night in her small Glendora apartment. The next morning, over a cup of coffee, the subject of her friend came up and John Boyle – a.k.a. Shamus Kerry – learned that the Mexican girl was a member of La Raza.

For two weeks, John Boyle camped a little closer to Glendora. He observed the apartment complex during the course of his stay, especially in the evening hours. His patience did not fail him. He had a hunch that the Mexican girl would pay a visit to her anti-white friend, and very late on the night of New Year's Eve an inebriated Silvia Casados arrived with her white gal pal to crash for the night. It was the moment for which John Boyle had waited. With his Parker-Hale rifle, he fired a killing head shot from 500 yards north of the complex. He saw Silvia's body lying in the parking lot, blood pouring from her head. Her stunned friend just stood there and trembled. John Boyle then began his methodical escape and by dawn's light he was deep in the wilderness.

Boyle has been quiet since then. Quiet, but not inactive; during John McShane's last visit, he presented Boyle with a list of potential targets, as prepared by Cristian O'Toole. Near the top of the list is a target of particular interest to the Irish sniper. If Boyle can pull this one off, it will be the most spectacular success thus far by any of the cells, including Capricorn. But it will take time if it is to be done right.

John Boyle isn't the only one working on a major operation. When Garret told Anna that they'd be heading west, she suspected that a change of scenery and a little rest and recreation weren't the only reasons for the trip. Garret confirmed her suspicions when he and Cristi left for the final four days of April. He told the others that this would be a reconnaissance mission and that it would be too dangerous for John or the ladies to accompany them, since their identities are either known or suspected. He and Cristi returned late on the 1st of May but neither would discuss the results of their expedition.

During the early afternoon of the 2nd Garret calls a war meeting inside the little kitchen of the guest house. Cristi will be present, but it is clear from the start that aside from logistical support Carina Cell will have minimal involvement with the rest of this mission.

All save Garret sit around the smallish wooden table. Johnny's arm is around KJ and Cristi's are folded across his chest. Anna watches her husband as he stands in front of them, the manila folder under his arm.

"Philip Hoekstra is a police chief in the state of South Dakota," Garret says.

Anna remembers the chief. After a non-white murdered a member of the police force and officers at the scene responded with lethal force, Hoekstra took a great deal of heat from the local non-white community who conveniently – and predictably – ignored the fact that the non-white criminal initiated the hostilities. At a press conference, the beleaguered chief announced that he "...wished that his fellow officers would only use force against white suspects." Anna remembers the incident well and even discussed it once with KJ.

"A few years have passed since Chief Hoekstra made his anti-white comment," Garret says, "As far as such comments go, it was remarkable for two reasons. First, it came from an individual with the power to enforce his anti-white declaration. Second, by stating publicly that he would prefer that his fellow officers use force only against whites, the chief issued an informal order that police officers must show more restraint toward non-white criminals than they show toward white criminals. I don't need to remind anyone here that according to men like Hoekstra, 'white criminal' means any white person deemed a criminal by the anti-white establishment. That would include men like David Hill."

Garret looks at KJ and then at Johnny, and finally at Anna.

"Anna," Garret says, "Because Hoekstra represents an extreme danger to those who oppose the anti-white genocide, and the fact that he would prefer that his officers kill a member of his own race rather than face accusations of racism, I ask that you kill this traitor."

Anna takes the folder more out of procedure than a desire for information. Servile creatures like Hoekstra followed the order that resulted in the death of her beloved father. She's already decided to take the mission.

"What range are we looking at?" Anna asks.

"700 yards," Garret says.

She looks down at the map in the folder.

Johnny was going to ask Garret if KJ wasn't more suited for this mission, or if the .50 wouldn't be a better weapon at such a range. When he saw the map he changed his opinion. There is only one place for Anna to make such a shot into the bedroom window of the new Hoekstra home. There is a line of thick brush atop a little rise in a nearby field, and that field is the only place from where Anna can place such a shot without

obstruction or undue risk. Still, this will be a hazardous mission and it will involve a protracted withdraw. And then there are Anna's emotions. Can she perform this mission with calculation, or will the loss of Gary interfere? In the end, Johnny agreed with Garret as did Cristi. Anna would be the shooter.

"It's long," Anna says, "But I'll try it."

The trip to South Dakota will take ten hours. Capricorn and Carina Cells will take two vehicles and drive only by night. Cristi will drive the Ram Charger and will stay in hotels along the way, while Capricorn Cell camps during the daylight hours and presses on during the night. They should arrive at the the final campsite on the third day. During the second morning, Cristi will meet with Garret and company for resupply before heading to a second hotel. Then he'll stop by the final campsite just long enough to unload the necessary supplies before beginning the tedious drive back to Browerville.

The morning before they leave, the members of Capricorn Cell go to their bedrooms for some sleep. They've eaten and engaged in the usual activities, and have packed their gear and all their weapons but their side arms. About an hour before it's time to get up, KJ wakens and turns toward her husband. Again, he is sleeping, but not for long. His eyes open and he looks at her.

"Stay close to me when we get there," Johnny says, "If we have to get out of the Jeep, stay close to me, alright?"

KJ takes a deep breath.

"I will," she says.

Each member, including Cristi, becomes anxious as the vehicles begin to roll. The men do not show it in any overt fashion. KJ bounces on occasion and Garret notices Anna touching the cross around her neck. He's allotted three days to this mission. If, after three days, the opportunity to complete the mission does not arise, he will cancel and they will go home. In any case, this will be the last mission that Capricorn Cell attempts to fulfill during their visit to Carina Cell's stomping grounds. They plan on going back to Procyon later in May.

Cristi is first to arrive at the final campsite. He reserved the site and checks in with the camp personnel. The place that he chose is nestled among the woods about 45 minutes southwest of Rapid City. It is the most sheltered and isolated of the local campsites and has more than enough room for the Jeep, a fire pit and shower as well as the six-person tent that the four rebels will use for sleeping during the daylight hours. Cristi donated the tent for the mission. He has a four-person tent which he's used

before, but this one is new. In fact, its first use is on the way there, during the morning and afternoon of the 7th of May.

The plan is as simple as possible. Johnny is appreciative, since it will eliminate unnecessary risks. The line of entry and retreat is so simple that Garret will not risk a second reconnaissance mission. He doesn't need to; he's already crawled among the brush and scurried across the open ground. Johnny and KJ will wait inside the Jeep. This is the one unsettling part: neither will be near enough to help Anna and Garret should things go wrong. For this mission, they will revert to the use of the cell phone. KJ will keep an eye on the phone, and when it rings twice – and shows Garret's number – they will know to proceed north along a four-lane highway to the designated pick-up spot.

The evening of the 10th of May is cloudy with rain in spots, just like the previous day. Anna puts a tiny piece of tape on the barrel of her rifle as a precaution. The rain is supposed to become widespread during the night. Both Anna and KJ dress for a cool evening. The temperature is supposed to fall to 40 degrees. KJ will wear her ubiquitous toboggan; Anna wears one of her boonie hats. They both wear web gear, though KJ will carry her Armalite rather than the Remington.

It is dark when Capricorn Cell arrives in the suburbs of Rapid City. Garret is at the wheel. He, Johnny and KJ spent the last day studying maps in the spacious tent. They all have an idea of where to go in an emergency. Garret drives north on a four-lane and takes a left on to a dark road that winds among new housing developments. At one point along the road, there is a bare area just north of a school. It is here, out of sight of homes, businesses and other vehicles, that Garret pulls on to the shoulder near a stand of pine. He and Anna exit the Jeep, and Johnny hands them their weapons before he and KJ climb into the front. Garret takes his fixed-stock .308 Armalite; Anna, of course, takes the Remington with the cross painted on the stock. Anna watches from the pines as the Jeep turns around and rolls back toward the intersection with the four-lane. Quiet returns to the suburbs and the house lights are few and far between.

Garret, it would seem, has chosen the perfect place for infiltration to the shooting area. The fields are uneven and dotted with small stands of pine. They are also dark, but not dark enough to hinder movement. Anna has an easy time crossing the fields. To their right is a little creek that is lined by trees. They use the creek as a landmark, following the inches-deep waterway until they can see a steeper rise in the terrain. Brush grows around the knoll and several pines tower above it. It is the one spot that will give Anna a chance for a shot, and she hones in on it.

Hoekstra should arrive home at around midnight, but he's had a long week and even on Saturday he'll be leaving late from work. He hopes to go straight to bed this time. It's 1:20 AM when he takes the familiar turn down Park Ridge Lane and toward the sixth of ten new houses.

Anna is watching when Hoekstra's white Dodge Charger pulls into the driveway. It is about then that the rain begins to fall over Rapid City. Anna sees the garage door open and the Dodge disappear inside. She adjusts her view to the upstairs bedroom.

If she will get a shot, it will be through that window. It will be a very difficult shot and there is every possibility she will miss her mark. The window will alter the bullet's flight path, and at this range that could be critical. Although the wind is nearly calm, the distance is great and it's likely she'll have mere seconds to decide. In a way she already has. If Hoekstra appears, she will fire.

The redheaded huntress stares through the scope at the dark bedroom window. Hoekstra may not approach close enough for a shot. He may not turn on the light. There is a strict time limit tonight. Capricorn Cell must have time to retreat under cover of darkness.

None of these concerns enter Anna's mind. She watches the window. The soft tapping of rain on the Earth does not distract her. She'll remember the faint odor of pine but for now all distractions are wiped from her mind.

At 2:26 AM, a figure appears in the window. The figure is wearing a policeman's uniform. Hoekstra's wife is not a cop. Neither are his sons, who have moved away. Anna's breathing takes on a deadly rhythm. The pressure on the trigger increases. Then, in an instant, the Remington discharges.

Hoekstra moves before the bullet strikes, though not enough. The .30-06 bullet crashes through the window, striking the left lens of Hoekstra's eyeglasses and plowing into his eye.

Anna does not stay to admire her marksmanship. She's already in motion, with Garret just behind. He's called Johnny's cell phone and now he and his wife hurry to make the rendezvous point.

KJ has one of her legs up on the dash when the phone buzzes. She jumps to attention and looks at the number.

"It's them," KJ says, and Johnny starts the motor.

Anna and Garret run over the bumps and depressions in the field, around lines of pine trees and a little creek. When they come to a driveway, they do not hesitate. Their flight must be rapid. Whoever interferes will be a target.

When Anna and Garret arrive at the edge of the 4-lane road, they crouch among the pines that border the highway. Seconds seems like forever. Then the black Jeep appears. It slows as three cars and SUVs pass, and then Johnny Bowen performs a U-turn across both left-side lanes and drives up to the shoulder. When he sees Garret rise and wave, he says something to KJ, and they climb inside the rear of the Wrangler. Garret flies from the tree line and jumps into the driver's seat. Anna hops in by his side.

Within two minutes the Jeep is moving south on the 4-lane. Garret knows the plan for extraction like the back of his hand. He can see the map in his head and can follow it without removing the hardcopy from his rucksack. He continues driving south until they leave the outskirts and enter the dark wilderness. Then he turns left and follows a two-lane country highway out toward the campsite. They'll grab their things and find another sanctuary. Garret looks into the rear view mirror. An SUV is following them.

Officer Abigail Roach of the Rapid City Police Department celebrated her 40th birthday this last Monday. She has a daughter who is attending, of all places, UC Davis. Like her husband, Abby Roach is white. Officer Roach is known for not cutting any corners; that, and not tolerating any humor that she considers crude or offensive. Two fellow officers have received official reprimands for using offensive language in Roach's presence.

While on routine patrol southwest of Rapid City, Officer Roach enters Old State Highway 40, just behind a black Jeep Wrangler that seems to be the only vehicle on the highway at the moment. Roach hears a report of gunfire on the police radio. She decides to run a check on the Jeep's license plate. When she receives the answer it startles her; the plates match a red 1990 Honda Civic.

Officer Roach turns on the flashing lights.

"Goddamn it!" Johnny says when he sees the red and blue lights flashing from behind.

Garret keeps up his pace, neither exceeding the speed limit nor falling below it. He remembers that up ahead is a minor road through tree-covered hills. They were considering camping there. Roach turns on her siren. At the road, Garret makes a sudden right turn and accelerates.

"Get down on the floor," Johnny tells KJ.

She looks at him for a moment, and then slides down on the rear floor of the Jeep. He takes her Armalite rifle, switches on the safety, and lays it behind him on the seat.

Anna looks at Garret. She knows they'll have to bail. Johnny and KJ will probably not be able to do the same. The Fogarty's will not leave their brother and sister. They will have to fight.

At the first dirt track into the woods, Garret swerves off of the road. He drives on to an accessible spot surrounded by trees and then, his door flying open, he tells Anna to bail. They charge out of the Jeep and into the woods before Officer Roach can stop the patrol SUV.

Inside the Jeep, Johnny lays down on top of KJ. If they try to bail, the police officer – or officers – will emerge and open fire. Neither he nor KJ will have time to get the drop on the enemy and one if not both will probably wind up shot. There may be two officers in the police cruiser. If that's the case, one may have a shotgun. With Johnny on top of her, they will literally have to go through his body to get to her. KJ wraps her arms around him. She also lifts her left boot and touches it to the rear of his legs.

"I'll never leave you," KJ says.

Their lives now depend on the Fogarty's.

Anna takes a position in the dark woods. She sees Garret do the same to her left. They have not fled. Within the pine woods, they have worked their way around to the right and behind cover. When Roach exits, they will open fire. But Roach does not exit. From a distance of 20 yards Anna can see her sitting there, in the flashing lights. She may be holding the radio in front of her mouth. Roach will stay in the Dodge Durango, keeping the Jeep blocked until help arrives. Johnny and KJ are trapped.

Gary did not die so that his daughter could watch Johnny and KJ share his fate. Anna takes careful aim and fires. With her shot as his cue, Garret opens fire with his Armalite and Anna fires a second shot from her Remington. Johnny and KJ hear the first shot. They know it's Anna's rifle. Then they hear the fusillade and Johnny feels KJ squeeze him tighter.

Garret runs over to the police SUV, followed by Anna. He smashes the battered driver's side window with the butt of the Armalite and then reaches inside and unlocks the bullet-riddled door. He climbs inside, moving Roach's body so he can put the vehicle in neutral. Anna goes around front of the SUV and Garret joins her. Together they shove the police cruiser until they've created enough space for the Jeep to turn around. Garret wipes Roach's blood on his camouflage pants as he and his wife hurry back to the Jeep. Once inside, Garret backs out and starts driving north. They will not return to their campsite. He hands his cell to KJ, who's now on the back seat beside Johnny, her Armalite by her side.

For Garret Fogarty, it is standard operating procedure to make contingency plans. Tonight it is a godsend.

"Call 320-770-4020," Garret tells KJ as they race north, "Tell Cristi we need his help."

When the cell rings, Cristian O'Toole feels his throat tighten. He answers, finding KJ on the other end.

"Cristi," KJ says, "We need you."

"OK," Cristi says, "I'll be there."

He closes the call. KJ figures he must know some emergency meeting point. She is right.

"He says he'll be there," KJ says.

"Good," Garret says, "We'll have to hide the Jeep when we arrive. Cristi will take us back to his place."

"Won't they trace the VIN number to Cristi?" KJ asks.

"No," Garret says, "The Jeep's stolen."

Cristi stole the Jeep soon after he arrived in Minnesota. He was prepared to change the locks but found a key in the glove box. The Jeep's been sitting in storage in Annandale for four months, its battery disconnected.

Garret drives for an hour. With no sign of police, he pulls over and looks at his maps. He works at a feverish pace and is back on the road in fifteen minutes. The hour is 5AM. They will have to make haste if they are to arrive at the rendezvous point by dawn. The rain begins to fall a little harder. There is enough gas, but time slips away.

Fifteen or so miles north of Mount Rushmore, Garret turns off the two-lane on to a dirt road. Though it is almost 6AM, it is darker along this pine-flanked road than it was along the paved highway. Garret hands the maps to Anna. The one she needs is on top.

"It's three miles to the ravines," Garret says, "Tell me when we're close."

Johnny holds his AK, and KJ holds her Armalite. The tension grows with each minute. The rebels feel the Jeep descend. They feel the road change from smooth soil to rough. They can see the trees and thick brush get closer and closer, and occasionally brush the sides of the Wrangler. Then Garret stops and shuts off the Jeep.

Johnny tells them the plan of action. He and Garret will cover the Jeep in brush while KJ and Anna carry their possessions into the woods. They'll all meet a short distance from the Jeep and wait for Cristi. Should he not come, they'll load up the essentials and move out on foot.

The normally-welcome rain is a hindrance and all three end up wet. The cloudy sky becomes light gray as the sun rises. Finally, the Jeep is hidden and the men join the women in the woods. There, sheltered from

the rain, Johnny and KJ sit on a tarp and permit themselves to feel a little less stressed. She lays her rifle beside her body, and he does the same. He removes her wet toboggan and rubs her back.

Anna, meanwhile, paces to and fro until Garret takes her hand and leads her to a seat near KJ. He looks through their two extra backpacks and finds a thermos of tea. Garret pours a cup and everyone takes a few drinks. Anna's removed her wet boonie hat, so Garret leans over and kisses her head. He whispers something and she touches his leg. After tea, the ladies sit beneath a second tarp while the men stand guard. The waiting begins.

According to the plan, Cristi should arrive after six long hours. He'll wait exactly one hour before leaving. Capricorn Cell will have to be vigilant. Johnny makes several patrols out in the rain. To KJ, it is nerve-wracking each time he leaves. She expects to hear gunfire. Garret also scouts the surrounding area. Anna joins him once, but he sends her back. He's the sentinel; she's the shooter.

At around noon, Johnny digs out several energy bars and the four warriors manage to have lunch.

The tension rises sharply in the early afternoon. They all hear a helicopter, but cannot see it through the low deck of clouds. The helicopter grows louder and then fades. The sound of rain replaces the noise of the rotors.

A little after 4PM, as the rain begins to slack off, a white van drives up to the meeting area. Painted on the side is a dog wearing a hard hat. Next to the logo are the words "Mistral Air Conditioning and Heating Repair." Cristi has arrived.

Garret rushes out to greet him. At Garret's instructions, Cristi backs the van up to the forest's edge. Johnny and Garret open the doors. The ladies feel such exhilaration that they come close to weeping.

The four members of Capricorn Cell throw their possessions into the van and then climb aboard. Cristi's van has none of the comforts of the Capricorn Cell vans, but the sight brings more joy to the warriors than the other vans ever have. Cristi closes the door and returns to the cab. The long trip home commences.

Inside, Johnny unfolds the two two-person sleeping bags that were in the Jeep and in the duffle bag, and the four climb in. The guns lie between the two bags. Everyone is too tired and spent to worry about imminent attack, though the guns are within immediate reach of the men.

After three hours, Cristi stops the van and allows the four warriors to exit out the rear and take care of personal business. The trip is long but

tolerable. One could say it's even pleasant, owing to the proximity of their lovers' bodies, and the fact that it is cool outside for May, but above all else the cell members have just escaped a brush with death. When Johnny rubs KJ's behind she closes her eyes and smiles. Inside the Fogarty's bag, Anna holds on tight to Garret, and he kisses her head. They came close to disaster but regardless of Hoekstra's fate, the mission must be considered a success. They are heading home uninjured.

Cristi does have one major surprise in store, and it is quite pleasant. When he stops for gas, he buys some food from a small grocery. One item is a fresh rotisserie chicken. Down the road, he pulls over in a sheltered location and knocks on the rear doors. Johnny crawls to the rear entrance. Cristi hands him the bag and a pair of large drinks before he hurries back to the cab.

"He's a hell of a friend," Johnny says as he holds out a piece of chicken, which KJ takes with her mouth.

Her pleasure is audible as she chews.

Both KJ and Garret are sleeping when the van enters the secluded driveway of the O'Toole residence. Johnny looks over and sees that Anna's eyes are open. On occasion he's told his angel to fly away. He'd tell Garret's mermaid to swim out to sea.

"I wish I could have shown you what it's like before you joined Capricorn Cell," Johnny says.

"It wouldn't change anything," Anna says, "We shouldn't expect you to fight for us if we won't fight for our own children. We have to do this, and so does KJ."

"You know I'd fight for you and her, regardless of whether you chose to fight or not," Johnny says, "The little life that you'll carry is much more important than any principle."

"And it's more precious than my life," Anna says.

"Hold on to that," Johnny says, "Never let go of that love, no matter what you have to do, or how many times you have to kill. Never, ever let go of your love."

Johnny turns toward KJ, who is still sleeping.

Anna looks at his back for a little while. She's still looking at her brother-in-arms when the van comes to a stop. They've all come home again.

A few days before Capricorn Cell departs for Procyon, Garret tells Anna to get her tail. She's just stretched for some aerobics but will now be engaging in a different kind of exercise, and she is ecstatic at the possibility of swimming in her tail. Anna expects to swim in the pool. She finds that Garret has a much better place in mind.

It is light outside, although overcast. It's a good kind of sky for her pale white skin. Near the house is a yellow ATV, one of the big-engine 4x4 models with an attached trailer. Garret will drive while Anna holds on to him. In the little trailer, among other items, is Anna's mermaid tail.

Through the thick pine forest they advance, covering the distance to the small lake in a matter of twenty or so minutes. There is a little wooden pier that Cristi's built over the deep, pure waters. Garret lays several large towels down so that Anna can dress without damaging her tail. She strips to her thong brief and wiggles her gorgeous lower body into the tail. Once she's transformed into a real-life mermaid, the waist of the tail just below her belly button, she removes her t-shirt. Garret stands between her and the lake, though there is no one else to see, and Anna replaces her bra with a bikini top. It's the perfect choice; it fits well enough to avoid any accidental disrobing while small and tight enough to show a great deal of cleavage.

Finally, Anna unties her ponytail, and Garret lifts her from the layers of towels. He carries his beloved mermaid down the wooden steps that end in 5' deep water and he releases her. In an instant she tears into the liquid and, once she's in deep water, she plunges beneath the surface. Her fin rises as she goes under.

Garret slides off the pier and into the water. It is cool but not frigid. All his life he's swam in cool mountain lakes and he gets used to the water in no time. After a couple of minutes he sees Anna rise from the depths. She swims over to him and they kiss.

"Thank you so much," Anna says, water dripping from her thick red hair and down her beautiful white face.

"Swim for me," Garret says and she giggles.

Then Anna fulfills his wish. It's not the only wish she'll fulfill this day.

On the 30th of May, Capricorn Cell begins preparations for the return to Procyon. Garret set the date before they left in January. He trusts that Rian will not err. The youngest Donnelly son is due to arrive tomorrow afternoon.

That evening, Cristi throws a little going-away party for Capricorn Cell. He asks if KJ might sing a song, and she finally acquiesces. She chooses to sing an impromptu *a cappella* rendition of "Le Champs De Lavande" in that driving, steady, soul-stirring voice of hers, and it leaves Cristi speechless. Anna is close to tears and Garret shakes his head in wonder. He remembered how she can move a man with her voice, but he didn't recall the depths it would penetrate, and now it moves him. Garret puts his arm around Anna well before KJ finishes.

Johnny rises and walks over to his wife. He lifts her face by the bottom of her chin and then he kisses her.

"Thank you, angel," Johnny says as he embraces her.

So that your kind will never perish from the Earth, I shall fight this war.

In the pre-dawn hours of the 31st of May, a red Chevrolet van drives down the lane to the O'Toole Residence and parks rear-end toward the garage. Rian Donnelly climbs out of the cab and approaches the front door. He is within reach of the doorbell when the garage begins to open. Rian alters his course and steps over to the rear of the 4x4 van.

It is going to be a hot and sunny day. The stars that will make way for a fierce sun are still shining, but their clarity reveals a lack of protective clouds. Fortunately for the ladies of Capricorn Cell, they will spend the daylight hours in the rear of the van.

Cristian O'Toole stands inside the garage, beside his dear friends and the equipment that they will load into the van. Rian enters and shakes hands with Cristi. In the ten minutes that they have, they talk of their families and their health. Cristi asks about Jesse and learns that she and Rian have wed. The other members of Capricorn Cell do not stand idle. Each begins loading the van. They are dressed in their war clothing – camouflage pants, boots, long-sleeves, and, in KJ's case, gloves – though the web gear will be packed rather than worn. When the chore is complete, they line up to say goodbye to their friend and brother-in-arms.

Anna is first. They hug tight.

"Take care, little Anna," Cristi says, "You're so beautiful now that you're a woman. I'm so happy for you and Garret."

Cristi looks into her blue eyes. His handsome Romanian features are prominent in his face, almost as if he were a pure *Oltean*.

"I'll light a candle for Gary," Cristi says.

He's taken to visiting the Catholic Church north of Browerville.

"Thank you," Anna replies.

Rian pats Cristi on the back as he leaves for the van.

Garret approaches and grabs Cristi's hand. He looks into his brother's bright brown eyes.

"We're in your debt, Cristian," Garret says, "Don't hesitate to contact me if we can be of any assistance. Our home is your home, too."

"Thank you, Garret," Cristi says, "Thank all of you for what you do. You're the ones we need to thank. You're the heroes."

"I'll take whatever they call us," Garret says, "As long as our race and our people survive. But thank you, Cristi."

Cristi walks over to Johnny and KJ, who are closest to the van. KJ's wearing her black knit cap, though she will remove it inside the van. The morning is crisp enough for such apparel although the day will be far too hot. Cristi kisses KJ's hand.

"Mrs. Bowen," Cristi says, "KJ Bowen. It sounds perfect. Thank you for joining us, KJ, and for making this man smile for once." He glances at Johnny. "And thank you for the song. It was amazing. I can only imagine the life you would have had, but it wouldn't have been real. This, this is real. You're not another boring musician, you're a champion." He touches her cheek.

"Thank you, Cristi," KJ says.

Cristi sees the brief emotion on her face, and perhaps a bit of humility. He turns to Johnny Bowen. Cristi embraces his dear friend and kisses his cheek.

"Jesus Christ, man," Cristi says, "We have to say goodbye again? I feel so fucking old because of all this shit."

"I'll miss you, man," Johnny says and pats Cristi's back, "Take care of yourself, and be careful for God's sake. I want to see you when we're all old and fat."

"Yeah," Cristi says with a laugh.

The two men shake hands as the other three members of Capricorn Cell enter the van.

Finally, Johnny climbs into the rear of the Chevrolet. Before he closes the doors he looks at Cristi. They are both in superior physical shape, with Johnny in the absolute best shape of his life. He looks powerful, more than any man Cristi's ever known. Johnny waves to his friend and smiles. Cristi honors him with the old Roman salute. Then the doors close, and the van drives off into the night.

Chapter XXV

Home No More Returning

The trip to Procyon is uneventful, for which the cell members are thankful, though two entire days spent in the van, with a minimum of stops, are annoying and occasionally grueling. When Rian finally announces the approach to Amboy, the four rebels cheer and applaud, and the men kiss their women.

Anna climbs the steps from the underground structure to the storage room of Procyon House. She thought the first thing she'd do was take a shower. Now that she's home, she removes her boots and heads for the kitchen. There, she puts on two pots of coffee. The others enter and sit. KJ forgets to take off her boots and Johnny pulls her up from her seat and shakes his head.

"Just like a wild animal," Johnny says, pointing at her boots.

"You wouldn't want it any other way," KJ says.

Johnny pulls her close and they kiss.

"No shit, angel," he says.

Absent for the time being is Garret Fogarty. He's gone to the media room for some news while the coffee cooks. It does not take long for him to find what he's looking for.

Chief Hoekstra defies the odds and does not die, in spite of the graphic wound he's suffered. He's lost an eye and will never function as a normal adult due to severe brain damage, but he still lives. It does not matter much; he's paid for his treason.

Garret also confirms something that he figured would happen. He finds that he, too, is now a fugitive. The camera in Roach's police cruiser shows him entering the vehicle. It also shows him and his wife pushing the SUV. His face is quite clear in the released images.

PITTSBURGH NATIVE GARRET FOGARTY WANTED IN MURDER
OF SOUTH DAKOTA POLICEWOMAN

The headline is from the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette website. It speculates that he belongs to the fictional terrorist organization WILO. That doesn't interest him. It does eliminate his ability to travel and perform other tasks with relative safety. He prepared for this moment, but he finds that one can never dull the searing realization that from now on, those for whom he fights will likely kill him if they have the chance.

Garret returns to the kitchen. KJ is still wearing her boots. He hears her say she'll clean the floor if she's tracked in any dirt. He smiles from behind her and Johnny. Anna looks at him and smiles. He kisses her head and pours a cup of coffee.

The next few days are lazy and comfortable. There is no news, and indeed, it is good news for the rebel cell.

"Guys, check this out," Garret yells from the media room into the living room. It's Wednesday, the 4th of June and it is hot and sunny outside. Inside, the men and the women have finished exercising and are now winding down in the living room. Each has a Saratoga Water for refreshment, and, as he often does, Garret ducked into the media room to check email and news. When they hear his call, in particular the tone of his voice which is anything but glum or upset, they jump up and hurry to see what he's found.

Written large on the front page of a mountaineering site is news of a successful summiting of Lhotse Main, the 4th highest mountain on Earth. Among those who successfully ascended was a young man who did so without the use of supplemental oxygen. That young man, who is pictured at the summit, is none other than Aaron Van Dyke.

"Fucking awesome!" KJ says, mirroring everyone's thoughts, though perhaps they weren't thinking in those exact words.

"I knew he'd do it," Johnny says, "K2. He'll summit K2. I know he will."

KJ looks at Johnny and smiles.

"He's one of ours," she says.

"Yes he is," Garret says, a big smile on his face.

Garret needed this news. Anna could tell. She walks over to where he's seated and she hugs him, kisses his head, and rubs his long blond hair. Then, they look at Aaron, who has a huge smile on his face. He's almost on top of the world itself.

"Could you climb a mountain?" Johnny asks KJ as the five enjoy supper later that evening.

"It depends how high," KJ says, "It might be cool to try something low, without ropes."

"So you could walk up a mountain," Anna says.

Garret laughs as does Rian. KJ looks at Anna.

"I'm sorry, OK?" Anna says. "Well, not really."

KJ gives her the finger.

"I'd try rock climbing, alright?" KJ says, "I'm not, like, into the higher shit like Aaron. I mean, I think it's cool, and I can see why he does it, but that kind of shit's not my gig. I like to fucking breathe!"

"Would you come with me if I climbed one?" Johnny asks.

"Yeah, I'd be there with you," KJ says, "I'd support you all the way to the top. I'd give you, like, a big kiss and I'd cheer for you and I'd be like this big fucking moral support the whole time we were on the slope." Her smile disappears, though her arm is still around him. "Then when you left for the summit, I'd curl up in our sleeping bag with the biggest fucking oxygen bottle I could find." She looks at the others, and then at Johnny. They're staring at her. "What? I never claimed to be an alpinist!" She pauses for a moment. No one says a word. "I do climb trees," KJ says, looking down.

Johnny laughs hard. He puts his hand on the back of her head.

"I love you, angel," Johnny says and kisses her head.

KJ looks down and starts to laugh as well.

A tropical system rolls up the Appalachians during the early part of June. Though nowhere near as bad as Agnes, this storm parallels its path and causes widespread flooding. Preston County, West Virginia suffers its wrath. Even Wolf Creek is above its banks. For the duration, Capricorn Cell remains either indoors or well away from the swollen and potentially deadly streams and creeks. They do, however, make several night patrols. On one occasion, all save Rian make a foray into the wilderness. Later in the month, the entire cell risks a night training excursion to a deep woods site south of old Coalsack. Again, there is quite a lot of dry-firing, and each woman fires one live shot at a target. Near the end of the month, as the weather dries, they return to the wilderness area south of Audra Park. During this excursion, Garret illuminates a target at over 500 yards, and both KJ and Anna succeed in placing killing shots.

On Tuesday, the 1st of July, Garret calls the war meeting that the ladies have expected for over two weeks. During morning aerobics KJ predicted that today would be the day; she is right. Inside the media room the Dell desktop features an image from Google Earth. From the looks of it, the area is forested and mountainous. Garret stands beside the desk and waits for their arrival. In his hands is the manila folder.

"George Wildermuth is a professor of African and minority studies at Union College in New York," Garret says, "Based on student reports, pro-

fessor rating sites as well as other sources, it would appear that he uses the classroom as a sermon against the white race; our race. Wildermuth blames us for black-on-black as well as black-on-white violence, which he reports only when it serves his ideological purposes. He is an avid supporter of non-white immigration and a member of several pro-immigration organizations as well as Campus Pride. Wildermuth co-sponsored what he calls an anti-racism seminar and on his Facebook page he has called for volunteers to disrupt a peaceful pro-white meeting and conference, which has now been cancelled due to threats of violence. During a reconnaissance mission in May, Austin Kelly determined much of his daily routine as well as his place of residence. Wildermuth is another small cog in the enemy's anti-white machine, and I suspect that much of what he does, he does for tenure and job security. However, without such cogs, the anti-white machine collapses."

Garret hands the folder to KJ.

"Because of his support for the genocide that we face as a race, and that our children will suffer to an even greater degree," Garret says, "I ask that you kill Professor Wildermuth."

KJ opens the folder. Wildermuth is unmistakable: his beard is long and ugly, and his hair is wiry and gray. She recognizes the type. He was the type who'd come over to talk politics with her father while admiring the physique of his 15-year-old daughter. In a way he's almost laughable, and if he were alone in his anti-white hatred, his voice would be a peep ignored by saner minds. But he is not alone, and he and others like him earn quite a living by betraying KJ's race. Together with the multitude of other white traitors, hostile and parasitical non-whites, and the general anti-white hysteria that grips all white countries, Wildermuth helps accelerates the genocide against KJ's people and places her unborn children on a fast track toward extinction. Perhaps if one or two such traitors were to pay a heavy price for their crimes, others might hesitate before committing treachery against her race.

"If these maps are accurate," KJ says, "then it looks like I can choose the range. Is that true?"

She looks up at Garret, who nods.

"Our window of escape is large," Garret says, "Jimmy Ford will come with a second vehicle and we'll change vans, like we did in Pennsylvania."

"When do we leave?" KJ asks.

"Wildermuth will be in town for a conference on the 11th," Garret says, "We'll take him on the 12th."

KJ nods and closes the folder. She'll study it later.

"Let me add one final word, to all of you," Garret says, "Just because this one seems easy, do not let down your guard. The minute you do, we will all pay for it."

Garret looks at each face before thanking them for their attention.

Robert Arnett offered to cover the holiday weekend shift as well as the two days off for the 4th of July. He'll take his vacation starting on the 9th when he and his youngest boy will visit their Adirondack camp. Arnett's wife hopes to drop by on Sunday. Robert and his son will do some fishing during the weekend but not before the father scouts the camp and its surroundings. If he's lucky enough to find a well-used deer trail in the vicinity, he and his sons will concentrate on hunting when they return in the fall.

For the trip to Schenectady, Capricorn Cell will ride in the now-blue Ford van. On the way back they'll use the still-green Chevrolet. Thanks to Cristi, Austin, Michael Donnelly and Ford himself, a third 4x4 van will be joining the motor pool. For now, the two will have to suffice.

"Where are we camping?" KJ asks as she packs her rucksack.

"In the Adirondack Mountains," Johnny says, "Austin found a good place while he was on recon duty."

KJ kneels down and ties her boots. It's almost time to depart.

Robert Arnett rises early on the morning of the 11th. It's cloudy above the Adirondacks and it may rain, but the air is clean and warm. As long as the rain holds off, it will be a beautiful day for a hike. He wakes his son, and the two dress for a day in the woods. Brian Arnett gets his walking stick. It has a compass on the handle and was a birthday gift from his father.

Johnny Bowen is first to rise. It is warm today, but not torrid, and the Adirondack air is clean and refreshing. Johnny kisses KJ and tells her to return to sleep. After his routine patrol he'll build a fire for breakfast and coffee. Once he's dressed, Johnny grabs his knife and AK47 and steps out of their spacious tent. He walks past Rian's smaller tent, and then the Fogarty's, and heads down a small slope into the thick Adirondack woods. For a moment this seems like a beautiful camping trip, with him and his wife and little family far away from any trouble or strife. He does not allow the thought to mislead him. The trees may be beyond beautiful, and the air as clean as any he's breathed, but this is still a war zone.

The Arnett campsite is remote. It was one of the prerequisites for purchasing the site and Robert Arnett was willing to pay a lot more money to secure it. Fresh scat lies in the middle of a well-worn deer trail and Arnett calls his son over to see the unmistakable evidence. His son glances at the droppings but soon returns his attention to the thick raspberry patch along the deer trail.

"Go ahead and pick some for breakfast," Arnett tells his son, "We'll make some oatmeal when we get back to camp."

Arnett tells his son he'll be back in a little while. He wants to check out a clearing and a little-used dirt road that he's seen on a previous trip. The road might be a good ATV trail for when the Arnett's return in November. The open space could serve as a good campsite, should he and his boys want to "rough it" rather than stay in the cabin. The trees obscure the open space from above but there is very little undergrowth aside from a few more raspberry vines. Perhaps the deer that defecated on the trail is feeding on their leaves. Perhaps it's a nice-sized buck.

When Robert Arnett approaches the opening in the woods, he tries to make as little noise as possible. At the edge of the thicker undergrowth, through which he makes his approach, Arnett sees something that shatters his hopes of spying a trophy buck. There is a van, and three tents set up in the open space. Someone is camping here. He takes a position behind a thick pine. The entrance of one of the tents begins to open. Out steps the most beautiful girl he has ever seen. She's young – perhaps 19 – and she's dressed in a t-shirt and tight blue jeans. She's also wearing gloves.

Arnett watches her for a moment, entranced by her beauty. She turns her back in his direction and he stares at her gorgeous behind. As he looks upon her body he sees a shocking sight. On her belt is a holster, and inside is a pistol. Before he can decide what to do, the flap of the other large tent begins to open. Out comes a girl just as beautiful as the first, except this one has red hair. And she is carrying a bolt- action rifle.

Robert Arnett's mind flashes back to the image of a girl wanted for murder. He sees her face and blue eyes in the picture from the news report. That same face is not more than 20 yards away. As carefully and quietly as he can, Arnett reaches into his pocket and removes his cell phone.

Arnett is not alone among the thicker undergrowth.

John Bowen saw Arnett before he came to the edge of the clearing. He worked himself into position to surprise the intruder. Johnny assessed his opponent; he appeared unarmed, though he may have a knife or a pistol in a concealed location. There is a bulge in his pants pocket but it was too small to be a gun. Johnny secured his AK across his back. There might be others around and he does not wish to alert them with gunfire. If he must kill this man, he will do so with his knife. When Arnett reached into his pocket, Johnny froze. Arnett removed a cell phone. Johnny throws a glance at the camp. Arnett is staring at Anna and KJ.

Close the phone. Walk away, asshole, walk the fuck away!

Johnny is very close but Arnett does not sense him. He presses a button on his phone. This white man is not going to walk away from those who are fighting for his sons. He will report Anna. He will betray his white sister to those who would imprison her; many of them would rape and murder her. It doesn't matter to Arnett. She broke the law, and he would be a hero for capturing the racist "ginger."

In an instant, Johnny Bowen is upon him. He shoves Arnett against the tree and stabs him repeatedly. The phone falls to the ground. Arnett flails his arms in a vain attempt to end the onslaught. He slides down the tree. A huge splinter slices into his cheek. Johnny Bowen remains on top of him, stabbing his body as it shudders and then goes limp. Then Johnny reaches around Arnett's neck and cuts his throat. He steps back and allows Arnett to fall to the ground in a crumpled, bloody mass.

Johnny Bowen hears the approach of another person. He turns to face this second adversary. Arnett's blood is all over Johnny's arms and knife. There isn't time to remove his AK, nor is there a need. He will ambush this one from the side.

Brian Arnett follows the deer trail around thick brush and comes to the place where his father lies dying. He looks at the bloody mass and begins to realize it's his father, when his peripheral vision notices a figure to the right, close enough to touch him – or stab him. He snaps his head toward the figure. Johnny sees the abject horror on the boy's face. Brian realizes he's looking at the man who has killed his father. He drops his little bowl of berries, which bounce upon the forest floor.

"Run," Johnny says.

The boy stares at him, ready to cry.

"Run!" Johnny yells.

His tone snaps the boy into action; Brian flees into the forest.

Johnny sheathes his knife and readies his AK. He smashes the cell phone with his boot. In the clearing, the four other members of Capricorn Cell are looking toward his position. KJ has drawn her pistol; Garret is armed with his ArmaLite rifle. He's on one knee, aiming the gun in the direction of the strange sounds and Johnny's outburst. There is relief on their faces when Johnny emerges from the forest.

"Get ready to move!" Johnny yells as he runs into the clearing, "We have to leave! Now!"

He looks at KJ. She's staring at him with a shocked and worried expression on her face.

"Johnny!" KJ yells, "What happened?"

KJ covers her mouth with her hand.

"Johnny..." she says.

"Oh my God," Anna says.

"It's not mine!" Johnny says, "Come on, get the fuck moving!"

Johnny begins taking down the tent. Rian jumps into action. He runs to the driver's side door of the van. The others overcome their shock and begin breaking down the camp. Garret shoulders his rifle and begins helping Johnny. They collapse the tents and collect their gear and load the van as quickly as possible. With Johnny acting as rear guard, they pile into the vehicle. Rian punches the accelerator as soon as Johnny closes the rear doors. Capricorn Cell must abort this mission. Professor Wildermuth lives to lie another day.

Rian pilots the van down a dirt road and on to a rural highway. Pine trees flank both lanes. In the rear, Garret Fogarty calls Jimmy Ford on his cell phone.

"Cancel pickup," Garret says.

Ford acknowledges and Garret closes the call. He removes the battery.

Johnny takes his seat beside KJ, who looks into his eyes.

"What happened?" KJ asks.

"There was a threat," Johnny says, "and I dealt with it." He is silent for a moment. "Some guy tried to call the police."

KJ grabs a bottle of water out of the cooler and opens it for Johnny, who washes the blood from his hands. Once he's finished, KJ squeezes his hand and shows him a wounded little smile.

"Thank you for protecting us," she says.

KJ touches his cheek.

"We all need to thank you, Johnny," Anna says, "God, I'm so sorry you had to do that."

"I wish none of us had to do this," Johnny says.

Johnny changes shirts and pants to escape the plentiful bloodstains. KJ watches his every move to be sure he's not hiding some wound. She hopes that he would not hide something so serious from her or the others, even though the reason would be noble. She does not see any new wounds or scars and she touches his leg as he dons a t-shirt. Johnny returns to his seat and KJ turns his face toward her with her gloved hand. Then she kisses him. He killed to protect them. She cannot remove his burden; no one can. She will help him carry it.

Garret looks at Johnny. Anna, meanwhile, holds Garret's hand. No one says a word for a while. Rian has no idea what just happened, but he

knows the emergency plan. He is driving toward Galeton, Pennsylvania, in the remote wilds of Potter County. There, Capricorn Cell will find refuge among the silent hills and thick forests. But in the rear of the van there is very little refuge, at least for the time being. Garret does not ask what happened. He and Johnny discussed this possibility many times. He can imagine what Johnny had to do. It was one of the nightmare necessities. Should a third party intervene, the survival of the cell members is paramount. Johnny has had no choice but to kill a stranger.

It takes five hours to reach the sheltered gully where the rebels will make camp – five agonizing, soul-rending hours. Aside from a tension-filled stop for gas, the trip is continuous. The hour is 5:30 when they arrive and the clouds in the sky look more like September than July, though it is warmer than the average September day. The van comes to a rest in a little grassy patch off of a very lonely forest road north of West Pike. Anna and Garret find an area of tall trees just beyond the van. There is more than enough ground for the tents, while the thick leaves of the trees will shelter them from above. The family of rebels begins setting up camp. They'll erect just two tents; Rian will sleep in the rear of the van. He'll keep his Beretta sidearm and one of the 590A1 shotguns for protection. Garret and Anna set up the shower. Again, there is no time to set up an elaborate screen, but that doesn't matter to the ladies. They know their husbands will not ogle other women, and neither will they stare at other men.

"Johnny, do you want to shower?" Anna asks as Johnny brings drinks from the cooler in the back of the van.

KJ looks at Johnny and nods. It would be good for him to wash off the small remnants of blood.

"Angel," Johnny says.

"Please, Johnny," KJ says.

He looks away for a moment and nods, and then heads for the shower. KJ takes a large towel and follows. This time she does not stare for reasons of pleasure and playfulness. This time she thinks of how very much she loves this warrior, who has taken on this heavy burden for her and the others.

When he's finished Johnny tells KJ to follow his lead. She does so, and once he's toweled her off and dressed her, they walk back to the tents. She holds his hand the entire distance.

It's an uncomfortable night. The rain that would have eased sleeping will not come until late morning. In the meantime, Johnny and KJ retire to bed after sharing a bottle of water. He closes the tent and then lies on the open sleeping bag. She removes her outer clothes and changes into a

simple thong and tank top. When she sits next to him he rises and pulls her close. He kisses his wife with deep passion and she holds on to him with her strong arms.

"I love you, angel," Johnny says and kisses her again, "I love you."

"I love you, too," KJ says, "Forever. Nothing can separate us after what we've been through. Nothing, Johnny. There's not a fucking thing that could pull me away from you."

After Johnny lies on his back, KJ cuddles up close to him, and lays her head on his chest.

"It'll be hot tonight," KJ says, "My hair's going to make you sweat."

She's already started sweating.

"I don't care," Johnny says, "I want you here."

He caresses her arm and shoulder.

"Me, too," KJ says, "I don't mind sweating."

He touches her thick hair.

"I'm going to keep you here with me," KJ says, "I'm your woman and I can do that. I can keep Johnny from going away."

"You do, angel, you keep me here" Johnny says, "Everything would be ugly without you."

With KJ in his thoughts and her body touching his, Johnny staves off the demons and falls asleep.

Late in the day on the 12th of July, the blue Ford van parks in the secluded spot not far from Procyon House. Even this simple event was rife with tension; Rian had to make three passes due to oncoming traffic. Now that the van is secured and Johnny gives the all-clear after a short patrol, the five cell members unload the van and begin returning to their home. Once inside, Garret requests that they all stay for a few minutes in the storage room. He locks the outside door and the door to the tunnel before ascending. Everyone is standing there, waiting for him.

"I wanted to congratulate and thank each of you for a successful mission," Garret says, "Don't lose sight. We all came home."

He touches Johnny on the shoulder as he passes on his way to the kitchen.

War or no war, there is no stopping the force of love. Though he's been considering this move for some time, on Friday, July 18th, Austin Kelly finally asks Rachael Mulholland to be his wife. They'd had dinner at the Mallorca in Pittsburgh and topped the evening off with a few drinks at his place. It was then that he produced the ring and asked, and to his enormous joy she accepted. Long ago Rachael passed the test. In fact, she passed before he could even say the dreaded "n" word, though he

would eventually do so just to be sure. Now the days of lonely bachelorhood are at an end for Austin Kelly. Perhaps now he can have a family of his own, one that will someday speak of his exploits with Orion Cell. For now he must keep it secret even from his wife-to-be.

The last week of July is torrid. The heat and humidity make the air seem unbreathable and the sun is relentless as it bakes the grass and the trees and anything else caught in its wrathful rays. It would seem to be making up for a less-than-sunny spring. Those rays and heat cannot reach Capricorn Cell for the most part. Procyon House shields them with a roof and air conditioning, and the rebels elect to patrol only at night, not only for reasons of sun and heat but also to minimize the chance of being recognized. Only Jesse, Rian – and perhaps, ironically, KJ – might wander with relative impunity.

The routines continue. The members exercise. Jesse comes every Friday and leaves with Rian. Jimmy Ford brings supplies and usually stays an hour or two in visit. On one occasion he and Garret walk around the house, with Jimmy carrying a digital camera. Only Garret knows the purpose of his photography. He wants to preserve some memory of Capricorn Cell, and photographs KJ's flower garden and the mermaid portrait in the Fogarty's room, among other things. He'll store the memory card back home, inside the glove box of the blue Jeep, together with the wedding photos that Garret gave to him.

Anna shoots her bow and KJ draws another picture for the flower garden. Johnny patrols and Garret returns to his investigations. They take turns making supper and breakfast and using the media room for "outings" to the cinema, which usually means some spectacular nature documentary or vintage film. The newer faire is simply intolerable with its predictable outcomes and heavy-handed, anti-white propaganda at every turn.

It is during the course of his investigations that Garret Fogarty collects the final piece of a puzzle that he's been working on since he spent his first week in Procyon House. It is a stupendous discovery; the first that makes his heart race. He saves all the information that he finds and then brings up Google Earth. Long after Anna brings him tea he will stare at the screen and begin the formulation of a new mission. If they can pull this one off, it could be huge.

On Monday, the 4th of August, as breakfast comes to an end, Garret announces that there will be a war meeting at noon. Then he rises with his coffee mug in hand, kisses Anna, and proceeds to the media room. The members look at each other. KJ shrugs. The look on Johnny's face

changes and he gets a little smile. He reaches over and touches KJ's hair. She takes a sip of her coffee. They're lifting together later this morning, and the meeting isn't until noon.

When noon does arrive, Anna stops her archery practice and carries her bow upstairs. She hangs it in the storage room along with the arrows and walks to the media room. She's first to enter, aside from Garret. Next is Rian. He's already started studying the maps. KJ and Johnny, still in their exercise clothing – they listened to some music and practiced French after lifting – arrive last. Once everyone is seated, Garret presents his monumental discovery. This time he simply hands the manila folder to KJ.

"KJ, do you remember those security company ads where the perp is always a white guy?" Garret asks. She looks at him and nods. "I found the CEO who green-lighted those ads."

KJ takes a deep breath. Those ads were a constant source of irritation and outrage. Inevitably, the criminals portrayed in the ads were white, including an attractive blond rapist who attempted to brutally rape a white woman, not long after she said he was "cute." Often, the security personnel who helped save the hapless white females were non-whites or females themselves. The message – often the opposite from reality, as crime statistics show – was clear. As in most films and TV shows, white men, KJ's brothers and the man she loves with all her heart and soul, were the only ones portrayed as brutal rapists and murderers.

"Don't waste time asking me if I'll take the mission," KJ says, "You know that I will."

"I wasn't going to ask," Garret says. "I've been looking at the maps, and I've conferred with Johnny and Rian about the distance, but not the target. We all know who he is and what he's done for the enemy. There is one other thing, though; you'll have to use the fifty for this one. The range will be over 700 yards."

"Alright," KJ says, "Where are we going?"

"Maine," Garret answers.

Garret had been pursuing Anthony Moretti ever since he compiled the first target list. Finally, and quite by accident, he came across Moretti's daughter's Facebook page. Garret learned the location and the date of their vacation to the Maine seacoast. Intense searches revealed the name of Moretti's yacht: the *Heidi Marie*, named after his wife's late mother. Several pictures, probably meant to show off that the family owns a yacht, bear the caption "Otter Cove" and "Cape Split." Although the most recent postings do not reveal the exact location of the boat, the magnitude of the target convinces Garret that an auxiliary recon mission to Otter Cove is

well worth the time and effort. The pictures of the ship as it sits in Otter Cove are spaced over three years' time. Further investigation revealed that the Moretti's own a large house in Maine. Odds are, they will be on or near Otter Cove come mid-August.

The others do not know that Austin Kelly is already in Maine. Thanks to the internet, he and Ford can time automobile purchases and sales with reconnaissance missions. For this trip, Austin will be purchasing a Nash Metropolitan. He left last week with Ford's 1988 F700 so that he can tow the Nash back to Meyersdale, Pennsylvania. Austin will also rent a car during his stay in Maine. With this less-conspicuous vehicle, he'll drive around Otter Cove and do some spotting.

For this voyage, Capricorn Cell will depart with the brown Ford van. The trip to Maine will last over sixteen hours. Needless to say, they will be spending three nights at campsites or in the rear of the van. There is an unexpected advantage that will make the trip much more comfortable: Jimmy Ford will be meeting them at their forest campsite outside of Kintnersville, Pennsylvania. He's promised to bring a hearty supper and cold drinks. The rebels greet the promise with great appreciation.

The night before Capricorn Cell makes its final preparations, Anna sits in bed awaiting her husband. When he arrives he climbs in beside her and massages her shoulders. Though she hasn't been diving in a while, she's maintained her physical power and swimmer's build. In fact, she's as strong and fit as ever, and just as womanly. Still, Anna wishes that Garret could take her to the aquatic center. Garret wishes that Gary could be with him in the stands.

"This has been hard on you, I know," Garret says, "Most of your hobbies and interests were out-of-doors and at the pool. I know you like to read, but that can't make up for what you've lost. I wish we could do something about that."

"Look here," Anna says, and climbs out of bed.

From under the bed she pulls a notebook. On the cover are a few little doodles, including a mushroom and a frog. She hands the notebook to Garret. Inside are several poems, written in Irish Gaelic. He looks at them and then into her blue eyes as she crawls over to him.

"May I read them?" Garret asks.

It's a polite formality, since the poems are no doubt deeply personal, and although there are no secrets between husband and wife he respects Anna and would not behave in a crass manner with her attempts to enrich her difficult and often painful life.

"I'd be honored," Anna says.

Though amateur, the poems are very beautiful, with themes ranging from the flight of a hawk to the love of her life. When he's finished reading, he looks into her eyes again.

"I was a fool to worry whether you'd be able to cope," Garret says, "You're an amazing woman, Anna. You have your father's strength."

She takes his hand and kisses his wrist several times.

"We'll all get through this," Anna says, "As long as we have each other. I can stand to lose my hobbies, but I can't stand to lose you."

A little later, Garret carries her into the kitchen for a late-night muffin and a cup of tea. She's wearing a thong as part of her lingerie, but neither of them mind if someone drops by. Before the teacups are empty, Anna sits on his lap and runs her fingers through his long blond hair.

"Dad always liked you, you know," Anna says.

"Thank you, Red," Garret says, "You couldn't flatter me more than you just did."

On the morning of the 13th of August, Garret receives a coded email from Austin Kelly. The *Heidi Marie* is at the marina in Otter Cove. The mission is on.

Johnny and KJ descend into the armory. On the long table with the other sniper rifles is the Barrett .50 caliber weapon. It is a menacing device; black and heavy, with a barrel that always looked strange and fascinating to KJ. At Coalsack she proved her mettle with this weapon. This time she must prove herself in combat.

That night, Capricorn Cell departs from Procyon House. Everyone is reticent this time. The memory of the last two missions is still very clear.

The final campsite in Maine is rather distant from the target of the mission. The terrain is breathtaking in its serenity and beauty. August relents, and the day before the mission is gorgeous. The sky is partly cloudy and the air warm and utterly pleasant, without a hint of humidity or excessive heat. The fair-skinned ladies stay beneath the protective leaves and needles of the thick forest growth, avoiding the rays that otherwise make this a lovely day. In any case, aside from a patrol by each woman with her husband, they remain near the tents and the van. Ferns grow en masse, creating a sea that would undulate should there be a breeze. The pines are huge and thickly adorned with green and the primordial landscape is breathtaking. For several minutes KJ stands and looks from tree to tree. Much more than the high-rises and concrete cages of Seattle, this is her home. Her husband notices, and with a smile on his face he leaves his beloved angel in peace. Johnny sets out on a patrol, ranging far and wide, though the forest is vast and he, too, will remain untouched by the

unfiltered sunlight. KJ told him she likes his skin the way it is, almost as white as hers and Anna's.

The previous night, Garret called everyone together in his and Anna's large tent.

"We've never used the fifty before," Garret said, "Johnny will carry the weapon while KJ carries his AK. They will exchange weapons when she finds a good shooting location. She'll continue to carry the .50 caliber as she and Johnny depart the scene, so that Johnny might protect her. Anna will provide long-range support and I will patrol the area in between. This is also our first day mission, so we'll need to be extra careful with security. If all goes well, Rian will be within ten-minutes running distance and we can depart within fifteen minutes. On the return trip, we'll rendezvous again with Jimmy Ford. He'll take the brown Ford and leave us with the white Chevy. Good luck, everyone, and God bless. Remember, a mission is not a failure if we give an effort and we all go home."

Dawn is a few hours away on Saturday the 16th as KJ dresses for battle. She is alone in the rear of the van, with the .50 caliber rifle at her feet. The tents, the shower and equipment are stored and it's nearly time to roll. She notices movement and looks up to see Johnny climbing inside the van. She's about to tie her boots when he enters, and he does the task for her. Then he rises and looks into her eyes. In the pale lantern light they still shine as bright as in the light of day. Johnny puts his hands on her shoulders.

"It'll be cloudy today," he says, "but it's not supposed to rain. We lucked out with both things. It's a little cooler and supposed to be all day. There will be some wind, alright? But enough of that shit, are you OK?"

KJ smiles a little.

"Yeah," she says.

She takes his arm with her gloved right hand.

Anna and Garret climb inside the van. Seconds later Rian closes the door and heads for the cab.

The sun will not penetrate the thickening overcast on this August day, and when Capricorn Cell arrives at the point of departure, the first light of day is but a lighter hue of darkness. The four warriors disembark without a word. Anna and Garret accompany Johnny and KJ for a short distance before they turn north. There, Anna finds a spot where she can observe the van and the area she thinks KJ will occupy. Garret will patrol the woods and roadside in-between. He'll carry his .308 Armalite.

KJ is in the lead, the AK ready should she have to open fire. She is very attentive of terrain hazards and avoids a wet area just in case it's a

small bog. She still doesn't trust her ability to surface should the mire conceal a watery abyss. The trees are tall but sparse here. This allows rapid movement but also increases the chance someone will see her. She stops within sight of the waterfront. It is a gorgeous sight, even in the dim light of an overcast dawn. In the binoculars she can see several ships in the marina at Otter Cove. When it's a little brighter she'll check their names in the scope.

Johnny comes up to her and lays the .50 caliber by her side. She hands him the AK and the binoculars. He touches her head before stepping back into the forest, where he will stand guard over her life.

Though the sky looks like September, it is still summer and once dawn arrives the light grows fast. KJ scans the boats with her scope. She does not pause to reflect on the beauty of the ocean, or the waves that lap at the shore. The trees are splendid: birch, maple and pines. The stones by the sea evoke thoughts of an ancient world and the few happy moments of a previous life. KJ cannot allow these things that normally enthrall her to distract her from the mission. She searches for one thing alone – the name of a ship. The *Houdini* is first; it is a Huckins yacht but KJ is looking for a Huckins Linwood by another name. And so it goes down the line – the others are the wrong type, and though she checks the names to be sure she hasn't erred, none of the first line of yachts is the *Heidi Marie*. KJ looks at the boats that are at anchor. She feels a rush when she reads the first name. Written in big, bold letters on the bow of the yacht is the name she's been looking for. The mil dots in the scope indicate a range of around 750 yards. Anthony Moretti is within range of reaping what he's sown.

Several wealthy mariners emerge on decks after the 7AM hour, but Moretti is not one of them. In fact, no one appears until 9AM, when his daughter Elena comes up from below decks. She hangs around the exposed lower tier and then makes her way to the enclosed bridge. KJ is prepared to fire should the father appear. To her great displeasure, not only does he not emerge, but Elena raises anchor and begins piloting the yacht from within the enclosed bridge position. KJ watches as her chance to strike a blow against treason sails toward the open ocean and away from her shooting position.

"Fuck," KJ mouths but does not say.

KJ waits. She could end the mission with a word. She sees the *Heidi Marie* turn a little to the right, away from the open ocean, and then get smaller. The time limit is 3PM and she still has hours until then. In her scope, KJ watches the yacht as it moves away. Then a moment of exhil-

aration is upon her; the ship turns back toward the south of Otter Cove, straight at KJ's barrel.

The outside air is growing warmer. It will rain and perhaps storm this afternoon. Though the clouds are thick the skies are warming. KJ feels the rising heat but pays it no mind. She watches the boat as a hungry she-wolf watches an unwary ewe.

The bow of the ship is aimed at KJ. It will have to turn eventually. In the mil-dots KJ ascertains the range: 1800 yards, too far. Should Moretti confine himself to the bridge, KJ does not believe she'll take the shot, since the windows may deflect the bullet and at a range of 1000 or so yards, the result would most likely be a miss.

As he stands guard, Johnny Bowen glances at his wife. She has assumed a strong shooting position. He does not interrupt her, or ask if she will cancel the mission. The men decide the nature of the mission and the target; unless there is actual or perceived danger, the shooters alone have the right to cancel or continue a mission once they're in a sniper's position. KJ keeps watching, and Johnny continues to guard her.

All is clear from Anna's perspective. No one even approaches on the nearby two-lane road. She sees Garret standing behind several birch trees. This would be a lovely place for a romantic walk or a picnic. Anna scans the area again and catches a glimpse of KJ among the thick trees closer to the shore.

The waves are small and lazy. The wind is very light – KJ estimates around 10 miles per hour at the most. She adjusts the scope and checks the range. The boat is at 1000 yards. She sees the pilot through the windows, and sees his daughter standing to the side. Dressed in the casual attire he often wore to meetings, Anthony Moretti stands on the bridge. He's probably wearing a blue ball cap, no doubt with the LA Dodgers logo. Moretti is a fanatical supporter.

KJ considers taking the shot. He may not emerge from the covered bridge. He may return below decks. In that case, she will have lost the only opportunity, albeit a poor one, to strike him down. The wind is light but the boat is riding up and down on the lazy swells. She could easily miss, and there will be no second attempts. In fact, the rifle is single shot and she has but two bullets – one in her web gear for a dire emergency.

Anna sees a car drive past. She watches in her scope, interrupted by the trees whose bodies are between her and the car. Anna breathes a sigh of relief when the vehicle keeps driving.

The range is approximately 800 yards. Moretti turns to his daughter and speaks for a short while. Then he moves to the right as she assumes

the wheel. In a minute he leaves the bridge and disappears below decks. KJ does not lose heart. She watches the lower deck. There is still a great deal of time, and she will wait. There is movement around the right side of the bridge as Anthony Moretti steps around the rear of the bridge and begins following the rail to the front of the lower deck. He continues until he reaches the front of the yacht, and stands there, admiring the warm August sky and the waves and the other yachts whose owners consider it a privilege to know him. He stands behind the rail which rises up past his waist. There is a little flag right in front of him, at about chest level. It is advantageous to KJ; it is a wind indicator and it's pointing directly at him, parallel to any shot she might take.

Anthony Moretti's true loves are his Dodgers, his family and his huge collection of antique cars. If asked why anyone would want to kill him, he would say that they'd want to damage his security company's image, or perhaps out of vengeance for a relative or friend who, during the commission of a crime, ran afoul of one of his company's alarm systems. He'd never contemplate that the targets of an anti-white genocide, a genocide that his company promotes via its biased advertising, might strike back at a traitor like him. Even if he somehow regrets supporting his company's odious anti-white advertising, it is too late now; the hour is 1PM and Kaylee Jane Bowen is watching his approach.

KJ blocks out everything but the target. Since the thin flagpole is in front of Moretti and could deflect a bullet from a fatal to a non-fatal location, she aims for his head. She exhales and holds a half-breath, the death-dealing ritual that she performs before every shot, and puts pressure on the trigger without jerking or wincing. Her body does not squirm or pull up. The gun is seated perfectly in her shoulder. The air is clean, with the scent of the ocean and a hint of new-mown grass. At just the right moment, the 50-caliber rifle discharges. It does not rear upward; aside from the recoil, it does not move.

At such a distance, the bullet does not arrive instantaneously. Moretti has a moment to think before the huge bullet crashes into his forehead, ripping his head nearly in two and killing him in seconds. His body crumples. Blood flows across the front deck.

KJ does not stay to watch. No mission is successful if they do not make it home. With Johnny in the lead, KJ carries the .50 caliber as she hurries in his footsteps.

Anna cannot see the *Heidi Marie* from her position, though she hears the shot and sees KJ running just behind Johnny. Anna does not move; her role is to cover the retreat.

It is only after KJ approaches that Anna begins to move swiftly in the direction of the van. Johnny is opposite her toward the road, placing his body between any threat and the two shooters. Garret, who is behind Anna, is last to arrive at the van. Rian starts the engine as they enter the rear. This time it's Garret who crouches by the door as the van rolls down the roadway. The ladies do not know, but the two men discussed this before the mission.

KJ lays the Barrett .50 caliber rifle next to her seat, the one nearest the wall between the cargo space and the cab. Johnny sets down the AK but keeps it at arm's length, should he need its firepower. He looks at his wife. He can guess what she's thinking. Now that she's pulled the trigger, thoughts of Moretti's family are probably on her mind. Perhaps some of them did not appreciate his decision to support such blatant anti-white propaganda. Then again, none of them protested the money he brought home as the commercials ran on television. Johnny puts his arm around her and she looks into his eyes. There was a time she really could not understand what he goes through when he kills, but now, in addition to their fierce and undying love, they share that pain as well. She manages a very brief smile that is born of love and sympathy rather than joy or happiness. He kisses her mass of brown hair and she closes her eyes.

Another who understands and sympathizes is Anna Fogarty. She looks at her husband as he guards the rear doors. She hasn't stored her rifle and will not until he comes to his seat. The .30-06 will punch through most police cruiser windows, and if he needs the firepower she will fly to his side. The police could revolt and choose not to chase those who fight for their children's futures. Instead, they pursue and would kill any member of Capricorn Cell who falls into their hands. They will kill Capricorn's family members as well. Anna will pray for their souls tonight, but should they threaten her family she will kill them.

Johnny glances at the inside shell of the van. In spite of the tension and the uncertainty of exactly what is happening in the outside world, he has a thought that he does not push away. As the sky brightened and the world revealed its splendor, he could see and appreciate the striking beauty of the Maine seashore. He felt a great urge to carry KJ from the van and to walk with her, hand-in-hand, along the shoreline. Instead, he'll walk with her in the darkness of night at some remote campsite in northern Pennsylvania or New Jersey, and the chattering of crickets will replace any memory of the lapping waves. He turns to her again and she looks up at him.

Victoria is just a city, and it's so goddamned far away.

Rian knows the prearranged meeting point. Contrary to Johnny's musing, it will actually be in western Massachusetts. After a tense but uneventful retreat, as well as a stop for fuel and another to allow the warriors to stretch and breathe the outside air, he proceeds to the location. Jimmy Ford is waiting when they arrive. The white Chevrolet van is parked just behind him.

When Jimmy drives the Chevy up to the brown Ford van, he notices that Rian's changed the plates. Jimmy will change them again – to the originals, in his name. If he's apprehended with this van he'll be nailed anyway; no use hiding it then. At least this way, a wayward check will not reveal a stolen plate.

Garret is first outside, followed by Johnny. It is dark outside, which is still a surprise even though his watch indicated that it should be. Johnny Bowen nods in a salute to Ford and then proceeds to secure the immediate area. He also searches for and finds an adequate campsite. The ladies remain inside for a little while. They collect their weapons and things and turn out the battery-powered lights near the seats and rear exit of the van. Since Johnny took his AK, KJ will carry the spare 12-gauge shotgun. It is a Mossberg 590A1 with a sling for portability. Neither Anna nor KJ needs to carry any of the camping supplies; the Chevrolet van is stocked with everything they need.

"Have you heard anything?" Garret asks Jimmy after they walk back to the Ford van.

"I heard that someone was shot in Maine," Jimmy says, "They said he's dead and that the suspect is a certain John Ashley Bowen."

"They always blame him," Garret says, "Look, don't tell KJ yet. She'll get protective when she hears they're blaming Johnny."

Jimmy nods. He and Garret shake hands before Jimmy heads for the brown Ford. He wishes the ladies well, and tells KJ to give his regards to Johnny, who is still out in the forest. Jimmy passes by the cab of the Chevy where he greets Rian Donnelly.

"Good work, Rian," Jimmy says.

Rian knows that Jimmy has started honing his driving skills. He's quite happy for it. On the one hand, should Rian go down, Capricorn Cell will need a wheel man. On the other, Rian Donnelly would like to go home someday soon, with Jesse in his arms.

The four watch Jimmy drive off into the night. Around that time, Johnny Bowen reappears. He's found a good campsite. They'll sleep inside the van tonight, but the site will offer a good location for hiding the van and for setting up a shower in the morning. Thankfully, among the

camping gear, food and drink, there is ample water in the van. Jimmy Ford has a checklist that he never neglects to follow.

Once they return to Procyon House, the rebels of Capricorn Cell tend to the guns and the gear and, of course, supper. While the food is on and the members take turns in the shower and in the kitchen, Garret takes leave and makes his usual rounds on the internet. Within minutes he learns of the death of Anthony Moretti. He also sees that the establishment has an idea as to why Moretti was a target. As Jimmy Ford said, John Ashley Bowen is to blame. Garret closes the internet browser and returns to the kitchen. KJ is taking care of the salad, so he'll tend to the drinks. Before leaving, he prepared a mint julep mix, and he and Johnny will sip a few. It's been a busy and successful mission, one marked with spectacular success, and they deserve it.

Capricorn Cell is not the only cell to pursue a major target. Far away, on the west coast, the single member of Andromeda Cell has his sights set on an even more spectacular target.

Since February, John Boyle has prepared his mind and body for a mission of great magnitude. Collaboration between Cristi and Garret has given him a list of targets and all the information that the aforementioned war brothers can glean. In August, John McShane and Kevin Toomey departed from Minnesota for a rendezvous with John Boyle within the Angeles National Forest. Their vehicle is a Toyota Tacoma pickup, painted black with "Bartlett Landscaping" in orange letters on the doors. For now, the plates are genuine. Stored in the cab are three stolen plates, should they need the vehicle for a mission. Among the more mundane equipment in the back is a .50 caliber Barrett rifle. During his last meeting with McShane, Boyle expressed his need for a second .50 caliber. This particular gun belonged to John Ashley Bowen – if the police obtain it, no one will risk the loss of their anonymity.

McShane calls Boyle when he arrives. He rings once; Boyle will know that McShane seeks a meeting. The site of their meetings, determined by John Boyle, is a deserted road out in the scrub and the forest and is sinister enough without the presence of the predatory sniper. When Boyle does arrive, McShane is stunned by his appearance. Instead of the clean-cut warrior they're used to seeing, Boyle has long hair and a beard and moustache. He looks downright dirty. McShane doesn't yet know, but John Boyle has begun playing the part of a vagrant ever since he discovered the address of his target. Thanks to Garret and Cristi's information, and a few tours of Hollywood and nearby parts of Los Angeles, John Boyle has observed the target's home and its surroundings.

Ephraim Ross lives in a huge house not far from a golf course in the Whittier, California area. Perhaps the house is large enough for Ross to replace the soul that he does not have. In the days when John Boyle suffered from racial blinders, he watched and even enjoyed a couple of director Ross' films. He did not notice the sexual and racial propaganda enmeshed in Ross' rather obscure but visually striking cinematic works. Once, such propaganda was relatively subtle, though always present in some form in Ross' films; lately it has become obvious and ubiquitous. As Ross ages, his use of young white actresses to portray lesbians and prostitutes, and to act in more and more graphic sex scenes, has become much more common. There are two givens in his more recent films: no decent white males ever win the love of white females, and no actress who portrays a lesbian or a whore is ever Jewish.

Though he just turned 70, Ephraim Ross is as avid a tennis player as ever. The rear of his estate features a series of courts. They are mostly invisible from curious onlookers, though a person looking down from a tree-covered knoll near the golf course could get a glimpse of Ross as he walks from his mansion to the courts. The hill is some distance from the rear of Ross' house; 2002 yards, to be exact. As a transient, John Boyle has observed the Ross Estate. He's also taken a ride in a police cruiser, though the LAPD released him once they realized that he hadn't broken any laws – not that they knew of, anyway.

On the 19th of August, John Boyle tells John McShane to drop off the .50 caliber rifle at the hill near the golf course. He'll take care of the rest.

The morning of Friday the 21st is clear and the air is bone dry. McShane and Toomey rise in their hotel rooms and depart at 7AM. They drive to the knoll and the trees that border the golf course. Once there, Kevin Toomey removes a shovel, a bag and a long box from the pickup. Dressed in matching black shirts and orange work pants, the two disappear among the trees. When they return, they are carrying the shovel, an empty bag of mulch and the box that they carried with them. Unknown to any observers, the box is now empty.

John Boyle shuffles up the long road that runs past the hill. It is 10AM when he arrives at the copse of trees. He then turns toward them and sits in the shade of a big pine, well within view of the road and nearby houses. He lies on the grass and pretends to sleep for two hours.

"Irish John" rises at noon. He brushes himself off and steps in among the trees.

The afternoon is hot and dusty. John is growing to hate the Southern California climate; it's never cool and wet and green like back home. To

him, it's a suitable place for "heeb and muds." It isn't hard for him to find the Barrett sniper rifle among the pine needles and bone-dry earth. He removes the towels that cover the rifle and lays the gun in the spot that he chose two weeks ago.

John looks down the powerful scope. Two thousand yards distant sits the tennis court. Through breaks in the palms and pines and fences, he sees his tiny window of opportunity. At around 4PM, Ross will walk that line on his way to a friendly tennis match with Janet Rosenbaum, a like-minded cinematographer.

The slow march of time perturbs John Boyle. His patience is damn near limitless, though of course his temper is not. Neither is his propensity to forgive. The fact that Ross targets women from John's race to insult and propagandize is an unforgivable sin. John Boyle waits in the shade of the pines and the thick brush. Ross will come, and John Boyle will be waiting.

Sure enough, at 4:10 PM, Ephraim Ross opens the rear door and emerges into the sunshine. He is thin and balding, but his tennis clothes reveal a physique younger in appearance than its chronological age. His partner hasn't arrived yet. He'll practice his serve before she appears.

Ephraim Ross swings his arm back and forth. Two thousand yards away, John Boyle sees the movement of the racket. Four times he's watched Ross walk to the court. He knows how long it takes him to move from one opening to another. He'll have to time the shot so that Ross walks into the bullet. Any interruption and the shot misses; Boyle will abort the mission and he will not return.

At 4:15PM, John Boyle sees Ross pass by the first opening between the manicured shrubs and fence line of the Ross Estate. Four seconds later, Ross passes by the second such opening. Boyle moves the rifle and aims at a third empty space, ahead of Ross. He counts. Then he fires.

Ephraim Ross never dreamt that a man he would derisively call a "goy" would dare strike at him. He mocked whites and cast their women in depraved and degrading roles. No one ever threatened him; in fact, no one even complained. He was ready for them if they had. He'd have called any such challenger an anti-Semite. He would try to destroy them, either by limiting their career in Hollywood or, if the upstart white happened to be a working man, by labeling him a racist and thereby destroying his chances for employment. Ross has it all figured out. Whites never strike back, anyway. He degrades and ruins their women and openly mocks their men. The thought of a white rebel striking him down is so absurd as to be laughable.

Seconds later, Ephraim Ross walks into a bullet that his hatred for whites helped propel.

John Boyle does not flee. He pulls his binoculars from under his dirty coat. Lying near the tennis court is the body of Ephraim Ross, blood pouring from his shattered head.

When Boyle departs, he does so with nonchalance. He crosses the street and walks down an avenue toward the more congested parts of the city, east of the golf course and the rich men's houses. The Barrett .50 caliber remains in the copse of trees. It is a necessary sacrifice.

Capricorn Cell learns of Boyle's success the next day. Garret sees the story on the internet. He sees the accusations, which of course include Johnny Bowen. He knows that Ross was on Boyle's list. It's morning and Garret joins the others in the kitchen – all save Rian, who is with Jesse on this lovely Saturday in August.

"Irish John just shot a Hollywood director," Garret says.

All eyes fix on him as he stands in the doorway.

"Who?" Johnny asks.

"None other than Ephraim Ross," Garret says, "Proud director of *Golden Samantha*."

Only Anna hasn't heard about the film, which is notorious for its graphic sex scenes as well as its portrayal of white boyfriends as brutal oppressors.

"Good!" Johnny says, "Maybe there won't be so many fucking anti-white movies this year."

"It would have been good for one of us to do it," KJ says, "I'd have let them know it was me. That'd be fucking awesome, wouldn't it? I'd fucking show them that not all white women are for sale."

"They already know that, KJ," Anna says, "That's why they blame Johnny, and that's why they went after my dad."

There is silence for a moment.

"We need to speak, Garret," KJ says.

"No," Garret says.

"We're wasting a huge opportunity!" KJ says.

"No, KJ," Garret says, "It's not the right time."

She does not challenge his resolution but she does sigh and cross her arms. Garret throws her an annoyed glance.

On the 30th of August, Aer Lingus brings two very familiar faces back to the United States. Bill and Megan Donnelly arrive at John F. Kennedy airport and catch a connecting flight to Pittsburgh. They've heard very little about the exploits of Capricorn Cell, though Bill has heard of Johnny

Bowen's notoriety. He's prayed for the young man every time he crosses himself.

Sinead is doing very well. She asked about Anna, but all Bill could tell her was that the Murphy girl had business now, of a kind he couldn't discuss. The child of a CIRA member, Sinead understood what he meant.

Late in the evening of the 31st, the Donnelly parents arrive in Uniontown. Bill drives the rental car toward Lemont Furnace and the Donnelly Homestead. He is weary as is Megan, though Bill is at peace. He spoke to fellow CIRA members as well as a few RIRA allies and other sympathetic ears. He gave it his all, and risked his life. He believes that they will understand his fears. He believes that they will understand that every white nation, Ireland included, is forced to accept massive non-white immigration, and that the assimilation of non-white masses will result in the extinction of the white race. This is, pure and simple, white genocide. He believes that his friends and acquaintances will realize the danger that their race and their children are facing. They are a dwindling minority, surrounded by hostile enemies who would not hesitate to turn a slow, soft genocide into a rapid and bloody one. He has faith in his IRA brothers. He believes that they will do what is right, and will defend the white Irish people.

Bill's calm will not last the night. On his doorstep is a newspaper. Bill's hands tremble as he reads and rereads the headlines. In large black letters is the story of Gary Murphy's death. For the first time since the death of his son David, the elder Donnelly weeps.

September begins with "KJ weather", and the cloud cover and rain threaten to remain for a good number of days. The First of September begins the unsettled weather. It is also Johnny Bowen's birthday. Once again, KJ sabotages the alarm clock and serves him breakfast in bed.

"That's twice now," Johnny says when she wakes him.

"It's your birthday," KJ says as she lays the tray on his lap.

"I thought love doesn't have a calendar?" Johnny says.

"It doesn't," KJ says, "but I do."

Johnny sighs from exasperation.

"Thank you, angel," he says.

"My man," KJ says as she rubs his bare leg.

The day after Johnny's birthday, Garret encounters a new public service announcement during the course of his internet searches. He plugs in the headphones and listens to each word. Once it's finished he sits for a while and looks at the final face to appear; the one in freeze-frame as the clip ends. Then he rises and walks to the exercise room.

Inside, KJ is straddling Johnny's lap. She's laughing and they kiss. They've been lifting between displays of deep affection and turn their heads toward Garret when he enters.

"Drop by the media room when you're finished," Garret says, "No hurry."

Since it's cloudy and raining, Johnny and KJ plan on making a short outside excursion. They decide to visit Garret after they've dressed for the patrol. When they enter the media room, they find Anna sitting beside Garret, who is just to the right of the desktop. Johnny offers KJ a seat and they join Anna.

KJ kisses his cheek as a token of her appreciation.

"I'll just show it to you," Garret says, and without further adieu he presses the play button on the VLC media player.

A well-known white actress appears.

"I am white and I am ashamed," she says.

A white actor appears.

"I'm white and I'm ashamed," he says.

A well-known homosexual singer is next.

"I'm white and I'm ashamed," he says in a British accent.

And so it goes, until twenty celebrities have professed their shame. Finally, a famous actress says the same line but then adds, "I'm ashamed of John Ashley Bowen and WILO. I'm ashamed of racists and I'm ashamed of those who hate."

The image fades, but the PSA continues.

A famous Jewish director appears.

"Together with my colleagues and many others who are ashamed of the actions of a few racists and haters," he says, "We are offering a 50 million dollar reward for information that leads to the apprehension of John Ashley Bowen and any member of his racist terror organization. If you know anything, please call the number on the screen, or call your local police. The haters' time is over. Let's end their attempt to drag us back to the past."

The final image, of the Jewish director staring at the camera, remains as the final frame.

"Those motherfuckers," KJ says, "Those fucking pricks!"

"We took one of theirs, KJ," Garret says, "It's natural they'd react. They'll do a lot more than this, you can be sure of that. This was a nasty little surprise for them. We frightened them and it shows. They'll lash out at us because they never expected us to resist."

"Fuck them," KJ says.

She rises to her feet. Anna looks at KJ, who is nervous and fierce.

"They just put a price on my husband's life," KJ says, "That god-damned kike just offered a 50 million dollar reward to whoever fucking murders my husband!"

"Angel," Johnny says.

KJ looks at the screen. She sees the director's face and her anger and rage grow. He lives in a gated community and feels safe from the goyim he so loathes – at least he did feel safe. Regardless, he has become filthy rich from his anti-white films and television series, and now, surrounded by fellow tribe members and loyal white traitors, he offers an extraordinary amount of money for the betrayal of John Ashley Bowen and Capricorn Cell. The sight of his face, masked in phony compassion, pushes KJ beyond the limits of reason. She draws her pistol and points it at the screen.

"I'll put a fucking bullet in his skull!" KJ says, "Those fucking pieces of shit say their ashamed?" She looks back at the image. "Find this god-damned piece of shit!" she says, "Find him so I can fucking kill him!"

"Put down the gun," Johnny says. KJ looks at him and he rises. "Put it away, angel."

Slowly she complies. He comes over to her and she embraces him.

"How dare they say that they're ashamed of you," KJ says, her rage mollified for only a moment, "Fuck them! Fuck all of them! Fucking traitors. Fucking slaves! That's all they are, fucking white traitor slaves who can't fucking think for themselves! They never fucking could!"

Johnny pulls her back into his embrace. He kisses her head and rubs her back.

"Their words don't faze me, angel," he says, "I'm not afraid of any of them and I'm sure as fuck not worried about their reward. No one dear to me is interested in their blood money, and anyone who is doesn't know shit about me."

KJ squeezes his body. Anna and Garret wait for him to settle her down. They know her and they know him, and he's the only one who can.

"I'm afraid, Johnny," KJ says, "I'm afraid someone will try to collect that fucking money. They go after us, our families, and our own flesh and blood, and now they offer so much fucking money for your life."

Johnny takes her by both shoulders and looks into her eyes.

"Nothing's changed, angel," he says.

"Nothing's changed on the inside," KJ says, "But outside, Johnny, they just put a 50 million dollar fucking hit on you. Any coward would turn you in for that money, and there's so fucking many."

KJ looks down, but Johnny brings her gaze back to his eyes by lifting her chin with his hand.

"None of our people will betray me," Johnny says, "and cowards and traitors would turn us in anyway, without having to be paid. You know that, sweetheart. Their offer doesn't mean they'll win. It means they're angry and desperate," he gets his own wicked little smile, "and we touched them."

KJ gets a little smile for a moment and touches his cheek.

"It still hurts me," she says, "It's only because you're fighting for white children that they hate you so much. If you were some nigger cop-killer, those same assholes would fucking sympathize with you. You know that. But they don't because you're a hero for our race." She touches his chest and looks at her gloved hand as it caresses his strong pectoral muscles and moves across the t-shirt that covers his scar. "You're my hero."

There is a pained look on KJ's face. Johnny embraces her and then kisses her head before he leads her to the storage room. That night, KJ dresses in one of her tight bodysuits; one so tight it shows the form of the thong she's wearing underneath. She kisses Johnny on the lips as they sit on their bed, illuminated by the lamp on the cabinet.

"You know what?" KJ says, "I'm white, and I'm not ashamed. In fact, I'm proud to be white and I'm proud to be Mrs. John Ashley Bowen."

Johnny rubs her back and she curls up beside him, her head finally resting on his chest.

"I'm sorry I let myself go off like that," KJ says.

"It's OK, angel," Johnny says, "I know it's not easy."

"Thank you, Johnny," KJ says and nuzzles his chest. Then she looks into his eyes. "You know, those kikes and traitors would sell their souls to have a girl like me. But they can't. There's only one man who will have me."

"My angel," Johnny says.

"Your angel," KJ says.

September 14th is warm and sunny outside. It is also the birthday of Anna Fogarty. She receives several gifts, both practical and beautiful. Among them is one that Anna herself requested. This gift, a little vase not unlike the one that once sat on the kitchen table of the Murphy Home, she puts upon the table in her and Garret's bedroom. Later that evening, Garret makes an unusual request to his wife: he asks her to dress in her mermaid tail. He knows that Anna won't question why; she'll look for any excuse to wear the tail. When he returns to the bedroom Anna can see the reason for the request. In Garret's hands is his Canon digital camera.

"Do some mermaid poses for me," Garret says. He will print these photos and the best of them will grace the wall of the bedroom. Johnny's already made the wooden frames.

The picture that Garret chooses shows Anna lying on her elbows and stomach. Her tail is raised a bit so that the viewer will see her fin as well as her tail. Her long red hair hangs around her and she is the vision of an Irish mermaid. The picture is the perfect complement to the Waterhouse mermaid, which hangs just to the right.

The next morning breakfast is served a little later than usual, and almost everyone is already washed and dressed. Anna is first to enter the kitchen, followed by Johnny. Garret will be late; he has some minor installation work to do in the media room, and Rian won't wake for another hour, as usual. Johnny is sitting at the breakfast table when KJ makes her appearance. He is about to sip his coffee but stops mid-motion when he sees her. Anna's eyebrows raise; she looks at Johnny and then back at KJ. It's not surprising that KJ is wearing tight, shiny black leggings, or suspenders for that matter; she's worn them in the past. Today, however, she's wearing both, and a snug white sleeveless t-shirt beneath the suspenders. This is one of the pairs of leggings that rise above her lovely little belly and although they are already tight, the suspenders ensure a very snug fit. KJ kisses Johnny's head and takes a seat to his right.

"Hey," KJ says and shows him one of her brief smiles. Her eyes and body language tell him she's happy.

Johnny reaches over and snaps the left strap of her suspenders. Anna stifles the laugh that was certain to result. KJ puts her gloved hands on her hips and gives him an unamused look.

"Don't!" she says, "You're supposed to say how cool I look."

"Alright," Johnny says, "You look cool."

He reaches over and snaps the other strap. KJ looks at him as Anna rises and walks to the sink, unable to stifle her silent laughter, which she hides by turning her back. Once she's composed herself, Anna turns around and watches the Bowen's, hoping for more antics from the fierce lovers.

Johnny chuckles and drinks his coffee. Still sitting, KJ turns her back toward him, much like the peeved child who collects her toys and leaves the playground. Her reaction prompts Johnny to snap the rear strap of her suspenders.

"You fucking!" KJ says as she turns. Johnny has to hold his cup to the side as she jumps him, messing up his hair and pulling his well-tucked shirt out of his pants. Then she tosses his cherry muffin to Anna.

"Eat that or throw it away, I don't give a shit," KJ says as she strangles Johnny, "Give it to Rian, he'll fucking eat it!"

Some of Johnny's coffee spills on the table.

"Hey!" Johnny says, still under assault, "Watch out! My coffee, damn it!"

KJ tries to pull his shirt up over his head and he is forced to set his cup on the table. His hands, finally free of cups and muffins, manage to prevent her. Then the action pauses. Johnny begins to laugh. KJ, whose hands are on his shoulders like she's going to choke him, begins fixing his shirt and his hair with gentle strokes of her hand. His laughter comes to an abrupt end and KJ kisses him. It lasts a very long while.

In the living room, Garret hears the commotion and cracks the door. He sees the melee and lets the door close. There's no need to interrupt a good thing.

The next week, the five rebels engage upon a task of great significance: fall cleaning. They fulfill this task in teams of two and three on alternate days. On Tuesday, Johnny and KJ begin cleaning the underground rooms. At breakfast that day Anna expresses reservations over the duty assignments.

"Maybe it would be better for the guys to clean one day, and the girls the next," Anna says.

"Why's that?" Johnny asks.

"Because if you and KJ are alone you won't get anything done," Anna says.

"And you and Garret would?" Johnny asks.

"That's my point," Anna says.

"Don't worry," Johnny says, "Rian will be there to kill the romance."

"Fuck yourself, Bowen!" Rian says and Johnny laughs, "For that, I will be there."

Rian shows up on Tuesday to help the Bowen's downstairs.

One room that they must clean is the infirmary. They will not attempt to sterilize the room or its contents, as Garret and Jesse did after Johnny Bowen's surgery. The contact areas will need to be sterilized before any additional use, should that terrible event come to be. This is a cleaning meant to remove dust and any other unwanted debris that might have accumulated since the infirmary's last use. Thanks to the excellent design of the room and the underground structure itself, there is not much to clean in this room. The task ends quickly and there is no need for Rian to join them. He's lifted the new mats in the tunnel – the ones that Ford put there so that anyone fleeing could have excellent traction while running –

and is mopping the tile. All that's left is the sturdy platform that serves as an operating table, upon which a wounded Johnny Bowen once lay.

Though Johnny wants to wipe the table, KJ beats him to it. He hoped to spare her the flashbacks. After running a cloth along its surface she looks at Johnny and flashes him a sad little smile. There are memories she plans on telling their children, and there are memories that shall remain between the two of them.

The picture is from the internet. A man scowls at the camera, a mix of disdain and arrogance on his face. His hairline is receding but his hair is still brown, and his face shows few signs of age. His lips are almost non-existent, perhaps from his attempt to look cold and intimidating. His shoulders are manly and help to minimize his rather inflated jowl. Although his shirt and suit look to be of impeccable quality and cleanliness, he's left more than the top button unfastened.

This is Charles Evans Gardner, an import from England who works as a journalist for a major Baltimore newspaper. His picture, from the newspaper's website, is first in a stack of papers and maps. Garret slides the papers inside a manila folder.

Just after Anna's birthday, Austin Kelly and James Ford began tracking and observing Gardner. They started with the newspaper offices in Baltimore. They observed that Gardner drives a red Chrysler 200 convertible. He lives in a very comfortable home in Ruxton, north of the city. There are lush woods all around his housing development and to the immediate west is a two-lane road with rapid access to both the interstate and the lesser roads out of the Baltimore area. The area to the west of the Gardner place is rugged, forested and swampy, and the ground is shrouded in shadow and covered with heavy growth. There are, however, many deer trails cutting through the more difficult terrain.

The night before the 1st of October Anna dresses for bed and joins her husband. Tomorrow is a huge day for the Fogarty's, and the Bowen's and the Donnelly's as well; it is their wedding anniversary. It happens to be the Fogarty's turn in the "secret room" since Rian and Jesse will be spending the evening and the next two days at a cabin in Canaan Valley. So as not to be bereft of space, the Bowen's get the living room and the right-half of the house, with one reservation.

"Don't fuck in my bed," Rian tells Johnny.

"I don't even like to touch it," Johnny says, "after you've been wanking in it so many fucking times."

"See that you don't," Rian says.

Johnny laughs.

"I'm going to miss you, Rian," he says, "After we win and all the 'no Irish' signs go back up."

"Fuck yourself, Hun," Rian says, "I'll be so tired of your homely face, I'll be on the first fookin' ship back."

"No you won't," Johnny says, "You'll still be in bed, you lazy Mick."

Anna walks in and Rian mouths a "fuck you" toward Johnny, who laughs and messes up his Irish brother's hair.

Before the elegant meal and the dancing and the loving commence, there is one other responsibility that needs taken care of. The war continues, and tomorrow morning Garret will call another meeting of Capricorn Cell. He would like to tell Anna about the impending war meeting, but he does not. He elects to let her sleep in peace tonight. He can read her quite well, as he can most people, and she seems to be at peace. What he's not entirely aware of is the fact that she, too, has the same gift. She can guess what's on his mind.

The next morning, their anniversary, Garret calls the war meeting. He considered postponing the announcement but opted to press forward. The enemy never ceases its war against his children, regardless of the day.

"Charles Evans Gardner is a journalist in Baltimore," Garret begins.

This time Garret does not wait until Anna and KJ have finished aerobics and Johnny's set out on a short morning patrol. He calls them to the war meeting before they can begin, just after breakfast in fact.

Garret continues.

"He is the author of several reports on minority struggle and discrimination," Garret says, "He has also accused the Tea Party movement of racism and has attempted to connect the movement to white separatists, white nationalism, and the fictional terror organization WILO."

"I couldn't care less about the Tea Party," KJ says, "They fucking bend over backwards to appease anti-whites, so fuck them, let them deal with Gardner. When the fuck did they ever say that they're proud of being white or that they love the white race? They're usually full of shit anyway." KJ snorts. "All they care about are taxes and big fucking business. Come visit the capitalist utopia! Just don't drink the water, it's full of VOCs."

"It's not about the Tea Party, KJ," Garret says, "It's about the silencing of dissent."

"I know," KJ says, "They accuse the Tea Party of racism in order to silence any dissent, I know that. But what do those pussies do? Everything they can to prove their not racist. That's why I say it's the tea baggers' problem. They'll condemn any white man who stands up for his

race, just to save their own asses. You don't even need to accuse them of racism and they'll choose a fucking nigger to be their spokesman. Dis-course died a long time ago thanks to weak motherfuckers like them."

"I didn't know they still existed," Johnny says to Anna, loud enough for everyone to hear.

"None of us are fans of the Tea Party movement," Garret says, "Most of all because they genuflect to anti-whites. With that part you're right. As a matter of fact, I couldn't care less if Gardner is attacking the Tea Party on environmental or political grounds. But when Gardner chose to attack them on racial grounds he crossed the line. He's another voice in a long line of traitors who give power to the charge of racism and who prevent us from even discussing white genocide." Garret never ceases looking into KJ's eyes. "Do you disagree with that? Do you have a problem with this mission?"

"No, Garret," KJ says, "I don't disagree with that." She feels the rebuke. "I just got the impression that it was getting political. It's just, when it comes to economics and shit like that, I don't agree with a lot of white advocates. But I'm still thankful for them. Everyone with white skin is in this fight, one way or another. We can discuss politics after we save our race from extinction. That's what I wanted to say. Maybe it didn't come out right."

"I agree with what you're saying," Garret says, "We're not about silencing opinions. We're in this war because as whites our opinions have been silenced. Actually, I'm glad you spoke up. We need to be focused, and for that to happen we need to clear up everything before we set off. This is not, and will not be about politics, left or right. It is about the survival of our race and the punishment of treason and betrayal. The politics and all the other foolishness can wait."

Garret turns toward Anna, who has remained silent. He hands her the folder.

"Anna," he says, "Because of his support for those who silence us, and those who stifle the discussion of white genocide and the threats that our children will face, I ask that you kill this Mr. Gardner. Anna, will you accept this mission?"

"I will," Anna says.

The thick, stony woods are bathed in fog as Capricorn Cell exits the burgundy-colored Ford van, with Anna Murphy in the lead and Johnny Bowen to her left. It is cool on this early October morning and walnut and Norway maple leaves litter the forest floor, piling around and upon the dying summer weeds and wildflowers. A young spike buck is munching on

a few sugar maple leaves when he sees Garret and KJ. He turns and flees, and then quietly returns to the Maryland woods.

Rian drives north along Maryland Route 25. He'll return at dusk to wait at the designated pick-up spot. Until then, Rian will drink coffee and read *The Hockey News*. Garret printed off the last 20 issues before they left for the mission. Rian has a lot of catching up to do.

Gardner usually arrives home at 8PM, give or take. Sometimes he'll stop at a bar frequented by other members of the press. That will delay his arrival by two or three hours. No matter; Anna finds a spot where she can see his driveway through the autumn trees. When he arrives, she'll be waiting. If he does not give her the opportunity to fire, Capricorn Cell will spend the night in the forest. Rian will drive to Towson and spend the night in a motel. He'll turn on the cell phone in case of emergency. Then he'll return just before dawn.

Charles Gardner leaves his office on time. He does not proceed to his Ruxton home. Instead, he drops by the Hanover Pub for a single beer and, he hopes, a chance encounter with the new culture and lifestyle reporter Chloe Speicher. He stays an extra hour before giving up on a meeting with his sex interest. It's already 10PM and he has work tomorrow.

As he turns off of Highway 134, Gardner thinks of tomorrow's dinner. Mike Del Rio invited him to the Capitol Grille, and it being Friday he believes he'll take him up on the offer. Gardner turns off his iPod as he approaches the driveway to his home. Bartók isn't connecting with him today. He reaches over to activate the garage door opener. Then he remembers; his teal-colored Land Rover is parked near the door. He left it there so that his housemaid Alina could clean around the drain. It's not important, anyway. No rain is falling, and Gardner will probably have to hurry tomorrow morning if he's going to arrive at work on time. He parks his Chrysler and grabs his briefcase before stepping on to the driveway.

As Charles Evans Gardner turns to close the car door, a .30-06 bullet strikes him near his temple. It tears through his brain stem and kills him almost instantly.

Four-hundred-fifty yards away, a redheaded sniper disappears into the dark woods.

September was a hard month for Bill and Megan. Though there is no way of knowing if Bill had any success in convincing his Irish brothers and sisters of the perils that their white children will face, both Bill and his lovely wife returned to Pennsylvania full of hope and feeling more than a little relief. But no sooner had he arrived at the doorstep when Bill learned of

the death of his beloved friend Gary Murphy. For a man used to danger and sudden death, it came as a great shock. Twice already he has visited the grave of the man he held as dear as any brother. Twice he has had to wipe his eyes with a cloth.

Just yesterday Bill and Megan laid flowers at the graves of Mary and Gary Murphy. The wind was cold and roared on the little cemetery ridge. There were other flowers as well, fresh ones left by Hannah and the Murphy's and the Buckley's, who will never forsake their beloved relation no matter what the police or FBI agents might say. On the way from the cemetery to the Donnelly Homestead, neither Bill nor Megan says a word. The leaves are fading now, and falling to the earth. Bill thinks about dear Anna, and the agony she must have felt when she learned of her father's death. War is merciless and vile, and no war is ever more hateful or abhorrent than a war forced upon good men and good women. A man must fight, lest he chose cowardice and betray those he loves to a fate worse than his own death.

Bill parks the green Cherokee not far from the Long Hall. The hall is empty now, and the little forest workshop will soon cease to exist. Bill walks around the side of the truck and opens the door for Megan. She's still as lovely as ever, and does not look a day older than when she left for Ireland. But she does not smile today and likely won't tomorrow. The loss of Gary is too close and too dear, and it will take some time for the pain to subside. It will never go away.

Megan steps through the front door as Bill holds it open for her. She touches him as she passes. The house is quiet save for the ticking of the clocks on the walls.

Bill wonders if he could have done more. What's done is done, he tells himself. At least he's secured a refuge for the members of Capricorn Cell, including his own son Rian and Jesse his wife. In Galway, surrounded by Bill's relations and closest friends, they might live in peace and bear the children they have every right to bear, and to love and cherish those children without constantly facing the specter of war. Bill sips his tea and Megan excuses herself and leaves for the guest room. The rear entrance of the house is adjacent to that room. Megan wishes to sweep the leaves from the threshold before returning to start supper. She plans on making a roast turkey with chestnut stuffing. It will take much of the day to prepare.

Jimmy Ford is driving through Uniontown and toward the Donnelly Homestead when he sees a sight that jolts him. Barreling through Lemont Furnace is an armored vehicle which Jimmy recognizes as a Lenco Bear-

Cat. On the sides of the dark gray vehicle are large white letters that spell S.W.A.T. Two gray vans with similar letters follow the tactical vehicle, which reminds Ford of the Humber Pigs he saw in pictures from Northern Ireland. Jimmy continues through the intersection as if he's unconcerned with the appearance of the police convoy. He does not follow them when they turn toward Old Braddock Road. Instead, he drives north and then back into Uniontown until he arrives at a café with free WiFi service. There, he opens his iPod Touch and sends a coded email to Garret Fogarty.

Something's going down at Bill's. Something terrible.

There were IRA men who did not see eye-to-eye with William Donnelly. Others did not place much faith in his warning. To some, the idea that the white Irish people would be subjected to the same genocidal levels of non-white immigration as every other white nation did not seem plausible, in spite of the evidence. Many were enjoying the peace and subsequent prosperity, even if they'd rejected the ceasefire in Northern Ireland. They did not want another war, especially one that the enemy would condemn as racist.

These were not the only opinions. Among the men and women with whom Bill spoke, several were at least sympathetic. A few were in complete agreement. One relatively powerful member of the CIRA saw eye-to-eye with the elder Donnelly. He told Bill that he would try to convince the younger men that Ireland must remain white, or else the Irish culture and civilization will cease to exist.

None of those who disagreed with Bill would betray their brother-in-arms, even the two men who were adamant in their opposition to Bill's suggestions. They believed that any mention of race would kill the support they receive from the United States and mainland Europe. Those men did not report him to the authorities. Among the IRA men and women, the spirit of brotherhood overcame any thoughts of betrayal, even among the skeptics and those who feared being labeled racists. Before leaving, Bill had actually achieved his mission. He'd convinced a handful of men and women that their people, a white people, faced the same genocide that all other whites were facing. But there was a Judas among them.

Though none of the others knew, one of those with whom Bill had met, a middle-aged man named Ethan Burnett, is an informer. He'd sold his soul for money and now his masters expected him to uncover the identity of the CIRA sniper who shot a police officer in Antrim. When he heard Bill's plea, he dropped the idea of asking about the sniping. Burnett believed that his reward would be much greater if he could deliver not only an active CIRA recruiter, but a racially-conscious one at that. When the

police came for Bill Donnelly, his flight was already preparing to land at JFK airport. Unfortunately for Bill, the CIRA, an organization that he has served and supported with undying loyalty and pride, is considered a terrorist organization by the United States of America.

The Pennsylvania State Police converge on the Donnelly Homestead, advancing down the private road to the house and the Long Hall and, on foot, around the side and rear of Bill's home. Just off Old Braddock Road, on a little hillock in a sparse section of the forest, a sniper named Brian Romero chooses a position that commands the road, the blackberry patch and the rear of the Donnelly Home. He looks through his scope at the windows and the dark green back door. If the Irishman tries to make a fight of it, Romero will shoot him down in an instant.

Officer Romero, contrary to the impression that his surname gives, is 100% white. His father's ancestors were Spaniards; his mother is Scotch-Irish. When someone asks, however, he tells them that he is Hispanic. Romero has not had an easy life, and behind his green eyes is a great deal of pain. It has made him tough, and as far as his sniping abilities go, he's the best shot on the Pennsylvania SWAT team.

Megan Donnelly is still wearing the green dress she wore to the cemetery. She puts on a jacket before opening the rear door. It's cool out; even cold. The wind began to blow up on the ridge and it has a sharp bite today. She'd return for a hat if she thought the sweeping would take more than a few minutes.

Brian Romero sees the door open. He sees an attractive middle-aged woman as she steps up to the threshold and begins sweeping the leaves away from the door and the three cement steps. He can see her face clearly in his scope. She is only a hundred yards away.

Bill rises from the kitchen table. He pours another cup of tea and begins walking toward the guest bedroom. He wants to tell Megan to make the turkey some other day. They'll eat out this evening. She's been working hard around the house and he'd like to give her a break.

Officer Romero knows about William Donnelly. He's familiar with the Continuity Irish Republican Army. He also knows that Bill is racially conscious, and loves his fellow white brothers and sisters. Romero does not appreciate Bill's love. In fact, he loathes this white man who dares to consider his race precious and worthy of protection. Though he and his wife are white, Brian Romero sympathizes with non-white invaders from Mexico.

As a Spanish-speaker – his father made sure he knew the language – Romero considers the invaders to be his kinfolk. When he looks through

the scope at Megan Donnelly, he does not see a beautiful white woman who has given birth to four beautiful white children, and who helped them become strong young men and women. He sees his anti-white hatred personified. Should even a third of all white women realize the peril that their children will face, the degradation and the hardship that will increase as the number of whites falls, then they would demand an end to the marginalization and destruction of the white race and their combined voice would be irresistible. Romero shudders to think what strong white men would do if their women supported them.

Megan sweeps the last leaf off of the top step. She turns her back toward Officer Romero's position and takes a step into the interior of her home. It is then that he discharges his Remington 700P and the lethal round of ammunition strikes Megan Donnelly in the back of her head.

Bill runs to his wife in the open threshold of the door. His every thought and attention is riveted on her, and he takes her into his arms, too shocked to realize exactly what has happened.

Some of those present, both SWAT members and state troopers, will probably believe the official story. The police will say that Bill Donnelly opened fire and that they had no choice but to respond. The four officers closest to the horror know better. It will be their dark secret. Once Romero fires his killing shot into the unarmed woman, the others open fire on the Donnelly Home. Had he been willing to abandon his dying wife, Bill would have had nowhere to hide. As it is, he cradles her as the officers blast away at the doorway and the windows and the rear wall of his home. When the onslaught is over, Megan is already gone, and beside her lays her dying husband. His body riddled and torn, William Donnelly of County Tyrone dies a few minutes after his beloved wife.

The papers will say that a suspected terrorist dies after a gunfight with police. They'll imply that his wife's death was his fault. They won't mention that he died unarmed, holding his beloved wife in his arms.

As Bill's blood leaves his dying body, Garret opens and reads Jimmy's email. His soul is wracked with pain as he rereads the words over and over again. Bill gambled with his life, all for his people and his race, and for the members of Capricorn Cell. Now it would appear that he has lost. Garret closes the email page. He looks down at the drawers and the mat on the floor but does not move.

Robert, Gary, Mason, and now Bill.

Garret closes the door. He remains in the media room as the others busy themselves with chores or hobbies or other important exercises. Anna knocks a little later, and he tells her through the door that he cannot

come now, he's busy. He thanks her and wants to tell her how much he loves her, but she'd catch on that something terrible has happened. Garret returns to his seat and hopes and prays for the best.

Two hours pass. Then, with tremendous anxiety that would drive a weaker soul away from the computer screen, Garret attempts to find out what has happened to Bill. He does not have to dig deep. On the website of a Pittsburgh TV station he learns that William Donnelly and his wife are dead.

"Hey, what's up?" asks the voice of Johnny Bowen through the door.

Garret feels immense relief that Johnny is the first person he'll see.

"Are you alone?" Garret asks, barely audible.

"Yeah," Johnny says, "What's wrong, Garret?"

"Come inside," Garret says, "and close the door. Lock it."

Johnny enters and does as Garret wishes.

"What happened?" Johnny asks.

By the looks of Garret's face, it is something either catastrophic or profound in its sadness; or both. He feels an urge to fight whatever enemy did this terrible unknown thing. His nerve keeps him calm.

"The police killed Bill," Garret says and then hesitates for a second, "and Megan."

Johnny looks at him. It is a very heavy blow, but he does not think about his own loss. He thinks about KJ. He wants to ask if Garret is sure. The look on Garret's face gives him the answer. Why can't this be some terrible dream? Why can't he awaken and see her there, sleeping, and know that everything is fine?

"I'll tell KJ," Johnny says.

"Let's bring everyone to the living room," Garret says, "We'll let everyone know all at once, so no one overhears."

"OK," Johnny says.

Johnny unlocks and opens the door. As he enters the living room he hears Anna and KJ passing through the kitchen. KJ says something and Anna laughs.

Johnny closes his eyes as he opens the kitchen door. When he opens his eyes he sees Anna just about to exit; KJ is already in the hall.

"Anna, wait," Johnny says. She looks at him. The smile on her face is gone the instant she interprets his expression. "Get KJ, OK? We need to see you in the living room."

"OK, Johnny," Anna says.

Johnny waits in the kitchen. Anna calls KJ from the open door, and she returns to the kitchen. As they pass, KJ looks at Johnny and gets that

wicked little smile. It's another blow to see her smile wiped away by the look on his face.

"Johnny?" says KJ, who is now concerned and beginning to worry.

"I'll be right there, angel," Johnny says, "Go on and have a seat."

Since moving into Procyon House, Rian Donnelly has kept somewhat aloof, owing both to his personality and the feeling he's harbored in the depths of his soul. From the first night he spent under the roof of Procyon House, as he lay on his sleeping bag and stared at the ceiling, in his heart he did not believe that he'd spend more than a few years with the combat teams of Capricorn Cell. And when the time came to leave for his ancestral homeland, he did not believe that he'd ever see them again. In fact, he figured that at least one of them would already be dead.

Rian has not been deliberately rude or cold but there has been a distance and the other four have certainly felt it. Perhaps they're wiser than he believes, because they all know that the distance he keeps is more than circumstantial, it is also deliberate. That distance does nothing to ease the horrendous task that Johnny and Garret now face. They must tell Rian, who is like a brother to them in spite of the emotional wall he's built.

When the door to the living room closes behind KJ, Johnny looks at the hallway door. He walks the hall as quiet as a breeze and knocks on Rian's door. Rian is studying maps, as he is wont to do. He has the ability to memorize most of them if given sufficient time.

"Come in," Rian says.

Rian is wearing jeans and a red checkered shirt with the collar unbuttoned. He's still staring at a map of Georgetown, Delaware.

"Rian," Johnny says, "We need you in the living room."

By the softness of Johnny's voice Rian can tell something is amiss. He looks up at his brother and closes the folder with the maps. Johnny turns and leaves Rian's bedroom. He walks down the hall, past the little table and KJ's flower garden and into the living room. Anna and KJ look up at Johnny as he enters. Garret is seated in front of the couch, facing the ladies. Johnny sits on a chair beside KJ, who looks worried.

"What is it?" KJ whispers.

Johnny looks at her but does not speak.

Rian enters. He knows something has happened, but like the man that he is, he does not hesitate to enter. He takes a seat between Garret and Johnny, so that he can look at both groups.

Garret looks down and rubs his hands together, and then he looks up and into each member's eyes. When his gaze meets Rian's, he stops.

"You're mother and father are dead, Rian," Garret says.

"What?" KJ says.

Anna's mouth comes open but she cannot speak. She puts her hand over her mouth, as if the words that might emerge must be kept inside for the time being.

Rian looks at Garret. Though his mouth is closed, Garret sees his teeth clench.

"What happened?" Rian asks.

KJ looks at Johnny, frantic. She wants him to give her some ray of light, some chance that this is a rumor and it will prove to be false. In her mind she knows better, but her heart and soul demand a contradiction. He takes her hand and sees the emotion growing on her face.

"What happened, Johnny?" KJ whispers.

Garret does not alter his stare. Neither does Rian. Garret answers his question.

"Someone betrayed him," Garret says, "Someone back home. The American police shot both of them."

"Where'd it happen?" Rian asks.

"At the homestead," Garret says, "by Uniontown."

"Does Michael know?" Rian asks.

"I sent him an email warning him," Garret says, "And I have to tell you, too, they'll be looking for you from now on."

"I figured that," Rian says, and tries a little smile that does not last or convince, "No more trips with Jesse."

"Are they gonna kill all our families?" Anna says, "Is that it? They kill our families because they can't find us?"

Garret wants to tell her no, but how can he? David Hill said a few words and now he's starving in prison. Mason's likely dead and Robert will spend the rest of his youth behind bars. Gary is gone, and now Bill and Megan. Who's next? Garret doesn't respond.

Johnny touches KJ's head and feels her thick mane of hair. She covers her face with her hands and weeps. He rises from his seat and so does she. He embraces her and holds her tight as she sobs. Anna looks at them, tears flowing down her beautiful face. Then she looks at Garret. He's looking at her now, into her eyes. Anna shakes her head and shows her pain, and he comes to her. As she lays her head against him, she looks over at Rian. He, too, has lost both of his loving parents. Rian stands and leaves for the hallway.

"Come on, angel," Johnny says, and he leads her to their bedroom.

Anna and Garret are alone in the living room. He has to fight an immense urge to open the window blinds and look at the dying autumn

leaves. He wants to carry Anna outside, so that the breeze and the rolling clouds and silent trees can replace all memory of this place. He will not. It is his burden to remain focused, and to see that the others do so as well. Bill and Megan are gone, but Capricorn Cell survives, and there can be no peace.

"He was the only father I ever had," KJ says as she stands in their bedroom, looking down as she speaks and the tears flow down her beautiful face. She finally looks into Johnny's eyes. "Megan helped me so much to get through what I went through. And now they're gone, Johnny. They're gone." She seems to recover, only to lose her composure again. "They killed them!" she says, "They fucking killed them! You heard Garret. He said the police shot them both." KJ looks at him. "Is Anna right? Are they going to kill your families?"

"I don't know, angel," Johnny says, "Everything's gone mad." He looks down for a moment. "I'm so sorry, KJ. I know what Bill and Megan meant to you, to all of us."

"The two of you were my breath," KJ says, "They'd have broken me without the two of you. Now Bill's gone, and I almost lost you."

Johnny moves close to her and takes her in his arms. Before leading her to the bed he kisses her head and feels her hands squeeze his strong arms.

Once they sit, KJ sighs and looks down at the floor. He sees her breathe deep and close her eyes for a moment.

"He wasn't like a father to me, he was a father," KJ says, "He took me in and gave me a place where I could have peace. He protected me. He fed me and kept me safe from the ones who hated me. He was so worried about my soul that he baptized me. To him that meant everything because it gave me another chance. No, it gave me my first chance. He and Megan took me into their home, and when they looked at me they didn't see someone who would parrot their beliefs, or any shit like that. They didn't see a girl who would, like, make them money or get them in tight with rich fucking assholes. When I looked in their eyes, I could see that it wasn't like that. They cared about me. My own fucking parents didn't give a fuck about KJ, but Bill and Megan loved me for who I am."

KJ stares into Johnny's fiery green eyes.

"And they brought us together," she says.

Johnny takes her hand. She smiles for a second, through the pain, and then looks back at the floor. Again the emotions surge and she begins to weep.

"I'm sorry," KJ says.

"Angel," Johnny says, "Angel."

He puts his arms around her.

"I never got to spend the time I wanted to with him," KJ says through the tears, "Or with Megan, something always happened or my fucking parents would interfere. I'm sorry, Johnny."

Though she looks down, and her hair veils her face, he sees the pain.

"Shh..." Johnny says, "He knew how much you cared for him, and so did Megan. Trust me, they knew. They were both very dear to us. They were our family, yours and mine. There's nothing anyone can say right now to take the edge off the loss, and if there was something I don't think it would be right to say it. We have to feel this, because of how much they meant to us and how much they gave to us. It's the price we have to pay for all the joy they gave to us."

KJ looks at him, her face showing her pain but it is more beautiful than any other face he's ever seen, and she touches his cheek. Then she lies back on the bed. He follows her and looks into her face. She gently pushes him so that he rolls over on to his back, and then she lays her head on his chest. He feels her sobbing and holds on to her.

Anna and Garret sit on the couch. She looks down at first, but gradually looks into his eyes.

"Did we kill them?" Anna asks.

"No," Garret says, "Everyone who forced that beautiful man to go to war rather than raise children on a little farm, and all those who enabled and profited from the hate that we face, the traitors and the..." Garret almost says something profane, "And the man who betrayed him, they killed Bill and Megan. And every one of those cops who pulled the trigger, they killed them. They killed Bill and Megan, just like they killed Gary."

"They're willing to do this to us and our families," Anna says, looking down again, "What will they do to our children? How can we not fight this?"

"We will," Garret says, his arm around her. It feels so good for the both of them. "We'll mourn, and we'll suffer, and we'll fight. This evil war will end, and we will save our race. Bill and Megan, your father, Mason and Robert and David Hill, and Johnny who we're still blessed to have with us, those aren't the members of a coward's race. Our race will survive this war."

Garret touches her chin and raises her head.

"You and KJ are not cowards," he says, "We'll mourn our losses and we'll move forward."

Anna nods.

"I'd like you to talk to Rian, if you feel up to it," Garret says.

He, too, realized what Anna did a little earlier. Rian's also lost his mother and father.

"Yeah," Anna says and wipes her tears. She smiles at her husband.

"I'll be right here," Garret says, "Stay as long as you need to."

Anna rises and kisses his head before walking to the hallway.

"Thank you, Anna," Garret says when she glances back at him, and she smiles.

Rian's door is open. Anna knocks on the frame before entering. He's on the bed with the maps. He looks up and waves her in, closing the folder as she enters.

"Sit down, Anna," Rian says in the Irish.

She was hoping he'd speak in his ancestors' tongue. She will do likewise.

"I'm so sorry, Rian," Anna says, "If there's anything you need, please, let me or Garret know."

"Sinead's safe," Rian says, "When she left, dad made sure no one could get to her. Her man and all those around her are army men, some of them way back to the start of the Troubles. I'd imagine Michael's disappeared by now. He was always prepared for these kinds of problems. I thank your husband for warning him. If he didn't hear before, he knows now."

Anna looks at Rian's face. Glasses or not, he's a handsome young Irishman, even more than Michael who was always a bit too thin.

"I wanted to go back," Rian says, "But mom and dad seemed against it. He knew how dangerous his mission was. But he did it for the homeland, so that white Irish children can be born in peace and live with dignity. He saw that our fates are tied right now, because the enemy doesn't see an Irishman or an American, a Protestant or a Catholic. He sees a white man who he wants to kill. Dad knew what we were facing. He never gave up the struggle for a united Ireland, but what did it matter if the inheritors weren't Irish? And to be Irish, they had to be white. You can't be an Irishman if you're not white. Dad knew that we had to stand together to face this greater menace, and afterward we could we resolve our differences. But only after we ended the madness and the genocide that threatens all white people, Irish men and women like us, and Johnny and KJ who aren't Irish, but who are still a part of our family. I pray we can resolve our differences peacefully, as Catholics and Protestants, but it doesn't matter much right now. First we have to save ourselves from extinction,

and that includes Catholics and Protestants, Irish and Scots and Americans like Johnny and KJ. Dad knew that, and so did mom, and now they're martyrs for the cause."

Rian looks away from his memories and into Anna's eyes.

"They've joined your father, Anna," he says, "Wherever heroes go, that's where they'll be."

With a sympathetic smile on her beautiful face, Anna takes his hand.

"I didn't agree with him at first," Rian says, "But I see now that he was right. The war had to begin here. Ireland wasn't ready yet, but when we are, we will fight. The Irish members of the Core just happen to be the first but we're not the last."

"No," Anna says, "We're not the last. We will win, Rian."

"I believe that," Rian says, "It should have never gotten this bad, and that's why the price for victory is so high."

"It is," Anna says, "But when we hold our children and know that they'll be left in peace, we'll know why Bill and Megan risked their lives. Our children will live because of their sacrifice."

Rian rubs her head and smiles.

"You speak like you were born there," he says.

Anna leans over and Rian touches his forehead to hers, and he holds his sister for a few moments.

A little later, Anna walks down the hallway toward the living room. She pauses at KJ and Johnny's door. She wants to embrace each of them, and hold on to her sister, who she knows is suffering. She leaves the husband to comfort his wife, as is best, and continues to the living room.

When she enters, Garret rises and takes her into his arms.

"I knew nothing would ever be the same," Anna says, "but it doesn't make it easier. I knew we had to do this, but it doesn't help. They were doing something good and right. They died for our children, Garret; I'll never forget that they died for our children."

"We'll never forget," Garret says, "We'll mourn those who we love and who we've lost, and we'll move forward for those yet to come."

Anna closes her eyes and holds on to her husband, her grip even tighter than it was.

Before his murder, William Donnelly withdrew 100,000 dollars - a third of his savings - and gave them to Jimmy Ford. Ford could have left with the money. He could have abandoned Capricorn Cell and lived in comfort in some sleepy town, protected by the authorities and pampered by his wealth. He did not. He invested some of the money, hoping to pro-

vide income for the future needs of Capricorn Cell. The rest he uses to purchase supplies for the white rebels. It is an enormous sum that greatly supplements the monies that he, Austin and Cristi donate in order to keep Capricorn Cell in the field.

That night, Jimmy Ford does not think about money or self-sacrifice. He takes a shot of Jameson and sits in his garage with all the lights out.

The sadness that came in October does not abate even in the final days of the month. For the last year, David Hill has suffered in New York's Elmira Correctional Facility. Suffering is a vast understatement; the American prison system allows non-white prisoners from the general population to have access to white men like Hill, who are usually outnumbered by violent non-whites.

Most of Hill's "fellow" inmates are black, and all of them have heard of Hill's music from Jewish lawyers and non-white guards. It goes without saying that, as a white man in an American prison, David Hill has suffered at the hands of black prisoners who have brutalized and raped him. Weakened by his hunger strike, David Hill still tries to defend himself but to no avail; black prisoners usually overcome their victims with sheer numbers anyway.

The feedings are degrading. Guards strap him into a chair, and a nurse forces a tube into his nose, through which she pours a nutritive liquid. This has been breakfast, lunch and supper for an entire year.

Thursday, October 29th, is no different. A black inmate spits on him, and the guards come and take Hill to the feeding chair. There, after one of his non-white guards slams his arm hard enough to cause a bruise, the straps hold him into place and the nurse opens a bottle of liquid nourishment. It is routine now. They won't even allow him the dignity to decide his own fate.

Four hours later, David Hill feels pain in his stomach. It grows intense, and he pulls in his legs to combat the agony. He throws up, possibly from the pain. Then he vomits again. There is blood this time. He's suffered agonizing gastro-intestinal pains in the past; terrible diarrhea and vomiting as well, sometimes even bloody, but there's never been this much blood. Something is wrong; terribly wrong. He figures he's been poisoned. He will not call a guard. He will endure this. What the powers-that-be would not allow him to accomplish with his hunger strike, he will allow some vindictive anti-white to fulfill for him. His body trembles and he throws up again. Blood is now all over the floor. He rolls over in his little bed. David Hill told his mates the establishment would have to kill him to silence him, and he was right.

A guard comes to check on the commotion. He expects that Hill's forced himself to vomit. When he sees the cell he nearly vomits as well. The obese black guard waddles away from the cell and calls for help on his radio. Guards remove Hill and rush him to the infirmary, where a doctor attempts to make sense of the situation. Hill cannot fight them, as he usually does; he's already in shock. They restrain his failing body and rush him to a nearby hospital.

That night, David Hill dies from a massive abdominal hemorrhage, exacerbated by exhaustion and malnutrition. His murderer turns out to be Miss Nicole Higbee. Her lawyer will claim she did so because of Hill's racism, and that accusation, together with her gender, will result in a significant reduction of her sentence.

Garret Fogarty learns of Hill's death on the 30th, just two days shy of KJ's birthday.

David Hill was not a member of the Celtic Society, nor was he one of the Old Core, whose members did not know him personally. His loss still comes as a major blow during a time when the rebels have already suffered so much heartache. Garret rises from his seat and goes to find Johnny. His brother is downstairs cleaning the rifles.

"We've lost David Hill," Garret says without hesitation. Johnny looks up at him. "Someone poisoned the formula they were forcing him to eat. He died last night."

Johnny Bowen looks at the wall. Then he returns to his chore. There is nothing they can do about Hill. They will need clean and functioning weapons. Johnny Bowen can ensure that they have them.

Upstairs, KJ is practicing weight training. Johnny climbs the steps once he's completed his task, and he enters the exercise room. There, he sits beside his wife. She's wearing a pair of spectacular shiny exercise leggings that he loves. KJ expects him to say something, or better yet, to caress her leg in anticipation of caressing even more interesting places. Instead, he rubs her back. She sets the dumbbell beside the bench and looks at him.

"Angel," Johnny says, "David Hill's dead. Someone poisoned him in prison."

KJ looks down and then away for a moment.

"I knew he'd die," she says, "I knew he wouldn't end his hunger strike until they gave in, or he died. He had too much courage to let them win."

"Are you gonna be OK?" Johnny asks.

KJ nods and he hears her sigh. Then she looks up into his eyes.

"Do we know who poisoned him?" KJ asks.

"No," Johnny says.

"There won't be a single protest from the industry," KJ says, "Just like there wasn't when he was arrested. They're so fucking predictable. Traitors are so fucking predictable."

Johnny rubs her back again. KJ has her hair in a rare ponytail, and still it's so thick it seems to be everywhere.

"Do you want me to tell Anna and Garret to use the special room tonight?" Johnny asks.

"No," KJ says, "Please don't. I kind of need to be close to you."

"OK, angel," Johnny says.

When he leaves for the kitchen, she calls out to him.

"Johnny," KJ says, "Thank you for considering how I feel."

"Of course, angel," Johnny says, "I'll put on some coffee. You go ahead and finish."

KJ completes her lifting for the day. Later, she and Anna listen to the *Chironex* discography in the Fogarty's bedroom. Garret returns to this internet searches and Johnny kisses KJ before letting her and Anna share their moment of reminiscing.

"October should be a beautiful time," Anna tells Garret as they lay in their bed later that night, "I don't think we'll ever think of it the same."

"No," Garret says, "There's not a lot left that I think of in the same way. You're one of those rare things that remained, and I thank God for it."

Garret looks into her eyes. In the dark of their room he can still see their blue.

Johnny and KJ have danced and shared a private supper. They've also shared their love. Afterward, as they lay together in the big, beautiful bed, Johnny holds her tight and feels the tears that flow without sound. Her hair is down, as usual, and he runs his hand over the smooth mass.

"He was a hero," Johnny says, "His words could break the enemy's power over a man's mind. As much as anyone else, he brought you to us. Not all heroes carry guns. He carried an axe. We'll honor him on this day, from now on. October 30th. When our race triumphs, they'll remember him today."

"Thank you, Johnny," KJ whispers, "You're my hero."

She caresses his chest, touching his scar.

Chapter XXVI

Phaedra and Angelique

On the night of the 31st, Halloween, two men dressed in demonic masks enter the Philadelphia home of Athena Spiller. She is home that night with her two children, Trae and Aaliyah. Both of the men are armed with shotguns. One of them enters Athena's bedroom and shoots her dead. The other finds the children, who are now cowering in a corner. He kills them both. Before leaving, the child killer paints a word on the wall with the blood of the children: WIL0.

Garret Fogarty learns of the crime early the next morning. He says nothing for the time being; it is KJ's birthday, and she's been through enough lately.

KJ sabotages the alarm. She creeps out of bed, puts on a pair of exercise leggings over her thong, and sneaks out of the room. Johnny is awake and waits for her to leave. He'll surprise her in the kitchen. He enters the hallway and sees her creeping toward the kitchen door. Barefoot, he crosses the hallway and enters the living room so quietly that KJ doesn't seem to notice. The two will enter the kitchen from almost opposite directions.

Johnny hurries through the living room and arrives at the kitchen door just as KJ opens the opposite door. The sight they see is startling. Anna and Garret are inside the kitchen making breakfast.

"Get back to bed," Anna commands, "You're both having breakfast in bed today."

Johnny laughs, as does KJ, who is also a tad embarrassed. He crosses the room and puts his arm around KJ as they exit into the hallway. Once they're gone, Garret and Anna enjoy their own laugh.

Jesse comes over in the morning, bearing gifts for KJ from the combined membership of the cell as well as two separate gifts from Johnny Bowen. Jesse is always at her most beautiful when she opts for a simpler look, and today she does just that, letting her hair down and wearing a

green blouse and jeans. As she drives to Procyon, she tells herself that she will not weep in front of KJ. She even practices talking to her sisters. It just so happens that the first person she sees when she enters Procyon is KJ Bowen. Her attempts at stoicism are heroic but doomed. Jesse embraces KJ and her tears begin to flow.

"I'm sorry," Jesse says to KJ as she wipes her eyes.

"It's alright," KJ says, "We love Bill and Megan. It'll always hurt."

Jesse smiles and hugs KJ again. Then she turns toward Johnny, who just entered. The two embrace. Jesse wipes her eyes again, and wishes KJ a happy birthday.

"No longer a teenager, huh?" Jesse says.

When Rian enters the room, he rushes to his wife. This time her tears are not the gentle flow they were when she hugged KJ. This time she loses her composure, and Rian consoles her. The others leave the living room as the young Donnelly couple share their affection and let their wound bleed.

Though it's KJ's birthday, she and Johnny both insist that Rian and Jesse have the secret room. They used the room on the 30th and now it is the Donnelly's turn. In fact, in a discussion between the Fogarty's and the Bowen's, all four agreed that Rian and Jesse will have the room each weekend, while the others will have the room one night a week, on alternating weeks. Rian can no longer visit his wife in Morgantown, nor can they enjoy trips to the Poconos or the Laurel Highlands. It is only fair that they should have the secret room on the weekend.

One of the gifts from the cell as a whole is a tight pair of black-and-gray camouflage leggings. When KJ opens the box, she holds them up and then looks at Johnny.

"Are these supposed to help me hide?" KJ asks.

"No, that's so I can have some fun," says Johnny, who was unaware of the gift.

On Monday, the 2nd of November, Garret lets the others know that there will be a war meeting that evening. Jesse will leave late in the afternoon, and then the meeting will begin. The rebels may not greet the news with joy; they never do. They cannot deny their relief, however. For one, the war never ceased. It goes on for their enemies. It will go on for them. And, in light of the losses they've suffered, they can feel that no one has died in vain. Capricorn Cell still exists and can still weaken the enemy. At the very least, treason will continue to be painful.

There is an unusual aspect of this war meeting. It will take place in the armory. Garret heads downstairs with the manila folder about a half-

hour before the meeting. When the time arrives, the other members of the cell follow his footsteps.

Garret stands facing the doorway at the head of one of the large armory tables. On the table's surface is a rifle with a bipod. Unlike KJ and Anna's rifles, this one is chambered for 7.62x51 mm rather than .30-06. This one also has a silencer at the end of the barrel. Garret waits for the ladies to finish examining the weapon, a natural satisfying of their curiosities, and then attracts their attention.

"This mission will feature the use of the weapon before you," Garret says, "You'll see why in a short while. First, let's get to know the target. His name is Dustin Caraway, an insignificant radio and podcast personality who probably would not have deserved our attention. Then Hollywood Jews and traitors put a price on our lives, and now, other groups of traitors and hostile non-whites have offered their own rewards for the capture," he looks at KJ, "or death of John Ashley Bowen. And now I'm on their list."

"They never say my name, do they?" Anna asks.

"No," Garret says, "The police do, but they don't."

"Maybe they should know we're the shooters," Anna says, "They assume we'll betray our men. Well, I have a .30-06 that proves them wrong." She glances at KJ, who smiles.

"That time will come," Garret says, "But for now, stay focused."

He hands the folder to KJ.

"Two weeks ago," Garret says, "During the course of a podcast, Caraway offered half his radio salary to anyone who might help in the apprehension of Johnny Bowen. He added dead or alive, which we all know is the implication anyway. I have little doubt that Caraway's threat is false bravado, made in order to burnish his credentials among other anti-whites. However, since Dustin Caraway has threatened the life of a member of Capricorn Cell, and because he supports our enemies' attempts at recruiting informers, I ask that you kill this man."

"I accept," KJ says before she opens the folder.

"This mission will be unlike any we've undertaken," Garret says, "It will be at much closer range, with the use of a suppressed weapon. And we will leave a message this time."

KJ looks down at the folder, which she flips open. Caraway stares up at her. He's young, probably Johnny's age. While her Johnny is chiseled and powerful, Caraway is flabby and soft. He sports a neckbeard and in one picture is dressed in goggles and "steampunk" attire at some comic book convention in Dover, Delaware. His voice is suited for the hard rock

station where he works, though any who see him would be surprised that he has the energy to host both a podcast and a late-night radio show.

"He's probably trying to get some pussy," KJ says, "I imagine he has an anti-white skank girlfriend or some shit like that."

"That doesn't absolve him," Garret says.

"Of course not!" KJ says, "That piece of shit just offered money for my husband's death! I'll kill the motherfucker for that alone."

"We'll leave this Thursday," Garret says, "Make sure you wear warm clothes. I've looked at Weather Underground and it's going to be cold."

This time, it was Jimmy Ford who discovered the target's house. Both he and Garret were concerned over the frequency of Austin's scouting missions, and both decided that the risk would be smaller if Ford performed reconnaissance for this mission. It was easy enough for Ford, since Georgetown is a smallish town and as it turns out Caraway lives in an area with many connecting avenues and streets. Since Jimmy had no real interest in the car that he ostensibly had come to buy, he simply made an offer the seller could refuse, and left empty-handed with all the information Capricorn Cell needed for the upcoming mission.

As the weathermen predicted, Thursday, the 6th of November, is cold. In fact, it is one of the coldest days of early November on record. It won't matter much in the rear of the Ford van, since the modifications include a heating and cooling system for the cargo area. It is not optimum, since fuel efficiency is just as important, but it works. On the cold night of the 6th, the combat teams of Capricorn Cell move out of the tunnel and into the forest. Rian left a little earlier for a rendezvous with Ford and the van. Garret is still contemplating whether Rian will continue to be the wheel man, or if he'll become a scout or even a sentinel. For now, they'll travel only by night, and for added safety Rian has begun to grow a beard and moustache. It's an unwanted but advisable alteration to his appearance.

In addition to the silenced rifle, there is another major surprise for this mission, and it reveals itself when Garret opens the rear of the van. Inside is a street-legal Suzuki dirt bike. There will be less room in the rear, of course, and the four warriors will occupy the four remaining seats on the left side. When KJ sees the vehicle she certainly doesn't seem to mind sharing space with the bike.

"Now that is fucking cool!" KJ says, "Who's driving it?"

"I am," Garret says.

Anna glances at her husband and smiles.

Johnny rubs KJ's back as the van begins to roll. It's still cold inside, though not intolerable. It doesn't bother her much, since she's used to

cool climes, not to mention her body's intrinsic warmth. Still, the rubbing feels very nice, and she smiles. It gives Johnny great pleasure to look upon his wife, at her toboggan and her hair and the pale white skin that is just as pale as Anna's and just as beautiful. It helps take his mind off of what he's about to do.

Aside from a short stop for stretching and an energy snack, Rian does not halt the van until he arrives in rural Sussex County. Neither does he proceed to Georgetown. Daylight will come in two hours, and Caraway is still at work. He does not arrive until after sunrise. There is no difficulty, however, as Rian has spent hours on Google Earth and studying maps in his bedroom. He knows of several dirt roads that lead into the woods outside of town. He drives down one such road and parks the van on a wide spot along the one-lane road. Here, Capricorn Cell will spend the day, taking very short walks into the woods, joking and keeping their minds off of the war, kissing now and again and eating a bland but highly nutritious survival meal.

When night falls, the rebels prepare for the reason they've come to this place. Rian returns to the main highways. Instead of driving directly into town, he makes an approach from the east, near the Sussex County Airport, since he knows the location of a patch of woodland that will shield Johnny and KJ as they exit the van. Garret will depart with the dirt bike a short time later, along a rural road flanked by trees that will provide adequate cover while he and Rian muscle the bike down two rails and out of the van. Garret will hide the bike from view and will guard over it with his life. Meanwhile, Rian will proceed to a sheltered location that is somewhat distant from Caraway's house. Anna shall remain with Rian. She will provide countersniper and cover fire should Rian have a need, or should any unwanted company follow the combat trio of Capricorn Cell back to the van.

The hour is 9PM when Johnny and KJ climb out of the van and dash into cover. Garret closes the rear door and the van departs, all in a few minutes. The wind blows and a few flakes of snow swirl around the sleeping trees. These are Georgetown's first snowflakes of the year.

In the stillness of night they move, first around the woods which grow on the north side of the road, and then down a railroad track that leads them past a large housing development and into another urban woodland. The two steal through the woods, with Johnny in the lead, until KJ is around 50 yards from the driveway of Caraway's house. There she finds a suitable place for the shot. Caraway works late night, and will be emerging from his house sometime around 11PM. KJ looks around the driveway.

Two cars and an SUV sit there, in the soft light of a lamp that's mounted above the garage. It's a little intimidating being at this short range. Everything looks so close, like it's just beyond reach.

There is no wind and no more snow. The clouds are breaking, and one or two bright stars or planets shine through ephemeral fissures in the sky. It is cold, but every part of KJ's body except her face is covered. Even her ears are covered – by her hair. Out of habit she reaches for the earplugs in her web gear, but catches herself. This weapon will sound more like a cymbal than a cannon. Johnny comes over to her at 10PM. A light is on in the bedroom of the Caraway Place. He can see that his wife has chosen an excellent spot for the shot. Johnny holds on to his AK with both hands as he crouches among the trees. He looks at his wife, who looks away from the driveway just long enough to throw him a glance. KJ will not need a sandbag for this mission. Before they left, Johnny told her to write "Angelique" on an index card. She's already laid it beside the bipod. She sees Johnny's knife, the one that she gave him as a gift, strapped to his leg. It's the same one he used to kill the intruder in the Adirondack Mountains. Johnny's wearing a vest with pouches for this mission. She didn't ask why, and does not now. No one speaks. Only the sound of distant trucks, rambling up DuPont Boulevard, breaks the silence.

At 11PM the light goes out. Johnny has advanced toward the house. He's among the trees, very close to the driveway. KJ knows what he's going to do. He's going to send a message. So is she.

Dustin Caraway puts on his jacket. He's gained a little weight lately; too many football parties and way too much beer. He doesn't give it much thought. Unlike many males of his build and disposition, he's actually had success with females and has had sex with his current girlfriend. Originally from Japan, she is a student at the University of Delaware. If her father knew about her romance he'd disown her, but she hasn't told him. Caraway is fine with that. He steps out on the porch. He's trying to decide which concert he'll attend next January: *Breaking Benjamin* or the *Disturbed* reunion tour.

There is a hint of chimney smoke in the air. Somewhere, a wood-burning stove is heating a home.

KJ watches as Caraway descends the rear steps. He fiddles with his keys, perhaps trying to decide which vehicle to take, and hesitates a moment before approaches the nearest car: a white Kia Rio sedan. Normally, Caraway is ready to enter his car the second he arrives. He'll unlock the door as he walks and open it when he arrives, plunging inside

before he arranges his clothes, his jacket and the grocery bag he forgot on the passenger seat. His movements are quick and jerky and surprisingly agile for a man his size. Tonight, though, they're not fast enough.

When Dustin Caraway turns to open the driver's side door, there is a strange sound from the woods 50 or so yards away. It is not unlike a burst of high-pressure air. Caraway has no time to contemplate its source. In an instant, a rifle bullet strikes him in side of his head. He falls to the ground and convulses, losing consciousness within seconds.

Unlike the other missions, this time KJ will watch what transpires. She will cover her husband as he approaches the still-living body of Dustin Caraway.

Johnny flings the AK over his shoulder and across his back. He draws his knife and hurries around the little outbuilding and in front of the vehicles. KJ sees his shadowy figure advance toward Caraway. Johnny makes no sound. She sees him drop down when he arrives. She sees him thrust the knife.

Caraway is still breathing. Johnny will be sure the message is received. He stabs Caraway in the heart and then wipes the knife on the DJ's jacket. Then he opens one of the pouches in his vest. Inside is one thousand dollars, in fifty-dollar bills. Garret and Johnny discussed this, and when Garret mentioned it to Ford during one of his supply visits the bespectacled mechanic cracked a devious little smile. Johnny flings most of the money on Caraway's body. Before the mission, unbeknownst to the others, Johnny separated five of the bills. He kneels again, nearer the head of Caraway. Before Johnny departs for the woods and his rendezvous with KJ, he stuffs the five bills in Caraway's mouth.

It is a little awkward to carry the silenced rifle through the tangled forest, but KJ's agility and Johnny's pathfinding abilities enable her to move with rapidity and to avoid trips or collisions with brush and branches. The stillness of the November night replaces the adrenaline rush as the two emerge on to the rail line. Under a cloudy sky, they move south toward the rendezvous with Garret. The clear dirt path just east of the railroad embankment allows them to quick-step out of the area.

Garret does not see Johnny or KJ until they approach the railroad crossbuck just opposite his position. He waits for his brother and sister to cross, and when they approach he hands his Armalite to Johnny, who shoulders it and returns the AK to battle-ready position. Garret rolls the bike out of its hiding place.

"How are we?" Garret asks.

"Good," Johnny says.

KJ does not speak. She stands behind Johnny and watches the area around the crossing.

The sound of the bike motor startles KJ, who is still watching the road.

"Easy, angel," Johnny says.

Garret drives out on the road and speeds off to the west. Johnny and KJ enter the woods to the south. There they hunker down, hidden from view.

Rian waits outside the van. Anna is in the woods nearby. She can see Rian; he has no idea where she's gone. Cars come and go, but no one seems to notice the van or its guardians. In addition to his .45 pistol, Rian now carries a Benelli MR1 carbine, courtesy James Ford.

Anna sees the bike in her scope. She emerges from the woods just as Rian spots the Suzuki. Rian hurries to the rear and pulls out the rail. Anna scans the surroundings, and when she's comfortable she climbs into the rear of the van.

A state road dump truck drives by, as does a red Toyota. Johnny looks over his shoulder and then at his wife. She looks up at him.

"I'm sorry, angel," Johnny says.

"Why?" KJ asks.

"Maybe I could have done something once," Johnny says, "and none of this shit would be happening."

"You're doing something right now," KJ says, "That's more important. Maybe our son won't have to fight."

"I hate that you have to see this," Johnny says.

"The alternative is worse," KJ says.

They hear an approaching vehicle. KJ looks through the scope and sees the red Ford Econoline. Though she does not realize it, Rian has changed the license plates and should someone record the numbers the police will find that these plates are stolen. Johnny and KJ waste no time entering the cramped but welcome rear of the Ford.

At 5AM, southwest of Frederick, Maryland, Rian stops the van for gas. He backs the van up to the woods and opens the rear door. The sight of Johnny Bowen, armed with his AK47, greets him as the doors fly open. Johnny hands him the two 14-gallon gas cans, one-by-one due to space constraints, and Rian begins the laborious process of loading the van's fuel tank. These, together with the other two containers, will provide enough fuel to get the cell back home and return the van to Jimmy's shop.

Along a lonesome forest highway south of Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, Capricorn Cell stops for the day. Using a little gas-fueled burner, Anna makes pancakes and bacon and then brews a pot of coffee. After

breakfast, KJ and Johnny retire for a sleep in the rear of the Ford. Due to the more cramped conditions in the rear of the van, the rebels will take turns sleeping in two six-hour shifts. The sleeping bags, warm clothes and their own bodies will be more than sufficient to combat the cold.

At 2AM the next morning, Capricorn Cell arrives at the "Aurora Y" near Amboy. Rian drives past, all the way to Cathedral Park where he turns around. A black SUV, just possibly a law enforcement vehicle, was coming up the opposite lane as Rian was approaching the turn-off in Amboy. The rest of the trip is uneventful. After the short delay, with the van secured and the coast clear, the five warriors make their way to the tunnel and on to Procyon House.

Garret has grown anxious when he logs into the computer and begins to search the internet. Lately, there's been nothing but tribulations and tragedy awaiting him. As supper cooks in the oven he engages in the necessary ritual once more. This time, the news is welcome, though not especially cheerful.

Police have made two arrests in the Spiller case. There have been protests and threats of violence against whites, even a rash of school beatings by violent packs just looking for an excuse to beat lone white students. There have been denunciations of even the weakest pro-white groups and individuals, as well as calls for tougher hate crime legislation. Now that the Philadelphia police have made these arrests, the story is buried in local newspapers.

The names of the perpetrators are D'Wayne Mohammed and Tyrell White. Both are black of course. James Walcott, Spiller's boyfriend and the father of her second child, stole two bags of marijuana from White while cleaning the 44-year-old's garage. The killings were in retaliation for the theft. By writing "WILO" on the wall, White hoped to distract the authorities.

Of course, not one major media outlet will carry the true story.

The night is clear and cold at Procyon, and the interior of Procyon House is comfortable if a little cool. KJ awakens in the wee hours of the night and sees that Johnny is lying on his back, wide awake. She rubs his chest with her hand. He looks at her and sits up, which prompts her to do the same. KJ comes up close to him and kisses his cheek and then lays her head against him.

"We won't go to Victoria until it's raining," Johnny says, "That way I can watch you walk in the rain."

"It's going to be so nice," KJ says, her head against his shoulder and her hand on his powerful chest.

For the rest of November, Garret continues his searches. He eliminate several potential targets due to geographical circumstances – some live in high-rise apartments; others reside or work in areas that limit the possibilities for a successful withdraw. Johnny eliminates two potential targets because of a lack of suitable cover. Several more remain on the list.

On Thanksgiving, Jimmy Ford brings a plethora of fresh seafood. Each member of Capricorn Cell will contribute their skills and efforts to the meal, though KJ will be the master chef. Jimmy Ford remains for supper, a choice he does not regret. The meal is excellent.

After a cup of coffee and a piece of spiced pumpkin pie, Garret retires to the media room. Jesse, who arrived just in time for supper, made the pumpkin pie. It's a pleasure to have her on Thanksgiving, especially because this year she'll spend Christmas with her parents. Garret turns on the computer. First things first: Garret checks the emails. Today there is one from Cristian O'Toole. The statement is rather short. In fact, it consists of one line and an attached picture. Garret downloads the jpeg, not knowing what to expect, though he's sure it's war-related. The image is a screenshot of a Facebook page; one that belongs to a woman on the police force in Lancasater, Pennsylvania. Among the boring chatter about the upcoming *Lady Antebellum* concert and debate over who's the sexiest male and female celebrity, is an item of tremendous importance to Capricorn Cell.

David Littlefield, a member of the Pennsylvania State Police, lives in Lancaster. He also happens to be a member of a SWAT team. He's pictured, smiling, beside a police APC. Beneath Littlefield's photo, a female officer has commented on his recent exploits. Officer Littlefield was present at the Donnelly Homestead on the day that SWAT shot down Bill and Megan.

Garret writes his name on a notepad.

On Friday, the 27th of November, as KJ and Johnny near the end of their lifting routines, Garret enters the exercise room from the storage room door. They stop to listen, with Johnny on the bench and KJ standing within arm's reach of her husband.

"I'd like to see the two of you when you're finished," Garret says.

"Alright," Johnny says.

He looks up at his wife, whose rear faces him. Dedicated exercise has maintained her impressive strength, but she hasn't lost a pound of weight or any of her female curvature – and Johnny is supremely happy for that. Her hair is all the way down to her lower-middle back and covers most of her black t-shirt. The shiny leggings form-fit her beautiful, milk-

white body, and as always they perfectly contour her behind, which, to Johnny Bowen, is the greatest of her sexual assets. Johnny sets down his dumbbell and admires her from the rear.

As Garret leaves, he hears Johnny slap KJ's bottom.

"Wait until he leaves!" KJ says as the door closes.

Garret advances through the storage room.

"We'll be serious," Johnny says as he and KJ sit on adjacent chairs in the media room.

The computers are all turned off.

"I know," Garret says.

"Good," Johnny says, "cause I was trying to convince myself."

KJ laughs, and then puts her gloved index finger to his lips.

"Shh..." she says.

"KJ," Garret says, "You've wanted to let the world know who you are. I think now's the time."

Both the Bowen's become silent.

"Our next mission will consist of two parts," Garret says, "First, we take a trip to Potter County. It's supposed to be warm next week, so we'll leave Sunday night."

Garret looks at Johnny. KJ's right hand is now holding on to her husband's.

"Are there any objections?" Garret asks.

"I trust you, Garret," Johnny says, "You must have a good reason, so I won't object."

"KJ?" Garret asks.

"They need to know," she says, "The world needs to know, especially other white girls. A white woman will stand by her white brothers, all the way."

"It's decided, then," Garret says.

Garret rises as do Johnny and KJ.

That morning, Garret holds Anna in his arms and she unties her ponytail. He kisses her and then tells her of the upcoming mission.

"Men and women who would fight for their children need to know they're not alone," Anna says, "We were alone, but they don't have to be. I think this is a good idea."

The second and final part of the mission commences three days after Capricorn Cell returns from far-flung Potter County, Pennsylvania. The Chevy van waits not far from the drop-off spot. Now it is green with a black band around the bottom. KJ feels a little bummed when Garret opens the rear doors and there's no dirt bike inside.

There are several unusual features to this second mission, at least according to the plan. Although Rian will drive the Chevy to Lancaster, Austin Kelly will drive it back to Jimmy Ford's garage. And Rian will not be driving the newer Chevrolet 2500 van for the return trip. This will be a daylight mission, and Rian will be in back with the other guerillas. At the wheel will be Jimmy Ford of Orion Cell.

When Garret saw the approach and surrounding terrain on Google Earth, he could not believe his eyes. At first he doubted that Austin had obtained the correct address. Then he figured something would come along and ruin the scenario. But after he confirmed both the location of Littlefield's house and his familial situation, Garret printed the maps and all pertinent information and briefed the cell on the upcoming mission.

Before Austin's recon mission, Garret was worried about the insane level of surveillance that local government has set up in Lancaster; so much that he considered scrapping the mission. Diligence on the part of Austin Kelly – who stayed in town for several days in order to purchase two vehicles – paid off in the end, and a map delivered in person by Jimmy Ford indicates the location of the visible security cameras. None of them are located near the avenue of approach or retreat. Austin was especially careful to observe areas south of the city and was pleased with his findings. Big Brother can't be everywhere, at least not yet.

Rian approaches Lancaster from south of the Conestoga River. Along a thickly-forested stretch of land just south of both the river and the Littlefield Household, he coasts the van to a stop. It's 4:30AM, and, as predicted, it is warm for early December. Today is the anniversary of Gary's death. That fact is not lost on Capricorn Cell.

It will be a cloudy day, as is common for December, but there should be no rain until after midnight. The wind may be light, but with the Littlefield House at a range of less than 400 yards it will not be strong enough to jeopardize KJ's accuracy. The black sky begins to lighten to gray. KJ's already found her spot. She looks across the Conestoga at the Littlefield House. It is a nice little home, with a sloping roof and white siding. Outside, facing away from KJ, is Kay Littlefield's Hyundai Santa Fe. In the yard is a swing set. The Littlefield's have an eight-year-old son and a four-year-old daughter.

At 6:30AM, a school bus drives up the street and stops near the Littlefield place. KJ sees Littlefield's son exit the house. He walks as slow as possible to the bus, but not so slow the driver will pull away. He's a handsome young lad, with light brown hair and pale white skin just barely darker than KJ's. She watches as the bus departs.

The garage door opens and out comes a black Jeep Wrangler. At the wheel must be Officer Littlefield. KJ watches through her scope. Littlefield backs out, and then turns toward KJ. He begins driving in her direction. In a few seconds he'll turn left and drive off to work.

KJ looks at his face through the window. She recognizes him from what she can see, and the pictures from the manila folder. Littlefield isn't as handsome as Johnny, but is quite comely in his own right. He has blue eyes. Based on the mil-dots, he's 330 yards distant.

KJ watches as he drives away.

At 8AM, Jennifer Littlefield emerges from the front entrance. From her face it is clear that she is the daughter of David and Kay. Her hair, however, is blonde. Over her little dress is a blue coat with a smiling girl design on the sleeves. KJ can see that the cartoon girl on the coat has blonde pigtails. In Jennifer's hand is a lunchbox. It is time for morning pre-school. Five days a week she and her mother leave at almost exactly the same time.

From 200 yards distance, Garret Fogarty films Jennifer Littlefield as she waits on the path in front of the porch. His digital camcorder captures the girl and the objects in the yard.

Kay follows her daughter outside. They walk to the maroon Hyundai, where Kay unlocks the rear door and then her own. Jennifer looks into the yard, and then toward KJ, who she does not see.

Jennifer is 390 yards away. There is no wind. The air is sterile, and not even the relative warmth can provide a scent for the dead December air.

Kay looks down at the keys. Eleven years ago, at age 20, Kay was in the army. She served as a member of a supply company and was present when a sergeant fell to a sniper's bullet. She never forgot the sound. At 8:05AM on December 3rd, she hears that terrible noise once more. In horror, she turns to look upon her daughter, her own flesh-and-blood child.

Jennifer stands there, stunned but unharmed. She begins to cry.

The hummingbird feeder is not so fortunate.

Three minutes before KJ fired the shot that destroyed the feeder, Garret changed the view of the camera to the red vase-like feeder. It is 30 yards away from the Littlefield mother and daughter, at the far end of the backyard.

Anna sees the trio of Johnny, KJ and Garret approaching through the leafless forest. She checks out every direction and covers their approach. Then, she joins them in flight. The foursome climbs into the rear of the Chevy van. They are already departing the area when a terrified Kay Lit-

tlefield calls the police. Her first thoughts were on the safety of her daughter. She grabbed Jennifer and ran inside. Only then did she take time to settle down and make the call.

South of Carlisle, near Boiling Springs, Jimmy Ford and Austin Kelly wait for Capricorn Cell. Austin is outside of the new Chevrolet. He'll dash to the older Chevy when it arrives and leave as soon as Capricorn Cell exits the rear. The two brothers-in-arms from Orion Cell will part ways, with Austin heading back to Somerset County. Tomorrow they'll meet again, at Jimmy Ford's garage.

Rian parks with the rear doors facing the rear of the new Chevy. Austin Kelly jogs up to the driver's side as Rian exits. Rian shakes his hand as he passes to Austin's right.

The rebels of Capricorn Cell waste no time embarking the Chevrolet van. Rian sits to the left of Garret, and will finally find out what it's like to ride in the cargo area. He looks around and sees a large cooler. Jimmy never forgets to provide meals and drink for the guerrillas.

No one says so, but one and all they consider this mission their greatest accomplishment. Even as they wage a desperate war against their own extermination, good men and women hold on to their humanity.

On Tuesday, December 22nd, an extraordinary video appears on YouTube. Uploaded by an anonymous user from a fake IP address, the video lasts but thirty-five minutes before YouTube pulls it. It is too late; someone has saved the video, and it will reappear over and over again.

Sophomore Joseph Flood of Portland State University is the first to watch the entire video. He is stunned by what he sees.

"I am Kaylee Jane Bowen," says the most beautiful girl that Flood recalls seeing in quite some time – perhaps ever. "I am also Angelique."

The hauntingly beautiful girl stands in a forest clearing, somewhere east of the Mississippi based on the types of trees. The trees in the background tower over the lovely young woman and their leaves have already fallen. The sky is cloud-covered but bright enough for Angelique's features to be vivid, yet soft enough so that nothing is covered in shadow, nor does the beautiful girl have to squint. Flood stares into her eyes and sees that they are pale blue.

Angelique, the name that Joseph Flood remembers when he thinks of her, is in jeans and a drab green hoodie. It must not be cold enough for her to wear the hood, although her long hair is so thick he doubts it is necessary. He notices she's wearing black lace-up boots, and gloves cover her hands. Then he notices something else. There is a holster on her hip, and a pistol is inside.

“We are not Nazis,” Angelique says, “We are not white nationalists. We are not WILO or any of the other names that you call us. I am not a conservative or a Republican. Concerning economics, workers’ rights and the environment, I am a liberal, and in some cases I am a leftist. That’s fine with you, you allow me to discuss those topics. You sympathize with me and call me intelligent when I do. You call me a rebel. But I am also white, and that I cannot mention, other than to be ashamed of what I am, or to apologize for crimes that we did not commit, or that did not happen. If I mention genocidal levels of non-white immigration, in every white nation, you call me racist and try to destroy me. If I mention that only whites cannot organize for our own best interest, you call me racist and try to destroy me. If I rage against the genocide of my own race, which you promote through massive non-white immigration, forced assimilation and miscegenation, then you call me racist and you try to destroy me. You try to silence me and whites like me who want only for our children and their children to survive. You assumed that I’d agree with you about race, because I agree with most of you about the environment. You assumed I’d hate my white brothers, but you were wrong. I am a white woman, and I love my race. You hated me for that, and you silenced me when I spoke out against our genocide. You made it impossible for me to speak with my voice.”

Flood does not know what to think. Everything he’s read and heard tells him to condemn this gorgeous creature, but for some reason he cannot. This is not some ugly loner, or angry blond Norwegian. This is simply the most beautiful girl he’s ever seen, both her immaculate white features and her overall look, which holds a spellbinding, almost inexplicable attraction to a young white male like him. And her voice is unforgettable; feminine yet immensely strong. All the days of his life he will never forget its power. He shakes his head and continues watching – and saving – the video.

Whoever is manning the camera shows Angelique for a few moments. She stares into the camera, showing no emotion save those behind her eyes. Their blue color mirrors her complex soul. They mirror her ferocity and love, and the depths of her pain. Then the film cuts to another scene. This time, Angelique is in some other location. Flood sees a river and more November trees. He sees her again as she kneels. He’d notice that she’s wearing a black toboggan, and does eventually. He’d see her black boots and gloves and what he would call a utility vest – i.e. her web gear. He’d see the same drab hoodie and the pistol at her side. None of that registers at first glance; what he does notice is the Remington bolt-

action rifle that she holds as she looks up at the camera. She does not say a word this time; she just looks at the camera, her lethal weapon resting with its butt against her thigh.

The cameraman must have moved to some other location, because the next scene shows a house from across the river. It's a quaint little place, sitting there peacefully in the early dawn hours. A young boy emerges from the house. He catches a school bus and Flood feels a little relief as he watches. He was beginning to worry about the Remington rifle.

After a short while the front door opens again. This time a little girl comes out. She's an adorable child, dressed in a little coat and holding on to a lunchbox that must be precious to her. Flood feels a pain as he swallows.

Surely not...Please...

The camera zoom retracts and the operator turns back toward Angelique. Flood sees her as she lies in a solid shooting position. She stares down the scope and no doubt in the direction of the house. He fears hearing the report of the rifle. He feels a little sick inside.

The camera pans downward and zooms until the viewer sees the little girl again. There is an adult female coming around the SUV where the little girl waits. It must be her mother. Flood continues observing the events in the film. He cannot turn away.

Suddenly, the camera pans right. It focuses on a hummingbird feeder. The feeder is shaped like flowers at the bottom, while the top is vase-like and full of red liquid. The cameraman continues to film the feeder for two or so minutes.

The rifle startles Flood when it discharges. He sees the feeder explode. The bullet passes harmlessly through the feeder and into a patch of woods at the far end of the backyard. The camera snaps back to the mother and daughter. The daughter is standing by the SUV. She's crying. The mother snatches her up and runs inside the house.

Before Flood can contemplate what he's seen, the video returns to Angelique in the forest. This time she's holding her pistol in her gloved right hand.

"Capricorn Cell does not target children," Angelique says, "We do not target innocents and we do not go after the family members of our enemies. You murdered Anna Fogarty's father. You murdered Rian Donnelly's mother and father. You continue to create a world where my children will suffer, if they're even born at all."

Angelique is animated as she speaks. Flood can feel her rage and her urgency. He does not doubt her sincerity, not for a second.

"You made it impossible to discuss the future of our race," Angelique says, "You make discourse impossible and you stifle dissent. You took away our voices, when all we want is to protect our children and the future of our race."

She stands very still now. Joseph Flood hears something in the distance, perhaps wind in the upper boughs of the trees.

"You drove us to the gun," she says, "I know that none of this matters to you. I know you couldn't care less about our children. But remember, those of you who threaten our children's future, I will find you."

The film ends with Angelique still staring at the camera. There is no fade; it just comes to an end. There is nothing more; no more uploads, and the account is already gone.

Joseph Flood looks at the final frame. It shows Angelique standing there, beautiful beyond words and savage, with the stare of a she-wolf about to rip the throat out of a hunting dog.

Every time the video reappears, YouTube pulls it and begins blocking the IP addresses of those who post the clip. Others are more vocal in their hostility toward Angelique.

The hatred that internet writers and anonymous forum posters show toward KJ is both virulent and crude. Seldom does a comment come along without a mention of rape – and her deserving such a fate, usually at the hands of non-whites. Several bloggers, some Jewish and some white, express the desire to sodomize her, or to subject her to sodomy. As always, they wish her a slow, painful death.

Johnny Bowen reads several of the comments. The second time he does, KJ walks in from the exercise room.

"If I had been a traitor or a sheep," KJ says from behind him, "Those assholes would talk about me like I'm the most beautiful, talented woman who ever lived. You want to know the truth, Johnny? I'd rather have it this way."

KJ steps over to him and sits on his lap. She's wearing tight exercise leggings. She kisses him several times, the last one very deep and passionate. Then she reaches over and closes the web browser before looking into his eyes.

"I'd rather be KJ Bowen," she says.

Agent Benjamin McGillivray has seen hundreds of YouTube and Dailymotion clips. He's seen anti-white radicals flashing guns and threatening action against the so-called White Liberation Organization. He's seen people who are obviously not in WILO claiming that they are. He's seen many denunciations, some by whites who claim to be proponents of

white rights. He's seen threats and caricatures and even one clip with an attractive redhead who condemns the much more beautiful redhead Anna Murphy, and who claims that race is a social construct, even though her own physical appearance is evidence to the contrary.

When a YouTube clip supposedly showing a member of WILO arrives at his computer, Agent McGillivray is disinterested. He's seen six such clips before, each a caricature or the work of attention whores and psychotics.

Once a field agent, the 55 year old McGillivray has had to adapt to a desk job ever since a skiing accident robbed him of some of his mobility. When the media program loads he clicks the play icon. The first image he sees is that of a stunningly beautiful young woman, no more than 20 years of age. She is remarkable not only for her intense beauty, but her uniqueness and her style. At first he figures she's another hipster or antifa who will mock and denounce the white terrorists of WILO. Her militant look leads him to such a conclusion. But he is wrong.

"I am also Angelique," he hears her say.

The words have an electric effect on the reclining agent. The authorities have never released that name, and have been fanatical in their efforts to keep it from the general public.

Agent McGillivray springs into action. He loads several high-quality screencaps into his photo database. He enters the search parameters: first name Kaylee, middle name Jane. The system finds a match in four seconds.

Angelique is Kaylee Jane Campbell. Agent McGillivray reads her file. *Back from the dead*, he thinks.

Within a day, the states of Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Delaware, Kentucky and South Dakota will issue arrest warrants for Kaylee Jane Campbell. Soon she will join her husband at the top of the FBI's most wanted list, moving past her warrior sister Anna Murphy for the second position.

All forecasts call for a white Christmas. This brings joy to Anna Fogarty's heart. Gary and Anna always loved white Christmases. This year, when she hangs the little Rudolf ornament on the Christmas tree, she thinks of her father. Years ago, he bought her the ornament from a K-Mart in Morgantown, West Virginia, and for some reason the gift always stood out in her mind.

Jesse will spend Christmas Eve with her husband and her brothers and sisters in Capricorn Cell. She'll leave the morning of the 25th to be with her parents. Jimmy Ford will spend Christmas Day at Procyon. He's

already stocked the kitchen with food elements, good drink and delicious candies from the Vermont Store. He's also bought a high-quality cognac for the men, although the gals will probably steal a taste.

In addition to other activities ranging from reading to drawing, dry firing, exercise and lifting, KJ will peruse the internet in the media room. Usually Johnny leaves her in peace when she does so. Today, however, he's a little bored, what with Christmas still eight days away. So he violates his own rule. KJ looks up and smiles when he enters the room.

"Whacha doin', angel?" Johnny asks.

"Oh, I was just looking around," KJ says, "This and that. Shit that I hadn't, like, looked into in a little while."

Johnny sees what's on the screen and it steals his words. The webpage she was reading shows a series of soft blocks for babies, each featuring a black-and-white design meant to stimulate the baby's eyesight. They are large enough to be perfectly safe, and are quite charming.

Johnny looks at the page and cannot speak. KJ turns toward him when she picks up on his silence.

"They can't take away our dreams," KJ says.

"No," is all he can say.

Johnny walks forward and kisses her head and smells her hair, and then kisses her head again. The angel still flies above all the misery and death.

Garret has his own moment with Anna, though the roles are reversed. On the 19th of December, he gives her an early Christmas gift.

"Don't you want to wait?" Anna asks as he hands her the box.

The wrapping paper is white and the bow and ribbon are red. Attached is a real candy cane whose colors exactly match the wrapping.

"No," Garret says, "Not for this."

He pulls the other chair over beside hers, and she removes her knife sharpening kit from the bedroom table.

Anna opens the box. Inside is the photo album that she used to look at with her father. She looks up at Garret with a stunned look on her face.

"How?" she asks.

"Jimmy Ford asked Hannah," Garret says, "She was glad to give it to you. She wanted it, but she knows it belongs to you."

"Oh, God, Garret," Anna says, her eyes filling with tears. She throws her arms around him and hugs him tight. He feels the strength of her lovely diver's arms. "Thank you so much!"

"Thank Jimmy when he comes," Garret says, "He was enthusiastic about fulfilling the request."

"Oh I will!" Anna says, and wipes her cheeks. "Do you have time?" she asks.

"Of course," Garret says.

They spend the next two hours looking at the photo album. As she turns the pages, Garret imagines being somewhere with her, high in the mountains. She would look at him and laugh, and then run, her long red hair and white dress flowing in the clean mountain air. Later she lets him catch her, and the rest of the memory belongs to him.

As the sharp blow of the Donnelly parents' death becomes a dull but steady pain, Jesse begins to feel another loss. Once, she and Rian could dine at a place like Out of the Fire without a care in the world, save the difficult choice of what to order. They could spend a weekend in some sylvan paradise in the Poconos or the Berkshires. They could escape from this bloody life that once seemed dangerous but righteous and exciting, and although it has never lost its righteousness to her, it has become more and more sanguine; more and more frightening. The excitement has faded, replaced by the grim necessity.

Rian can no longer walk the daylight hours without extreme caution, and even then he would be in peril. Jesse used to comfort herself with the fact that he is fighting for their children, and the future of all white children, including those of the European motherlands. Now that the days of loss and fear have arrived, the sacrifices are more painful than she'd imagined. Gone forever are the carefree days of walks along the Monongahela and the Allegheny. Gone forever is any refuge away from the war.

At least they have Christmas Eve. Lovely Jesse is full of cheer when she arrives, and even as the hour grows late she shows no sign of sorrow. She has the courage to suppress it, and to help everyone at Procyon forget about death for a while. Tomorrow she will miss her husband, and on the 26th she will weep.

Even in a time of war, even though the walls of Procyon are the only place safe enough for a Christmas feast, the holiday is joyous and peaceful. It is a white Christmas, with a healthy six inches of snow on the ground. Inside, all is warm and beautiful. Jimmy Ford plays guitar and Johnny pulls KJ up from her seat and they dance. The gifts are just what everybody needed, even when they aren't. That night it's Anna and Garret's turn to dance. The soft music of *Secret Garden* plays on the Bose, and the Fogarty's enjoy a private dance in their bedroom.

Even in times of war, Christmas flies by.

By the first of January, Anna has completed a dozen poems and KJ has drawn two more portraits of flowers and plants. In one of them, a

piebald buck grazes on clover. Johnny frames her pictures and the flower garden continues to grow.

Jimmy Ford brings a new exercise bike to replace the old one. The members of the cell remain in excellent physical shape, and Johnny is stronger than he ever was. Anna and KJ are even more beautiful, and Garret is still as comely as he was when KJ first laid eyes upon him. His hair is long and his figure is reminiscent of a cavalier in a painting. The women continue to dry-fire and go on night patrols with their husbands. Jimmy Ford takes a few more pictures of the flower garden, as well as one with the now-known members of Capricorn Cell standing together in the storage room, each of them decked-out for battle and holding weapons. He puts this memory card with the other one in the glove box of KJ's blue Jeep.

All the while, Garret researches targets, and on the 5th he calls a war meeting.

Everyone seems in a decent enough mood – all except one. Anna was fine yesterday, but today she's a bit depressed and it's not just the post-Christmas blues. While skimming various internet sites, she happened to come across a story about Capricorn Cell. The rebels tend to ignore such stories, leaving it to Garret to sacrifice his peace of mind and read the enemy's propaganda in an attempt to glean something useful. Usually there's nothing but lies and denunciations that springboard into full-blown anti-white hate. Anna ignores Garret's good advice and reads the story. She makes another mistake as she reads; she peruses the comments. There are the usual threats against her body. Feminists and their allies can't wait until a black prison guard gets to rape her, an act they often describe in the most graphic manner. Others write of Johnny Bowen and Garret Fogarty as if they are Satan incarnate. Anna reads further, which is an even bigger mistake. Several anonymous commenters rejoice in the death of her father. This is not enough to satisfy their lust. Many of them threaten her family in the foulest manner possible and a few even list her relatives' names, including the children.

Anna thinks of Hannah and Michael Collins Murphy. She thinks of Bryce. Michael will protect him to the death but the fact is no consolation to her. Anna wonders how little Bryce is doing. She'd ask Jimmy to drop by, she knows he'd be happy to, but she doesn't want any close connection between her and Michael's family – not even tangential, not after what happened to Bill and Megan.

Garret notices Anna's melancholy mood. He still calls the meeting. She's usually a model of restraint, and no one goes out of their way to pro-

voke her. Based on the past the risk is minimal. In a very rare oversight, Garret neglects one trifle: sometimes dear KJ can speak a little too fast for her own good.

Johnny and KJ are first to arrive, followed by Rian. Anna sulks into the room as Rian takes his seat. Garret glances at his sad beauty and then begins.

Anna pays attention to the introductory information. She can tune out both outside and inner distractions. She cannot erase the past, but she can prevent it from interfering with her cognition. Then the moment arrives for Garret to hand the manila folder to the shooter. He does so – to KJ. This grates at Anna, who does not yet know that Garret has a role in mind for her, one just as important as the primary shooter. It's a role she was born to perform, but at the moment she thinks about the last few missions. KJ has been the shooter twice in a row. Though Anna should be glad that she will not have to kill unless there's some emergency, she cannot help but wonder if someone – Garret, perhaps? – has lost faith in her ability to complete a mission.

"KJ again?" Anna asks, not very loud.

KJ speaks before she can ascertain her sister's mood and temperament. KJ's been in a good mood, and Johnny chased her around and over their bed and she did her best playing the wild angel who avoided his every advance. Then she stopped and she and Johnny kissed and cuddled. Her euphoria is a godsend but it clouds her judgment this time.

"He knows who his best shooter is," KJ says, a wild smile on her face.

Anna and KJ have had disagreements in the past. They've even had a spirited argument, though there was no anger and it happened almost a year ago anyway. Now it is Anna's turn to speak in a rash manner. Her temper fails and she reaches the breaking point. She's actually close to tears, but instead of crying, she lashes out.

"Fuck you, KJ!" Anna says.

There is no rough humor in her voice, only anger.

Garret throws a glare at his wife, and then at KJ, who is stunned. Johnny looks at Anna, his brow raised. Rian watches, his arms still crossed. No one speaks for what seems like a long time.

"I was just fucking with you, Anna," KJ says.

"Yeah," Anna says, "You like to do that, don't you? You always like to fuck around."

"What?" KJ says, "What the fuck's wrong with you?"

Garret watches.

"Hey," Johnny says, "Let it rest."

KJ looks at him and then looks down and sighs, shaking her head. She takes a deep breath and looks up at Garret.

"What's the matter with me, huh?" Anna says, "You show up just a few years ago and now you think you can question a mission? Who the fuck do you think you are?"

"Anna! That's enough!" Johnny says.

"What the fuck?" KJ says, "You think I should keep quiet just because I wasn't around from the start, is that what you want to say? Just fucking say it!"

Anna looks at Garret and gets a frustrated smirk on her face. Then she stands and looks down at KJ, who rises in response.

"Since you brought it up," Anna says, looking into the eyes of the slightly shorter but slightly stronger KJ, "Yeah, that's exactly what the fuck I'm trying to say."

"Do you have a fucking problem with me?" KJ says.

Johnny rises. Anna and KJ are standing, staring into each other's eyes. He gets between the two raging sisters.

"That's enough!" Johnny says, "What the fuck is the matter with the two of you? I said let it rest!" He looks at both of them. "Both of you are acting like fucking children right now. Anna, sit the fuck down."

"Of course you'd take her side," Anna says, "You can't fuck her if she's mad at you!"

Anna looks at Garret. Johnny says nothing. Anna's hurt and angry words mean nothing at the moment; he watches KJ, and will pull her away should she get physical, or shield her should Anna be the one to escalate.

"Sit down, Anna," Garret says, "Sit down, KJ."

Anna shakes her head.

"It's fucking bullshit!" Anna says, still standing. She looks at KJ. "It's just so goddamned easy for you, isn't it? You don't have anybody to fucking lose, just that shit family you had. Some of us have people on the outside who we can lose, people we love. Some of us had a fucking life, you know?"

A tear manages to escape, but a defiant Anna wipes it with fury.

"What the fuck do you have to lose, huh?" Anna asks, the emotion growing in her voice.

KJ looks down, not out of intimidation.

"All I have in this world is right here," KJ says, "Everyone close to me is right here in this room." She looks up at Anna. "I'd say that's a lot to lose."

Anna looks at KJ. It wasn't the belligerent answer she wanted.

"Go," Garret says, "Get out, both of you."

Anna turns toward him.

"I said go!" Garret says, "Anna, KJ, leave. Now!"

KJ picks up the folder from her seat. She touches Johnny's hand as she walks past him and closes the media room door when she leaves.

Garret steps toward Anna.

"I told you to leave," he says, "Don't make me drag you out of here."

Anna gets a hurt look and tears begin to flow.

Garret stares at her, never changing his expression. She looks down and walks from the room.

Johnny looks at Rian, who is stifling a laugh. Johnny can't help but embrace a little levity after what just happened.

"I didn't think you had it in you, Garret," Johnny says.

"You're a lot like your wife, you know that," Garret says.

"Thank you, Garret," Johnny says.

"I don't mean in a good way," Garret says.

"I don't give a fuck," Johnny says.

Rian laughs out loud and Johnny turns toward him.

"It's been quite a show for you, hasn't it, you Mick bastard?" Johnny asks, laughing toward the end.

"Yeah," Rian says, "A pretty good one, Hun."

Garret doesn't say a word.

"You mad, bro?" Johnny says to Garret.

"At myself, actually," Garret says, "I should have seen this coming."

"Nah," Johnny says, "You can't always tell with them."

Johnny rises.

"I'll be back," he says.

"I'll let you know what we decide," Garret says. He turns toward Rian.

"I have some things to discuss with Rian."

Johnny heads for his and KJ's bedroom. KJ is on their bed, with the folder open and the maps and information spread out around her.

"Hey," Johnny says and she looks up.

"Hey," KJ responds and smiles for a second. "Do you want me to move this shit?"

"No," Johnny says, "I was just checking on you."

"I'm good," KJ says, "but you could stay if you want."

He pulls out a chair. In time, she comes over and sits on his lap.

"I don't know what's got to Anna, but something's up," Johnny says, "I don't think you were the problem."

"I said something I shouldn't have," says KJ, her arms around her husband, "I was just fucking around, but it was stupid. I know it was stupid and I'm sorry."

Johnny kisses her arm and she manages a little smile.

The next morning, both Anna and KJ are supposed to do aerobics. KJ kisses Johnny before she leaves for the exercise room. She hasn't seen Anna yet today, and when she comes to the door, she takes a deep breath and enters. She finds herself alone in the exercise room. She is nervous enough to feel a little ill, and curses herself for getting this way.

Anna hesitates when she comes to the door. She finally grabs the knob and steps inside. KJ is sitting on a bench and looking down. She looks at Anna when the redhead sits beside her.

"Hey," KJ says.

"Hey," Anna says. She keeps looking at KJ, who looks down again. "KJ, I am so sorry."

"It's all good," KJ says, "I shouldn't have opened my mouth before thinking. We were talking about life and death, and it was pretty stupid for me to say that shit."

Anna takes KJ's gloved hand.

"Sisters fight sometimes, huh?" Anna says.

"Yeah," KJ says as she looks into Anna's eyes. She smiles and laughs just a little from relief. "But they're still sisters," she says.

"KJ, look," Anna says, "About what I said, it doesn't matter how long you've been with us. You deserve the same respect as any of us. I'm so sorry I said what I did, really KJ, I am. I know I can't prove it, but I really didn't mean it, it just kind of happened. I'm sorry."

"Thank you, Anna," KJ says, looking into her sister's eyes, "I know it's hard right now. We lost Bill and Megan, and your father. It seems like everything's been so hard lately. And when we complete a mission it still hurts. There's no joy in war, but nothing's changed. Our children still need us to fight."

Anna holds KJ's forearm with both her hands. She looks down.

"Dad used to say he wished I lived in less interesting times," Anna says, "I thought he was just saying that, but he was right. We all want excitement and all that other shit, but what I wouldn't give just to be in the kitchen of our little home, waiting for Garret to come home."

"Yeah," KJ says, "I hear you. No matter how bad it hurts we have to think about our dreams. I'm not going to become a finger on a trigger. I'll help Johnny not to become one, either."

Anna looks at KJ and smiles.

"Thank you for saving us in Rapid City," KJ says when their eyes meet again, "I know I told you, but you saved both of us. You saved our dreams and you saved our child."

Anna shows a little of her emotion. KJ looks down. She doesn't show hers, but it's there, reserved, and perhaps a little more powerful than her sister's.

"I don't care that you came later," Anna says, "You mean so much to us, my God, thank you for coming. Thank you for proving that it's not over."

KJ rises as does Anna and KJ pulls her into her strong embrace. She puts her hand on the back of Anna's head and kisses her cheek. Then they separate, and both wipe little tears from their blue eyes.

That night Anna sleeps well, the first good night's sleep in several days. She kisses Garret and tells him how much she loves him before pulling up the covers and drifting into slumber. KJ climbs in bed with Johnny, who has a loving little smile on his face. It leads straight to his heart and soul, and the unbreakable love that exists for this extraordinary young white woman.

"Hold me tonight, Johnny," KJ says, "Just hold me."

"OK, angel," Johnny says. He feels her gentle caress on his gunshot and surgery scar. "This won't go on forever," he says and her grip on him tightens.

Her grip prompts him to feel her left bicep.

Though she's right-handed, both of KJ's arms are very well developed for a young woman her size, and he can feel it every time she embraces him. She has maintained them well, and she has even grown a little stronger – and a tad curvier. That her arms are pale white and soft to the touch, rather than simply grotesque muscle, makes them larger in size and much more appealing to him. He feels the soft skin and then gently squeezes the firm muscle. Then he caresses her back, where the beautiful angel's wings grace her white skin.

Late in the evening of Monday, February 2nd, Professor Gabriel Zielinski pours himself a cup of tea in the kitchen of his Akron home. It is a fine home, far from the crime-riddled areas with garbage-strewn yards and run-down Habitat houses scattered among formerly-white neighborhoods. When he saw the piece of property he was enchanted. Just next door is thick woodland and beyond that is a beautiful lake. The owners offered a lower-than-expected price and Zielinski jumped at the opportunity. For the six years that he's lived in his quiet home he has been comfortable and happy. Lately, however, he's been feeling increasing unease.

He walks with his tea to the back door and cracks it open. The cold rain cleared out by noon, and the clouds are breaking. An almost-full moon lights the thinning clouds but does not break through. There is no wind among the woods, and all is quiet. Zielinski closes the door.

Since the Maxwell assassination, Gabe Zielinski has guessed the motives of the snipers now known to be Capricorn Cell. He is beginning to fear the he, too, may become a target. Ten years ago, as a 30-year-old assistant professor of history at the University of Minnesota, Zielinski led the charge against a white student who had joined a white separatist organization. The organization in question, whose revolution consisted of borderline alcoholism and constant bitching rather than any actual protest or violence, did not last more than a couple of years. One of the members, however, had a change of heart after he began dating a student from Puerto Rico. With lust as his guide, he betrayed the others to the administration. Ordinarily, even at an anti-white university, such accusations would result in little overt action, other than hand-wringing and some kind of seminar. There was an exception in this case. The betrayer had photographic and documentary evidence. At the time, Zielinski was hoping for tenure at Minnesota and decided that the best way to accomplish that goal was to take the right stand on the "race problem." Thanks to his efforts, the student in question suffered a severe penalty and his name became known among anti-white radicals who could do him severe damage, economically and perhaps physically.

In the end, Zielinski did not receive tenure. There is a buyer's market for traitors in modern America, and unless he could go above and beyond the simple destruction of an unknown student, Zielinski was out of luck. So he moved on and accepted a decent job at Akron. He figured his past could not come back to haunt him, except in the form of regrets over what might have been. Now he fears the night, and any sound he might hear in the nearby woods.

It is a warm night in Roanoke, Virginia. At least for February; tomorrow night, rain will set in, and then cooler temperatures. There is a very light wind, but it blows at irregular intervals. Even when a gentle breeze blows, the night is still calm. Not a sound emanates from the thick hillside forest behind the Dancy House.

Unlike most black wide receivers, George Dancy worked very hard for his reliable hands and better-than-average route running. He took his football career very seriously, and, in spite of less-than-stellar speed, he won a starting position at Marshall University in West Virginia. He knew he would never be a professional athlete, so he also concentrated on his

education. It was easy for him to pass his classes, though he did devote the time to more difficult subjects rather than the usual liberal arts courses. Graduate he did, and eleven years later he runs a small transmission shop outside of Roanoke. But George Dancy does not believe in a color-blind society. For this he is praised, because he is not white. Unlike those who are punished for noticing differences, George is actively encouraged to do so, and to consider the best interest of his African race. That in its own right is not a crime. However, what's good for the goose is not good for the gander, at least according to Dancy. Should a white man or woman openly consider the best interest of his or her race, George would join the anti-whites in denouncing the white upstarts, and would feel no shame over his blatant hypocrisy.

One February, during his high school years, one of George Dancy's teachers lectured his students about the supposed accomplishments of Dancy's Negro race. He also spoke of slavery and Jim Crow. Still smarting from an event that happened on the football field – in order to intimidate a white safety, Dancy called him “cracker” and “white boy”, only to have the safety call him “porch monkey” in retaliation – George Dancy was ready to take his anger out on the next white transgressor. If none were willing to give him an excuse, he'd create one. This is exactly what he did the next day at lunch. Dancy muscled his way in front of a white student who was standing in the hot lunch line. Again, the white had more courage than Dancy had grown accustomed to seeing, and he responded with a strong but not indecent protest. Dancy, noticing that two of his friends were coming up from the salad bar, shoved the student and a fight resulted. As is all too common, none of the other whites would balance the equation, and the courageous student was left to face three black males on his own. For that violent incident, Dancy received a week's suspension, but did not lose his starting position on the team.

Three years later, while at Marshall, Dancy again provoked an act of violence. Although he had dated a white girl when he was a freshman, and was trying to hook up with another white girl at the time of the second incident, when he saw a skinny hipster-type white male walking hand-in-hand with a black female, the racial pride of George Dancy would not allow him to ignore the transgression. He and three other blacks – one a teammate – beat the white race-mixer unconscious. The white hipster eventually recovered, and Dancy did face charges, though nothing more than a two-game suspension would result from the altercation. Aside from the usual pro-black posturing and a few verbal altercations, Dancy would remain relatively clean for the rest of his college career. He did not worry about

any possible ramifications for his two acts of violence. After all, years had passed, and now he could afford his own house in a mostly-white neighborhood.

Recently, his bliss has suffered a growing disturbance. George Dancy paid attention when Dominic Mosley fell to a sniper's bullet. He now knows who shot the strip bar owner: none other than beautiful white Angelique. He's begun to wonder if Capricorn Cell is researching past transgressions. He wonders if they know about his. Capricorn Cell has been active throughout the region and George Dancy has begun to fear. He's taken to carrying a sidearm. Tonight, for whatever reason, he feels an increasing anxiety. Every time he hears a noise from outside, he finds himself reaching for the .44 magnum revolver on the coffee table.

A gentle rain is falling on Poca, West Virginia. In the darkness of night the raindrops dapple the surface of the Pocatalico River. The waters are free of ice, but that will soon change. Temperatures will nose dive in a day or two. There is a slight breeze blowing; nothing too strong, nor is it steady.

Adam Hollandsworth is a prosecuting attorney for the State of West Virginia. He is born-and-bred. Hollandsworth fancies himself neither liberal nor conservative; in fact, he calls himself "practical." He's always been a big man, unafraid of a physical challenge. This ranges from contact sports to a bar fight that nearly ended his law career fifteen years ago. He is also well-armed: inside his house are several hunting rifles and shotguns. Confident and physically fit, Hollandsworth has never feared those he put away, even when they've threatened his life.

Lately, he has felt a rising unease. Seven years ago a crime occurred in Charleston, West Virginia, and Hollandsworth was the prosecuting attorney for the case. A pair of black males had beaten a much younger white male, who would suffer permanent disability from the beating. Hollandsworth prosecuted the case to the best of his abilities, and successfully won a conviction. He asked for and received the maximum punishment – with one exception. Adam Hollandsworth did not charge the two with a hate crime, in spite of the testimony of numerous witnesses who reported hearing racial slurs and taunting from the two black males before they launched their unprovoked attack on the white stranger.

Four years later, Hollandsworth prosecuted the case of a white man who responded to an insult with excessive violence. Again, Hollandsworth won a conviction. This time, however, he pressed for hate crime charges after hearing from witnesses that the white man had used the dreaded, magical "n" word.

Three years have passed and Adam Hollandsworth remains an esteemed member of the Charleston community. There were no protests against his actions, or even much complaint aside from pro-white internet sites and forums. Three years later, Hollandsworth felt at ease when he recalled the two cases, which by that time was a rare occurrence.

Times have changed. Lately, Adam Hollandsworth has thought about those two cases with greater frequency. When he does so, he often steps away from windows and doors. He no longer locks his gun cabinet while he and his wife are home.

George Dancy hears a noise from outside. He's become attuned to hearing noises, but usually finds nothing. Tonight he creeps over to the window of the dark kitchen. He peeps outside. In the well-lit yard he sees nothing, but this time it's not his imagination playing with his mind.

Adam Hollandsworth hears his dog growl. In years past, he would assume – usually correctly – that an opossum or raccoon, or perhaps a deer, had attracted the attentions of his Springer Spaniel. He's not so sure anymore. He charges to his gun case and removes his .270 bolt action rifle. He walks to the living room and peeks out one of the smallish windows beside the door. In the dim light of a distant lamp a small form scurries to and fro. It is an opossum, just as he would have once imagined.

Gabe Zielinski takes a deep breath from the darkness of his den. He rises and begins moving with purpose. He doesn't even put on his glasses. Gabe will not be a prisoner to terrorists, though he once called such attitudes provocative. He turns on the kitchen light and walks to the beige cabinets along the kitchen sink, within full view of the window. He pulls out a bag of soft chocolate chip cookies and opens them. He samples one as he stands in the kitchen window.

Among the leafless trees a shooter lies. Her rifle rests on a sandbag. On the bottom is the word "Angelique". The shooter wears gloves and a toboggan. For over an hour she has been observing the windows of a house, and she has just seen her target.

George Dancy hears the noise again. He grabs his pistol and opens the rear door. When he steps onto the porch, he hears a loud crashing sound. Through the hedges that separate his yard from the forest comes one of the largest deer he's ever seen in his life. It must have at least ten points on its huge rack. Its appearance makes his heart race, and he stands there for a while, collecting his thoughts.

Adam Hollandsworth watches the opossum waddle around in the rain. His dog begins to bark as it approaches him. The opossum runs when the spaniel begins to growl.

Angelique sees her target's head and shoulders. The light from down the street illuminates his location, and the light from a room behind him provides enough internal illumination for her to make a positive identification. It is still raining all around her, but not nearly hard enough to interfere with her aim.

Adam Hollandsworth never hears the shot that kills him. The bullet penetrates the small window and crashes into his skull, right between his eyes. His .270 falls to the floor.

Anna watches the buildings and the hills around the spot where KJ lies. Any flicker or flash would have drawn her sharp eye. Before the mission, Garret informed her of her special duty. Any time KJ is the primary shooter, Anna will be the counter-sniper.

That Wednesday night, Johnny and KJ make love. The act is wild and beautiful. She needs his touch and his warmth, and the exchange of intimacy and affection that they both lavish upon one another. Afterward, he holds her as they lay in the large bed of the "secret room," and he wipes the big tears from her face.

Garret, Anna and Rian awaken the next morning to find that KJ and Johnny have made a lovely breakfast for the entire cell. The coddled eggs and red flannel hash are among the best any of them have ever eaten. Together they eat, and drink coffee or tea and share a laugh. The meal lasts for longer than most breakfasts.

Since last May, Cristian O'Toole has been working on the octopus. He calls it that because it's the first image that popped into his mind, though there are only four hoses connected to the valve. Three weeks ago he managed to obtain six cylinders of carbon dioxide gas. These he did not purchase. When Airgas closed for the weekend, he stole them.

Coach Dave Stotts has not escaped Cristi's attentions. While on business in Mankato, Cristi, the lead member of Carina Cell, observed Stott's car and discovered the location of his home. He also discovered that the largish house has central air.

While the coach is at work, Cristi, wearing a fake Trane uniform, performs a few modifications on Stotts' air conditioning unit. He can now attach the octopus and bottles of gas, should he choose to do so. Stotts lives in a crowded suburb, but there is a UPS store behind his home. Cristi could park there after hours, and wheel the cylinders around back. One night in early February he hides them in a ditch between the rear of the store and the hedges that border Stotts' backyard.

On the night of February 23rd, a cool Tuesday in eastern Minnesota, Cristian O'Toole performs the first combat mission of Carina cell. Via the

octopus, he empties the cylinders of carbon dioxide into Stott's air vents, a process that takes much of the night.

Coach David Stotts goes to bed early. He crawls into his warm bed, where he once shared the night with his now ex-wife. He's been drowsy all evening and falls asleep the moment he closes his eyes. A little after 4AM, the neighbor's new dog begins raising hell. The barking and howling do not wake Stotts. Nothing can wake him from the sleep of death.

The next morning, the empty cylinders lie next to the modified air conditioning unit. The octopus, and the rebel who built it, are long gone.

Of course, Jesse Hanratty – as everyone outside of Capricorn Cell calls her – does not mention the real-life medical experience she gained when Tom Neely explored Johnny Bowen's gunshot wound. Still, her work at West Virginia University Hospital has been thorough and her performance has been exemplary. Recently, she dabbled again in the world of modeling. She appeared, wearing a wetsuit, in an internet ad for scuba supplies. As far as she's concerned, this final gig closes a chapter in her life. There is an older, stronger desire that has gotten more powerful lately. She hasn't asked Rian yet, but she wonders if they might start a family someday. She wonders if it might be soon.

Jesse's sold her Suzuki and bought a newer Subaru Forester. In general, her family has tried to help her get over her supposed break-up with Rian Donnelly, who they now believe to be a criminal. Though sympathetic to the reasons and heartbroken over the deaths of Bill and Megan, Jesse's parents still consider Rian a fugitive.

On the 4th of March, Rian and Jesse enjoy a private meal in the secret room. She is stunning to the eye; her hair is as long as KJ's and Anna's and her simple blouse hugs her lovely chest just tight enough for Rian to admire the sight before he explores it with his touch. Before the fun commences, however, Rian tells Jesse what she's hoped he'd say since Christmas.

"I have the skills now to pull off these kinds of missions," Rian says, "I've talked to Garret. He says that sometime by the end of summer you and I can go home."

"My God," Jesse says. She feels like weeping with joy. While Johnny lay on the operating table, his blood all over her gloves, the war came home to her. Now with a few words, Rian brings back her hopes and dreams. "How do we get there?" she asks.

"Garret received an email from Michael," Rian says, "Apparently he's still in the States, and he's working on getting a boat, one that we can use to cross the Atlantic. Will you take that risk with me?"

Jesse smiles.

"I always will," she says.

In the kitchen, Johnny Bowen stirs fresh milk into two cups of coffee. He gets a little silver tray out of the cabinet and carries the two coffees into the hallway. The door to his and KJ's bedroom is open, so he peeks inside. There, on the floor, is Kaylee Jane. She's wearing shiny black leggings, one of the pairs with a high waist up past her navel, and she's part-way under the bed. She's wearing the suspenders again. As KJ searches for something - probably the plastic box of French cookbooks - her rear end moves up and down. Johnny shakes his head and exhales, careful not to make any noise.

"Angel," Johnny says softly as he enters the room "Don't bump your head, I'm coming in."

"OK," KJ says from under the bed. Her rear stops moving. "Thanks for not scaring me."

Johnny places the tray on the little table and gets down on his knees beside his wife. He puts his hand on her rear and it ceases moving again.

"Go on, keep looking," he says, and she laughs from beneath the bed.

"I found what I'm looking for," KJ says.

"No you didn't," Johnny says, "Not yet."

A couple of minutes later, once he's patted her rear and she's risen from beneath the bed, husband and wife sit down to coffee. After a few laughs the cups are empty, and the two share a slow dance. When the music stops he kisses her and looks into her eyes. For a moment it feels like the Long Hall, though he won't be taking her back to the Campbell House anytime soon.

March begins warm and wet. Back in February, Punxsutawney Phil saw his shadow, and when winter finally relents it does so by warming up too fast. The weather stays wet, and snowmelt together with rain leads to some flooding. It is the same story from New England to the Old Dominion. By the 5th of March, creeks are swollen across Appalachia. Relief will come at a price; it will be a dry, but cold, weekend.

On the 5th, Garret calls a war meeting. He does so late in the evening. The day's weightlifting and dry firing are done, and KJ is putting the finishing touches on another drawing. This one will hang in the bedroom. When Johnny saw it earlier, he insisted.

The computer is on in the media room and a Google Earth image is on the screen. It shows the city of Erie and a little of the lake. The members of Capricorn Cell assemble in the media room, with Jesse waiting for her husband in the kitchen.

"Anthony Goldsborough works at the corporate office of a Fiat assembly plant," Garret tells them, "After reading a complaint on a white-friendly forum, I discovered that he has an unfortunate history as a traitor to his, and our race. As a floor manager, he reported a white union worker for using a racial slur during break time, and this resulted in the termination of the worker in question. The company and the branch manager were sued over the loss of employment, but to no avail. Goldsborough currently works in the HR department where, like most HR employees, he rigorously enforces anti-white speech codes and pushes for the hiring of non-white workers. Since he has proven that he'll support and enforce corporate America's anti-white policies, his rise in the managerial system has been predictable and rapid. The corporate system enforces the status quo at all cost, and those willing to preserve the status quo are usually well-rewarded for the betrayal of our race. Although Goldsborough has traded a manager's position for a seat in Human Resources, he has recently become head of that department and his salary is second only to the plant manager. He drives a brand new BMW F13, and his house is worth two and a half million dollars."

Garret hands the folder to KJ.

"Goldsborough has risen at the expense of our brothers in race," Garret says to KJ, "I ask that you kill this man, so that others might think twice about following his example."

That night, KJ prepares the items and clothing that she will take on the mission. She cleans her pistol as Johnny leans on his elbow and watches from the bed.

"Angel!" Johnny says, "We're not leaving for three days. Bring that ass a little closer."

KJ doesn't respond.

"Don't get mad," Johnny says.

KJ looks at him.

"I'm not," she says, "I just want to take care of this shit." She looks at the gun, making sure not to allow the spring to escape. "I won't deny you, Johnny, you know that."

"I know, angel," Johnny says, "Actually, I'm worried about you. Do you want to switch with Anna? It won't be a problem."

"No," KJ says, "I'll be alright. I'm just nervous."

"You? Nervous? Surely not!" Johnny says, joking of course.

She chuckles, which as always sounds more like exhalation than laughter.

"You want to talk about it?" Johnny asks.

"I'll be fine," KJ says and then looks at him. A smile comes to her face, and it is sincere. "Thanks for thinking about me."

It is a cold and clear March afternoon when the red Ford van departs for the forest around Procyon House. Jimmy Ford is at the wheel. According to the plan, he will drive them home in the blue Mazda after they rendezvous with Austin Kelly north of Pittsburgh. For this mission, Rian, rather than Anna, will provide security for Jimmy Ford and the van. He'll carry one of the 12-gauge shotguns in case of emergency.

Near Meadville, Pennsylvania, Jimmy stops to fill the tank. Johnny tosses him a sandwich from the cooler; Ford hasn't eaten today, owing to his intense schedule. Two vehicles pass and Jimmy warns the combat team not to exit. He has a gut feeling and Johnny agrees. Further down the road Jimmy finds a rural highway, and stops again so that those in back can stretch their legs. This time he pulls on to a dirt track, and the five warriors in back can finally enjoy a brief respite outside.

Anthony Goldsborough's house is located near several undeveloped plots of land. Trees and shrubs grow thick across what was once meant to be prime real estate. The approach to the house is simple. North-south lanes connect to an unmarked road that bisects the undeveloped plots. It is not unusual for someone to use the lanes or the road as a shortcut. A dirt track surrounded by trees and brush will provide the perfect hiding spot for the van, which is a five-minute run from KJ's likely shooting position.

Johnny exits first, followed by KJ. Before they move out, he looks at his wife. In the pale light of the city he can see her breath. He wants to take her back, but they have a mission to fulfill.

When Anna emerges, she moves to the left, followed by her husband. Though she will be at the same altitude as KJ, she will choose a spot that gives her the best view of the surrounding streets and buildings. She will keep alert for any signs of an enemy sniper. Should she find one, during the course of the mission, she will attempt to eliminate him. Once in her place she begins scanning the surrounding area. The lights are on at a 24-hour restaurant, though no one is dining at this hour. She knows where the Goldsborough House is located but does not look toward it. KJ's eyes will be on that target. A car pulls out of a driveway down the street from Goldsborough's. A young father drives off to work. A vagabond dog searches the garbage from an overturned trash can. . Raccoons will get the blame for his handiwork. An old office building is dark. Anna scans the structure. Then she sees something that rivets her attention to the third window.

There is a figure in the window, darker than the background, and he moves. She sees something at chest-level of the figure. It catches the streetlight and shines like a small piece of silver metal.

Anna cannot fire. It may not be a person, and if it is he may not be an enemy. She must be cautious. Neither will she risk her brothers' and sister's lives. She grabs the metal clicker from her web gear and squeezes it three times. Garret hears the clicks. He hurries off toward KJ's position.

KJ is watching the bedroom window of the Goldsborough House. A downstairs light went off a few minutes ago, and now the upstairs light is glowing. She waits for Goldsborough to appear. Her gloved finger is on the trigger.

Johnny intercepts Garret before he can get within striking distance of KJ.

"Abort the mission," Garret says.

Garret returns to Anna.

Without questioning why, KJ pulls her rifle and begins withdrawing to the van. She leaves the sandbag. She's considered this possibility before, and decided to leave the bag should she have to retreat. She may not be able to punish Goldsborough but at least she'll scare the shit out of him.

Jimmy Ford is surprised to see the rebels return without firing a shot. He does not ask why. Jimmy starts the engine once they're inside, and he begins the escape.

Johnny stands by the door until he's comfortable with leaving his post.

"What did you see?" Garret asks his wife.

"I watched the next street over," Anna says, "There was a building that I would have chosen if I'd been looking for KJ. I saw something in the window and I saw the streetlight shine off a piece of metal. From their position, whoever it was could have taken a shot at KJ, or you."

"Thank you, Anna," Johnny says.

Anna looks at KJ, who flashes a warm little smile. KJ's hand grips Johnny's. She's seen what a sniper's weapon can do.

The next morning, after they've eaten and had tea, the members of Capricorn Cell retire to their beds. Anna looks at the huge star maps on the left-side wall. To her, it's a clear nighttime sky.

"Can't you sleep?" Garret asks.

"I don't think I overreacted," Anna says, "Did I?"

"No," Garret says, "What you saw concerns me. It's possible that the enemy's posting snipers now." He leans over and kisses her head. "You did exactly what we need you to do, and we all came home."

Anna continues to look at the night sky on the wall. She's the last warrior to fall asleep.

On Sunday the 13th of March, Johnny frames KJ's drawing of a deer in Bill Donnelly's old field. It's the best drawing yet. He decides to hang it in the hallway, below the metal cross.

Sunday, March 27th is Easter. Jimmy Ford brought a ham on his Saturday supply run, but Capricorn Cell will celebrate alone this Easter. They'll even be missing a member; Jesse had no choice but accept an invitation from her grandparents to eat Easter dinner at their place way up in Augusta, Maine. She hasn't seen them in five years, and her parents have bought plane tickets. Jesse drops by Procyon on Friday to wish everyone a happy Easter. Before she departs, she and Rian say their goodbyes alone in the living room. Jesse comes to tears but recovers and smiles.

"I love you," Jesse says in the Irish. It's about all that she knows.

"I love you," Rian responds in French. It's about all that he knows.

Anna eats breakfast and then returns to her bedroom. There, she holds her rosary and prays for the souls of those departed, and those who might well depart before the war is over. She'll try to be cheerful, especially since Easter is a celebration of life, not a lamentation. It will not be easy at all.

KJ and Johnny return to the hallway after breakfast. They'll change into t-shirts and jeans and then return to the kitchen to begin making Easter supper. When they enter the hall, KJ is in front of Johnny since he holds the door open for her. She thanks him and then, once they've just entered the hallway, she turns and stops him. She takes his hand into hers, and guides it to Anna's cross on the wall. There she presses his hand against the cross. He looks at their hands and then into her eyes. She returns his gaze and then looks down, letting go of his hand. Johnny follows her back to the bedroom so that they can change clothes.

Heather Mizell-Claxton celebrates her 45th birthday on the 2nd of April. There is champagne and pasta with truffles, courtesy her husband Chris. Her daughter, an only child, could not make the event. She sent a card. Mizell-Claxton hosts a celebratory dinner in their lovely Johnson City home and several members of the East Tennessee State faculty come over for dinner and drinks. Among them is Professor David Lewis.

Lewis was one of the few among the faculty who disagreed with Mizell-Claxton when she sought disciplinary action against a white student. That student, twenty year old James Hooper, was handing out literature critical of Obama's Middle East policies when a black student

accosted and threatened him with violence. Mizell-Claxton was a witness to the act, but instead of reprimanding or punishing the black student, she reported the white youth for a violation of the university's zero-tolerance policy on acts of racism. Professor Lewis did not dispute her assertion that such literature was racist; he simply abhorred the threat of violence. But in the end she dropped her demand for disciplinary action, and she and Lewis patched up their professional relationship.

Neither professor ever considered punishing the black student for his threats.

By the 2nd of April, Mizell-Claxton has forgotten about the incident. She's even seen the YouTube video, which showed her ignoring the black student's threats while chastising the white student for "racism." It didn't faze her. She went on teaching her colonial history course, and blaming whitey for all the sins of the world. Her faith in the anti-white religion known as "anti-racism" has not waned.

On the 2nd of April, Garret Fogarty calls a war meeting. Anna is her old self. Like KJ, she has returned to her senses and hopes that she will not be the primary shooter, though she will accept the mission should Garret ask. Again, he asks KJ to be the primary shooter. After going through the usual introductory material, he hands her the manila folder. Inside is a picture of a 40-something woman with dark black hair and green and brown eyes. She looks through stylish glasses that cannot make her stare meaningful or her face less plain. Beneath the picture is the name of the woman: Heather Mizell-Claxton.

Jimmy Ford and Austin Kelly have had a windfall as of late. Ford finished his work on a 1970 Ford Mustang, and its sale resulted in a tidy profit. Late last year Ford found the vehicle, and Austin Kelly drove Ford's new (refurbished) GMC rollback truck to Johnson City, Tennessee to recover the Mustang. While there, he attended to more serious business as well.

KJ prepares her web gear well in advance of departure. In two days they will depart on a reconnaissance mission, and there's still a week before the mission. When she's just about finished packing, Johnny comes up behind her and puts his arms around her waist. He can understand why she's nervous again, especially for this mission. The odds are high that, should she have an opportunity, she will have to take the shot in the early evening hours. It will be light outside when she does. Even though Garret tries to time the mission for a cloudy or rainy day, there is no cover like the cover of darkness, and if Mizell-Claxton arrives home at the usual time, there will still be two hours before nightfall.

"Twenty years old and more beautiful than ever," Johnny says.

He kisses her shoulder and then her head. He never will grow tired of the smell of her hair.

"I had a dream last night," KJ says, "You and Bill were there. It must have been when I walked out of the river, because we were in the forest and Bill had his truck."

Johnny still holds her from behind, though now her gloved hands cover his arms.

"You've been through a lot, angel," he says, "Yet you resist. You're stronger than I ever dreamt a woman could be." He steps to her side and checks her pistol. "It's clean. Let's go lift."

KJ looks down and runs her hand through her thick hair, and then she nods. Johnny walks over to the dresser and grabs a pair of tight exercise leggings for her. She pulls them up over her thong. They kiss, and he runs his finger down both her biceps.

"Wait a second," Johnny says, and bounds out the door. He returns in a couple of minutes holding a digital camera.

KJ laughs and shakes her head.

"Come on, angel, strike a pose," Johnny says and takes a few pictures of his wife.

Two of the pictures will sit on the nightstand closest to his pillow.

The entire compliment of Capricorn Cell departs on the reconnaissance mission. Rian drives the Mazda, leaving at nightfall on an otherwise clear and warm April day. The recon team – consisting of Johnny, Anna and KJ – will have two hours to perform their mission, and then must return so that dawn finds them hidden in the forests of southern West Virginia. Garret will remain with Rian and guard him and the vehicle. Jimmy Ford, who will drive both legs of the combat mission, does not need to accompany Capricorn Cell on this preliminary mission; he's already been there twice. During the combat mission, Rian will be a guard and an emergency driver, should some tragedy befall Jimmy.

The dark red Mazda arrives at Johnson City at around 2AM. The sky is clear tonight and the moon is nearly full. Rian drives around town and then turns on to a long forest highway where he will park the Mazda. When he sees an area that is devoid of trees to the left and right of the highway, Rian realizes that they've arrived at the power line cut that the recon team will use as an avenue to their objective. He drives past the treeless cut and into the forest on the opposite end, where he turns the vehicle around. After twenty or so seconds he finds a pull-off that will suffice for the night. There, Capricorn Cell's recon team sets out on their mission. They carefully advance along the deforested area beneath the

power lines. The three will rely on their night vision, with a little help from the moon and small flashlights if necessary.

Johnny is the pathfinder, with Anna acting as rear guard. KJ follows Johnny. She holds her Armalite, and Johnny the AK, while Anna is armed with her Remington sniper rifle. Together they can lay down substantial fire and Anna can pick off an enemy at long range. They're all hoping that not a shot will be fired.

The power line is clear. Only grass grows here, between the bifurcated masses of the thick forest. Spring greenery hasn't erupted among the forest, though the trees are budding. Still, there is a little less cover than there will be in the months to come. KJ notices all of these things as she and the others continue walking the grassy line. After about twenty minutes, she can see the dark edge of the northern woodland. The curving edge eventually forms a little peninsula of trees that aims straight toward Heather Mizell-Claxton's house. Johnny leads them toward the cusp of that peninsula of trees.

Anna and Johnny do not speak. KJ is silent as well. She watches Johnny and follows his footsteps, though on occasion she will peer into the woods to see if anyone or anything is watching. When they arrive at their destination, KJ can see a field beyond the forest. On the far end of the field is a housing development. The closest house – the one with a Jeep Cherokee in the driveway – is the Mizell-Claxton House. KJ looks around the woods. Not far from where she stands is an excellent spot for a shot toward the front entrance.

"Whenever you're ready, angel," Johnny whispers.

"I'm good," KJ says.

Johnny nods and indicates to Anna that it's time to leave. They begin the trek back to Rian, Garret and the Mazda. Every step of the way is tense, and KJ feels relief only once she's seated beside her husband, and Rian is driving them away from Johnson City.

On the morning of the 9th, Capricorn Cell has breakfast. They drink tea but do not linger for excessive conversation. Johnny is first to rise from the table. He kisses KJ on the head and leaves for their bedroom to make his final preparations for the mission. Each member is already dressed. KJ's black toboggan is on the table, ready for her to don it over her thick mane. Her gloves and boots are already on her body.

Anna, too, is wearing her boots. Like KJ, she'll wear a toboggan. Hers is dark gray rather than black and she's opted for it rather than a boonie hat since the weather will be cloudy and cool in Johnson City, and it may rain. Garret chose a good day for a daylight mission.

KJ finishes her tea and walks to the bedroom. There, she watches Johnny finish packing his rucksack. He shoulders it and then walks over to her. His strong hands gently caress her shoulders.

"Something's wrong, isn't it?" Johnny asks.

"I just have a bad feeling," KJ says, finally looking into his green eyes.

"Do you want to cancel?" Johnny asks, "No one's going to be pissed. If you feel strongly, that's good enough reason for me, and you have that right."

"No, Johnny," KJ says, "I'll be fine once we get going." She squeezes his hand and looks into his eyes. A warm little smile is on her face. "I love you so much. I hope I show you that every day."

"You do, angel," Johnny says, "I love you too."

Johnny brushes the hair from around the side of her face and when he lets go it returns to its place. KJ moves close to him and he touches his forehead to hers.

"I love you," she whispers, her eyes closed.

Johnny rubs her shoulders and then she looks into his eyes and smiles.

"They're waiting on us," KJ says.

When they walk the hallway to the final exit, Johnny follows her. A part of him wishes she'd cancelled. The rest of him knows she cannot.

The forest should be less intimidating in the light of a dreary spring day, but for KJ it is much more dangerous. The chances that someone will see her, by accident or by intent, multiply even in the pale light of a cloudy evening. KJ pushes the fear aside. She has a mission to accomplish.

As KJ approaches the spot she chose during the recon mission, she sees the field through the gaps in the trees. She drops down and creeps as far forward as she dares. Once at her chosen spot, she scans the area to the front. She sees the end of the field and the row of beautiful houses, many like the one she once lived in on Kimberly Drive. It is 5PM and although the sky promises to rain, it is dry at the moment.

Johnny keeps watch over his wife and the area around her position. Anna is much further to the rear; she is covering the long, clear lane under the power lines. If anyone tries to block Johnny and KJ's avenue of escape, Anna will shoot them down. She keeps a sharp eye on the little road that cuts across the lane about halfway between her and KJ's position. The only section she cannot see is just to the right of KJ's chosen spot. There, the power line turns due east and away from both Anna and KJ.

At 5:10, the car from the pictures in the folder turns down the lane toward the Mizell-Claxton House. KJ recognizes the blue Toyota. She waits and watches as the car pulls up to the garage. The automatic door opens and the car enters. KJ stares at the part of the garage to the left of the Toyota. She begins breathing for a shot.

Mayapples surround KJ's body as she lies in her nest. Their leaves have the faintest smell; so faint, KJ will not remember it.

Heather Mizell-Claxton steps out of her car. There are three steps to the garage door control panel on the wall. Time runs out on her before she can take the first step. As Mizell-Claxton stands beside her car, Angelique fires the killing shot.

KJ begins her withdraw. Inside the open garage, Heather Mizell-Claxton lies on the cement floor. A bullet has crashed through the apricot of her brain, killing her instantly.

Just before the power line turns to the southwest, there is a minor dead-end road that leads to a couple of far-flung houses nestled among the thick Tennessee forest. As Johnny and KJ approach the road, Hummer No. 2 of Johnson City's new anti-sniper patrol emerges from the right of the power line and stops in the middle of the cleared lane. A noise sensor indicated a high-powered rifle shot, and the patrol just happened to be going down State Route 67 to the west.

Johnny turns toward KJ.

"Come with me!" he says, "To the left!"

KJ hurries into the woods. She crouches down to look, but Johnny urges her forward.

Officers Allen and Criscuolo, who are white, call in a report. Officer Allen requests backup. Officer Braswell, a black member of the Johnson City Police Department, responds to the call. He will arrive shortly. Officers Allen and Criscuolo exit the Hummer, Allen from the driver's side and Criscuolo from the left-rear. They each carry a fully automatic M16 rifle. Officer Allen, a 42-year-old veteran of two foreign wars, walks up the right side of the power line, toward the general location of the gunshot. Officer Criscuolo, who is nineteen years younger than his partner, walks behind him, a little to his left.

Anna Murphy sees the Hummer roll up and stop. It is a shocking and sickening development. She has no idea where Johnny and KJ might be at the moment. She cannot see inside the vehicle and the doors facing her remain closed. Anna scans the area, but the tall vehicle blocks her view to the right-forward and there is no target for her rifle. She considers advancing, but there is still light, and in the likelihood that at least one of

the officers has entered the forest they will probably notice her approach. Every second passes with agony. Anna decides to remain under cover until the police present her with a target. The moment one of them appears, she will fire. These servants killed her father; now they have come for her beloved brother and sister.

Johnny Bowen finds a stand of thick green laurel. He leads KJ into its midst.

"Stay here," Johnny says, "Only fire if you have to."

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

"I'll come back for you," Johnny says.

Johnny rises from his crouching position and disappears to the right of the laurel. The forest is quiet. KJ ejects the spent round and chambers a live one.

Officer Criscuolo enters the forest. He feels it likely that the perpetrator has crossed the powerline cut and is either hiding or moving in the woods to the southeast. He steps behind a large oak and looks around. He spies a disturbance and peers around the tree.

Officer Allen, who is approaching to his right, dashes from one tree to another. He sees Criscuolo and motions for him to stay put for the moment.

John Ashley Bowen moves to the opposite side of an area that looks like most other places in the forest, except from his position he can see that the area in front of him is a very slight depression. A plethora of saplings on his side of the depression provides a good deal of cover, and he finds a spot that offers a decent view of the forest around him. The depression lies between some very thick greenbrier and wild roses and is a likely avenue of approach from the power line cut. From his position, Johnny can see – and fire at – anyone who might enter it.

Officer Allen dashes to and fro, presenting a minimal profile for any would-be gunman. He pictures Angelique in his mind. He tells himself that she is evil, that his grandfather fought World War II against monsters like her. It's his way of preparing himself, should he have to shoot her down. He's convinced that he can and will kill her if they cross paths.

Angelique will not be alone, of that Allen is certain. If this is indeed the notorious Capricorn Cell, she will have accomplices. The force knows that her name is Kaylee Jane Campbell. On the video she said Kaylee Jane Bowen. John Ashley Bowen, cop killer, will be out there somewhere. Allen sees a little dip in the terrain, where a stream once flowed before the spring went dry. He will not cross here, because in his mind he does not trust the trees on the other side. He detours to the right.

Officer Lee Braswell takes a right off of Sinking Creek Road and accelerates down the dead-end lane that crosses the clear area beneath the power lines. He does not turn on his lights or siren. That might alert a potential sniper.

From 300 yards southwest of the dead-end road, Anna Murphy sees the approaching police cruiser. She hides among the trees that border the cut-out lane and is all but invisible to the interloping police officer. She watches through her scope as the vehicle comes to a stop in the middle of the power line cut, right behind the Hummer. From this position, the driver will be a dire threat to KJ and Johnny. Anna scans around the car and beyond. She does not see either KJ or Johnny. She must be sure that, should she fire, an errant or penetrating round will not strike her beloved brother or sister. She does not see them, and concentrates on the spot just above the car. If the officer exits in the next minute, she intends to fire.

Officer Criscuolo advances into the forest to the right of the power line cut. He tries to be close enough to support Officer Allen should his older comrade encounter Johnny or Angelique or one of an unknown number of terrorists. Criscuolo passes around a thick stand of laurel and then turns right. If he continues in this direction, he'll come to the right side of an ancient streambed. Officer Allen should be somewhere near that streambed, if he hasn't crossed already. Criscuolo shakes his head. To him, Allen is advancing too fast, though he knows that Allen is a combat veteran.

Johnny Bowen sees a police officer, but his adversary will not present a decent target. In the policeman's arms is some kind of assault rifle, perhaps an M16. Officer Allen dashes around the right of the little depression.

Johnny advances a little left of forward. While Allen darts from tree to tree, he is moving in a more-or-less straight line. Johnny will intercept. Time is of essence, and he must neutralize this threat. If the police engage and stall, they will trap at least part of Capricorn Cell. A soul-wrenching thought enters Johnny's mind. He hopes that Garret will have the sense to pull Anna and Rian and escape should Johnny become pinned down. He hopes that KJ can somehow escape through the woods. In his heart, he knows she will not leave him.

Officer Allen continues his advance. He estimates that backup is arriving or has arrived. Now he will try to prevent any escape via the near forest. The helicopter will be airborne in twenty or so minutes. If he can stall the sniper, the odds are very high that the Johnson City Police will

catch or kill her. He sees a large red oak ahead, and dashes toward it for cover.

As Allen begins his rapid zigzag, he feels the massive blow of an AK round strike his left shoulder. He stumbles and collides with the tree that was to be his salvation. A second round strikes him, this time in his side. It perforates his lung and slams into his heart. A third round strikes him in the neck. Three more, in rapid succession, rip into his body and internal organs. Officer Allen falls to the ground, mortally wounded.

Anna hears the shots. She does not lose her concentration. A head appears, one with wooly salt-and-pepper hair. Anna fires the second it does. Her aim is true; the .30-06 bullet strikes Officer Braswell in the upper rear of his head. His dying body collapses just outside the open car door.

Officer Criscuolo hears the gunfire and peers from the side of his tree. He recognizes the telltale sound of an AK, and correctly interprets the other gunshot as belonging to a high-powered rifle. He sees neither Officer Allen nor the enemy. Criscuolo knows that none of the shots fired came from an M16. The handsome and well-toned policeman prepares himself for a dash to the right, toward the sound of the AK47. He draws several rapid breaths and summons the courage to undertake the dangerous mission. But something intervenes; something inexplicable, like the weight of a stare. He turns to his right, partway around, and looks to his rear. Standing there, about 10 yards distant and silent as a winter sky, is the most beautiful young woman he has ever seen. She is holding a rifle. This is no angel of mercy; she is an angel of wrath. This is Angelique. His brain recognizes his adversary. Then the force of a .30-06 round shuts it down forever.

The damage to Criscuolo's head is graphic. The short range and destructive capability of the .30-06 bullet results in a massive head wound, and there is no way for KJ not to see the sanguine results of her well-placed shot. Criscuolo is dead in an instant. The image of impact and its result is printed in her mind. At the moment, she cannot allow it to distract her from her new mission. She must find her husband and they must withdraw from this place. If he is in battle, she will join him in the fray.

Garret, who is between Anna and the Chevy van, hears the gunfire, as does Rian. Rian readies his Benelli carbine and maintains his post near Jimmy Ford and the Chevy van. Garret can make out Anna and he knows that she's fired. He runs up the right side of the power line cut, where he sees the Hummer and the police cruiser. He is ready to stop and fire his Armalite in her support.

It doesn't take long for Johnny to find KJ. He heads back toward the laurel stand when he hears her rifle. He sees her moving and just then she sees him. Neither will fire at movement without being sure that it's an enemy. Both would rather die than wound or kill the other.

"Angel, are you OK?" Johnny asks as soon as he's near enough for her to hear.

KJ pulls out the earplugs that she neglected to remove in the heat of battle. She nods and looks at Johnny.

"We'd better go," KJ says.

"Come with me," Johnny says.

Johnny does not ask about the body he passed as he ran back to his beloved KJ. He hopes the smell didn't hit her before she doubled back toward the edge of the forest.

Johnny Bowen must decide on a course of action that could prove fateful to either or both of them. He could advance up the lane, running along with KJ until they arrive at the long woodland road and the rendezvous with Jimmy Ford. If a helicopter or police sniper appears, they will be in grave danger. They could stick to the woods, making a shot from a helicopter more difficult. The waking trees would provide at least a little cover from a sniper, but at a great cost to speed. He opts to risk running in the open. He and KJ flee down the grassy lane.

When Johnny sees Braswell's police cruiser he comes to an abrupt halt. KJ stops as well. She looks down the scope at the vehicle, ready to fire at any officer who bars their path of escape. She sees one, but he lies beside the open door.

"He's down," KJ says, "Johnny, the officer's down."

"Let's go," Johnny says, and they continue their flight.

Anna sees them coming. She scans around them through her scope. She hears Garret call to her but she has a vital task to complete. To her great relief, no one is following or intercepting her brother and sister.

"It's Johnny and KJ," Anna yells.

She sees them come around the rear of the police cruiser.

"Get ready to fly," Garret says.

Anna stands to her feet but remains ready to fire. She assumes the strongest standing position that she knows.

Neither Johnny nor KJ looks at the fallen officer. They continue running. When Johnny sees a figure down the lane he cuts in front of KJ and stops her with a raised hand. The figure is in a standing position, holding a rifle. For a moment Johnny expects to feel a bullet slicing through his body.

Please don't shoot my angel.

"It's Anna!" KJ says.

She looks for a moment through her scope and then lowers the rifle.

"Let's go!" Johnny says.

He'd like to hold KJ and thank God it wasn't a police sniper. He can do that later. Once they're close enough for Johnny to see with the unaided eye that the figure is indeed Anna, the redhead turns and begins to flee ahead of Johnny and KJ. Garret veers behind her and joins the retreat.

Jimmy Ford does not panic. Neither does he start the engine. He opts to keep the heat signature to a minimum. He has another concern as well. Jimmy rolls down the window and listens to the skies. He does not hear the humming of aircraft propellers. He is aware that gunships can detect a starter motor, and believes that the enemy will stop at nothing to destroy the white rebel cell. Fortunately, there don't seem to be any C-130 gunships overhead; at least for the moment.

Rian sees the two combat teams round the wood line and run for the van. He opens the rear doors and stands to the side facing the woods. His .223 rifle is at the ready. As soon as Anna is a few feet from the front of the van, he climbs inside. The others follow. Jimmy Ford pulls out before Johnny can close the second door, which he does right then. Johnny kneels by the door and opens the firing and observation ports. Rian and Garret join him. Anna and KJ sit, but keep their rifles at the ready.

An hour passes and none of the men return to their seats. It is an uncomfortable responsibility, but they must remain ready to fight. The ladies lay their rifles to the side but within easy reach. KJ watches Johnny for a long while, wanting him to come to her and hold her tight, but knowing that he cannot give up his post. She looks at Anna who notices and looks at her.

KJ searches for any thought that will keep the dead police officer out of her mind. She thinks of the first time she visited Anna at her home. It's a very painful memory since it was also the first time she met dear Gary, but it's better than what happened today.

On a lonely rural road near Atkins, Virginia, Jimmy Ford sees a dark gray Ford 4x4 van parked at the entrance of what was once a service road. He stops the Chevy and backs in, so that the rear of the Ford is just over a door's length from the Chevy. He taps on the partition behind his seat and hops out of the van. Austin Kelly emerges from the woods, rubbing his hands to keep them warm. It's quite cool east of the Tennessee border. Jimmy shakes Austin's hand before separating the key to the Ford on his key ring. As Capricorn Cell climbs into the rear of the Ford, Jimmy

jumps into the driver's seat. In minutes he and the combat teams are rolling toward Beckley, West Virginia, on the long drive home.

Johnny and Garret can tell that KJ is suffering. So can Anna. Johnny does not ask what's wrong. He has an idea, and it's not the right time or place. He puts his arm around her and looks at her. She looks down. Those who do not know her might think there's no expression on her face. KJ's emotions are often subtle, and to her man such subtlety adds to her intense beauty. Sadly, though, it came about as a reaction to the hell she went through at home and in school, when she had to shield that which was most sacred and vulnerable to her. Deep inside, her emotions and her convictions are as deep as any other soul, and most often deeper. Johnny can read her, though, and he knows that the events of the day have hurt his wife. He looks at Anna for a moment and she flashes him a brief sympathetic smile. Then he notices that KJ is looking at him.

"Are you alright?" KJ asks, her voice just above a whisper and strong enough to move his soul.

"Yeah," Johnny says.

Johnny touches her hair and KJ looks into his eyes but she does not speak. He removes her toboggan and kisses her head.

"My angel," Johnny says.

Near the Birch River, Jimmy pulls off of Highway 19 North and drives a short piece along the road that parallels the river. There, among the trees, he pulls over so that the tired warriors can stretch and enjoy a calm drink of tea or water.

The night is bright from the full moon, which fights through the high layers of cirrostratus and illuminates the masses of bluets that are in bloom. KJ walks by them but doesn't seem to notice. Johnny, holding his AK, shadows her as she enters the woods and walks just far enough so that she's surrounded by trees. Johnny watches her from behind. He waits until she turns back around and walks up to him.

"I want to take what you carry on your soul and throw it off of you," KJ says, "I want you to fly with me, away from all the blood that covers you."

"They gave us no choice," Johnny says, "Let's go back, angel. We have to go home now."

They return to the van, followed shortly by Anna and Garret, who walked along the forest ahead of the van. Rian chatted with Jimmy but is now inside the rear. The drive back to Procyon is quiet. The whine of tires hitting the pavement and the occasional soft creaking from the body of the van replace the sound of voices in the cargo area. For the last two hours,

Anna leans on Garret and manages a half-hour's sleep. KJ holds Johnny's hand and looks down at the floor.

Though the mission was successful, and everyone came home, the rebels feel little relief even on the 10th of April. KJ and Anna perform their aerobics routines and Johnny cleans the weapons and stores all but the side arms and shotguns, which have their place upstairs. At breakfast Johnny noticed that KJ's melancholy is as strong as it was last night. Anna notices during aerobics. She has her own pain to deal with, but the distance of her shot – as well the loss of her father and her beloved friends Bill and Megan at the hands of law enforcement – make it a little less difficult for her to accept what she's done.

KJ shows her affection for Johnny. She does not let her inner torment affect that most essential of all expressions. Each time they're together she'll either touch him or hold his hand or surrender her passion with a kiss. But he can tell that she is suffering. She fights her emotions all day, and when he retires for the night he finds her sitting at the bedroom table, reading *Pale Fire*. She's still wearing her sleeveless shirt and silver leggings. Johnny looks at the clock. It's a quarter to one. He sits on the bed without removing his shirt or jeans and looks at her. KJ tries to hide any emotion. She turns the page and very nearly loses her battle.

"Come here, angel," Johnny says.

Without saying a word she closes the book. He watches her rise from the chair and walk over to him. Sadness does nothing to diminish her intense beauty. She approaches him and he stands to face her. Her hair is everywhere, as usual, and if she were amorous she'd have that feral look that drives him wild. But now she is hurting and not even an ephemeral smile makes an appearance on her flawless white face.

"I want to talk to you," Johnny says, "I told you once that I'd done something terrible in Iraq. I never dreamt I'd need to tell you what, but I think I should."

KJ looks into his eyes. There is so much life and pain in her eyes that it robs him of his speech for a few moments.

"We were in Hawija," Johnny finally says, "A sniper shot one of our guys, fucked him up pretty bad. Anyway, I thought I knew where the fucker was, so I found cover and looked over there, where I thought he was. There was an apartment building that faced directly at us from three streets down, about 200 yards. Now this sniper was a damn good shot, but I don't think he cared if he lived or died, so he takes a second shot. That's the one that killed Greg Thomas." Johnny sighs hard. "Greg was a good man," he says, "another dead white father, more fuckin' blood for

Israel and Halliburton, you know how that fucking goes. Well, I saw a flicker inside an open window, just a little flicker. And then I fired everything I had. When I went inside I found the cocksucker just out from the window. But that's not all, KJ, that's not all that was in there. It wasn't an empty apartment. There was a crib between the window and the bed."

KJ loses her war against her tears. She touches his cheek and then closes her eyes. She weeps with a soft sound that arouses her husband deep in his masculine soul.

"Cristi told me not to do it," Johnny says, "He knew I was joining the army so that I could learn to fight, because I knew back then that we'd have to fight for our race's survival. But he was right. It all came back again, all the old shit came roaring back when I had to kill that Arnett guy. His son was there. That's the part nobody told you. He came by just as I killed his father, and he saw me kill him. There's only one thing that keeps all this shit from getting inside me. I need you, KJ. I need you to stay who you are, KJ the angel, so that I don't quit caring about life and death."

KJ wraps her arms around him and puts her head to his chest. She weeps as she grabs hold of him.

"I killed a policeman, Johnny," KJ says, "I shot him in the fucking head." He feels her weep and then she recovers a little, just enough to speak. "He was a young white man," she says, "He probably had a wife and a baby and now his baby won't ever know his father, because I killed him."

She leans back and looks into her husband's eyes. The pain she feels is clear in her expression.

"He heard you firing, and he was going to go after you," KJ says, "How could I let him hurt you? I love you. I'm your wife!" Her expression is laced with pain and tears go down her cheeks. "But he was just a fucking cop in a little shit town. Why the fuck did he come? Why did he come after us? We're fighting for his children's lives! Why the fuck do men like him come after us, when they have so much to fucking lose and nothing to gain by killing us? What does he gain by killing you? His child still suffers and mine never gets born!"

Johnny rubs her back as she weeps. Her eyes close and the pain is written on her face.

"We can't change that, angel," Johnny says, "God how I wish you'd stayed in the laurel."

"He might have shot you!" KJ says, her eyes meeting his again.

"You wouldn't have had to shoot him," Johnny says, and her emotions get the better of her and she covers her eyes. "I wanted to spare you

that, as much as I could," he says, "I've always wanted to spare you the pain"

"Johnny..." KJ whispers, and then she opens her eyes.

Fury joins her pain and sadness.

"Why the fuck can't they leave us alone?" KJ says, "Why can't they let us love who we are? I want to be with you somewhere far away from this fucking place, and have a family, a white fucking family, and I want our children to be proud of who they are. What the fuck is wrong with that? I'm a white woman and I love who I am, and I love who you are."

KJ puts both hands on his face.

"And I will love our baby so fucking much, more than my own fucking life," she says.

Johnny rubs her thick hair and the back of her head. He feels her warmth and the strength in her arms when she squeezes him. He feels her rage in her short breaths.

"They say we're the haters," KJ says, "They started this fucking war on our children," she says, "The fucking traitors who want us to go extinct are the haters. I grew up with those evil fucking bastards. They're the ones full of hate, for you, Johnny, because you aren't ashamed of being a white man, and now they hate me because I refused to become one of them, and they hate our baby even before he's fucking born. They would kill him if they could. I'd give my life to bring him into this world, but they'd make life so fucking hard for him that he'd die inside. They want him to deny who he is, just like they wanted me to deny who I am. And if he refuses they'll fucking shoot him down, just like they did Gary, and Bill and Megan. And Mason, too; I know they killed him. They fucking lie about him escaping, but I know they killed him. They killed David Hill and all he did was sing a fucking song!"

KJ runs her hand through her thick mane of hair and exhales sharply from hurt and frustration. She looks up into Johnny's eyes and lets her hand fall to her side. She is silent for a moment, her only motion the rise and fall of her chest. He waits for her.

"They'll kill you, too, my love," KJ says, "They'll kill you for being a man and for standing up for us. They'll take you away from me, forever, and they'll try to break me once I'm alone. But I won't let them do that. I won't let them take you away from me, not as long as I fucking live."

Johnny puts his hands on her cheeks and looks into her blue eyes.

"Hold on, angel," Johnny says, "Hold on to your love and to your baby. They'll keep you alive inside."

He drops his hands to her shoulders.

"You keep me alive inside," KJ says, "I fight for both of you, I have to, so that you can be a father and he can be our strong white son. I'll fight for him, all my life if I have to, and for Anna's, and Jesse's sons, so that they can have the peace that we never had. So that they won't have to live with shit like this."

KJ looks down and the pain returns.

"And I'll fight for his son," she says, "the man I killed. Why can't they leave us alone?"

Johnny pulls her into his embrace.

"Because they're evil," he says, "They're nothing but evil, and that's why we have to kill them. They send a man to kill us, a good man who might have been on our side if he hadn't been lied to, and they make us kill him because he won't walk away. Since his birth he was taught to hate his white skin, so of course he comes after us when they ask him, we're the racists, we're the monsters. And so they make us kill this man, to protect those that we love."

KJ leans into him and holds on tight. Johnny holds on to her, and will not let go so long as she needs to feel his embrace.

"I hate this fucking war," KJ whispers.

"Stay here, angel," Johnny says, "Stay here with me."

"I won't turn away from you," KJ says.

"I know you won't, angel," Johnny says, "Just don't turn away from you."

"I won't, my love," KJ says, and actually manages a sad little smile through the tears. "I'll fight that to the death. They can't rip me away from you and I won't let this fucking war kill me inside. I'll have to live with all this, I know, but I'll still be your angel every day of my life." She touches his cheek again. "You give me the strength, Johnny, the strength to resist everything that would come inside and destroy me. God, I love you so much. I won't let them take you away from me and I won't let this war destroy who I am. That's why it hurts so bad, and why it's so fucking easy to give in to the pain, but you lift me up when I start to fall. You always have, Johnny Bowen. A man can do that for his woman."

"My wife," Johnny says, "No angel ever deserved her wings as much as you. None ever flew so high, and none ever had wings so strong or beautiful. I love you, angel. I will always lift you up to the sky."

"I love you, Johnny," KJ says, "My storm."

She touches him and caresses his cheek at the spot where she hit him, three years ago. A sad little smile comes to her face. It leaves as quickly as it came.

"You never forgot that, did you?" Johnny asks.

"No," KJ says.

He wipes her tears and they embrace.

Later that night KJ curls up with Johnny and lays her hand on his chest. She rubs him for a while as he looks at his beautiful wife. He touches her hair and caresses her arm, and she opens her eyes and rises on their bed. Johnny watches as she removes her tank top. Then she removes her bra. KJ turns so that her back faces him. Because she's only wearing a thong, he can see virtually every feather of her angel wings.

"I still have my wings," KJ says.

Johnny kisses both her wings and then hugs her from behind. She closes her eyes and holds on to his arms. She can imagine that she's flying, her angel wings lifting her through the air, and her Johnny holding on to her as they fly far, far away.

The next morning, KJ awakens and turns off the alarm clock. She sits up and looks at Johnny, who is sleeping on his back. She watches for any signs that he might be awake. Then KJ edges off the bed and grabs her tank top and silver leggings off the floor. She slides them on while glancing at Johnny. His eyes are still closed. She sneaks out of the room and closes the door without much sound.

Johnny hears the very faint touch of the bedroom door on the frame and opens his eyes. She's going to make him breakfast. He smiles, closes his eyes again and goes back to sleep.

The 18th of April begins another work week for James Ford and Austin Kelly. Kelly took Friday off so that he and his fiancée could spend the weekend at the Chelsea Sun bed and breakfast. Ford worked all night, and returned on Saturday. Austin finds him already at work on Monday morning.

Bob Shaffer's Ford Excursion is up on the lift. It is an opportunity for Jimmy to win the loyalty of a customer who is disgruntled with some of the competitors. Every time he takes the vehicle to one of them, something else goes wrong.

"So Bob finally listened to me," Austin says as he approaches his friend and fellow member of Orion Cell.

Bob Shaffer is a coworker and casual friend of Austin's older cousin.

"How was the weekend?" Ford asks as he stares into the underside of the Excursion.

"Good," Austin says, "It was a lot of fun."

Ford goes over to his massive array of tools. Craftsman and Snap-on dominate the lineup.

"Hey, man," Austin says, "You have time to have some fun, too, you know. Don't give up on the good shit."

"I haven't," Ford says, glancing up at Kelly.

"I'll ask my cousin to set up a double date," Austin says, "Just to have a good time. Christ, you haven't done anything but work since we started this shit."

Jimmy looks into Austin's eyes. Austin's hair is long again, but he's clean-shaven.

"Don't do that," Ford says, "I have too much to do right now."

"You could use a good woman, Jimmy," Austin says.

"You remember when we talked about the six?" Ford says. Austin nods. "Let's see," Jimmy says. He begins to count on his fingers. "Jesse, Anna, KJ, Rachael, and Sinead. There's five. What are the chances I'll find number six?"

"That was bullshit we used to say," Austin replies, "There's more than six good women. Fuck, even Johnny Bowen said that was bullshit, and that was back before he knew KJ."

"There's more than six good men, too," Jimmy says.

"OK," Austin says, "But you don't know what you're missing."

"Yes I do," Jimmy says as he stares into Austin's eyes.

Jimmy's glasses do nothing to diminish the power of his stare. Austin looks down for a second before returning his gaze.

"You know, Austin," Jimmy says as he looks back at the tools and begins selecting those he believes he'll need first. "The whiny little boy in me hates God for making me so lonely. He looks around at men like Johnny Bowen and Garret Fogarty, and Austin Kelly," he glances at Austin when he says his name, and then returns to the tools, "He sees that they're not lonely. They've found good women who love them, and aren't afraid to show them their affection. The little boy cusses God for that. But that little boy is a whiny little bitch. I'm not a boy, Austin, I'm a man. Being ugly or undesirable for whatever reason does not give me the right to be a traitor, just like being beautiful does not give a woman the right to be a traitor, either. I think we see eye-to-eye. So you go with Rachael when you can, and I'll set up the van for a paint job and do a little work on Shaffer's Ford. I'll worry about the rest later."

Austin looks at Ford for a while as his friend returns to the vehicle on the lift. Finally Jimmy looks at him.

"Are you gonna help?" he asks.

"Yeah," Austin says, snapping out of his thought-induced trance, "Shit, man, I'll be right back."

Austin goes out back to his Toyota Tundra. His work clothes are in the cab.

Ford finishes his preparations for the repair job. He can see that a transmission seal is leaking. It's not all that he sees. This is going to be a formidable task.

Jesse Donnelly takes a walk down one of the rail-trails around Morgantown, since she has a little free time today. The weather is splendid; the high is 60 F and the skies are partly cloudy. She threw on a sweater and a pair of jeans and let her hair down before leaving for the trail that parallels the Monongahela River. It is a beautiful day for a walk, or for a visit to her husband. That she cannot do; she may have a little time for personal enjoyment, but not nearly enough for a trip to Amboy and back. She would love to visit him, though, even though they were together all day Saturday. There is something on her mind that nearly compels her to make the drive anyway. April 17th marked one month since she last menstruated. Today is the 18th.

Once she returns to her Morgantown apartment, Jesse calls an acquaintance in the medical profession and arranges a pregnancy test for the following week.

On Saturday the 23rd of April, Jimmy Ford makes the usual supply run to Procyon House. He brings bags of food and other essential items – including new boots for every member of Capricorn Cell. KJ looks at the high lace-up boots. Each pair is black in color and very well-made.

"Cool," KJ says, "Now all we need are matching uniforms."

"Yeah," Anna says, "and that way if we surrender, they have to treat us like soldiers rather than criminals."

"Oh, you think?" Johnny says, a smile growing on his face.

"Of course," Anna says, "They'll even have to house and feed us."

"You know what this means, don't you," Johnny says.

"The next mission, I'm wearing a t-shirt and leggings," KJ says.

"Really?" Johnny asks.

KJ smiles and shakes her head.

"Fuck," Johnny says as he picks up a bag of groceries and carries it to the kitchen. Anna takes the final bag before KJ can grab it. Once she leaves, only Ford and KJ remain in the living room.

"How are you, Jimmy?" KJ asks.

"Good," Ford says.

He's sitting on the recliner, holding his palms together as he speaks.

Jimmy has known Anna for a while, even longer, in fact, than Garret Fogarty. Anna was twelve when he met Gary. Jimmy knows of her deep

love for children and her desire to have a baby of her own. He has no doubt that she will be an excellent mother.

"There's something on my mind that I'd like to ask you," Jimmy says.

His conversation with Austin Kelly is still at the forefront of his thoughts.

"Sure, Jimmy," KJ says.

James Ford has always thought of elegant Jesse as the most beautiful of the women of Capricorn Cell; indeed, the most beautiful he's ever seen, though he is not entirely convinced. When he looks upon redhead Anna or the wild angel KJ he cannot commit to that belief. It is singular to see three such women together in the same house; that they belong to a guerilla cell is beyond extraordinary. As he looks at KJ he wonders if she might be the most beautiful. A little earlier, when he saw smiling Anna, he had the same thought about her.

"There are other men who will fight this war," Jimmy says, "Some of them are going to die fighting it. When you and Johnny have a baby, love him with all your heart and soul. Love him and cherish him, and never allow anyone to shame him for being white. You must love him with all of your soul, KJ. Don't belittle the sacrifice of those who aren't so fortunate as you and your husband."

"I fight this war for our baby," KJ says, "I've killed so that he can have a chance in life. I know that I have the obligation to fight, and I won't betray my unborn children by refusing that obligation. I haven't. I know that you sacrifice everything for us, and I know that I haven't thanked you nearly enough, or that I or anyone else can ever thank you enough for everything you've given up so that we can have a little life here in Procyon. None of us will ever forget what you've done. We're not the only ones who owe you our lives; so do our unborn children, and I thank you with all my soul."

"What the five of you are doing is thanks enough for me," Jimmy says, "Just be careful, KJ, and tell Johnny to be careful. We need both of you. More than for this shit, we need you for a lot of reasons."

"I will," KJ says and flashes a brief smile, "Thank you."

Anna returns to the living room and waves to Jimmy. She turns toward KJ and inquires what she'd like to make for supper. The two will collaborate today. Jimmy watches them converse.

So that our beauty shall not perish from the Earth.

For two weeks Garret has been working on the next mission. He intended to cease operations until June, but an opportunity for a major strike has emerged. He had every reason to cancel the mission; if even the slightest geographical or logistical difficulty appeared, he would have

done just that. He's permitted some challenges before without eliminating a mission. This time he is ruthless, and still the prospect remains. There is one cause for hesitation; it would have to be a day mission, but the likely hour for engagement would be close to sunset. The departure would be through heavy woodland, down lonely roads under a sky that would be increasingly dark. That alone is tempting. More so is the nature of the mission. On the 20th of May, at a hotel and convention center near Orford, Vermont, a dozen college professors will attend a conference on the challenges facing non-white "minority" students. Among those who've accepted invitations are several members of an "anti-racist" – their code word for anti-white – organization as well as a chairwoman of a student multicultural center and a professor of Arabic ancestry noted for his antipathy toward white male students and his lack of respect for white female students.

Among the events scheduled for the conference is an afternoon golf tournament at the nearby course. That particular course sits within an area that is perfect for a crossing fire. To the west and just over a mountain, there are numerous spots for Jimmy Ford or Rian Donnelly to conceal a vehicle and at least two forest highways that eventually connect with Interstate 91. No setup is perfect, and no mission is without danger, but the routine nature of this mission is startling and enticing, as is the payoff.

Garret can't help but suspect a ruse. Two can play at that game. He calls Johnny Bowen into the media room, and shows him the discovery.

That night, Johnny and KJ Bowen go on a short night patrol. It's warm outside, but as always they wear long sleeves, and KJ wears a toboggan and gloves. She carries Garret's .308 Armalite for this patrol. It feels good to escape the walls of Procyon, as protective and comforting as they might be. The Bowen husband and wife patrol down to Wolf Creek and then along its northern bank, returning to the secret entrance of Procyon two or so hours later. Two "Posted" signs still serve admirably as an arrow to the hidden entrance.

After getting ready for sleep, Johnny sits on the bed and waits for KJ to finish in the bathroom. She emerges wearing the usual sleeveless tee and black thong, except there's something new this time: a largish white bow tied around her neck.

"Where the hell did you get that?" Johnny asks as soon as he sees it.

"I saw Anna putting it on before she went to the secret room with Garret," KJ says, "I thought it'd be different, so I asked and she lent it to me. Do you like it?"

"Yeah," Johnny says and smiles.

KJ sits beside him and looks into his eyes. A little smile is on her face. Johnny kisses her and then she rubs noses with him and laughs.

"Angel, I have to be serious for a minute," Johnny says.

Her smile fades and he instantly regrets opening his mouth. She must sense this, because she rubs his leg and squeezes his hand.

"We're going on another mission," Johnny says, "Two of them, actually. The first one is a feint. We want to make them think we're going somewhere other than where we're actually going. Are you OK with another mission?"

KJ nods.

"Yeah," she says, "Until they leave our children alone, I'm OK with it."

"OK," Johnny says, "Garret's going to call us together tomorrow. I'd reckon he's telling Anna about it right now."

"You reckon?" KJ says, a mischievous smile on her face.

"I think," Johnny says, "There, is that better?"

"Yeah," KJ says, "Yeah, that's much better."

Johnny grabs her pillow and hits her with it, and she laughs and tries to wrest it from him. The merriment soon leads to KJ lying on top of her husband, kissing his lips and whispering how much she loves him... among other things.

Anna dons her most elegant white nightgown and unties her thick red ponytail. When she exits the bathroom Garret looks up at her. He looks into her blue eyes, and then at the well-defined cleavage that the gown reveals. Those large milk-white breasts have always driven him absolutely wild with passion. His eyes stay there for a while. Of course she notices, and she gets a little smile. Her expressive face shows her love and kindness. Only a fool would mistake it for weakness, and Garret is no fool.

Garret takes a deep breath and exhales.

"How are you, Red?" he asks.

"I'm good," Anna says and nods, and then she giggles.

Anna sits on her side of the bed and Garret rises to rub her shoulders. He looks at the ivy that encircles her large biceps and milk-white forearms. Though there are a few freckles on her face, and they are just plentiful enough to be gorgeous, there is hardly a single freckle on her smooth white body. She has fought hard to keep the sun from ruining her porcelain complexion.

"I'm going to call a meeting tomorrow," Garret says in a low voice, his face near her shoulder which he just kissed.

He sees her nod.

"I was going to suspend our operations for a little while," Garret says, "but we have an opportunity to complete a very important mission."

"OK," Anna says, "Am I going to be the countersniper?"

"No," Garret says, "You're both shooters."

Anna's smile disappears.

"You both get folders this time," Garret says.

The next morning, the members of Capricorn Cell expect the call to a meeting. Rian, who discussed the logistics with Garret and Johnny, goes directly to the media room after he has a cup of tea. The others eat breakfast, but conversation is lacking. Although KJ eliminated the target and everyone made it home unscathed, none of them consider the last mission a success. Neither did they desire another mission so soon after the last. None of them will complain or refuse; the stakes are too high.

The rebels of Capricorn Cell report to the media room. As usual, Anna and KJ sit on the little sofa, while Rian pulls up a seat to Johnny's left. Garret stands at the computer. He is not holding a folder; true to his word, he has prepared two of them, and they sit in front of the monitor on the computer desk.

"The nature of this mission is extraordinary, to say the least," Garret says, "This will be our first mission with two shooters, and it will be the first free fire mission we've ever undertaken. On the 20th of May, there will be a conference at a resort near Orford in the state of Vermont. As you will see, the geographical circumstances are as close to ideal as we could imagine. I think we all know the enemy is adjusting, but the circumstances of this mission will give us a sizable head start."

Garret looks at Anna and KJ.

"This mission will require considerable discipline from the two of you," he says, "You will have limits of time and action. Fire four shots each, keep the last one for emergency. Be sure of your targets before you fire. Last, when either myself or Johnny tell you it's time to go, you cease fire and withdraw. If you don't think you can follow those requirements, tell me now."

Neither woman says a word. Garret takes the folders and hands one to each woman. The one he hands to KJ has her initials on a post-it note, to differentiate it from Anna's folder.

"KJ, there will be a preliminary mission," Garret says, "Because you're well-known now, I'd like to use your fame to cast some doubt in the minds of our enemies."

"Sure," KJ says, "What can I do?"

"Our thoughts are on the top sheet in your folder," Garret says, "Anna has her own responsibility for that mission. We'll leave for the first mission on the 16th."

KJ opens the folder and looks at the handwritten sheet. The first thing she sees is the destination: Youngstown, Ohio.

After the meeting, as the others depart, Rian remains seated.

"I'd like to talk to you, Garret," he says.

Rian Donnelly lives for the weekends. He's also been biding his time. Since the murder of his mother and father, his longing to return to the place he calls home has grown acute. When the police killed his parents they also condemned him to the life of his fellow cell mates. He can no longer escape the confines of Procyon House and enjoy a few days with his beloved Jesse in the mountains or on the seashore – or anywhere other than this accursed place. So he's withdrawn a little more, except for Thursday nights. The promise of a weekend with his wife metamorphoses him from a solemn and quiet figure into the jovial and energetic young man who once raced dirt bikes and drank Guinness with the men of the Celtic Society.

The other members of Capricorn Cell have observed his transformation and can easily place themselves in his shoes. He was lucky enough to have a life away from Procyon, but they are blessed to have their husbands and wives each and every day. Fridays and Saturdays are just days to them. To Rian, the weekend is his release from solitude. Garret in particular has kept a keen eye on his beloved brother in race. He is sure to ask about Rian's wellbeing and has spoken with Jesse about increasing the time she spends at Procyon House. Jesse adjusted her busy schedule so that she might spend an extra four or so hours with her husband, and Garret noticed the lovely effect it has had on the youngest Donnelly son.

There was a sharp and unexpected change this last Friday, though it was not Rian who attracted Garret's attention. Jesse wasn't her usual self during the course of her visit. She did not seem sad or upset, but was far less talkative than she'd ever been. Garret assumed that Rian would be the one to explain the sudden change, if the Donnelly pair deemed an explanation necessary. Garret's assumption proves correct.

"Sure, Rian," Garret says, "What's on your mind?"

Rian takes a deep breath.

"Jesse's pregnant," he says.

"Congratulations," Garret says, "How long has she known?"

"Garret, I can't keep doing this if I'm going to be a father," Rian says,

“Back home there’s more than one safe house, and the average person’s a friend, not a traitor.”

“Then I guess it’s time for you to go,” Garret says, “Before we make any preparations, I want to thank you, Rian, for helping us strike back. At least we didn’t lie down.”

“I’m not leaving the fight,” Rian says, “but I’ll need to go home.”

“I know,” Garret says.

“Do you have any contact with Michael?” Rian asks.

Garret nods.

“I’ll get a hold of him,” Garret says, “It’ll take some time to arrange a meeting, and I imagine it’ll take a while to secure a boat. You can stay here in the meantime, just in case you’re wondering.”

“I didn’t think you’d turn me out,” Rian says and smiles.

Garret takes his hand and shakes it.

“Congratulations again, Rian,” he says.

“Garret,” Rian says, “I’m still going to be active the whole time I stay here.”

Garret looks at him for a moment.

“Alright, Rian,” he says.

On Friday, the 13th of May, 44-year-old Kyle Stripling begins his European History class at Kentucky’s Georgetown College. Finals are scheduled for next week, and Dr. Stripling wants to leave his students with what he considers to be an important lecture. Ordinarily, when the subject turns to the colonization of America, Stripling puts the words “There Goes the Neighborhood” in bold letters on the screen behind his desk. Ordinarily, he will lay a very heavy guilt trip on the white students, convincing the weaker-minded among them to feel responsible for every ill or evil that has ever befallen anyone except white males.

Today, however, there is no derogatory remark on the screen. For the first time in four years, Stripling simply teaches history. He has not had a change of heart, just a loss of bravado. For four years not a single student ever protested or even challenged his one-sided anti-white portrayal of most of their ancestors, fathers, brothers and lovers. But Stripling has seen Capricorn Cell’s YouTube video. He’s seen beautiful Angelique, and she scared the hell out of him. He tries to tell himself that the statistical chance of him meeting his doom at the hands of Angelique – or Phaedra, as the redhead seems to call herself – is so small that it would be ridiculous to even consider. Then he watches the intense and haunting beauty on his hard drive. He watches her destroy the bird feeder. If that had been him outside of the house, and not some child, would Angelique have tar-

geted the feeder? He thinks about Heather Mizell-Claxton, and he finds the answer that he dreads.

Kyle Stripling will stick to historical facts from now on.

Tomorrow Capricorn Cell will set out on the first part of their unusual mission. KJ cannot help but feel nervous. For the ruse mission, her role will be unlike any other she's ever undertaken. Instead of carrying a rifle, she'll carry her handbag. Instead of shooting bullets, she'll "shoot the shit" with whomever she finds on the street. Her pistol will be in her handbag, but she is sure to feel vulnerable out there among strangers. Whoever she talks to will be the first person outside of her war family with whom she's spoken since joining Capricorn Cell.

KJ takes the manila folder from the dresser and sits at the little bedroom table. She flips past the information pertinent to the ruse mission and comes to the profiles of those who shall be her targets. This is the sixth time she's looked at their faces.

The first is Akram Khalil, 41, a professor of mathematics at UMass. Originally from Egypt, Khalil is short and stocky with a kindly smile and a long history of support for anti-white programs and initiatives. None of his graduate assistants are white, nor have they ever been. He has never had to answer questions about his hiring practices. His name appears on dozens of pro-minority initiatives and he has attended numerous conferences on combating racism and sexism, which are invariably anti-white in nature. Khalil is proud of these so-called achievements and features them prominently on his public resume.

KJ looks at the others. Next is the 29-year-old Jew David Blumenfeld, professor of psychology at Albany. After Blumenfeld is Brent Guthrie. Guthrie is a handsome, 40-ish professor of geology at Utah State. Why he hates his own race is a mystery. The single black participant follows Guthrie. Nathan Womack, 50, is a professor of African studies at the University of North Carolina. Sheila Frischmann is a colleague of Womack and will travel with him. Thirty-six and white, she is a women's studies professor who is particularly anti-white male according to dozens of student reports on professor rating sites. Rebecca Hoang's picture and profile are next. Hoang looks humorless in her picture and is well-hated by most of her students. She is a professor of chemical engineering at Syracuse and, like many non-white professors who hire graduate students, none of those she hires are white.

The next sheet has two profiles. The first belongs to Oziel Munguía, the child of Mexican immigrants and professor of Latino Studies at the University of Illinois. Oziel's features are more Indian than Mestizo or

Spanish. He is a member of MEChA, and just last week returned from a conference in Seattle. The second profile is that of Karl Van der Meer. Van der Meer, a short, balding white man of 40-some odd years, is just as anti-white as the others. He is openly homosexual, and as is usual for homosexuals, he believes that straight white men are the reason that his "people" are not free to express their sexuality. Van der Meer has never asked his colleague Munguía, or any other non-white for that matter, how he feels about homosexuals. He knows better.

KJ turns the page. The next face is handsome and white. Brandon Miller should be the kind of guy who works during the day, and pays lip service to the system, but in his bedroom with his wife he expresses his agreement with the desires of Capricorn Cell and possibly even their methods. Instead, this 30-year-old professor of geology at West Virginia University finds himself at an anti-white conference, surrounded by other traitors and non-whites who hate his race and who profit from his treason. KJ sighs when she looks at his expressive blue eyes.

You've made your choice. I wish you hadn't, but neither of us can go back now. My children's lives depend on our victory, and your defeat.

Sarah Yeakel, 49 years of age, is a professor of sociology at Indiana State University. She has authored several studies on racism and the factors that contribute to a person becoming racist. When a recent study indicated that the drug propranolol might "reduce racist tendencies," Yeakel began agitating for more research. She usually asserts that, in the case of whites, racism is a mental illness. Should anyone ask her if the same conclusion is applicable to MEChA or the Black Panthers, or perhaps the Zionist movement, she will accuse the inquirer of racism.

James Woessner is an unattractive and overweight professor of history at Delaware. Being white and apparently heterosexual, it seems a little odd that he would attend this conference. KJ hazards a guess, that Woessner is angry at his father or some high school bully who happened to be white, and the aggravated complex that remains has driven him to this group of anti-white traitors and miscreants. If he pays lip service to their condemnations of his own race, even though their deeds threaten his race's survival, he might remain a part of their group and live out the rest of his life in comfort and pleasure. Regardless, his participation in an anti-white conference is a petty man's way of saying "fuck you, dad," and in his case it is nothing more.

Another Jewish attendee is Ora Teitelbaum. Forty-six years of age and a fierce proponent of her own people, Ora is a professional anti-white. She teaches the history of World War II at Rutgers University; the list of

books that her students must read includes six devoted solely to the Holocaust.

During one semester, due to her fanatical emphasis on the Holocaust, Teitelbaum spent but a few minutes on D-Day and Okinawa. She did find time to excoriate her white students for Hiroshima. Teitelbaum tries to smile in her picture, but it comes out as a smirk.

Four graduate students will be in attendance. Pictured on the next page are Angela Paternostro, James Criswell, Kevin Varga and Steven Auwerda. Though Paternostro has a dark complexion, all four are white, and all four are in their 20's. Varga is a tall basketball player at St. Bonaventure. Criswell is a musician who once mentioned celebrating the end of apartheid in South Africa. He neglected to mention that he was four at the time. There is very little about Auwerda except a smiling photograph and a sentence of information. He may be there just to further his career, but if he harbors any reservations over the attitudes of those in attendance he'd best withdraw from the conference right now. It could be a big mistake to fall in with this anti-white crowd.

By coincidence, Anna was halfway through the profiles when KJ opened her manila folder. She's still looking over the faces when Garret enters the bedroom. He glances at her but does not interrupt.

"I saw what a lot of people are saying about KJ," Anna says without looking up from the pictures, "They still say terrible things about Johnny, but what they're saying about KJ is beyond pathetic."

Garret never told them about such things. He never tried to stop their internet searches, and is sure that KJ herself has read what anti-whites and those still asleep would like to see done to her. Many do not hesitate to say that she should be raped. Garret does not tell Anna and KJ because it can be a distraction, and such evil words did drive Anna to pick a fight with her sister. The information is nothing new, anyway; they all knew that they would be hated.

"I know, Anna," Garret says, "There's nothing we can do about that. This isn't about saving those idiots; it's about saving their white children."

Anna looks up and smiles.

"If we pull this off, they'll hate us a lot more," she says.

"Anti-whites hate us for being born," Garret says, "No one can hate more than they do."

Anna closes the folder. She rises and comes over to Garret. It's not bed time, yet she removes her top and jeans, revealing a tight bra and thong. She guides Garret to the bed and unbuttons his shirt so that she can feel his chest.

"Let's make out a little while," Anna says, "You have time for that, I think."

"I'll make time," Garret says.

"Last time you were telling me about the Alps," Anna says, "You said you could see me wearing a white dress up there, where the pines can't grow. But then we got a little busy, and you didn't tell me anymore. So, what happens next?"

Garret kisses her before continuing the dream. The mountain fog and the cool air and the thistle flowers, and her warm white skin against his, keep the both of them from falling into darkness.

Usually Garret tries to time missions for advantageous weather or the dark of night. For this mission, he does not have that luxury, but long-range forecasts call for somewhat below-average temperatures and cloudy skies. There will be a chance of showers, which if true might interfere with the mission, but the odds are low and even then any rainfall will be spotty at most. First, however, there is the matter of the ruse. During the morning of Saturday, May 14th, KJ dresses for the upcoming feint. She puts on a plain black t-shirt and a pair of snug gray jeans that Jesse brought for her a few weeks ago. She slides on her gloves, and then stores her pistol in her handbag. KJ leaves the bedroom and meets her husband in the storage room. There, she puts on a pair of black lace-up boots. Based on her ensemble and the fact that she's KJ, she might be going to combat or on a date with Johnny Bowen.

Capricorn Cell will depart as soon as it's dark enough for motorists and pedestrians to have difficulty identifying Rian Donnelly, who will be the driver for the feint mission. Austin Kelly drops off the Toyota Land Cruiser and then departs with Jimmy Ford once he's confident the Toyota is well camouflaged. The light is fading outside when Johnny Bowen emerges from the secret exit, followed by KJ and the rest of Capricorn Cell. Twenty minutes later, with Rian at the wheel, the Land Cruiser begins the journey to Youngstown.

For this mission, Anna, Garret and KJ sit in the rear, with Johnny beside Rian in front. It is important for Anna to exit with ease. She will cover KJ during the course of this unusual mission. Johnny must also exit as quickly as possible. He will cover Anna and the vehicle, and provide heavy firepower should his dear friends or dearest wife need him.

Dylan Summers is happy that the spring semester is coming to an end. Ever since he began his freshman year at Youngstown State University, he's looked forward to weekends and summer road trips. This year he's going to Florida, if he can pass his algebra final. He has a girlfriend

but it's nothing serious, just like his approach to his studies. In his liberal arts classes, he nods his head and parrots the anti-white opinions of "Mommy Professor," but outside of class he couldn't care less. He will not challenge what they say, not in public and not even when it gets under his skin. He'd like to graduate and escape from both Youngstown and his home state of Ohio. If that means keeping his mouth shut while some anti-white professor rants and raves against Summers' own race, well, so be it.

On the night of the 16th of May, Dylan is leaving a friend's house in the southeast suburb of Youngstown. Unlike Dylan, who lives at the dorms, his friend still lives at home. This week he has the place to himself and his 22-year-old brother was kind enough to buy them a six pack of Coors.

The beer is gone by nine, and Dylan feels a little too tired for a weekend of bar-hopping, so he calls it a night and begins the long walk back to his residence hall. At first the sidewalks are dark and unsettling, but finally he approaches a convenience store renowned among fellow students for being open 24 hours a day. In the vicinity of the little store Dylan sees a lone girl walking in the opposite direction. The sight of her makes him come to a quick stop.

Dylan is a handsome young man. His thick brown hair is stylish and uncombed, and his features are masculine. Though he's too thin to be muscular, he is in decent shape and turns the heads of a number of attractive girls. The young woman who approaches him is way out of his league. Upon first glance her hair and her face are unforgettable. She wears a snug black shirt and tight gray jeans that hug her perfect body. Something so beautiful might as well be a hallucination at this hour on this street. Dylan considers talking to her but figures he has no chance of receiving more than a polite but conversation-ending response. To his shock, she speaks to him first.

"Excuse me," the girl says, in a voice that is a perfect match to the wild beauty that she possesses. "Do you know where I can find John Street?"

"Yeah," Dylan says, "Yeah, keep going straight, go down the third street on the left and it's the first street on your right once you turn right. It runs parallel to this road."

She raises her eyebrows and he wonders if he's confused her.

"Thank you," she says and she walks by.

Dylan watches her rear as she walks past him. In the streetlight he can see that she's just as gorgeous going away as when she approaches.

"Hey, wait!" he says.

The beautiful girl turns toward him.

"It's pretty late," Dylan says, "Are you a student at YSU?"

She looks at him for a moment. He's seen lovely girls before, but never one that he desired so much at a first glance. There is something about this girl that is extraordinary and potent. He will never forget her face, or the thick hair that drapes her shoulders and touches her cheeks and forehead with its countless chestnut-colored strands.

"Yeah," she says.

"I think there's a nightline bus back to campus," Dylan says, "If you need a ride a little later, it stops by the store. I'm almost certain it does."

"I'm good," the beautiful girl says, "But thanks anyway."

He hasn't seen her at YSU. He certainly would have remembered.

"Hey," she says, interrupting a little fantasy that had crept into his mind, "Do you know if Professor Crause lives on John Street?"

"No," Dylan says, "I know her, but I don't know where she lives. Why?"

He finds the question a bit strange, even a little unsettling.

"I have something for her," the beautiful girl says.

Among the anti-white professors at YSU, Crause is the worst.

"Oh, OK," Dylan says.

"Bye," she says and he waves.

It's warm for gloves, but she's wearing them.

The beautiful girl crosses the street when she's closer to the convenience store. Unknown to Dylan, another young woman of astonishing beauty stares at him through the scope of a high-powered rifle. She lies in the grass beside a Toyota Land Cruiser, parked at an unoccupied lot that is surrounded by small sumac trees. The hidden beauty who watches from the grass, the redheaded huntress, scans the area around Dylan.

Once KJ enters the store, Anna targets the clerk and is ready to fire if necessary. Should he recognize Angelique and draw a weapon, Anna will kill him. KJ enters the store and looks at the attendant. He watches her approach, and is just as impressed with her as was Dylan Summers.

"May I help you?" the attendant asks.

"Yeah," KJ says, "I'd like to buy a lighter, please."

The clerk grabs a lighter from among the boxes of cigarettes and lays it on the counter.

"Will there be anything else?" he asks.

"No, thank you," KJ says.

"If you hadn't noticed," the attendant says, "we have a special on Virginia Slims, \$20 a carton."

"No," KJ says, "I don't smoke."

KJ hands him a couple of dollars but before he can give her change, she begins to leave.

"Miss," he says, "You forgot your change."

KJ stops at the door and looks at him, and then returns for the coins. She thanks him and then departs.

Her face and voice are on the security camera.

KJ crosses the street and enters the old lot. She disappears behind the sumac and multiflora roses. Dylan Summers, who did not walk far, sees her go around the brush. He knows the area, and there are no houses or apartments in that direction. It is also very dark.

Twenty minutes later, 911 dispatchers send a police cruiser to the vicinity of Lowellville Road, site of the convenience store. A female student from YSU happened to be in the beer freezer when KJ entered the store. The student thought that KJ looked familiar. She saw KJ's face a second time as she returned for her change. Then it dawned on the female student; the girl who just left is none other than the notorious sniper Angelique.

By the time the police arrive, and hours before the store's security feed confirms that the identity of the girl is indeed Angelique, Capricorn Cell is already returning to Procyon.

Johnny and Garret make breakfast on the morning of the 16th. The multigrain pancakes and pork belly are simple but delicious. Johnny calls KJ to breakfast, and Garret fetches his wife and then Rian from his bedroom. The three who need sleep the most gain an extra hour and a half thanks to Johnny and Garret preparing the meal. It is another way that a sentinel protects his shooter.

After breakfast, the rebels of Capricorn Cell make final preparations for the upcoming mission. KJ and Johnny return to the bedroom. Johnny's already dressed. He kisses her and then departs for the tunnel, where he will collect and carry outside whatever items Jimmy Ford didn't already load into the van.

KJ closes the door after Johnny leaves. She removes her exercise leggings and t-shirt and puts on a pair of camouflage pants and a dark olive shirt. In her rucksack she's packed another pair of camouflaged pants and a dark top, as well as her hoodie. She's prepared her web gear and now dons it. On the nightstand is her string necklace with the silver ring and Johnny's dog tags. She puts the string around her neck and tucks the tags and ring between her t-shirt and the tank top that's underneath. A pair of tight gloves are on the cabinet and she removes her wedding

band before donning them. The wedding band will remain inside the nightstand, but the dog tags and silver ring around her neck will take its place. KJ holsters her pistol and grabs her rucksack, and then looks around the room one last time before stepping into the hallway. She glances at her “flower garden” as she passes by, and it reminds her of that day at the Amblersburg cottage, when she drew the soap flowers. Inside the storage room, KJ grabs one of her pairs of assault boots. She kneels and ties the laces as she waits for Anna to arrive.

Inside the Fogarty’s bedroom, Anna straps on her web gear. She folds her boonie hat and puts it into her rucksack. Her pistol sits snug inside the holster on her belt. The pants she wears are not the same pattern as KJ’s camouflaged pants. The decision was deliberate; should the two have to stand side-by-side, identical patterns would jeopardize their ability to hide. Anna tucks her crucifix between her dark green t-shirt and her black tank top. She touches her Irish-language Bible as she leaves the room.

“It’s supposed to be cloudy,” Garret tells Johnny as they wait outside the tunnel, “No rain, though, so they’ll probably have their outdoor supper.”

Rian Donnelly watches the Ford van. Jimmy Ford is inside the cab. Rian grips his shotgun, ready to defend the vehicle should the need arise. A white butterfly takes a momentary interest in him before dancing away toward a patch of sweet pea flowers.

Anna enters the armory to find KJ loading her Remington. She does the same. The sisters depart together, walking side-by-side down the tunnel for as long as space permits. When they emerge, slightly taller Anna is behind KJ.

The van begins to roll. Anna turns on her iPod and closes her eyes. The first tune is “Slania’s Song” from *Eluveitie*.

After a refueling stop in a quiet New York town, Jimmy pilots the van to the wilderness just west of Pittsfield in the Berkshires. Along a dirt road that branches off of the forest highway, Jimmy parks the van for the night. The married couples of Capricorn Cell will sleep in the rear of the van; Ford and Rian Donnelly will sleep in a tent just inside the forest. But first there is the matter of supper. It is far too dangerous to risk starting a fire. Although filling and nutritious, supper will be less than spectacular. Dry fruit, milk, deer jerky and energy bars are the fare, and cold tea is the beverage of choice.

As the evening winds down, the four in the van change clothes for the night. Anna cuddles up to Garret and climbs on his lap. He returns her

affection. Though he has not taken a single enemy during the course of their missions, Garret knows that he is in effect pulling the trigger along with Anna, KJ and Johnny. Its effect on his soul is insidious. He holds on to the love of his wife, lest his humanity slip away forever. Her intense affection gives him the strength to fight the soul-killing numbness he otherwise might feel.

The four guerillas brush their teeth before bed. Johnny empties the metal bowl used for rinsing their mouths, though he leaves the other two bowls full. Those are for rinsing hands and faces.

KJ washes her face and splashes a little over her massive head of hair. Johnny hurries over on his knees and grabs the brush before she can brush the strands. He brushes her hair and she sighs in delight. He then rubs her and pats her rear once, before calling her to bed. The two – like Anna and Garret – lie down on top of soft sleeping bags and close their eyes.

Breakfast is better than supper. Johnny fires up the little cooker and he and Rian cook coffee and multigrain pancakes with homemade elderberry jelly and a few glasses of milk to wash it down. As much as she'd love to set off on a woodland excursion, KJ must resist the temptation. She's been successful at staving off the nervousness. She cannot avoid the pain, however, since her soul longs for peace while she knows that there is a need to kill. She is coming to terms with what happened in Tennessee, though the memory – and the emotion – remains powerful.

At 2PM on the 19th of May, Capricorn Cell arrives in the thickly forested hills around Fairlee, Vermont. It is cloudy and cool for late May. Jimmy Ford parks the Ford van deep in the forest, at the end of a long road that turns into a Jeep trail. From two until six, the members of Capricorn Cell carry gear and set up camp near the top of the westernmost of two hills. Before the combat teams leave on their final trip to the summit, Jimmy gives Garret a key to the Ford van, as a precaution should Capricorn Cell need to flee while he and Austin are on the road. Then, with wishes of good luck, Jimmy Ford drives away. He and Austin are looking at a brutal couple of days. Jimmy parks and covers the van at the rendezvous site. He calls Austin Kelly, who has spent the night in a tent near Strafford, Vermont, beside Jimmy Ford's Land Cruiser. Once the two members of Orion Cell reach Somerset County, Pennsylvania, Ford will jump into the Chevy van and Austin will fuel the Toyota. Then they'll make the trip all over again.

To arrive at the ambush site, Capricorn Cell will cross two hills. They will camp on the first of the two. When they break camp the next day, Cap-

ricorn Cell will not abandon their equipment and tents. They will pack the equipment but will not carry it with them. According to the plan, Jimmy Ford will recover their gear. Tomorrow, well before the ambush begins, Jimmy Ford will come to the final hillside camp site. Over the course of the next two hours, as Capricorn Cell waits for the professors to begin their dinner party, Jimmy will remove all useful gear and load it into the Chevy van. Baring disaster or misfortune, he will then proceed to the rendezvous and extraction point and exchange the Chevy for the Ford.

The camp is austere by the rebels' usual standards, but still features a single six-person tent and a shower. Here, there is little risk of being seen, even if they start a small cooking fire. Garret and Rian collect wood and fulfill the task with rapidity. Everyone's looking forward to a good supper.

After the meal and a cup of coffee, the rebels take turns in the shower and then turn in for a long rest. All except Johnny; he stands watch for four hours, followed by Garret and finally Rian. By then, some of the cell members will probably be up, anyway.

As Johnny stands guard and KJ curls up and falls asleep, Garret notices that Anna is staring at him.

"Only love lasts forever," Garret says in a low voice, "Our war will end."

Anna closes her eyes and moves a little closer to him before she falls asleep.

Anna awakens the next morning alone on the open sleeping bag. Garret must be outside with Rian. She smells the coffee brewing outside. When she looks over at Johnny and KJ, she sees that they're still sleeping. KJ's back is toward him and touches his body, while his arms are around her. Anna feels bad about waking them. She dresses first, and then performs the distasteful but necessary task.

The guerrillas dress for battle and ready their weapons. They carry the essentials, including a sandbag in each of Garret and Johnny's rucksacks. There is also water. Though it is not hot by May's standards, and the sky is overcast, the humidity is growing. Even if the mission goes off without incident, whatever the weather the combat teams will perspire and water will be a necessity.

KJ glances at the mammoth trees and the flat stones that have stood and slept since antiquity in the Vermont hills and mountains. She feels a pang of sadness. It is so beautiful here, among the unspoiled woodlands. The air is clean and the waters that trickle are untainted by industry or mining. She sees a more vigorous brook. She'd like to fill a cup with the

cool water, and then sneak up behind Johnny and douse him with it. She'd run, with him in hot pursuit. When he caught her, he'd carry her to some nearby lake, where they'd practice their swimming skills among other things. She permits the luxury of a daydream. As Capricorn Cell approaches the rise of the second hill, KJ focuses her thoughts on the mission.

At the top of the second hill, the combat team splits into two and parts ways. Johnny and KJ continue forward. Rian accompanies Anna and Garret. They flank the hillside and Anna and Garret continue to the east, into a stand of thick young trees and brush. Rian advances south, toward the rendezvous point. He stops after ten or so minutes. With his shotgun in his hands, he covers the path of withdraw.

There are four hours until the scheduled beginning of the dinner party. Johnny and KJ stop about halfway down the gentle eastern slope of the second hill. KJ finds a position that commands the entire manicured lawn where the banquet will take place. Several large tables sit in the open. Rarely, a very light breeze moves the tablecloths. There is a huge permanent pavilion in behind, should a drop or two of rain scare off the more timid guests. The rebel cell was prepared for a cancellation of the outdoor buffet, and the contingency plan called for KJ and Anna to take positions further east, among the trees that stand behind the huge dining room of the country club. Angelique and Phaedra would have opened fire as the guests departed after the meal. Based on the pleasant weather, the small change of location will probably not be necessary.

KJ crouches and moves into position. Johnny approaches and gives her the sandbag. On the top is the name "Angelique." KJ arranges the sandbag and rests her rifle upon the stable surface. She sees the small army of caterers and kitchen workers under the pavilion and she scrutinizes as many of their faces as she can. They will not be targets, even incidental ones.

Anna sees the tables and the caterers from her position on the south side. She's found an excellent location for a crossfire. KJ will begin the shooting; some of the guests will no doubt run toward the woods that conceal Anna and her gun. She will strike down those who make such a fatal mistake.

KJ waits with supreme patience. Johnny protects her, and she does not fear. Anna scans the hillside and the surrounding woods. There is no sign of an enemy sniper or police patrol. She will keep a sharp eye on the surroundings until the dinner party begins.

The first day of the conference ends at 4PM and, as expected, the professors linger in the conference center. Earlier, there were hors d'oeu-

vres and aperitifs. A few of the latter remain, but these disappear as the professors pass through the lobby. Caterers, fearful of angering the tempestuous guests, must remind them to proceed to the pavilion and the outside tables. There is good news; rain is at least four hours away. Dinner will be served as planned.

KJ's instincts sharpen when several large golf carts bring the food and drink. The caterers will not allow the food to grow cold. The little anti-white coterie will soon be coming.

Most of the patrons elect to walk from the convention center and golf course to the outdoor dining area. Some request a ride. The first golf cart, carrying Karl van der Meer and Akram Khalil, arrives at 4:55 PM. Khalil loathes the idea of eating outside, but acquiesced when most of the others expressed support. He is annoyed that two of the white men waited to see where the females desired to eat.

Brent Guthrie is the first to arrive on foot, followed by graduate students Paternostro and Varga, who have hit it off rather well. The others arrive in due course, with Ora Teitelbaum arriving last. She chooses a seat and then asks for a different one. Anna watches as she moves. She wonders how she could miss such a target from only 350 yards.

At 5:20 PM, every member of the anti-white conference is present in the outdoor event and banquet area. There are a dozen caterers and other workers as well. Dinner commences a few minutes later. Dry-aged steak with all the trimmings is on the menu, and there is a vegetarian alternative. Sarah Yeakel lifts the first glass of wine to her lips as waiters serve the meals.

Angelique and Phaedora scrutinize every face and every item of apparel. There is no margin for error when pulling the trigger; there is no going back on a shot made in haste.

At 5:35 PM, the waiters retire and the eating begins.

From 340 yards away, up on the hilltop, Angelique watches as Dr. Akram Khalil stuffs his wide mouth. The center of her scope is on his forehead, right between his eyes. Her breathing is telltale; halfway through a breath, she holds it. Karl van der Meer, who sits to the right of Khalil, is looking at him when Angelique's .30-06 bullet rips through Khalil's head.

No one realizes what's happened before Phaedora takes her first shot. As Angelique sighted Khalil, Phaedora had her scope on Dr. Sarah Yeakel. Phaedora hears the report of Angelique's rifle and she pulls the trigger. The massive bullet strikes Yeakel in the side of her head and tears into the apricot of her brain. Blood and brain matter erupt from the exit wound.

The guests realize that they are under attack. Before the symposium, some of those invited considered cancelling in light of the sniper attacks carried out by Capricorn Cell. Others scoffed. After all, if they changed their ways, they let the racist terrorists win. To their anti-white peers, cancelling would be taken as a sign of weakness, perhaps even agreement, and none of the professors or grad students could stomach being compared to white racists. Every invitation returned with the requested donation. All of those invited are present in the field when the shooting starts.

Van der Meer falls out of his chair as he tries to flee. He's been waiting to use the restroom at the pavilion and now cannot help wetting himself. Brent Guthrie enters full-fledged flight. His long stride takes him past the stunned graduate students. Kevin Varga sees the commotion and runs forward to help Yeakel, who is slumped on the table. The white cloth is becoming very red.

Initial precision is Angelique's strength; speed is Phaedra's. Angelique sees Kevin Varga charging forward. By the way he's running, he may be armed. Anti-whites may be against the right of a white man to own a firearm, but certainly not their own right. Angelique recognizes Varga's face but he's juking and swaying as he approaches. No matter; the head isn't the only target. She fires at his chest and strikes him just below his heart. Varga falls to the ground, the wind knocked from his lungs.

In the mass of fleeing humanity, Phaedra sees a sky blue shirt that she recognizes. She fires at her target, striking Brandon Miller in the back. He falls to his knees and then to the ground. The bullet crushes his spine below his chest, severing the cord.

Angelique notices Nathan Womack, the single black guest at the outdoor dinner. He is in motion but at this range and with her deadly skill it will not be a very difficult shot. Perhaps some sixth sense feels her stare, because Womack grabs one of the young waiters who's been crouching behind a table. Womack pulls him up and uses the shocked teen as a shield. Angelique finds another target.

Nathan Womack remains standing, holding on tight to the young white waiter who is too scared to move. From Angelique's position, any shot on Womack must pass through the waiter. Phaedra, however, is 90 degrees to the right. Her rifle roars and the bullet strikes Womack in the temple, leaving the teen terrified but unharmed.

In the chaos and terror, Ona Teitelbaum elects to hide under one of the tables. Angelique can see her hands and the long red sleeves of her dress. She estimates the location of Teitelbaum's head and pulls the trig-

ger. The bullet passes through the thin tablecloth and into the top of Teitelbaum's skull.

The next two shots are close enough to sound, at a distance, like a single blast. Phaedra tracks a moving target and aims a shot at the head. Angelique does the same. Angelique's target, Oziel Munguía, was fleeing in the opposite direction. His shirt is close enough in appearance to the assistants to give both snipers pause. Munguía decides to cut to the right and hide in the woods. He's versed enough in military knowledge to know that he will not cover a sufficient distance in time should the shooters choose him. He does not know that they have already rejected him as a choice. That is, until he turns right and Angelique recognizes his profile.

Munguía does not run in a straight line, and his rapid movements make the shot more difficult than it otherwise might have been. A wind has also begun to blow among the tables and the carnage. Angelique fires at his apricot but the shot is a hair off; it strikes him just below his temple, to the left of his right eye. He falls to his knees and then backward on to the grass. His right eye destroyed and his left no longer able to see, Oziel Munguía writhes in pain.

KJ does not witness his agony. Her four shots expended, she rises to flee the battlefield. The sandbag bearing her war name remains.

Rebecca Huang, Phaedra's target, fairs even worse than Mungía. Phaedra's corrections for movement and wind are spot-on, and she strikes Huang just above the temple. Huang falls and convulses and then lies still. The grass near her head is covered in red.

Now that she's fired four shots, Anna rises from her shooting position and begins the rapid withdraw toward the base of the hill. Her sandbag – bearing her own war name – remains at the site. Garret waits until she's close and then joins the flight. They will have to cross two forest roads and avoid two large ponds before turning south and racing to the rendezvous point. As they approach the roads, Garret looks back and forth, his Armalite at the ready.

Johnny stays with KJ during the retreat from the hillside. They will not have to cross any roads, but must pass by a small field to the left. There is a farmhouse on the far side of the field, and Johnny keeps his body between his wife and the tree line that borders the field. If some farmer wants to become famous, he'll have to deal with Johnny Bowen and his AK47 before he can claim Angelique.

Rian began his flight toward the rendezvous point the minute he heard Angelique's high powered rifle. He hopes to find the Chevy van parked near the state highway that is the primary escape route. When he

arrives, he sees the covered van exactly where Jimmy Ford said it would be, among the brush on the opposite side of the road. He pulls his roll of keys out of his pocket and charges across the road. Rian removes the cover and drives the van into the open. The shotgun is leaning against the passenger side seat, within easy reach.

Jimmy Ford drives along the lonely highway south of the village of Post Mills with Austin Kelly not far behind. A few hours ago they arrived near Fairlee, Vermont. With Jimmy at the helm of the Chevy van and Kelly driving his Toyota, they proceeded to Capricorn Cell's designated extraction point. There, Jimmy left the Chevy van under a new camouflaged tarpaulin, and as Austin Kelly waited in the Toyota, Jimmy fired up the Ford van and Orion Cell began the trip back to Somerset County. It will be a very long drive home. The two will stop for fuel and Jimmy and Austin will trade vehicles at least twice, but they will not stop for the night.

The two combat teams continue their flight toward the rural highway. Their only thoughts are on protecting one another and escape. Of course, protection is the most important role of Johnny and Garret, despite their role as leaders and planners. The shooters are most important and they must escape. It is impossible, however, for Anna and KJ to accept that conclusion unconditionally. They are resolved to do everything possible so that the sentinels shall escape as well. It was easy to demand that they concentrate only on their own survival, and Johnny and Garret asked and eventually cajoled them into agreement. The practical application of that principle has proven impossible.

KJ runs just behind Johnny Bowen, following his every footstep. Before every mission she's rehearsed in her mind what she might do should he come face-to-face with the enemy. Rather than hide, she has engaged and killed the foe, and she has paid the spiritual price. But this is war, for her and for the enemy, and she has sworn to herself that she will do the exact same thing again if her husband is in need. Her wings – and his strong arms – will lift her above the darkness that grows with each life she takes; her wings, his arms and the promise of life that only a woman's body can deliver.

Anna runs alongside Garret. Her years of crossing thick woodland have always served her well. She sees movement ahead and she stops, but not before alerting her husband. Anna raises her rifle. Through the trees she catches a brief glimpse of Johnny and KJ.

The seconds seem eternal from the front seat of the van. Rian has never felt nervous, even when Johnny came in with a gunshot wound or when he had to drive with the lights off. Today he feels it. There's been a

lot on his mind lately, and he tries to purge his thoughts. He will need to stay focused. He can't help but imagine the day his child is born.

There is no reason for excessive relief when Johnny sees the escape van, and his mind does not succumb to a false sense of peace. There is still a long road ahead to Procyon House. His body feels some relief, however, as does KJ's. Anna and Garret feel a little spike of joy when they, too, arrive at the van, but none of the four alters his course of action.

Johnny flings open the rear doors and KJ, Anna and Garret climb inside. Rian begins to drive away as Johnny closes and latches the rear doors. He then assumes his spot at the firing ports and Garret Fogarty joins him.

The road to the south is wide enough for two lanes but must not be important enough to warrant a dividing line. It is paved and mostly deserted. Though Rian makes excellent progress, he begins to feel nervous again. He curses the sun, which is due to set but seems to linger far too long behind its veil of clouds. It feels like the sun over Gibeon. He catches himself accelerating beyond what he should and he slows down. He must maintain the speed limit, lest he draw the attentions of a police officer who otherwise might have let them pass. Rian shakes his head and swears again, this time in the Irish.

"Are you OK?" are the first words Johnny says to KJ when he finally takes his seat.

"Yeah," KJ says, "Yeah, I'm good."

KJ removes her gloves when he offers to pour water into her hands, and then she washes her face. Garret does the same for Anna, and then the men wash their hands and faces. It's rather uncomfortable in the back of the van but everyone has come in unscathed.

As Capricorn Cell camped in the Vermont hills and forests, Rian Donnelly began to dream about the Green Mountains and their quaint towns and clean air. He half-fancied that he and Jesse could find a home here, should his American cousins win their war against genocide. Now that he is taking his brothers and sisters in war back to the safe house, he has no time to absorb the gorgeous scenery. The van passes through some of the world's most beautiful fields and forests, and Rian Donnelly must concentrate on leaving this area as quickly and safely as possible. In a way, he is just as blind as those in the metal-encased rear of the van.

Only when Johnny was shot was there more tension than there is now. Anna doesn't even feel like exiting the van when they stop along a forest highway in rural New York State. Rian tops off the gas tank with two

of the 5-gallon cans stored in the rear but wastes no time in climbing back into the cab. Anna does exit, along with the others, though they stretch and stomp around the van and then pile back inside. It's a false sense of security and Anna knows it, but right now the van feels a little safer than the outside world.

None of the members, especially the agitated Rian Donnelly, can trust the false safety of the vehicle. In fact, Rian cannot feel any respite at all until he sees the road signs for Boiceville, New York. He glances in the mirrors and sees a Trimac tractor and trailer but no sign of pursuit. As the sun relents and night finally falls, Rian turns on to a mountain road that winds through the Catskill Mountains and, hopefully, will lead Capricorn Cell to a temporary refuge. He finds a dirt road with grass growing down the middle and drives it just far enough for the van to be invisible from the paved highway. At a small clear space to the right he parks and shuts off the motor.

Rian's passengers feel the van enter a bumpy dirt road, and they can't help but wonder if they'll be stopping for a few hours' sleep. A brief message from the cab confirms their hope. Johnny wastes no time making preparations. He slides a viewing port to be sure they're in a secluded spot, and then he removes the metal sheets off of the side windows and the rear doors. The fresh air is a godsend. As usual, when they cannot set up a shower, the bowls of water for the brushing of teeth and the washing of hands and face are much appreciated.

It has been an exhausting day. Supper is as always nutritious, but due to reasons of time and security the food is bland and uninteresting. At least the tea is cold and its taste is delicious. Rian fuels the van with another jerry can and then joins the four for the meal. He will sleep in the rear with them. The hour is 11PM; at 3AM, they will rise and continue the journey home.

Garret rubs Anna's shoulders before they turn in for the night. She kisses his cheek and nuzzles him in appreciation. Johnny puts his arm around KJ. He sees her looking down, and he kisses her head.

"There was a time when no one had to die," KJ says, "Why didn't we stand up then?"

No one answers. The time for words existed once, but now it is long gone.

KJ takes Johnny's hand and kisses it.

As they lay down to sleep in the unpleasantly warm rear of the van, KJ looks at her husband and he runs his hand over her hair. She wants to hear his dreams for the hundredth time, or maybe some story of his

exploits with Cristi. He does neither. He rubs her arm and says something entirely different.

"You know," Johnny says, "this shit would be a lot easier if your band lost a gig, or I banged up the Kenworth and had to find another job. Simple shit, you know? The kind of shit a man just deals with." He's silent for a moment and she looks into his eyes from her pillow. "It was an ugly day today, angel. That's the kind of shit that can fuck you up forever. Always remember, they can't take away who we are unless we let them. They don't have the power to take that away." He touches the back of her head. "So let's not give them that power."

KJ gets a little smile. Her look of affection erases the subtle signs of pain.

Anna feels Garret squeeze her hand. She looks into his face and he touches her cheek. His caress tells her all she needs to hear.

Rian stares at the ceiling. His woman is far away, and so is his heart.

Aside from a short pause near Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, the van rolls south for most of the day. The temperature outside is rising as is the humidity. When the weary rebels finally reach the "Aurora Y," they feel euphoria rather than relief. A difficult and highly stressful mission has come to a successful end. The hour is 7PM when Rian finally turns on the light inside the underground entrance to Procyon, and by 9PM everyone has showered and changed. Though tired, the five guerrillas are famished and unanimously they agree to make a late supper. Jesse must have dropped by, because the refrigerator is as full as ever.

The highlight of supper is the *entrecote Mirabeau*, a collaboration suggested by KJ and made by her and her husband. The meat emerges to each person's tastes, with KJ, Johnny, Anna and Garret preferring theirs done rare while Rian desires medium-rare. His *entrecote* remains over the flame for just a little longer but it, too, comes out delicious.

After supper, everyone remains in the kitchen for coffee.

"We'll rest tomorrow," Garret says.

He won't turn on the computers until tomorrow night. When he finally does, Garret fulfills an unfortunate but necessary responsibility: he verifies the results of the mission. Khalil, Yeakel, Womack, Teitelbaum and Huang are dead. Miller is now a paraplegic and Munguía is blind. Garret turns off the computer. No one asks and he does not tell them.

Early on Monday, the 23rd of May, Garret calls Johnny into the media room. Breakfast is still cooking, and the meeting won't take long.

"I'd like to start a few wider patrols," Garret says, "Two reasons. First of all, it will do us good to move around a little. Second, I don't want all of

us to die if Procyon is compromised. If someone's lucky enough to be on patrol, they might escape."

His suggestion is a bolt of lightning, but Johnny's thought about the same thing.

"What else is on your mind?" the perceptive Johnny Bowen asks.

"That's it for now," Garret says.

"Really?" Johnny says.

"Really," Garret says.

Johnny claps his hands and leaves. Garret does have something on his mind, but now is not the time.

Johnny enters the kitchen and sees KJ at the counter, her back toward him. He walks up and puts his hands around her waist and smells her hair. He cannot see her smile. KJ lays down the knife and puts her hand on his. Johnny moves her hair and sees the black string around her neck. He rubs her belly and then lets her get back to making breakfast.

After coffee, KJ and Johnny remain in the kitchen. They rise and he holds her in his arms.

"Guess what you have to do today," Johnny says.

KJ sighs.

"I have to iron clothes," she says, "I fucking hate ironing. Will you do it for me?"

Johnny pulls her close again.

"Hell no," he says.

"That doesn't work on you, does it?" KJ says, a little smile coming at the end of her sentence.

"Only when you need it to," Johnny says, "and I'll be the judge of that."

Her smile, usually fleeting, disappears in an instant.

"I was just fucking around," KJ says, looking into his eyes again, "I wouldn't try to manipulate you."

"I know you weren't serious," Johnny says. His smile's still there. "But I was. You might not get what you want, but you'll get what you need."

"You're what I need," KJ says, "You worry so much about what I'm going through, but you give me the strength not to lose who I am. I need you to stay with me. I need you to stay who you are, my beautiful white hero."

KJ touches his cheek and smiles for a moment. As brief as it lasts, it is heartfelt and beautiful.

After breakfast on the 28th, Garret Fogarty calls the members of Capricorn Cell into the media room. Anna and KJ expect a mission brief-

ing; Johnny is stunned, since he has not yet approved of Garret's most recent plan of operations. Rian has an idea as to the reason for the surprise meeting.

Johnny is too surprised to carry KJ over the threshold of the media room. He does grab and hold the door for her and Anna, earning a smile from the latter and a kiss on the cheek from the former. When Johnny enters, Garret meets his incredulous gaze. It gives Mr. Bowen pause; Johnny no longer assumes that this is a war meeting. Garret would never call such a meeting without Johnny having given his support beforehand. There is a mission in the works, but Johnny has not authorized its presentation. This must be something different. Johnny reigns in his emotional response and rubs KJ's back as he sits to her left.

"This is not the prelude to a war mission," Garret says, "This is an announcement that pertains to our future, each and every one of us." Garret looks at Rian, who nods. "I've been in contact with Michael Donnelly. While Bill was in Ireland, he dedicated a great deal of effort to securing a refuge for those who risk their lives so that future generations of whites can live in peace. We have since lost Bill, but he did not die in vain. His efforts at securing a place of refuge – Elysium – have come to fruition. When the time comes for us to end our active campaign, at least we shall have a place where we can live in relative peace, and where we might raise families around sympathetic white folk."

Garret looks at Rian.

"Speaking of families," Garret says, "I believe Mr. Donnelly has some news for us. Rian, would you be so kind?"

Garret smiles, a gesture which stirs feelings of joy and anticipation in his wife. Rian stands and all eyes turn toward him.

"Jesse's pregnant," Rian says.

Anna gasps and squeals with delight. She jumps up and runs to Rian, embracing him harder than he expected. He has to steady himself with a hand on his chair.

KJ looks at Johnny. She has a warm little smile on her face. They kiss and then she touches her forehead to his.

"Rian and Jesse will be the first to depart for Elysium," Garret says, "They have my blessing. I hope they will have yours as well."

Everyone voices their agreement. As the little meeting ends, KJ and Johnny rise and both husband and wife congratulate and embrace their brother-in-arms. Johnny holds KJ back as the others hug and begin to depart from the media room. Anna throws her arm around Garret, and laughs and smiles as if she's off to Ohiopyle with Gary. The Fogarty's and

Rian enter the living room. Alone inside the media room, Johnny and KJ approach each other as if in slow-motion, and they kiss long and passionate. Maybe the ultimate dream isn't so far-fetched anymore.

On the night of the 29th, Johnny and KJ go on patrol. She's been feeling a bit lighthearted these last few days, no doubt because of the news about Jesse, as well as Garret's decision that followed. She dresses for a forest excursion and possible combat – except for her pants. She wears the tight camouflage leggings that Jesse and Anna bought her for her birthday.

"Christ," Johnny says when he sees her, "I'm supposed to be looking for bad guys!"

"It'll be dark," KJ says.

Johnny shakes his head and laughs.

Beneath the bright stars and the canopy that obscures them, Johnny and KJ stop for a bottle of water.

"What do you think about Elysium?" KJ asks, "It sounds like a beautiful idea. It's, like, everything we could have dreamt of before we started fighting."

"But..." Johnny says.

"But I've been thinking about it," KJ says and looks down at her boots before returning her gaze to her husband. "Aren't we running away?"

"No," Johnny says, "We're not giving up the fight. Any white person who wants to fight for their children will be able to get in contact with us, and we'll help them, however we can. America, Ireland, Russia, France. That'd be nice, wouldn't it? France?" He winks and she can see it in spite of the darkness. "Anyway, I've spoken to Garret about the same shit that you just said, and we decided that we'll train fighters like us. Just like John Boyle did with you."

KJ nods and looks down at her boots. They're one of the pairs of tall assault boots she reserved for outside use.

"I was thinking about Bill, and everything he did for us and our children," she says, "He risked everything for us. He never harmed anyone in the States and they still killed him." She looks up at Johnny. The glare of the sun may force her to close her blue eyes, but her night vision is superb, and she can make out most of his features even in the dark of the forest. "Anna and Garret are Irish. They speak Irish, for fuck's sake. We don't, Johnny, and we're not Irish. Do you think they'll, like, still accept us?"

Johnny looks at his wife. His night vision is excellent as well. His silence is telling.

"I don't know," Johnny says, "I trust what Bill said, but things change, and he's gone now. I just don't know, KJ. I promise you, though; we will find a place, even if I have to build it myself."

KJ touches his face and he kisses her gloved hand. Then he pats her rear. The .308 Armalite is on her back, so she puts both arms around him. She moves her left arm down when it touches the AK on his shoulder.

"The guns make this harder," she says.

Johnny removes her old Seahawks cap and kisses her head.

"Let's go look at the stars," he says, "Garret thinks he's the only one who knows about that shit, but we'll see about that."

KJ laughs a little and follows him, for a time holding his hand.

Three years ago, Officer Ray Sinclair of the Santa Clarita Police Department arrested a man implicated in the shooting death of Los Angeles native Donovan Smalls. Smalls assaulted a Mr. James Geroux outside of Geroux's apartment, pistol-whipping Geroux, uttering racial insults and threatening to shoot him. Geroux, sensing that the altercation would probably end in his death, drew his own firearm as Smalls gloated and made menacing gestures that looked impressive but took the barrel of the pistol away from Geroux's body.

A former resident of Tulare County, Geroux was in possession of a concealed carry permit; Smalls was not. Smalls became frightened and fled between a row of cars that happened to block Geroux from returning to his apartment. Geroux crept around the vehicles, his Ruger automatic pistol at the ready should Smalls appear and attempt to attack. Geroux angled around the outside row of automobiles and managed to see Smalls, who was crouching and waiting on Geroux to appear from the front. Smalls' pistol was also drawn. Geroux aimed at his assailant and demanded that he drop his gun. Smalls rose, still holding the pistol, so Geroux fires several rounds into his would-be killer. Smalls fell to the ground, dying a short time later.

The Santa Clarita Police arrested Geroux, who offered no resistance. During an interview, Officer Sinclair declared Geroux's use of force to be unnecessary and excessive for "self-defense." Geroux would be charged – and convicted – of manslaughter.

Though Sinclair and Smalls did not know one another, both were black; Geroux was white.

On the evening of the 31st of May, Officer Sinclair responds to an attempted break-in at a repair shop on the outskirts of town, near Whitney Canyon Park. When he arrives he can see the front window is completely shattered and the interior lights are flickering; some of them are busted

as well. His pistol drawn, Sinclair examines the front of the store. This looks more like vandalism to him. He returns to his police cruiser.

Four hundred yards away, among the scrub brush and stony ground, the crack of a .308 caliber bolt-action rifle breaks the calm of a cloudless California evening. Officer Sinclair never hears the shot. The bullet strikes him in the forehead and perforates his skull.

Chapter XXVII

Ithaca

Jimmy Ford comes over on the 30th of May. The ladies present him with a request of great importance. They want to throw Jesse a baby shower as soon as it can be arranged. He'll gladly fulfill the request and tells them to make a list of things to buy. Growing up around the Murphy and Buckley women has given Anna a great deal of expertise with such complex matters, so she will take charge of the list.

Late in the afternoon of June 2nd, Garret Fogarty calls the inevitable war meeting. Anna and KJ got a late start with their aerobics since KJ woke at two in the afternoon. She and Johnny patrolled last night, and neither were in the mood to sleep when they returned. They listened to music in the media room and shared several dances before finally turning in for the night – or what was by then early morning. Garret calls them before they shower and begin working on supper.

KJ towels off and rises from the bench. She follows Anna to the media room door. The redhead hesitates and KJ is fine with the delay. Finally, Anna opens the door and KJ looks inside. Garret watches them from his standing position beside the new Dell desktop. He looks handsome and strong but a little weary. Rian watches from where he sits facing the door. Anna takes a seat on the little sofa and KJ finds a place beside her. Johnny arrives too late to carry KJ over the threshold, as he planned on doing. Instead he rubs her back and she repays him with a little smile.

Garret never showed much emotion when he presented a mission objective. Today, the others can see his disdain for the task. He hides it as best he can, but after his announcement and the talk of Elysium, the presentation is more disagreeable than ever. Just last night Anna asked him about Elysium, and wondered if she'd dreamt the announcement. She asked him if there was a chance he'd change his mind. He reassured her that there would be no change.

Garret hands the manila folder to KJ.

"Recently," he says, "someone's been ferreting out the identities of anonymous internet users who are sympathetic to our cause, whether they are spreading the 'Mantra' or commenting on pro-white or sympathetic blogs and websites. This has resulted in death threats, because the cowardly betrayers – one of whom goes by the screen names 'cattycomb' and 'maximumdisharmony', also reveal addresses and Google Earth images of their victims' homes."

KJ crosses her arms.

"But two can play that game," Garret says, "and now it's time for 'maximumdisharmony' to suffer the price for treason against our race."

There is a grim satisfaction knowing that this target will not only be a traitor, but a coward.

"One of those wronged by 'maximumdisharmony' decided to fight back," Garret says, "That person did a dox drop on the little vermin," Garret says, "Although he did not reveal the house address, he did discover 'maximumdisharmony's real-life name."

Garret pauses. The others look at him without making a sound.

"Mr. Zachary Ruhland is a political science major at Cornell University," Garret says, "His address did not elude me for long."

KJ opens the folder. Ruhland is a typical nerd. He is soft and overweight. His light brown beard is sparse and does nothing to hide his massive gullet. KJ turns to the page with his so-called accomplishments and associations. Ruhland never met a feminist or anti-white organization that he didn't support. KJ feels a natural revulsion to this passive-aggressive shadow of a man, and notices that he is a particularly vociferous supporter of anti-white feminists. She remembers his type, from the rallies that she attended with Erica and Gene in her pre- and early-teen years. Those goons were a dime a dozen, and attended such rallies mostly because they thought that by supporting rabid feminists, they could find their way into a female's pants.

"I have nothing but contempt for traitors like him," Garret says. KJ looks up at the captain of Capricorn Cell. "Those who jeopardize the lives of racially-aware white youth deserve to die for their acts of betrayal."

"When do we leave?" KJ asks.

"Wednesday the 15th," Garret says, "Ruhland will be teaching a summer school class for undergrads. He'll be in Ithaca that week."

Garret looks at each face, ending with Rian. He's asked them to risk their lives again. Vermont may have been the masterstroke of Capricorn Cell, but the war goes on, and so do the Capricorn guerrillas.

The meeting adjourns but Garret keeps Rian behind.

"Jimmy can drive," Garret says, "and we'll take care of the shooters. You can quit this now if you'd like."

Rian looks at him for a short while. He recently shaved, though his beard and moustache are growing back again. Right now they're thinner than Garret would like them to be. Rian considers Garret's words and then speaks.

"The four of you talk about fighting for your children," Rian says, "Your wives aren't pregnant yet, but you still fight for children you might not ever have. Well, my wife is pregnant, and I won't sit back and watch the four of you fight for my living child if I can help you in some way. Until Capricorn Cell ends its active campaign, I'm in. That'll be the last word on the subject."

Garret puts his hand on Rian's shoulder. Rian may look less like Bill than David once did, but he has become the most like the elder Donnelly in spirit.

The members of Capricorn Cell continue their exercise and daily life routines as the day of the 15th approaches. That much is unchanged; they also practice for war with great intensity. Anna and KJ dry fire for hours. Johnny and Garret perform rigorous night patrols. Rian studies the maps and memorizes every detail, even Jeep trails and fields.

On the night of the 14th, Jimmy Ford arrives in the older Chevy van. He parks at the pick-up spot along County Route 80. Johnny Bowen appears from the woods. Holding the AK in one arm, he turns and waves to the others. KJ and Anna emerge from the dark forest. From the rear come Rian and Garret. They enter the body of the van and Johnny closes the doors.

Jimmy Ford fires up the engine and Capricorn Cell begins its eighteenth combat mission.

Not far from Ithaca, New York, Austin Kelly drives Johnny's old Rubicon off of a two-lane highway and into the woods. Two days ago he drove to this same spot, followed by Jimmy Ford in the Mazda. Austin exits the Rubicon, removes his gloves and the plastic seat cover and stores them in his backpack. He looks for the vehicle they left behind. Still covered and hidden from casual view is the Honda motorbike that Austin drove all the way from Somerset County. Austin changes the license plate with one that he "borrowed" from a wrecked bike at a scrap yard. He covers the bike again and waits for the arrival of Ford and company. He's brought a few hunting magazines and a cooler full of water and soda, and a lawn chair to sit upon. It will be a long wait.

KJ looks at Johnny for quite a while. He notices and returns her stare, and then he reaches over and rubs her back.

"You OK?" Johnny asks.

"I'm just nervous," KJ says.

Anna listens to her iPod. *Within Temptation* is playing; *Sirenia* is next.

Zachary Ruhland is in his shabby kitchen. He's cooking spaghetti for supper, although he'll snack on Cheetos and Doritos during the evening and night. He plans on spending the entire time on the internet. During the course of his browsing he'll likely pleasure himself at some point, if not several times. The bedroom window allows a full view of his back, including his head, but it doesn't faze him. There is nothing but the hillside and the deep woods in that direction.

Aside from a brief rest stop, Jimmy Ford drives straight to the Ithaca area. The two combat teams feel the van come to a halt. KJ holds her rifle in her gloved hands while Johnny hurries over to the doors. Garret, too, rises from his seat. He readies his Armalite semi-automatic rifle. Anna grabs her Remington and stands beside KJ. Rian rises from his seat. Aside from his sidearm, he's carrying the Benelli rifle.

Johnny opens the doors and the members of Capricorn Cell see a welcome site: the deep forest that shelters and conceals them. Johnny hops outside and performs the usual close sweep. He returns and waves the others out of the van. Anna is second, followed by KJ, while Garret waits for the others to exit before he does so himself. KJ looks around the woods. Just beyond the line of trees is a Jeep. She recognizes the Rubicon in an instant, even if it's now a cinder color. Through the weeds and wildflowers she can see another object. This one is covered and is much farther from the road. It looks like a bike.

Anna sees Austin Kelly sitting near the Rubicon. His hair is in a ponytail and it's clear from his snug black t-shirt and jeans that he's been exercising with vigor. He walks through the brush and enters the small clearing where Ford has parked the van, stopping just short of the vehicle, where he looks upon the faces of Capricorn Cell. He cannot help but feel pride and sadness. They are gorgeous to him, especially these young white women who are so very beautiful and could command anything from any male, except they desire real men and in this day and age a real man will fight. They, too, will fight; where most women would never give a thought to the future of their children, these two are devoting their lives to them.

"Thank you," Austin says, mouthing the words and whispering the sound.

He puts his palms together as he does so.

Anna smiles at him. He wants to tell her he's sorry about Gary. He wants to tell Rian he's sorry about Bill. There is no time. He cannot be seen with them, ever again. Austin packs his things and climbs into the van with Jimmy Ford. Capricorn Cell watches as Orion Cell departs from the scene.

According to the plan, Garret will drive the bike after the mission. He will follow an alternate route back to the safe house. Garret didn't like all the reports of vans being seen in and around Capricorn Cell's areas of operations. Whether the mission goes forward or not, the other cell members are to proceed to Procyon House in the Rubicon. They hope to arrive as dawn breaks over West Virginia. Garret hopes to arrive about an hour or two later.

Silence returns as the van departs south toward Highway 34. Johnny does another small sweep and when he returns the two combat teams depart for the target. Rian climbs inside the Rubicon. He's in his familiar spot again, behind the wheel. He always liked Johnny's Jeep. Driving the powerful off-road vehicle might make the tense ride home a little less unpleasant.

The hour is 4PM and, as usual, Garret has timed the mission to coincide with beneficent weather. The sky is solid overcast with patchy rain here and there. For now, the rain holds off, but KJ has a roll of tape should it begin. There is one major geographical obstacle that lies ahead. Buttermilk Creek and its series of waterfalls cut directly across their path of advance. Fortunately, the creek is shallow in spots, and aside from slippery rocks it is not difficult to ford.

The advance begins as planned. KJ glances at a series of falls to the left of their fording location. The rushing water looks and sounds beautiful. She has to look away as she hurries to the other side. The water doesn't rise very far up her boots and she fights daydreaming about spending time here with Johnny.

Zachary Ruhland has devoured his spaghetti and now sits with his back toward the rear bedroom window. He started doing some preparation for his class on the desktop, but found 4chan more interesting. It will hold his attentions for at least three more hours.

Beyond Buttermilk Creek and the waterfalls, Capricorn Cell moves almost due north. The forest here is thick and beautiful and the afternoon is a little cooler than average. If any of the rebels could dare let their guard down and enjoy the place, they would do so immensely. As if to remind them of such folly, two hikers appear in the distance, and Johnny stops

the war parties in their tracks. They crouch behind saplings and laurel until the two disappear to the right. Just to be safe, Johnny keeps everyone in a hidden position until the normal sounds of the forest resume. He creeps forward to perform a fast sweep. If the hikers double back, he may have to cancel the mission. When he goes forward he sees them disappearing to the east. It's likely they are returning to their vehicles after hiking the woodland around the creek.

Anna, too, sees them disappear, though she watches through her scope. She continues to stare in their direction, but the only movement comes from the leaves, and the little breeze that caused it dies away as quickly as it came.

Steve Schall is a 33-year-old teller at a bank in Ithaca. He's in decent shape, though his shorter-than-average body could use a few more pounds of muscle. He's also rather attractive and, although not married, he's had his share of conquests. He is also white. During his free time, Schall will sometimes peruse crime websites and missing person's reports. He's heard of John Ashley Bowen, WIL0 and Capricorn Cell. He's found and saved Angelique's YouTube video. Schall is an avid hunter and outdoorsman. Earlier, he hiked all the way to Lick Brook and beyond, but now is double-stepping north so that he can return in time for supper. His brother is visiting and plans on making steamed lobster.

Schall parallels Sandbank Road as he walks through the woods. He sees some young chicken mushrooms and would pick them if not for the huge supper that awaits his return. He crosses a shallow creek and continues northward. After a few minutes he sees a Jeep among the brush. The front is facing his direction. He doesn't think much of it. Hikers and park visitors have been known to hide their vehicles away from the road and the possibility of theft or vandalism. Lovers have also hidden along these rural roads. Schall is curious what she might look like, so he glances through his binoculars. He sees that the Jeep is empty. Just before he can put down the binoculars he catches movement to the right. A man carrying a rifle walks over to the Jeep and climbs inside. Schall looks at the bespectacled man. He thinks of the images he's seen, of the escaped convicts and terrorists and rapists and serial killers, and one image sticks out in his mind. He lowers his binoculars and stands transfixed for a moment. Then he turns and creeps to the left. Once he's sure he's out of sight of the Jeep, Schall begins running to the north. His Toyota 4Runner is parked beside the entrance of a dirt road about 400 yards in that direction. Schall is pretty sure he's just seen Rian Donnelly, white terrorist and member of Capricorn Cell.

Rian would have remained away from the Rubicon. Garret suggested that he do so. He and Johnny Bowen advised him to hunker down in the bushes and to remain vigilant. Once he checked out the Jeep, he did retreat to the forest and intended to remain. But these missions are becoming routine, at least until the firing starts, and he is getting impatient with the whole affair. He knows what he believes and he knows what he should do, but it is getting harder and harder not to think of home. A particularly annoying deer fly begins to pester him, and he rises from his crouching position and returns to the Jeep. He'll keep his eyes peeled from the driver's seat. He is vigilant and looks in the mirrors and through the windows at the surrounding forest. But it is not a good substitute for the excellent position that he occupied in the woods. He misses a red fox that passes between him and the road. He also misses Schall as he creeps around the Jeep's position.

The combat teams continue their advance through the forest. Somewhere up ahead is a winding forest road that eventually leads to a small housing development. They'll stop well in advance of the road, crossing when they're sure the road is empty. For now the four rebels cross a small gully and the tiny stream that carved it over the millennia. About a half mile remains before KJ will be within range for an accurate shot. As carefully as possible, Capricorn Cell begins to cover the distance.

Steve Schall arrives at his black 4Runner. He almost drops his keys out of excitement. The door flies open and he grabs his cell phone from the glove compartment. He opens the cell but does not call the police. Capricorn Cell has evaded the police before; they have proven that, if pressed, they will kill police officers. Even the "hot girls" were willing to kill two officers in Tennessee. Schall can tell the authorities that it's his civic duty to intervene. He will not tell them his true motivations, which to him are none of the police's business. Should he call the cops, and Capricorn Cell escape, Schall will receive none of the huge reward for the capture or elimination of the cell. That reward is now over 100 million dollars. Schall looks in the back of his truck. Tomorrow he and his brother are going to their uncle's place in Pennsylvania, where the three plan on hunting varmints – specifically, coyotes. Inside a gun case in the back of the 4Runner is Schall's .308 caliber Bushmaster rifle. If he can shoot one member of Capricorn Cell, he might receive some of the reward even if the rest of the cell escapes. If the Jeep is their escape vehicle, and Rian Donnelly their wheel man, then one well-placed shot may bring down the entire cell. Schall leaves his cell phone turned on but he slides it into his pocket. He grabs his rifle and runs off into the woods.

From an open position in a patch of otherwise very thick forest, Anna and KJ scrutinize the line of businesses and houses that include the Ruhland House. They have already crossed the straight part of the forest road, and must now cross the bend. As they approach, Johnny sees a vehicle coming from the right. It is 5PM now, and the rain still refuses to fall. KJ has placed a little piece of tape over the barrel just in case. The estimated range to Ruhland's head is somewhere near 300 yards. KJ will ascertain the exact range when she finds her shooting spot. For now, they have to wait for a plodding tank truck to pass before the rebels can continue their advance.

Garret doesn't like the tension he's feeling. He can imagine the others are feeling it as well. He's felt tense during the entry phase of every mission, but not like this. There is an end in sight, at least for this type of high-risk operation, and as soldiers since the dawn of time have known, no one wants to die on the last few missions. For the first time he begins to regret that they've come.

Through the unmoving trees and a thick stand of autumn olive, Schall sees the Jeep Rubicon. He looks through the scope on his semi-automatic rifle. Rian Donnelly is sitting behind the wheel. He sees Rian lean against the headrest. From his somewhat higher position, Schall can see Rian's chest. He puts the crosshairs in the middle of Rian's body, and then he pulls the trigger.

All four members of the Capricorn Cell combat team hear the report of Schall's weapon. They are not yet within sight of Ruhland's rental home and there is no thought of getting closer. Led by Johnny, the four begins a rapid retreat toward Buttermilk Creek.

Schall looks through the scope. There is a hole in the Jeep's window but no sign of the target. He could not have missed. No; Rian Donnelly is either dead or severely wounded. He probably rolled on to the floor, under the dash. A thought dawns on Schall. If somehow the bullet didn't do its job, Rian may be capable of driving. He'll make it much more difficult for Rian to escape. He focuses in on the right front tire and fires a second shot.

"Sniper!" Anna yells when the combined combat teams hear the second shot.

With Johnny in the lead, they continue their flight back toward the Rubicon and Rian Donnelly. No one thinks about what might be happening there. At the moment, they must consider their own safety and retreat.

Steve Schall turns toward the road. He moves forward to another slight rise in terrain. There, he takes cover among a thick stand of hop-

trees. From this position he has an excellent view of the road. If Capricorn Cell wishes to aid their stricken comrade or escape with their Jeep, they will most likely cross within sight – and range – of Schall and his rifle.

Schall hopes that Johnny is first, although he will shoot Kaylee or the redhead if they attempt to cross. He opens his cell phone and dials 911. Then he muffles the phone with his unbuttoned long-sleeve shirt. He'll let the police hone in on the 911 call's location. He will not risk talking and revealing his position to his battle-hardened opponents.

"We're close to the creek," Johnny tells the others and they instinctively find cover.

Anna and KJ scan the other side with their scopes as Johnny and Garret scrutinize the creek shore and the forest beyond without the aid of optics. Anna is especially attentive of the place where they might cross, and the most likely spots that a sniper might choose. KJ has similar thoughts in mind as she looks for the unknown gunman.

"Clear," Anna says first.

"Come on, angel," Johnny says, and he, KJ, Garret and finally Anna cross the creek.

Johnny keeps his body as close to KJ and as much in front of her as possible. In the middle of the creek, they are exposed, and he becomes her only shield.

Once the four are across they continue their advance due west. About 400 yards from the road and the spot where they hope Rian is waiting safe and sound, Anna stops everyone with a soft whistle and a hand gesture.

Anna takes a strong lying position as the others take cover. Johnny looks up at the canopy. Some fool might think it's a good idea to snipe from there, and Johnny will make sure he regrets his decision. Meanwhile, Anna scans the breaks between the trees. She sees a little of the Jeep. She also sees a large, curving stand of hoptrees.

"Stay in cover," Anna says just loud enough for the others to hear, and then she repeats herself.

Johnny, KJ and Garret listen to their countersniper's command. From her own lying position, KJ scouts with her scope. She, too, has identified the thick stand of hoptrees as the most likely position for a sniper.

Garret watches his wife and then the nearest trees. If a nearby sniper has evaded Anna's sharp eye, one of them would be dead. The shot must have come from somewhere else, perhaps near Rian's position.

Through the false nettles and maple saplings that help give her cover, Anna Fogarty searches the areas near the Jeep. She cannot see

Rian anywhere. She looks at the hoptrees. Time is slipping away. Garret will tell her when they have to move. She concentrates on her deadly task, scrutinizing the hoptrees for a target.

"Send the police," whispers Schall into his shirt.

Capricorn Cell is out there. Schall does not believe they'd abandon one of their own. He would in a heartbeat, but he does not ascribe a similar level of ruthlessness to the white rebels. Their loyalty will be their undoing.

KJ feels nervous. It's too quiet. Someone is looking for them; perhaps he's taking aim and in the silence he's beginning a half-breath. She looks with urgency at the trees opposite the roadway. She must stop the sniper from getting the first shot. Her husband and her dear family depend on it.

Anna discerns a shape among the hoptrees. It is a human lying on his stomach. He's holding a rifle. His form is nearly black. The increasing shadows of late afternoon have shrouded but not hidden his form. From her lying position, bipod deployed, Anna aims at the head of the figure. There is no wind.

A sensor in the Ithaca sniper patrol's vehicle registers the sound of a gunshot. Already heading toward Sandbank Road and the possible site of a previous gunshot, the driver accelerates and turns on the siren.

There is no more time to spare. Capricorn Cell must trust its fate to the calculations and aim of Anna Fogarty. They run as fast as they can toward the road. A siren wails in the distance, followed by at least two more.

Johnny pauses at the road and spends as much time as he dares to scan the far side.

"Let's go!" he yells, "Go! Go!"

He crosses in front of the others when they reach his position. Johnny is first to arrive at the Jeep. He sees the hole in the windshield, and lying nearby is Rian Donnelly, who has climbed out the passenger side door. Johnny tosses his AK47 on the ground and turns Rian on to his back. He's thrown up, and was lying in the dirt and vomit. Johnny smells the vomit. He smells blood.

KJ is right behind her husband. She sees Rian and the dark blood all over his olive-colored shirt. His glasses are gone.

"Get the Benelli!" Johnny yells to Garret.

Johnny cradles Rian in his arms. By far the strongest member of Capricorn Cell, it is Johnny's burden to carry their wounded brother. He throws his rucksack aside and lifts Rian from the ground.

Garret tosses his .308 Armalite and grabs the Benelli. The Armalite is in Johnny's name; the Benelli's in someone else's, perhaps an ally's. They will not risk its capture.

A police cruiser, followed by the sniper patrol and another cruiser, arrives at the scene of Schall's cell phone, just north of the Jeep Rubicon. As yet they cannot see the Jeep. Nor do they see the five persons – one holding another in his arms – who have crossed the road and are advancing through the forest. Three of the officers move toward the thick brush as four fellow officers cover their advance. Rifles ready, they enter the stand of hoptrees. There lies Steve Schall, his gun at his side and a bullet through his head.

A police helicopter is on its way. The officers at the scene ask for SWAT to be activated.

Anna wanted to tell Garret to leave with the dirt bike. It only seats one, and he is the only one qualified and healthy enough to drive it. He could have returned for them. She says nothing. There is no time to argue about it now.

"Don't talk," Johnny says as Rian sputters and waves his hand, "We're taking you home."

KJ runs alongside Johnny. He wishes she'd put on speed. She is very fast; the fastest of the group, in fact, but she stays with him. He does not ask her to leave. KJ stays at his side as they cross a shallow brook and remains at his rear as Garret begins to pull away.

A road is in the distance. Anna stops and scouts it as far as the eye can see. It seems free from a police presence, at least for now.

"Leave your rifle," Garret says to Anna, "We need to find a car."

Anna does as he commands. Johnny sits Rian on the ground for a moment. He leans over his injured brother. KJ stands guard, her Remington in her arms. She tries not to look at Rian. It is too painful and she has to concentrate.

"Leave me," Rian says, loud and clear enough for Johnny and KJ to hear.

He tries to repeat, but coughs and throws up instead. Johnny turns him on his side so that he does not suffocate.

"No, Rian," Johnny says when he's sure Rian's airway is clear, "I'm not making Jesse a widow. Hold on, we're taking you home."

KJ suppresses her emotions and continues to watch over her husband and her brother. The seconds that pass are a benefit to the enemy. KJ glances through the brush and sees movement. It's Anna, who is behind a thick row of holly that borders the road. She's removing her pants.

KJ goes back to keeping watch over Johnny and Rian and tries not to wonder what's happening.

A vehicle approaches from the north, one that looks large enough to carry the five warriors. Garret hides near the road, ready to charge. Anna is wearing her boots again, though the only thing on her lower torso is a black thong. Her belt is around her stomach and it, and her pistol, is under her t-shirt. Garret removes the sandbag and two bottles of water and stuffs her pants and web gear into his rucksack. He then shoulders her rifle. Anna has used some of the water to simulate tears on her face. She's also untied her ponytail. As the SUV approaches, Anna walks out into the road. She waves her arms and stares into the windshield of the approaching Ford Flex.

Scott Holden is a 21-year-old biology student at Ithaca College. He's driving his stepfather's black Ford Flex toward his girlfriend's apartment in downtown Ithaca. Holden is what the girls at the college call "cute." His face is handsome, though he's far too thin to be irresistible. He has dark hair and green eyes and is rather intelligent. Holden is one of those students who can enjoy college life and ace his classes at the same time. He also fancies himself colorblind when it comes to race.

Just after the rural highway enters the forest east of Highway 96, Holden sees a figure walk into the left lane of traffic. He slows down. It is a girl and she is waving her arms for him to stop. She has long red hair that is down past her breasts. And she's not wearing any pants. He can see that she is gorgeous. When he begins to slow she puts her arms down and wipes her cheeks. The redheaded girl steps to the side of his vehicle as he pulls up. He can see she's been crying and she must need his help.

"Are you OK?" Holden asks as he lowers his window.

Her blue eyes are striking and sad.

"Please help me," the redhead says, putting her left hand on the doorframe.

She's wearing gloves. The beautiful redhead looks down and Holden wonders if she's going to cry. He begins to feel fear – is there a violent boyfriend somewhere in the woods? – but he suppresses it. She's one of the most beautiful girls he's ever seen, and with her red hair and milk-white skin, she is unique.

Her right arm drops and he can no longer see it. She seems to rub her belly or her back. Is she injured? Has she been raped?

Anna has already lost Mason and Bill and Megan. She has lost her dear, beloved father, who she loved as much as anyone and more than

everyone except her husband and her little cousin. She lost her mother many years ago, and the bereavement has never faded. She came close to losing her surrogate brother Johnny Bowen. She will not lose Rian.

In a blur of motion Anna steps back and raises her right hand. Holden finds himself staring into the barrel of 1911A1 automatic pistol.

"Turn off the motor!" Phaedra says, "Turn it off!"

Shocked at first, Holden comes to his senses and obeys.

"Leave the keys and get out!" Phaedra commands.

Anna steps back as he opens the door. There is movement from near the road. A blond man, armed with a rifle, appears in the passenger side mirror.

"Unlock the fucking door!" Phaedra yells, "Unlock it!"

Holden has not seen the YouTube video but he's heard of Capricorn Cell. He puts 2 and 2 together. The beautiful redhead is none other than Anna Murphy, Phaedra the killer. Holden exits the Ford, his hands on his head. Garret hurries around the vehicle, keeping the carbine trained on Holden's head.

"Come on!" Anna yells into the woods. "KJ! Johnny!"

Soon, KJ emerges, as does Johnny, who carries Rian in his arms.

Holden drops his arms and Garret keeps his attention on the young student. Holden looks first at KJ. To him, she is just as beautiful as the unique Phaedra, and just as unique in her own spellbinding way. KJ glances at him before taking Garret's rucksack and throwing it into the far rear of the Ford. She then approaches the front passenger side of the Flex, her rifle still on her shoulder.

A surge of anger rises in Holden. These racist terrorists are stealing his father's vehicle.

Garret steps back, keeping the Benelli carbine and his peripheral vision on Holden while Anna loads her rifle into the rear of the Ford. KJ lays her rifle in front and then hurries around to open the door for Johnny and Rian.

Holden sees Rian's bloody and stricken body. His anger reaches climax. The reason for what he does next is probably a combination of unrealistic Hollywood lessons and unwise personal bravado. Perhaps he feels less than adequate in front of the two most beautiful girls he's ever seen, especially since one of them held a pistol to his face.

"You're those fucking racists!" he says.

KJ looks at Holden. The sky is still light enough to see everyone's features. Holden looks at Rian as Johnny and Anna lay him in the back seat. Holden then stares at KJ.

"I hope he fucking dies!" Holden says.

With nary a word or warning, Garret snaps the carbine to his shoulder and pulls the trigger. The bullet strikes Holden in the forehead and crashes through his skull, killing him in seconds.

The sharp crack of the carbine startles KJ. Johnny and Anna hear the blast but continue loading Rian into the Ford. A glance reveals that Garret has shot Holden dead. KJ stares at Garret. Then she looks at her husband. The world went mad with the sniper's first shot and it continues its insanity. She clears her mind. Johnny might need help. KJ begins approaching him and he tells her to climb into the front passenger seat.

"You're guarding the front," Johnny tells his wife.

Anna has a mission. She cannot dwell on what she's done or what just happened. Police will be swarming the area within minutes. She jumps into the driver's seat and starts the Ford.

Garret enters on the right side, where Rian's legs are bent down on the floor. Johnny holds Rian's head as Anna pulls out and begins to drive south. Night cannot fall fast enough.

Garret pulls a pen and a little notebook out of his vest pockets. He thinks about the emergency pick-up he arranged with Jimmy Ford. As Capricorn Cell moves south, Ford will wait at an established location. Once a certain hour arrives, depending on the distance and time of the mission, Ford will drive home. He's done it before, especially during day missions. This time, they'll need his vigilance if any of them are to survive.

As Anna drives further and further away from Ithaca, Garret puts the battery in his cell and calls Jimmy Ford. Jimmy and Austin Kelly are sitting in the Chevy van at the planned rendezvous site when one of Jimmy's cell phones rings. Jimmy recognizes the number and answers the call. It's not the Armageddon call, but something must be wrong. As requested, he opens the call but does not speak a word.

"Write this down," Garret says.

He waits for a minute so that Jimmy can grab a pen. Neither Jimmy nor Austin utters a word. Garret proceeds to read letters and numbers that seem to make no sense. Both Jimmy and Austin recognize it as code.

Proceed to Lock Haven. Will call for rendezvous switch batteries to blue phone. Rian hurt. Over.

Jimmy Ford scribbles down each number and letter. It will take him a little while to decipher the code, but he'll have two hours before Capricorn Cell can arrive near Lock Haven.

"Where do I go, Garret?" Anna asks.

She checks the fuel tank. It's full.

"Keep going south," Garret says, "We'll meet Jimmy near Lock Haven. KJ, help her with the road signs."

Garret is familiar with Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, having spent some time there as a youth. An aunt and three cousins live nearby. He has also studied the maps as much as Rian has, even spending time with the Donnelly son in order to coordinate alternate entry and escape routes. Though he did not tell Rian, he was preparing for a tragic incident such as the one they are now living.

There is one more call to make. It is a call that Garret hoped never to repeat. He removes the battery from the red cell phone and inserts it into the yellow one. Then he dials the emergency number for Tom Neely.

KJ looks back at her husband. He's holding on to Rian's hand. She then looks at Rian. His head is on Johnny's lap. There is blood and vomit on his face. The car is beginning to smell like death. She looks at Johnny again.

"Stay with us, Rian," Johnny says, "You're going home to Ireland. You and Jesse are going to have a baby. Stay with us, Rian."

Rian reaches up with his other hand and touches Johnny's face.

KJ turns back toward the window. Night is finally falling. She can hear Rian's labored breathing. She hears him cough up what must be blood. She thinks of his child, who may never meet his heroic father. KJ looks at Anna, whose eyes are on the road. Anna can't afford to feel the pain right now. It will be worse, though, when it does come.

Sarah and Tom Neely are having a late coffee when they hear the dreaded ringtone come from their bedroom. Sarah closes her eyes. Tom used to really like the song "Here without You." Now it is the sound of pain and desperation. Tom walks to the nightstand and opens the drawer. He recognizes the number that's just called. It's the one that rang when Johnny was shot. Who is it this time? Garret? Johnny again? Or one of the beautiful young warrior women? Could it be Rian Donnelly? First his father and mother perish at the hands of the enemy, and now, could it be the son who suffers?

"Are you going?" Sarah asks when Tom returns to the kitchen.

Her dark hair is longer now and she's gained a little necessary weight.

Tom nods. He is handsome and more muscular than in the past, but the news seems to age him a few years.

"I'm coming, too," Sarah says, "Call mom and tell her we'll pick up Chucky when we get back."

"What are you going to tell her?" Tom asks.

"I'll tell her the truth," Sarah says, "It's an emergency. Someone we know and love needs our help."

Tom kisses her head and hurries to the bedroom. They have some hasty packing to do.

"Pull over!" Johnny yells, "Pull over, Anna! Now!"

KJ closes her eyes. Anna drives up on the shoulder. A car comes up and passes by. Garret jumps out as soon as it does. He runs around the vehicle but must wait until Johnny can pull Rian out of the Ford. Anna looks in the mirror and sees Johnny breathe into Rian's mouth. He begins chest compressions.

Anna turns around to face the windshield. She makes a cross on her chest. KJ opens her eyes and looks at her sister. There is little emotion on KJ's face, but tears wet her skin. Anna looks away from her and covers her eyes with her hand.

"Come on, goddamn it!" Johnny says as he continues the compressions.

Rian coughs and vomits. Johnny turns him quickly to clear his mouth and throat.

"OK, Rian," Johnny says, holding Rian's hand. "Hold on, man. You keep holding on. We'll get you home. We will get you home."

Rian tries to talk but Johnny stops him.

"She knows you love her," Johnny says, "I'll tell her you said so, but when you get better you'll tell her yourself."

KJ wipes her eyes. She looks out into the night. Rain begins to dapple the windshield.

Johnny lifts Rian and as gently as possible places him inside the Ford. Anna starts the engine. Within sight is a road sign pointing toward Sayre, Pennsylvania.

Anna would like to put on her pants and cover her bare legs and her rear, which the thong leaves uncovered. There is no time so she purges the thought.

"Go to Sayre," Garret says, "We'll cross the river and keep heading south."

The black Ford accelerates down the highway to Sayre.

Once they enter the city Garret regrets the decision to pass through. He was thinking about Rian and getting his badly injured brother back to Procyon as quickly as possible. The shortest path is too risky. After Sayre will be Towanda, Williamsport and Jersey Shore, each with traffic and potential informants and of course police patrols. Once they cross the bridge in Sayre, Garret changes the plan. It brings him no comfort to do

so, since it will delay Rian's return, but he must consider the wellbeing of the three uninjured rebels.

"Stay on 220," Garret says, "but avoid Towanda. Once we get close, I'll tell you what road to take, but you'll have to slow down a little around Towanda."

"OK," Anna says.

She can hear Rian's labored breathing. A little while ago his breathing was a horrible sound, but now Anna prays for anything but silence.

Garret tells Anna to head west on Route 414. She pilots the Ford Flex through woods and gullies on what could have been a pleasant excursion. It is pitch dark outside and one of their own may be dying. The miles seem endless and in her heart Anna doubts that Rian will survive much longer. Anna crosses Pine Creek south of Ramsey and Garret tells her to go west before entering the town of Avis. The road she takes is dark and tortuous but at least it's abandoned at this hour. She knows very well that Garret is thinking about more than Rian.

"Go through Woolrich," Garret says, "It should be alright."

He hasn't forgotten Rian. Near the fields and woods around Swissdale, Garret finally begins to recognize some of the houses and hill-side farms.

"Alright, Anna," he says, "We're going to be stopping soon. Go left on 664 to Lock Haven but be ready to stop when I tell you."

South of the sleeping town is a patch of thick woods. Anna slows down after turning left.

"KJ, you're my eyes," Garret says, "when you see a spot where we can pull off and maybe hide, let Anna know immediately."

"I will," KJ says.

It's been two and a half long hours since they began the drive south. The tension and the frustration over not being able to help Rian are beginning to take their toll. Both Anna and KJ force themselves to concentrate on their respective tasks.

"There, up on the right," KJ says.

Ahead, a small creek bends west into the forest, and there is a spot where a vehicle like a Ford Flex will be able to blend into the nighttime forest. Anna pulls off the road and drives a little ways toward the creek. Before the vehicle comes to a halt, Garret is writing on his notepad again.

Austin Kelly does not ask about the message. Ford crumples up his translation and starts the van.

"We're goin' to Lock Haven," he tells Austin, "I don't think you'll be driving the Jeep."

Austin has a pistol on his person. It's a .45 automatic like most of the pistols of Capricorn Cell. He's wondered if he'll ever have to use it and he hopes not. He will be married soon and does not wish to engage in a gunfight. He wonders if he'll have a choice in the matter.

Jimmy has the foresight to fuel the van in Lock Haven. He and Austin grab some donuts and coffee and park near a little pastry shop. There they wait, both of them talking about the repair shop business and anything else that keeps their minds off of useless speculation. The donuts are gone but not yet all of the coffee when the blue cell phone rings. Jimmy looks at the number and opens the call. Again, the voice is Garret. This time he waits a moment and then begins using the code that only he and Jimmy Ford understand.

Hwy 664 south of Swissdale right side northbound, flash high beams.

The call closes. As fast as he can, Jimmy Ford translates the message.

"Let's go," he says as he starts the van, which swings out of the parking lot and onto Bellefonte Avenue.

Jimmy Ford alternates between high and low beams as he drives the Coudersport Pike northward toward Swissdale. Just past the final houses of Dunnstown – across the river from Lock Haven – he slows down the van. He can see nothing among the woods, nor can Austin. There is no sign of the Capricorn Cell or the bike.

Then he sees her, standing near the road, the light rain falling on her thick mane of hair. She is hauntingly beautiful even at a glance. That alone tells him that this is KJ Bowen. She sees the flickering of high and low beams and waves him over to the side. Then she runs back into the darkness.

Ford jumps out of the van. He takes several steps before he sees the form of Johnny Bowen, who has lifted Rian into his arms.

"Back here," Jimmy says, and then he runs to the van and opens the rear doors.

Johnny hurries as fast as he can to the van. Garret and KJ follow. Garret stops KJ from helping Johnny lift their wounded brother, and she watches as Garret and Johnny place the injured Donnelly son on the floor inside. Jimmy Ford cannot help. He must fight the potent urge to aid his fallen brother. He'd be certain to get blood on his clothes, and if a cop pulls him over and sees the blood it could be disastrous. Garret simply does not want KJ to be holding on to Rian if he throws up blood or convulses. He doesn't want one of the women to face that horror.

Johnny wastes no time making Rian as comfortable as possible. There is a pillow and a sleeping bag, and he and Garret set Rian on the bag. KJ grabs her rifle from the Ford Flex and runs to the van. She climbs inside, followed by Anna, who was covering the group with her Remington. She was finally able to put on her pants. KJ closes the van doors behind Anna.

Jimmy returns to the cab and gets the van rolling south.

"Angel, bring some water over here," Johnny says to KJ.

She jumps to the task. When she sets two bottles beside her husband she glances at Rian. He's looking up at her.

"Hi, Rian," KJ says, forcing a smile and lifting her hand to wave.

KJ sees a tiny smile form on his bloody face. She summons all her internal strength and holds back her emotions.

"You and Anna should drink some water," Johnny says, "I'll let you know if we need anything, OK?"

"Yeah," KJ says, and returns to the cooler.

KJ hands a bottle to Anna, who smiles and thanks her, and then she takes one for herself. It is cold and tastes so good.

Johnny opens Rian's shirt while Garret grabs the black duffel bag that always seems to accompany them on missions, but until this point no one had opened. Garret looks at Rian, who's still having trouble breathing, and it seemed to be getting worse as they waited on Jimmy to arrive. Garret is more than a little surprised that Rian is breathing at all.

"John, I think we better put in a tube," Garret says. Johnny nods.

Garret removes the necessary objects from the duffel bag. Among them are a flutter valve and a bottle with two stoppers. He pours some water into the bottle and runs a tube through the lid and into the water. Next he removes an IV catheter and a box of syringes. Inside the box are six doses of anesthetic.

"Rian," Johnny says, holding his hand and looking into his eyes, "We're going to put a tube in your chest, so you can breathe."

Rian gestures his approval.

Garret hits the partition between the cargo area and the cab. Austin Kelly cracks the sliding panel, and Garret tells them to either slow down or stop until notified. The road is flat and empty, so Ford opts to drive slow rather than delay Rian's arrival at Procyon.

"One of you, come hold the light," Johnny says, looking at KJ and Anna.

Anna looks at him and then at KJ. Anna, who has field dressed deer, is not averse to watching medical procedures. But this is Rian, who she

played with as a child, and watching him suffer through this is too much to bear right now. KJ sees her hesitation and rises from her seat. Though she'd rather cover her eyes and weep right now, KJ will endure holding the light and watching the grim but necessary procedure. She kneels and holds the flashlight in her steady grip.

Once the job's finished, Johnny helps support Rian, who is sitting up as the blood in his chest drains. His breathing doesn't sound so desperate anymore. Johnny wets a cloth and wipes Rian's face. Rian laughs and so does Johnny. KJ, who returned to her seat, watches her husband. She sees his strength and his beauty and his compassion all in that one gesture. It makes her want to throw her arms around him and shower him with kisses and nuzzling, and to tell him just how much he means to her. She looks down at her boots. The dreams they have are so beautiful it hurts: Vancouver Island, the trees and the vales, little Lucas growing in her belly. What surrounds her right now is so terrible it makes the dreams hurt even more. Rian's life blood leaks out a tube and covers her beloved husband's arms and shirt. She can smell the blood and the vomit. It's what her parents willed to her generation.

As they near Roaring Spring, Pennsylvania, Austin and Jimmy hear a knocking on the partition. Jimmy cracks open the panel and hears KJ's unforgettable voice.

"Stop when you can, Jimmy," KJ says, "We need ten minutes."

The hour is 1:30 AM when Jimmy exits off I-99 and parks along the two-lane highway north of Bedford. He steps out for a couple of minutes, as does Austin and they split a bottle of RC cola. The members of Capricorn Cell take turns exiting the van in pairs. Garret replaces Johnny at Rian's side. Johnny and KJ exit first. KJ gets down on a knee and touches Rian's shoulder before she exits, and Rian smiles when their eyes meet.

Johnny washes his hands with a little water before he enters the woods to relieve himself. KJ returns at about the same time as he does. She looks at him. She can still smell the blood on him.

"I'd hug you right now," Johnny says, "but I'm gonna wash this off before I do, OK?"

KJ nods. She fights the crying pain that is so powerful right now.

When she returns to the rear of the van, KJ sees Anna kneeling in front of Rian. She's talking to him and holding his hand. When Anna rises she smiles at Johnny and KJ and then disembarks before disappearing into the woods. When she's alone among the trees some of her emotions escape.

Jimmy was wondering when Garret would make the necessary but undesired request. South of Bedford, after they've resumed their return journey to Procyon, Garret slides the panel and speaks.

"Call Jesse," Garret says to Ford, "Tell her to come to Procyon." There is a pause. "Tell her Rian's hurt."

It is the nightmare end of a beautiful day. Today Jesse visited the doctor for a routine checkup. Her baby is doing fine. When her parents learned that she was pregnant, they were fit to be tied. Just yesterday, though, they began to act as if she was married and the pregnancy was a gift rather than the result of promiscuity. Though they said noting, she believes they know whose baby she carries.

Now the father of her son and the love of her life is hurt and bleeding. He may be dying. Jesse thinks of their baby the whole way to Amboy. It keeps her from risking her life to be there earlier.

Inside the living room of Procyon House, Jesse sits and stares at the clock. She considers putting on coffee but no one will be in the mood. Maybe it's nothing serious, she tells herself. But then, they wouldn't call her if it was not. They know she's pregnant and wouldn't trouble her unless it was necessary. For the first time since the call, Jesse weeps.

Jimmy Ford parks near the drop-off spot along Route 80. He exits the cab as the rear doors open. Austin Kelly slides over to the wheel. Jimmy will stay for the night; Austin will drive back to Somerset County. He'll pick up Jimmy tomorrow afternoon.

Johnny Bowen helps Rian to the threshold of the van's rear entrance. Johnny and Garret help him out, with Jimmy Ford taking care of the tube and the bottle.

"I think I'll take the next one off," Rian says.

Both Jimmy and Garret laugh.

"Shit," Johnny says as he exits the van behind them, "I missed it."

KJ and Anna follow the men outside. Even in the relative darkness, they can see the blood all over the floor of the van.

Jesse hears the bolt slide and the door to the upstairs storage room open. She rises and walks through the left hand door of the living room. KJ is the first rebel to enter. She's left her rifle in the armory but otherwise is dressed for war. She looks at Jesse, wanting to say something that will prepare her, but having gone through something similar she knows there is nothing she can say to soften this blow.

"How bad is he?" Jesse asks.

The look on KJ's beautiful face answers the question before her words can.

"It's bad, Jesse," KJ says, "I'm sorry."

Jesse looks down and nods. Tears flow again.

"Thanks for telling me," Jesse says.

"The men are in the infirmary," KJ says.

Jesse turns toward the door as footfalls come up the steps.

Anna appears and goes over to Jesse. They hug and Jesse shows her emotions. She recovers when they separate and she wipes her eyes before stepping over to the stairwell.

Anna and KJ move to the side and watch as brave Jesse descends to the underground rooms.

Jimmy Ford stands outside the infirmary door. He sees Jesse approaching. She manages a sad little smile. Her sadness does not diminish her beauty.

On any other day, Jimmy would be delighted to see her.

"Jesse," Jimmy says as she approaches the closed door, "Rian was hit in the chest. They put a tube in to drain the blood. He's awake and he seems to be breathing well enough, but be ready."

"OK," Jesse says, "Thank you, Jimmy."

Jesse enters and sees her husband lying on the gurney. Garret and Johnny look up at her. Johnny is covered in her husband's blood and vomit. The sight brings her to tears, which she fights hard.

Johnny looks at Rian and smiles. He puts his hand on Rian's shoulder to stop him from giving in to emotion and rising from the gurney.

"Rian," Johnny says, "Jesse's here."

"Jesse," Rian says, "Jesse, love."

She walks over and looks into her beloved husband's blue eyes. Johnny wiped his face again and there is no blood on his mouth or cheeks. Jesse touches his face.

"My love," she says, "My life, are you in pain?"

"No," Rian says, though the pain is terrible.

Johnny and Garret leave the room. Garret closes the door and he, Johnny and Jimmy Ford move a little bit down the hall so that Jesse and Rian have a little privacy.

"We'll have to watch his tube," Johnny says, "We can do that in shifts, plus we can't have Jesse staying in there the whole time. I'd say two of us at a time, whoever goes first with Jesse and then the next two."

"Sounds good," Garret says.

"Just not Anna or KJ," Johnny adds.

"Right," Garret says. Jimmy nods in agreement. "I'll stay with Jesse," Garret says, "You and Jimmy can shower and get some rest."

Ordinarily, Johnny would insist on going first, but right now he is tired and covered in gore. He nods and begins walking toward the stairs. Jimmy slaps Garret's shoulder and follows.

When Johnny enters the kitchen, he sees his wife and Anna Fogarty sitting near the counter. They're still wearing their combat apparel and web gear. He looks at them, and they, at him. There is an obvious question on their minds but they do not want to ask for fear of hearing something dreadful.

"He's resting for the time being," Johnny says, "Jesse's with him."

The two do not respond and Johnny continues to the bedroom bath. There, he removes his bloodstained clothes and takes a long shower.

Jimmy Ford uses Rian's bath. He enters to a sight that makes him shake his head and feel more emotion than he's felt in years. He takes a quick shower and then heads for the kitchen to put on coffee.

When Johnny finishes his shower, he grabs a plastic bag from the cabinet and puts his stained clothing inside before tying it shut. He changes into a t-shirt and jeans and heads to the living room. Anna and KJ are still there. KJ looks at him with her beautiful and sad blue eyes and he walks over to her and touches her cheek. Then he looks at Anna, who smiles for a moment.

"Go ahead, both of you, wash up and change clothes," Johnny says, "Angel," he says, now looking at KJ, "I'll be right back to put on some coffee, alright?"

"OK, Johnny," she says.

KJ opens her mouth as if she'd like to say something but does not speak. Johnny nods and heads for the storage room door.

The water feels divine. Both Anna and KJ hit the shower at about the same time, and both feel its ameliorative effects. As KJ dries off, she turns and looks over her shoulder and into the mirror. She sees her wings, all the way down to the last feather. She thinks about Johnny and her little family, the only real family she's ever had. She puts on her thong and turns around to look into the mirror. Her body is a work of art; its skin is flawless and pale white, and all the hard work she's put into strengthening and maintaining her body shows in its stunning perfection. Feminine and solid, soft and firm, she – and her redheaded sister – are as close to beauty incarnate as mortal flesh will allow.

At the moment KJ can feel no pride in the accomplishment, nor can she think of the joy she has in sharing her body with the one man who has the right to take it. Right now one of her little family lies stricken in the infirmary and the others suffer because they, too, feel that he is a brother.

Capricorn Cell has become their family as well. KJ covers her eyes for a moment and then steps out of the bathroom.

Sitting at the table is John Ashley Bowen. He looks at KJ and sees her losing the struggle with her emotions. Johnny rises and walks over to his wife. He takes her into his arms and she closes her eyes and squeezes him with her strong arms.

"We never should have brought you into this," Johnny says.

"I was born into this," KJ says, "We didn't choose this war. It just fucking hurts."

"I wish I could go back and kill the motherfuckers who betrayed you," Johnny says. He kisses her head and smells her thick hair. "All the traitors who supported amnesty or outsourced white men's jobs, all the rich fuckers who donate millions for niggers to make more babies, those cocksuckers who ignore the poor members of our family. Fuck all of them. If I could go back, I'd kill those cocksuckers, every goddamned one of them, so you and Anna and Jesse wouldn't have to go through all this fucking shit."

KJ says nothing. She just holds on, her eyes closed. She knows he's frustrated and feels powerless since his friend and brother is in danger of dying and there's not a damn thing he can do about it. She weeps and he rages; these are two means to the same end.

After a long, wonderful and painful while, KJ steps back and wipes her face.

"I'm going to get dressed," she says, "Let's get Anna and have some coffee. What do you think?"

"I think that's a great idea," Johnny says.

KJ pulls a t-shirt over her mostly-naked upper body, and slips a pair of jeans over her thong. Before they leave the bedroom, Johnny pulls her t-shirt up to her shoulder blades and kisses her wings. When he lets her shirt down, she turns and smiles through the pain.

Anna is on her bed, holding her pillow and staring at nothing in particular. She's showered and changed into jeans and a green blouse. She hears a knocking at the door and looks up.

"Come in," Anna says, dreading any news she might hear.

KJ opens the door, with Johnny behind her.

"Do you want to have coffee with us?" KJ asks.

Anna manages a little smile and nods her head. She joins the Bowen's in the kitchen, where Jimmy Ford sits and drinks a mug of Sumatran coffee. Anna looks at the clock. It is one of the objects that her father donated to Procyon. There is a little apple in the center, where the

hands meet. It is 6AM. If Tom Neely is coming, he should arrive in five or so hours.

"We better make something to eat," Johnny says, interrupting Anna's thoughts, "Maybe a salad, sandwiches, something like that. We better eat something. Come on, angel."

Anna immediately joins in on the chore. When they finish, Johnny places some of the salad into a separate bowl and loads four plates with sandwiches. Johnny and Jimmy and the two warrior women are the first to eat. Johnny knows that Garret would want Anna to eat something, and he's glad that she has the sense to do so.

Their debt paid to their stomachs, the four move to the living room. They stay there for a little while. Johnny rubs KJ's shoulders as she sits, but a conversation between the four does not begin. Anna, Johnny and KJ retire to their bedrooms while Jimmy Ford has another cup of coffee and then crashes on the living room couch.

Sarah Neely has never been to Aurora or seen the safe house hidden among the thick forest and little farms of southern Preston County. As the sun climbs in the sky on this, the 15th of June, she sees both places for the first time. Tom drives his Chevrolet Express cargo van up to the front door of Procyon. He turns around and backs the rear up as close as he can to the entrance. He's anticipated the need to evacuate a casualty, though he hopes it is an unnecessary measure. Before exiting, Tom grabs his doctor's bag. He leaves a duffel bag that he and Sarah prepared. It contains clothes should the two have to stay more than a day. Sarah pulls the bag up to the front seat and then exits to join her husband.

Tom rings the doorbell. Jimmy Ford jumps off of the couch and hurries to open it. Tom smiles when he sees Jimmy. At least he seems to be fine. Sarah follows Tom inside, and Ford shakes their hands.

"My God, thank you for coming," Jimmy says.

His face is stoic as ever but there is grimness to his voice.

Both Neely's are wearing jeans; Tom has on a button-down shirt, and Sarah a white blouse. She is much more attractive now that she's not so skinny.

"Who's hurt?" Tom asks.

Sarah dreads the answer. Any answer will be tragic.

"Rian," Jimmy says, "He's in the infirmary. Jesse's with him, and so is Garret. It's a chest wound, Tom. Garret and Johnny put a tube in to drain the blood."

Tom shakes his head. As well stocked as the infirmary is, as an operating room it is still primitive. He has no x-ray machine and no advanced

imaging technology. Though he will sterilize the wound and the equipment and work with 21st Century knowledge, his methods will be from an older time. Tom touches Jimmy's arm and moves toward the door to the storage room.

Sarah does not tour the house or even admire the living room. Perhaps before she leaves she will glance at the walls and the rooms that Capricorn Cell calls home. Perhaps she will find it too difficult. Much of that depends on what they find downstairs.

The door to the infirmary is closed. Tom cracks it open to be sure that he does not disturb Rian. Tom is tired from the non-stop driving, which Sarah mercifully shared with him, but the adrenaline that flows has reinvigorated him. He steps inside the infirmary.

Jesse sees Tom and rises from her seat. Garret rises as well, and walks over to Tom. Sarah, meanwhile, surges forward and she and Jesse embrace. Tom and Garret waste no time gathering the aprons and supplies and once more sterilizing the countertops and instruments.

"Go upstairs, sweetheart," Sarah says to Jesse, "We'll call you if we need you."

Making sure her face is not in Rian's view, Jesse allows herself to show some of her pain. She nods and recovers just long enough to thank the Neely's for coming.

"Garret, if you or one of the men would remain outside, just in case," Tom says.

"I'll be there," Garret replies.

Jesse walks the stairs to the upper level. She meets Jimmy Ford in the living room. He tells her to eat something. At first she refuses, but the thought of her and Rian's baby convinces her to fight her present revulsion and to take in some food. She hasn't eaten all day.

Two hours pass. Garret, who is finally showing his fatigue, comes up the steps. He walks to the Bowen's bedroom and knocks on the door. Johnny wakes and hurries to the threshold. KJ sits up and looks down toward the foot of the bed. Every time someone comes by she fears the worst.

"Johnny, can you take over downstairs?" Garret asks.

"Sure," Johnny says, "I'll be right there. Go take a get a shower and get some sleep, make sure you eat something, too. There's sandwiches and salad in the fridge."

Garret nods and drags himself into the Fogarty bedroom.

Johnny returns to the bed to kiss KJ and then he throws on his jeans and t-shirt. He leaves in a hurry. KJ rises and dresses again. She heads

to the kitchen. There, she finds Jesse drinking a cup of tea. Jimmy Ford has returned to the couch. He may need to drive later, and he'll need all the sleep he can get. KJ hopes she is not interrupting a desired solitude on the part of Jesse.

"Do you want to be alone?" KJ asks.

"No," Jesse says, "Please, stay."

KJ sits at the table with her sister, Rian's wife. Jesse's hands are on the table and the almost-empty cup sits between them. KJ reaches over and touches Jesse's hand.

"It's bad, KJ," Jesse says, looking down at her cup, "It looks really bad."

"I'm so sorry, Jesse," KJ says, "I don't know if I could have done something. I don't know. I hope I did everything I could."

"I'm sure you did, KJ," Jesse says. She wipes her face and looks up at KJ. "All of you did, I'm sure. I know what you do and what you've risked. I helped Tom when he worked on Johnny. I saw that they're offering millions of dollars for someone to kill you."

Jesse begins to lose her composure.

"It's not fair," she says, "You've fought, and Johnny got shot, and now Rian. And what for? No one's ever going to stand up. No one! Just you and you'll all die for it."

"It never was fair, Jesse," KJ says, "The enemy will never let it be fair. There's too much goddamned money in betrayal. White actors do it all the fucking time. They betray us in films and get paid millions for it. That's not fair, is it? Companies betray us and belittle us and they make billions. That's not fair. It's fucking bullshit. But we can't just accept that the world will always be this way. We have to fight, even if those with money and power oppose us. I'll fight even if I know they'll kill me. We're not fighting for an uprising that will never happen. We're fighting for our children; that little white baby inside your body. If we scare a traitor before he can hurt your baby, then it was worth the fight. It was worth the sacrifice. The average man will never rise up. He'll keep watching sports and voting Democrat and Republican, and he'll keep worshipping Martin Luther King and saying he's not racist. But we're not average, Jesse. No one who took on this fight is average. There won't be an uprising, but that's not how it happens. Brave men like Rian stand and fight, and thanks to him the enemy knows that he'll pay for his crimes. Some of them will quit supporting white genocide because your husband is willing to fight."

KJ takes both of Jesse's hands into hers. She looks down at them, and then into Jesse's tortured eyes.

"I wish I could take away what happened to Rian," KJ says, "but your baby needed him, and so he went. Every white baby needed him."

Jesse stares into KJ's blue eyes. In those eyes there is passion and sadness, and a love so mighty it drives her to war.

"It's so sad and terrible," Jesse says, "You're fighting for the children of cowards. Their parents would betray you if they could. They'll turn you in and kill you."

"I'll die for their children," KJ says, "if that's what it takes to save our race. It's who we are, and I'll die before I let someone destroy that."

"What about your children?" Jesse asks, "Do those cowards have the right to demand that kind of sacrifice from you or Johnny? You get to die so their children can live? There's nothing right about that. Nothing."

"They don't have that right," KJ says, "and I do not give them that right. I want nothing more than to have a family with Johnny. But Jesse, there are bigger things than what I want. We're no better than the cowards if we let this evil fall on unborn white children, like yours and Rian's. There's no more deferring this war to the next generation. It had to be now. We all know that. Rian knows that."

Tom is meticulous and precise in his exploration. With Sarah assisting and Johnny helping as much as he can, Tom examines Rian's wounded chest. What he sees is not good. The bullet fragmented and inflicted a number of wounds. Unlike Johnny's wound, which was clean and free of organ damage, this one is ugly. There is even a small wound to Rian's heart. It must have closed on its own, but that is probably temporary. Sarah sees it too. It is a sickening feeling. Tom's greatest hope fades. If Rian is to survive, he will need better facilities than Procyon House can offer.

"They had no right to hurt him like that," Jesse says, "He was fighting so their children won't have a living hell, and so they shot him. For what? For some spic or nigger who will cut their throats? For some Jew bastard who makes fun of our traditions and our beliefs? The white people who are left in America and Europe could stop this right now, but they won't. They won't. They'll hand you over to the fucking traitors, and they won't care if their race goes extinct as long as they have their fucking TV and Budweiser. They don't care, KJ. It's over now. The war's over. It's too late to save anyone."

"I still exist," KJ says, "Anna still exists, and so do you. It is not over, Jesse. We exist. They ripped us away from our white brothers but we came back. As long as white sisters like us stand with white brothers like Rian, then this war is not over. I may die, but I will not betray my family, and the enemy knows that. Do you know what that means? Do you know

what it means for a white woman to stand with her brothers, and fight for her race? This war is not over. It's not over even if we die. We're their nightmare and it's too late for them to stop us from taking a stand. White men and white women together have risen up to fight the genocide. They may kill me, I know that, but someday we will win this war."

Jesse looks down and shakes her head. KJ takes her hand again.

"Jesse," KJ says, "I am so sorry that Rian was hurt. He risked his life fighting for all of our children. He risked his life for us every time he got behind the wheel. I never forget that. I'm so sorry this happened."

"We lost everything," Jesse says, "We gave everything away without a fight. Those people...our parents and their friends chose to be part of a political party, or a social group, rather than identify with their own flesh and blood. It was always 'I'm an American', or 'I'm a Democrat', or 'I'm a liberal' or a conservative, but never 'I am a white man or a white woman'. It's the same as it always was. No, it's worse, it's much worse. A young white woman will call herself feminist and side with some black thug over her own white brothers. White men will vote Republican, because they say they're Christian or pro-military, or anti-abortion, and then those same politicians will help companies bring in a flood of non-white workers. They don't have to support the murder of babies in a woman's body. They'll let their niggers kill us instead."

"I never expected them to rise," KJ says, "I never expected some celebrity or rich man to cry out for white children. They're tools. We're the special ones. Men like Rian are the heroes, and we're right there with them. It's not the same anymore. We've risen, Jesse. We stood up. I knew that the cowards were never going to rise, but we have."

Her blue eyes look into Jesse's green ones. KJ still holds her hand. Jesse sees the same passion in KJ's eyes that's always been there, but right now it is on fire.

"Rian rose so that your baby won't have to fight this war," KJ says, "I rose so that my baby can live in peace, without war or genocide against our race. The children of cowards and traitors will know who fought this war for their survival. They'll know that Rian and his family were among the heroes. They will remember us."

Jesse smiles for a brief moment, and though full of pain it is genuine. She touches KJ's cheek.

"I fear for all of you," Jesse says, "You and Johnny, all of you are so dear to me. I thank you for doing what you do. Our baby's growing, and maybe he'll have a good life because of what you're doing. Thank you, KJ."

KJ looks down and takes Jesse's hand into both of hers.

"Jesse, you mean so much to us," KJ says, "Thank you, and thank Rian." She looks up into Jesse's eyes. "I hope you can go home."

"I hope we all can," Jesse says.

Sarah remains with Rian as Tom and Johnny exit into the tunnel. Tom removes his apron and mask, as does Johnny. Johnny knows that the news is not good. He knew that when he first saw the wound.

"We need to take him somewhere," Tom says, "He won't survive unless I can close some of those wounds and clean out the shrapnel."

"Do you suggest taking him to a hospital?" Johnny asks.

"No," Tom says, "I know what they did to David Hill. They'll keep him alive to interrogate him, and they'll find out what he knows. Then they'll kill him. I'm not giving him to those bastards."

"Do we watch him die, then?" Johnny asks.

"I'll take care of him as well as I can," Tom says, "He may not even survive the trip, but at least he'll have a chance."

"What about Jesse?" Johnny asks.

"I don't know," Tom says, "She can stay here, or transfer to Missouri. She'd have to rent a place, or she can wait and see."

"If he dies," Johnny says.

"I have to be realistic, John," Tom says.

"I know," Johnny says.

"How are the rest of you holding up?" Tom asks, "KJ, Anna?"

"We're healthy," Johnny says, "We're all in great health, actually. Fit and strong. We're fighting a war, so I guess that's the best we can hope for, that and having each other."

"Hold on to that," Tom says.

"How's Charles doing?" Johnny asks.

"Good," Tom says with a little smile on his face.

Sarah emerges from the infirmary. She hugs Johnny and refrains from telling him that the wound is terrible. He already knows.

"How's KJ?" Sarah asks.

"Good," Johnny says, "She's my angel. She keeps me sane."

Jimmy Ford appears from upstairs.

"Go on upstairs, Sarah," Jimmy says, "The three of us will watch over him."

Sarah climbs the steps into the storage room. She enters the living room and sees Anna and KJ sitting on the sofa. KJ was telling Anna about some memory from Washington State, from what must have been a lifetime ago.

Both young women rise when Sarah enters. Anna, who is closest to the door, hugs Sarah. When they separate she asks the question that is also on KJ's mind.

"How is he?" Anna asks, her voice almost pleading for the right answer.

"We have to take him to Missouri," Sarah says, "He needs a lot of work that we can't do here."

KJ feels her spirits sink. She realizes that Sarah is right. She cannot help but wonder if Rian can survive the grueling drive. Sarah sees KJ's hand on her head. She steps over to the wild angel and touches her hair, prompting KJ to look up, and the two embrace.

"Are you alright, KJ?" Sarah asks.

KJ nods when the embrace ends.

"How's Johnny?" Sarah asks.

"Good," KJ says, "He's as strong as ever."

"I knew that he would be," Sarah says.

Garret enters, followed by Jesse. Jesse washed up in the Fogarty's bathroom and she and Garret had some tea. Garret finally ate a sandwich.

"Tom needs to see you, Garret," Sarah says.

Garret kisses her cheek and departs for the infirmary.

Sarah brushes Jesse's long hair from her face and smiles at the younger woman.

"We'll have to take Rian back to our place," Sarah says as she looks into Jesse's pleading eyes.

"OK," Jesse says.

Jesse dreamed of a day when Charles Neely and her son would play together. She could see Tom and Rian in that dream. They'd be drinking a Guinness. Now she can't see any of them.

Johnny watches over Rian as Tom and Garret converse. Rian will be regaining consciousness soon. Johnny will be there to make sure he doesn't pull out the tube or the I.V. Tom asks to speak to Garret alone, and gracious Jimmy Ford offers to clean the rifles.

"We have to take Rian to Missouri," Tom says, "The trip could kill him, but he will definitely die if he stays here. I have to operate as soon as possible."

"I thought you might," Garret says, "We'll load him as soon as you can go."

"I'll talk to Jesse," Tom says, "Then we'll get going. You and Johnny could start getting him ready."

Garret nods. He puts his hand on the door but Tom stops him.

"Garret," Tom says, "Sarah and I will always support you. We know why you're doing this and we thank you. But how long are you going to keep fighting for other people's children? Don't you deserve to have your own? Or is this a forever war for you and Anna?"

"No," Garret says, "If the others will or will not fight is not up to us. We've done our part. I will not abandon the struggle, not ever, not until white children can live in peace and dignity. But we are going to change our methods. This is the last year of our counteroffensive. Someone else will have to take up that side of the war, because we're going home."

Garret pushes open the infirmary door. It closes behind him, leaving Tom alone in the tunnel. Tom looks around at the tile and the lights. Then he looks up and thanks God for what Garret just said.

KJ grabs a rucksack from her dresser. She loads it with water from the refrigerator in the kitchen. In the storage room she puts on her tennis shoes and heads downstairs. Johnny is outside the infirmary when she arrives. They embrace and she hands him the rucksack.

"Thank you, angel," Johnny says.

KJ kisses him.

"I'll brew some tea for you guys," she says.

Johnny smiles and kisses her head.

KJ ascends the steps. She leaves her tennis shoes on since the tile around the infirmary is spotless and they've remained clean. She hears voices in the kitchen and peeks inside so that she doesn't disturb those within. Anna, Jesse and Sarah are kneeling by the table. Anna is holding her rosary and saying a prayer in the Irish. The other two must be praying as well. KJ closes the door and cuts through the living room en route to her and Johnny's bedroom. She hopes to listen to some music before she makes the tea.

When KJ returns to the living room Garret happens to be coming in through the storage room door.

"KJ," Garret says, "Could you get Rian's wallet and satchel? He said they're in his dresser. Go ahead and put them on the counter. Thank you, KJ."

Garret returns to the storage room. KJ hears him jog down the steps. She goes back to the hallway and past the flower garden and the Fogarty's bedroom. At the end of the hall, to the right of Anna's cross, is the door to Rian's bedroom.

Sitting near Rian's bed is the stack of gifts for Jesse's baby shower. KJ looks at the beautiful boxes and shining bows. She turns away from

the gifts and walks to the dresser. There, she takes his satchel and wallet, and closes the door on her way out.

KJ fulfills Garret's wish and leaves the items on the counter. Then, her pace increasing with each step, she heads for her bedroom. When she arrives she falls on the bed and weeps.

Johnny and Garret lift Rian from the infirmary table and lay him on one of three stretchers stored in the infirmary.

"Tom's gonna take you to his place," Johnny tells him, "He can fix you up there. Jesse's coming, too. You hear, Rian? Take your time and get better. We'll keep the place clean while you're gone."

Rian smiles at Johnny. He closes his eyes and tries to rest as Johnny and Garret carefully lift him up the steps and into the upper house. Jesse is there to greet him. She is magnificent; her smile and voice vanquish her pain and despair, and she holds Rian's hand as the two men carry him toward the door.

There, with Jimmy Ford ensuring that the tube and the bottle do not detach, the men wait until Tom opens the front door of Procyon House and the rear doors of his van. Thanks to its proximity and the slight roof over the entrance, no one on the outside can see who is carrying whom, or the identity of any person who enters the rear of the van. Jesse holds on to Rian's hand as the men wait.

Anna and KJ enter, as does Sarah. Anna walks over to Rian and kisses his hand. He reaches toward her neck, where the rosary hangs. He wants to touch it before leaving. Instead of letting it touch his hand, Anna hands it to him.

"Keep it, please," Anna says, "I have another one."

She doesn't tell him that this one belonged to her mother.

"Thank you, Anna," Rian says, "Take care of Garret. He'll get into trouble without you."

Anna kisses his forehead and steps back to allow KJ to bid Rian farewell.

"KJ," Rian says when she approaches, "You meant so much to mom and dad. You gave them more hope than anyone."

"Thank you, Rian," KJ says.

"Take care of Johnny," Rian says.

KJ glances at her husband, a sad little smile on her face.

"I will," KJ says, "I promise I will."

Tom opens the front door and Johnny leads the stretcher into the van. He and Garret lay their stricken brother between various cabinets and other storage containers for medical and other equipment. There is

enough room to fit him and a couple of passengers, but otherwise the van is loaded.

"Don't try to rush things, Rian," Johnny says, "You'll be going home soon enough."

Rian reaches up and Johnny shakes his hand.

"I'll see you across the pond," Johnny says.

He touches Rian's face before exiting the van. While the men take care of Rian, KJ calls Jesse aside.

"Can you come with me for a minute?" KJ asks. She looks at Sarah. "Sarah, I need Jesse for just a minute, is that alright?"

"Sure," Sarah says, "We'll get Rian situated while she's gone."

Jesse follows KJ to the Bowen's bedroom. She waits just inside the door as KJ scurries over to her dresser and removes an envelope. KJ returns and hands the envelope to Jesse.

"Here," KJ says, "Take this, please."

Jesse knows what it is. Soon after they came to Procyon House, each member of Capricorn Cell received \$5000 emergency money in case the cell was compromised and each member needed to survive on their own. Jesse looks at the envelope and then into KJ's eyes.

"Please, Jesse," KJ says, "You'll need it to stay in Missouri while Rian recovers. Please, you'll need the money."

Jesse finally takes the envelope. She embraces KJ and holds on tight. Jesse's eyes are closed as she holds her sister, and tears begin to flow.

"Thank you, KJ," Jesse says, "God bless you and Johnny." Jesse touches KJ's cheek and her long, thick hair. "I'll see you again, someday."

"We will," KJ says, "My best wishes, Jesse. Please, tell us if you need anything."

Jesse smiles again and hugs KJ for a moment before the two ladies return to the living room. Rian is inside the van, and Johnny is just climbing out. Tom is in the cab and Sarah is in the rear with Rian. Jesse stands to the side while Johnny enters the living room, and then she ascends into the van in order to ride alongside her husband. From the rear of the vehicle Jesse turns and looks at those who shall remain.

"I want to thank all of you," Jesse says, "on behalf of Rian and myself, and our son. God bless all of you."

Jesse waves to them and then closes the rear doors. Instinctively, the members of Capricorn Cell move to the side as the van departs, lest some human or electronic eye see them through the open door. Jimmy Ford walks to the threshold. He watches the white van drive down the

highway and then turn right past the line of trees. The van disappears on the other side of the heavy foliage. Jimmy Ford closes the front door.

Jimmy Ford and the remaining members of Capricorn Cell sit down for coffee in the kitchen. Very few words are exchanged. Live or die, Rian Donnelly is gone from Capricorn Cell, as is his wife Jesse. It has been a nerve-wracking and heartbreaking night and day, one from which they will need a little time to recover. Both Johnny and Garret put their arms around their wives, who welcome the attention with a kiss and an embrace of their own.

Rian Donnelly rarely engaged in the countless discussions that took place over the past couple of years, opting instead to interject when he would hear a point of particular importance to him, or when the subject stoked his passions and interests. More often than not, he studied maps and read in his bedroom. That changed as the weekends approached and his time with Jesse drew near. Then he would become animated and even tease and joke with the other members of the cell. His presence was a given; now that he is gone, the void is undeniable.

On Monday, the 20th of June, Johnny and KJ lift weights. Tomorrow it's Anna and Garret's turn. Later in the evening, after the sun sets, Johnny and KJ will go on a short patrol to the south toward Wolf Creek. Meanwhile, it's Anna and Garret's turn to make supper, which will be ready when the Bowen's return. Though Garret will not return to the media room today or tomorrow, he will do so on Wednesday. On that day, Anna and KJ will resume their dry-firing exercises.

On Monday evening Anna and Garret share their tea in the kitchen. Johnny and KJ are out on patrol and Procyon House is quiet save the ticking of the apple clock. Garret notices that Anna is staring at him as her tea sits in front of her on the table.

"There's something on your mind," Garret says, "Tell me."

"I was thinking about what we did," Anna says, "Everything went wrong and Rian was hurt, and we needed a car." She looks down at the tea. "What we did hurts me, Garret. That guy was an asshole, but..."

"It doesn't make it right," Garret says, "We didn't have time to change the tire on the Jeep and we needed out right away, so I made the call. I'm also the one who shot him."

"We would have done the same thing," Anna says.

"No," Garret says, "Johnny wouldn't have shot him. He'd have wanted to, but he would have told him to lie in the ditch or run away. Johnny wouldn't have shot him. I don't know if you or KJ would have, either, but I doubt it."

"What happened, happened," Anna says, "Rian was dying. He needed the hell out of there and that guy says to Rian's face that he wanted him to die. I'd like to think I wouldn't have shot him, but I can't say that. None of us can. It was different then, it wasn't right to shoot him but everything was different and terrible." She looks down again. "And now they'll use it against us."

"Of course they will," Garret says, "Anyone would. There's nothing that can be done about that now." He looks at her for a few moments without speaking. "I'm sorry, Anna," he says, "What I did was wrong. And in doing so, I've wronged you as well. And I've wronged Johnny and KJ."

"Garret," Anna says, "We wouldn't have stolen the car if we didn't need it. It's war, Garret. Terrible things happen in war."

"It doesn't make it right," Garret says.

"No, it doesn't," Anna says. She reaches over and opens her hand. He lays his inside her warm white palm and she squeezes his hand. "But it does make it forgivable."

"Forgive me, Anna," Garret says, staring into her eyes.

"I already have," Anna says, "Forgive me for holding a gun on him, and for being ready to kill him if he didn't obey me. That was wrong, too."

"I forgive you, my love," Garret says.

He kisses her hand. He doesn't tell her that the one silver lining is that he, not she, pulled the trigger. He alone will carry that burden.

Late that night, as KJ curls up with Johnny and he rubs her arm and back, husband and wife share their intense affection for one another with kisses and gentle caressing. Both have a reluctance to speak, however, and both notice the other's reticence.

"You OK, angel?" Johnny asks.

"Yeah," KJ says, "It's just been a really hard time. I was thinking about Jesse and Rian, and that guy we shot. I wonder if there was anything we could have done to prevent any of that from happening."

He does not doubt that she's been thinking of Jesse and Rian, but that was not the heart of the matter. The shooting was. It was on his mind as well.

"I agree with taking the car," Johnny says, "All of us would have died if we'd stayed there. I'm not going to judge Garret for shooting the fucker, either. He told us he hopes Rian dies, and any other time I'd say go fuck yourself. But Rian was hurt bad, and we were running out of time. Everything just went to shit and that's when people get killed. It's not right but it fucking happens and I'm not going to condemn my brother for something I might have done if I'd been holding the gun."

It is true, though the odds he would have pulled the trigger would have been much lower.

"I know, Johnny," KJ says, "I don't condemn him for it. We needed to bring Rian back to Procyon and we didn't have any choice other than stealing a car. Garret wouldn't have pulled the trigger if that guy hadn't opened his fucking mouth. I know it's not right, but I might have done the same thing, and I'm not going to condemn him for that, either."

It is unlikely she would have done the same thing.

"The ones who started this war used to live without fear of punishment," Johnny says, "At least we've struck back. They can't sleep so easily anymore, while we suffer through all the pain of this fucking war." He rubs KJ again and touches her gorgeous mane. "What I wouldn't give to end this, though, once and for all."

KJ nuzzles his chest and then returns to her pillow. He turns to look into her eyes.

"We're going home, angel," Johnny says, "We'll find a place where we can live a little. What do you think?"

"I think it'll be time to live our dream," KJ says.

Johnny moves closer and puts his arm around her.

"Don't get up before me," Johnny says, "Alright? It's my turn to bring you breakfast tomorrow morning."

KJ gets a little smile.

"Alright," she says, "That would be nice."

"By morning, I mean ten or so," Johnny says.

The hour is very late.

"Yeah," KJ says, "Or maybe eleven, so that we get seven hours' sleep."

"Sounds good," Johnny says.

Johnny rolls on to his back and KJ lays her arm across his chest.

"Good night, angel," he says.

"Good night, Johnny," KJ says. She sees him close his eyes. "I love you," she whispers.

Johnny reaches up and touches the arm that's on his chest. The sound of distant thunder growls in the distance, though no rain will fall tonight.

The condemnations are severe and ubiquitous, as Garret feared they would be. Capricorn Cell is nothing more than a band of cold-blooded racist killers, hell-bent on exterminating all that is good in the world. For a moment Garret feels the need to contact Cristi and explain what happened. He does not get past the blinking cursor. The enemy wanted war

and waged it. Now that the war has turned ugly, as all wars do, those who would condemn his white children to a future of terror and oppression have the temerity to blame Capricorn Cell for the bloody results of their war. There is no going back, only forward. It was wrong to kill Scott Holden for his rash outburst, but in the heat of battle, when a brother lies bleeding and probably dying and a powerful enemy follows in hot pursuit, a lethal response is understandable. Garret logs out of the email account. He doesn't need to explain to a fellow white warrior that terrible things happen in war.

Garret is about to leave the desktop when he convinces himself to perform one more search. He comes across some startling news. Someone claiming to be "Virgo Cell" has shot and killed an attorney in Watertown, New York. The lawyer, a certain Herbert Collett, made a name for himself taking on discrimination and "hostile work environment" lawsuits filed by non-whites against almost any target with money. More important, Collett was a proponent of granting in-state tuition and other benefits to illegal non-white immigrants. Collett had actually been on one of Garret's target lists, but circumstances eliminated him from consideration. There was, among other problems, an unusual difficulty in determining his place of residence.

Garret checks his anonymous email accounts to see if Andromeda or Carina might have changed names, or at least have information about Virgo, but there is no word from Cristi or John McShane. Garret wonders if Virgo Cell might have something to do with Michael Donnelly. He announces the news at breakfast. After recent events, it doesn't have the electrifying effect it might have had in the past. Still, it is a hopeful sign to the warriors of Capricorn Cell. Perhaps they can have some peace while others take up the sword in their absence.

In July, as the heat escalates and the cacophonous periodic cicadas finally disappear from the forest, Garret calls a meeting in the living room. He hadn't mentioned an upcoming mission, or an attempt to cross the Atlantic for that matter. When Anna and KJ enter the living room, they both see the manila folder on the smaller table. Garret is standing and so is Johnny, though Johnny takes a seat at the table and the ladies join him.

"In light of what's happened with Rian," Garret says, "and all the other things that took place during our last mission, I am not going to request that the three of you engage in another combat mission. We do have to move on, but we must do so at the right time. I have told you that this will be the last active year for Capricorn Cell. What the future brings, no one can know, and I am not forsaking the war against a genocide that

still threatens our unborn children. But we deserve to bear those children and to raise them. That being said, we still face this relentless war, and should we lose it, we could easily face extinction as a race. For this mission, and any that follow, I will not demand your participation. Instead I ask for volunteers, so that Capricorn Cell can continue to strike fear into the hearts of traitors and the profiteers of treason. In this folder is all the information for an upcoming mission. I'm the only one who knows this information, and should any of you accept I will accompany you on the mission. It will, of course, be a night mission, and the location is not very far away. Please, take a look and should you decide to undertake this mission, let me know so that I might begin making preparations."

KJ, who is nearest the folder, opens it on the table. The first page, as usual, is a biographical sketch. The picture on the page shows a man in his late-40's. His build is solid, while his hair is grayer than usual for his age. It is short and wiry, perched above a face whose mouth and nose are too large. The man has green eyes but they are dull and his smile in the first photograph is insincere. He's wearing a suit and tie and his style is more like that of a businessman than a professor. KJ looks at the man's name: Christopher Berberich. She looks up at Johnny and Anna.

"Does anyone mind if I read the information?" KJ asks.

"No, go ahead," Johnny says.

KJ looks at Anna.

"That's fine," Anna adds.

KJ continues reading. The details give her an idea of who this man is, and why Garret would ask her to kill him. Berberich appears to be a Republican of the libertarian mold. As such, there would be little agreement between him and KJ should the two ever converse about politics. Berberich would end government regulation of environmental pollution. KJ would oppose his position with vehemence; without regulation, she would argue, acid mine drainage, toxic waste dumps and environmental disasters such as Baird and McGuire and Times Beach would once again be commonplace. Berberich supports a flat tax rate regardless of wealth. Again, KJ would oppose his stance, since those with extreme wealth have much more invested in the system and, due to the power they have from such massive wealth, wield a much greater level of control over the democratic system. Even before her racial awakening, KJ was against the concentration of such wealth and power in the hands of the few. She still is, perhaps more than ever.

Christopher Berberich would remove all regulation of the health care industry. Again, he would find an opponent in KJ Bowen. Answers such as

“costs would go down” and “the Church will take care of the poor” are not good enough for her, when millions of whites would face medical disaster should there be no provision for emergency medical coverage. Of course Berberich is anti-union. Aside from the anti-white nature of modern unions, which KJ recognizes, she would again vehemently disagree with Berberich. The Monongah and Benwood explosions and the high death toll from day-to-day mining operations are bloody reminders of the era before unionization. She would tell Berberich that unions need to be reformed rather than destroyed; if strong white men reasserted their place in this world, their unions would once again be an overwhelmingly positive force. In addition, she would add that the most virulent anti-white organizations of today are businesses rather than unions. Just watch their commercials.

None of these disagreements would justify Berberich’s death. KJ would never think of killing him for holding these beliefs, even though she would find fault with each and every one of them. Nor would Garret ask her to harm the man if this were the sum of his convictions. The majority of the background information on Christopher Berberich illustrates another of his beliefs; the belief that crosses the line between political rivalry and treason.

Christopher Berberich is a proponent of open borders, and his business – a dry-cleaning shop in Johnstown, Pennsylvania – has hired illegal non-white immigrants in the past.

“Berberich has a history of hiring non-white immigrants,” Garret says, “He’s been fined before, in 2011. It was a symbolic act, done by the state government to give the impression that they’re tough on hiring illegals, and the fine was predictably small. Austin checked out Berberich’s place of business, and it’s obvious he never quit hiring non-whites, particularly illegal immigrants but also Somalis who have no business in America, let alone in the Commonwealth.”

KJ looks at the maps. Berberich lives in a western suburb of Johnstown that faces deep woods on its northern and western sides. Nearby are a two-lane road and a winding forest highway that is unpaved in sections but that eventually connects with a state highway to the southwest. Compared to exit routes of the past, this one seems simple.

“Berberich is a Republican of the libertarian persuasion,” Garret says, “He’s written letters-to-the-editor in support of amnesty, though he claims he is opposed to government programs for illegal immigrants. Of course he does not explain how he would keep those new citizens from voting for government aid, but libertarians never do explain that one. And

because of men like Berberich, our less capable white brothers cannot find low-end employment, and if they do, the wages will be artificially low due to competition with non-white immigrants who pay little or no taxes, and who benefit from discrimination in their favor. This is another way to genocide a race: replace white workers with non-whites, and make jobs scarce and low-paying due to a massive influx of non-white laborers. Berberich might deny any evil intent, but his support of massive non-white immigration into this white country is aiding and abetting the genocide of our race. His support of assimilation ensures a massive non-white population that will continue to multiply, and grow more and more powerful as our numbers decline. His support for open borders and demand for assimilation, which inevitably leads to intermarriage and miscegenation, is a death sentence for our race. What is more evil than genocide, whether it's fast or insidious? Nothing. For these reasons, I ask for a volunteer to kill this man."

KJ closes the folder. She looks at Garret. He was glancing at each cell member but now his eyes stop on her.

"They haven't stopped the war against our race," KJ says, "No matter how badly we want this to end, it won't end until we defeat them. I'll be there, Garret, just tell me when we leave."

"The night of August 1st," he says, "We'll leave late in the afternoon and try to catch him coming home that night. Austin and Jimmy have a lot of business in Johnstown, so they were able to observe Berberich and they believe he goes home at eight each evening. He's recently divorced and seems to eat supper rather late on Monday evening, at a downtown restaurant. That means he'll be arriving home at around 10 or 11 PM."

"I'm in," Anna says, "You'll need a countersniper." She looks down for a moment. "We always will from now on."

"Johnny?" Garret says.

"You know better than to ask," Johnny says, his arms crossed, "I'm KJ's sentinel."

KJ looks at him, a lovely and reserved smile on her face, and she rubs his leg with her gloved hand.

"Have you heard anything about Rian?" Anna asks.

Garret shakes his head. He didn't expect to hear anything from Tom, whose only method of contacting Garret is by visiting. Jesse has not sent an email, but this was not unexpected, as he informed her not to do so until she could obtain a computer for whatever apartment or house she might rent. It is distressing not to know, but Garret is not surprised.

"It's still early," Garret says.

He knows that if Rian has lost his battle, they will bury him someplace secluded, and will give him the best Catholic service possible under the circumstances. He knows that Anna gave her rosary to Rian. It is a great source of comfort to know that she did.

As the 1st of August approaches, KJ readies her equipment and her apparel. She's taken to early preparation, and packs her newest web gear with all the essentials. She also cleans her rifle, a chore she accomplishes together with Anna. Afterward, KJ offers to help Johnny in the infirmary. He's cleaning it again, and disinfecting the contact surfaces. He refuses her help. Johnny does not beat around the bush; he does not want her to have anything to do with that room unless it is absolutely necessary.

Jimmy Ford will be the driver on this mission. Once he parks the van and Capricorn Cell departs, he will lie on the seat. As uncomfortable as it promises to be, it will help prevent a replay of what happened to Rian. He has been reunited with his Benelli carbine and will keep it in the cab along with his sidearm. For the Johnstown mission, Jimmy will drive the Chevy van. It is now a dark crimson in color. Capricorn Cell will not change vehicles for the return trip, nor will they have to stop for fuel or a stretch since the distance is rather short.

By the night of the 31st of July, all the necessary items for the upcoming mission are either packed or ready for use. The four active members turn in early so that they might be well-rested and alert the next day. In some ways, the pre-mission preparations are now a routine; in other ways, this mission feels like the first.

KJ dresses for bed and joins Johnny in the queen-size in their room.

"Sit up," Johnny says and she does, her back toward him.

He begins to remove her t-shirt. She continues the act, and now he can see her bare white back and her angel wings.

"Flex your arms," Johnny says.

KJ raises them and flexes her biceps and her shoulder muscles. Johnny rubs her arms and shoulders and then kisses her head and traces her feathers. When he's finished, he hands her the t-shirt, which she dons. When he lies back down, she turns to look at him. Johnny always looks at her wings and feels her biceps and her rear before every mission. He also smells her hair before he leaves for the tunnel. She knows why he does these things. KJ reaches over and squeezes his hand.

"I won't leave without you," KJ says.

"I know," Johnny says, "I'll tell you a thousand times, but I know you won't."

"Would you?" KJ asks.

"No," Johnny says in an instant.

KJ lies on her side, close to him. She caresses his bare chest.

"I'll make blintzes tomorrow morning," she says, "We'll use the black cherry jelly that Jimmy brought on Sunday."

"Mmm...good," Johnny says and smiles. "Hey, I wanted to ask you, are you writing songs again?"

When he came in from a patrol with Garret, he saw her sitting at the kitchen table with a pad and pen.

"Yeah," KJ says, "Actually, I never quit. I've just devoted a little more time to it lately."

Johnny smiles.

"Cool," he says.

Johnny leans over and kisses his wife.

"Goodnight, angel," he says.

KJ curls up next to him and closes her eyes.

It was a long and hectic day at Southmont Cleaners in Johnstown. Chris Berberich spent the entire day catching up on paperwork that had accumulated last week and over the weekend. He leaves a little late; at 8:30 PM to be exact. He drives his 1999 Ford Mustang to his favorite sports bar for a burger and fries, and to listen to fellow Pirates fans lament yet another losing season. He manages to get into an argument this time, but bygones are bygones in the end, and Berberich shakes hands with his quarrelsome acquaintance before heading home.

At a red light on Menoher Boulevard, Berberich watches an attractive young girl cross the road. She reminds him of his wife in happier days, with her long blonde hair in a ponytail and her red dress just tight enough to inspire the imagination. Berberich sighs and continues his lonely drive. When he pulls into his driveway, he hesitates for a moment before stepping outside. He should have had another beer and just stayed home tomorrow. Too late now; he unlocks the doors and exits the car.

A slight breeze cools down the torrid August night. Berberich doesn't feel it, since he's been in air conditioning all day and the night feels like an oven regardless of the breeze. He mumbles to himself as he locks his car doors. The streetlight and the light outside his home illuminate him well enough to cast a long shadow over the unused pavement beside his driveway.

The shot is easy. The breeze is negligible and the distance is a rather unintimidating 250 yards. KJ holds a final half-breath and the pressure from her gloved finger completes the pulling of the trigger. Her rifle discharges, and without hesitation she begins to flee, leaving behind a sand-

bag marked "Angelique" and the dying body of Christopher Bernard Berberich. The .30-06 bullet that entered his brain destroys his upper cranium and kills him almost instantly.

The Chevy van rolls south and Jimmy Ford keeps an eye peeled as it approaches Markleysburg. He is not anticipating a problem or a potential run-in with the authorities. He just feels a little nostalgic, and the target of his interest – the house that John Ashley Bowen and Garret Fogarty once owned – is within sight of the highway. As he hoped, he sees it in the pale light of a distant streetlamp. Then it disappears. Jimmy doesn't turn on his iPod. The sound of the van on the highway is music enough for him at the moment.

The members of Capricorn Cell are silent as they walk the tunnel to the supply room. Johnny is last to ascend. He looks back down the tunnel and turns out the lights. No one discusses the mission, not even the next morning, nor does Garret ascertain the results of KJ's shot. Everyone came home, and the deed is done.

"Stop moving!" Johnny says.

He pulls the string tight and begins tying it behind KJ's back. She moves again and messes up his bow.

"Damn, you're fucking wild today," Johnny says, "Seriously, stop moving!"

"Alright," KJ says, smiling.

Johnny finishes tying the string of her apron. It's a brand new apron that's meant for cleaning, and she'll wear it for the first time while she dusts the bedrooms.

"OK," he says, "How's that?"

"Good," KJ says, "Now untie me so I can put on my pants."

Under the apron, KJ wears a tube bra and a tiny black thong, and nothing else.

"I don't know," Johnny says, "This is a good look for you."

KJ laughs.

"You're as batshit fucking crazy as I am," she says.

"That's why you love me," Johnny says.

KJ turns and steps very close to him, and he takes her into his arms.

"There are a lot of reasons why I love you," she says, "The fact that you're crazy is just one of them."

Johnny kisses KJ. She's a little nervous and he feels it. It's the first time she'll be dusting Rian's room. There's still no word from Jesse and until they know of Rian's fate, Capricorn Cell will keep his room – presents and all – as it was.

"Once you're done in there," Johnny says, "We'll go out in the woods a little. I've packed your shit and you won't need your web gear, just your rucksack and the Armalite. It's cloudy and cool, so grab your toboggan, too."

The temperature will not rise above the upper sixties today.

"Cool," KJ says, reaching behind her back to untie the apron. He stops her.

"We're not in that big of a hurry," Johnny says, and they kiss.

The periodic cicadas are gone now, replaced by their noisy but much less plentiful cousins. Even they are almost gone; today is the 30th of August, but the weather is more like early October.

Johnny and KJ follow the little tributary of Wolf Creek as it winds east toward Amboy. They turn away from the stream at one of the little fields that sit like islands in a vast ocean of forest. Johnny makes sure that the field is empty of both cow and farmer, and then they advance just a little into the clear.

Under the thick gray and white clouds that protect KJ's eyes and skin, the two lovers get very close to one another. He lays his rifle on the ground and she is about to do the same, in anticipation of a deep and passionate kiss.

Just before they can share the kiss, a raucous crow lands in the single tree in the center of the field. He begins raising holy hell, interrupting the moment.

"I'll take care of him," KJ says, raising her Armalite.

"No, Angel!" Johnny says.

She lowers the gun and laughs.

"I was just fucking with you!" KJ says.

Johnny shakes his head.

"You crazy fuck," he says.

He moves closer and yanks off her knit cap.

Nights in the secret room are always intimate and passionate. Some are serene and the passion grows to a crescendo; others are wild and passionate from the start. Tomorrow night is looking to be one of the latter.

On Johnny's birthday, KJ brings him breakfast in bed and then returns for her own meal, so that they can dine together. In addition to a soufflé omelet with herbs, she's made a delicious latte for the two of them. When they finish their private breakfast, Johnny dresses and the Bowen's join the Fogarty's in the kitchen for a second round of coffee. Anna and Garret will make supper today, and as usual, Johnny and KJ will share

their meal in the living room. She's already set aside her nicest dress and long pair of gloves for the occasion.

Although today is Johnny's birthday, Johnny is supposed to lift weights, as is KJ. There is no way he will cancel this necessary and always enjoyable activity. When he finishes his final bicep curl, KJ, who's on the bench beside him, leans into his left shoulder. They're wearing sleeveless t-shirts and he feels her warm skin against his arm.

"Stay there," Johnny says, "Just like you are. You feel so nice and warm."

KJ looks ahead and remains in place, her body pressed against his.

"Garret talks about crossing the ocean," she says, "and I ought to be ecstatic over the news, but I can't be. I'm so sorry. I just can't believe it. I want to, but I can't."

"You're not the only one, angel," Johnny says. He looks at her, and she returns his stare when she notices. "At least we won't have to act surprised when he tells us we're leaving."

KJ laughs.

"No," she says, "I guess not."

Johnny kisses her and runs his hand over her thick hair. He plays with it a little, and she closes her eyes and smiles.

The next day, Anna and Garret complete their own lifting exercises. Later in the afternoon Anna broaches the subject of Elysium. The two are in the kitchen having a cup of tea when she begins by asking about Rian.

"Nothing," Garret says, "I haven't heard a word. I hold on to hope, though, because sometimes it's all you have."

"Have you heard anything about..." Anna shrugs and looks at him with longing on her beautiful face, "About going home?"

He nods.

"Michael said we'll be leaving in December," Garret says, "That's all he wrote. No word yet on where we might find a boat, or any of the other particulars. I know it's going to be difficult and dangerous, and it's not the best time of year. But it's worth it."

"I tell myself we're not giving up," Anna says, "but I need you to tell me."

Garret touches the freckles on her nose. She has a few more on her face than does KJ, whose lovely little freckles are confined to her nose and the area around its bridge, and Garret couldn't be happier that she does. He loves the scattered freckles on her forehead and the ones that are here and there on her cheeks, adding a little red splash to the porcelain white skin color that both she and KJ share.

"We are not giving up, Red," Garret says, "We'll help anyone who takes up this fight, and we will still perform special missions. I won't step away from this war until we've won."

Anna smiles and drinks her tea.

"Thank you, my love," she says.

"Just ask me whenever you need to hear it," Garret says, "It's the truth and it will not change. But the way we fight is changing. You deserve to have a baby, and so does KJ. She deserves to hold Johnny's head to her belly, and she deserves to feel her son or daughter moving inside of her body. We'll take both of you to Elysium, somehow. Somehow, we will go home."

Anna takes his hand into hers. As white as his skin is, it is not so pale as hers or KJ's. The two war sisters are beyond beautiful.

"You and KJ are going to be wonderful mothers," Garret says, "There is no hate in your hearts, just love, and it is powerful beyond anything I've ever known. Of all the women I've ever known, the two of you deserve the gift of motherhood more than any other."

"Thank you," Anna says, her emotions showing, "Thank you, Garret. I love you so much."

She kisses his hand as he touches her thick red hair. It's down now; free to cover her shoulders and hang below her lovely breasts.

There is a dress she has never worn. Jesse bought it the week before Rian was shot. Anna's birthday is in twelve days. She will wear it for her husband that night.

On the 13th, the day before Anna turns 21, Garret calls Johnny into the media room. Johnny figures it's the preliminary meeting for an upcoming mission. To a degree, he is correct.

"Have a seat," Garret tells him.

Johnny is in his exercise shorts and tank top. His arms look huge. He sits and looks at the computer desk. The manila folder sits next to the keyboard.

"Where are we going this time?" Johnny asks.

"I've put together another mission," Garret says, "But I'm not going to present it. Our last mission was a success. We came home. I was thinking, why not fade away? We made them fear, John. I see it in their internet posts and I hear it in their interviews. There was a price for treason, and for all they know we'll be lurking in the darkness, ready to strike them down should they continue betraying our children. If we just disappear, they'll never know if we've really gone, or if we're just waiting."

"Michael gave you a date, didn't he?" Johnny says.

"That he did," Garret says.

Johnny does not ask. Garret would have told him if events were in motion. There must still be something that needs worked out.

Johnny and KJ make a sumptuous supper for Anna and Garret. Outside, the sky is partly cloudy and somewhat cool. Inside, there is dancing, with both couples using the living room for slow and energetic dancing. There are several gifts as well, although Anna knows what's inside each box now that Jimmy Ford is doing the purchasing. That evening, Anna and Garret retire to the "secret room" where they will share a private dance. Anna kisses his cheek and then runs out of the room to change into her dress.

Garret has just turned on the iPod and the Bose speakers when Anna enters the room. "Lassie with the Golden Hair" begins playing, but Garret's attentions are on his wife. Her dress is white, with frills and tighter places right where they need to be. The dress is almost identical to her mother's white dress, the one with the ivy design down the sleeves. There is one spectacular difference, however. Mary's dress had sleeves with ivy embroidered down to her forearms. Anna's dress is sleeveless, and the ivy is living ink on her immaculate white flesh.

Garret holds her and they dance.

"That's a beautiful dress, my love," he says.

Anna smiles and lays her head against his chest.

Chapter XXVIII

"I want out of this," says the masculine voice on the other end of the line, "I want immunity and I want the reward. In exchange," there is a short pause, "I'll give you the names."

A man in his late-40's sits at a desk in a bright office. There are other men and a few women nearby, two of them watching him with somewhat distant looks on their faces.

"We can negotiate that," says Charlie, who has spent 19 years of his life in the FBI, "It'll depend on what you can give us."

Charlie has had calls like this before: nut jobs, thrill-seekers, the paranoid, one or two that lead to smashed cellphones. One of those was particularly frightening.

It was right after the Reverend Douglas shooting, and the phone was in an abandoned industrial lot. It smelled like an ambush but nothing came of it.

"John Bowen you know," the voice says, "Anna Murphy, Garret Forgarty, Rian Donnelly..."

"KJ Campbell alias KJ Bowen," Charlie says, "We know all of them."

"Do you know Cristian O'Toole?" says the voice.

There is a silence. For a few weeks that name was on a list of "persons of interest." The list was never released.

"What about him?" Charlie asks.

"He runs Carina Cell," says the voice, "You never heard of that one, have you?"

"Where might we find Mr. O'Toole?" Charlie asks.

"He has a house near Browerville, Minnesota," the masculine voice says, "His business is in Minneapolis."

"Who are the others?" Charlie asks.

The voice on the other end is silent. Charlie hears him breathe. He waits for the response.

"John Boyle," the masculine voice says, "He has several aliases. Right now he's somewhere in the Angeles National Forest. He's the man who shot Ephraim Ross."

"OK," Charlie says, "Do you know of any others?"

"I don't know the depth of involvement of some of the others," the voice says, "There was a group that used to meet at the Donnelly place."

"William Donnelly?" Charlie asks.

"Yeah," the voice says.

"What are their names?" Charlie asks.

The voice is silent.

"Who attended these meetings?" Charlie asks.

"Do we have an agreement?" the voice asks.

"You'll have immunity," Charlie says, "And if we bring them down, you'll get your reward. Let's move forward."

The men and women close enough to hear are staring at Charlie. They hang on his every word and motion.

"Are there more?" Charlie asks.

"David and John Fox," the masculine voice says, "Robert McKenna, Mason Walker, James Ford and Austin Kelly. Jesse Hanratty was there. She was Rian's fiancée. There was a doctor, Tom Neely, and his wife Sarah."

"Anyone else?" Charlie asks.

"Bill's son Michael, he didn't come to the meetings but he's in on this," the voice says, "There was another guy, too; he used to come to the meetings but he quit showing up. His name is Aaron Van Dyke," the voice says.

"Any more?" Charlie asks.

"No," the voice says, "That's it."

"What's your name?"

Chapter XXIX

Rigel

Thunderstorms roll over Aurora, West Virginia, on the night of September 29th. The storms break the warmth that had lingered for most of the last week of September, and dawn on the 30th is cool and cloudy. Lingering rain clouds will darken the sky and wet the already saturated earth. Shortly after dawn, Garret and Anna have breakfast. Today they will go on a patrol, mostly to get out of the house and enjoy the coming of fall in the woodlands around Procyon House. In late August Anna began carrying her Remington during missions, whether day or night, and KJ has taken up the practice as well. Ever since Ithaca, Capricorn Cell will have a countersniper whether they're on a combat mission or a patrol. Today Anna and Garret will cross the road at the old pick-up spot and continue into the woods to the east. They hope to return at noon, just in time for KJ and Johnny to begin their own patrol. The Bowen's will head south, hoping to follow Wolf Creek deep into the forest before turning back for home.

Johnny and KJ are still sleeping when Garret unlocks the outside door of the tunnel. Once Anna follows him to the surface world, he obscures the entrance. The door from the storage room as well as the doors to the infirmary and the armory are locked. Neither Garret nor Johnny has ever forgotten that important detail.

A light rain is falling and the temperatures are indeed cool, even for the last day of September. Anna is glad she wore her hoodie and web gear. She puts tape on the muzzle of her rifle, lest raindrops enter and deflect her bullet should she have to fire. She has a light lunch and a thermos of delicious chamomile tea in her rucksack. Garret, too, has provisions in his rucksack. He also has an extra clip for his Armalite rifle. It's not the .308 he preferred, the one he was forced to leave in Ithaca, but it will suffice.

Crossing the road south of the Aurora Y is, as always, a moment of tension far out of proportion to the danger involved. The reason is simple.

The rebels on patrol are close to the Procyon safe house, the only place where they have some degree of peace and safety. If they are recognized here, they will likely lose their greatest place of refuge. Once Anna and Garret cross the highway they breathe easier. Perhaps soon they will have another sanctuary; this one much grander and even more beautiful. There they might have families. The idea of such a refuge across the ocean is certainly on the Fogarty's minds as they disappear into the West Virginia forest.

Anna and Garret move with stealth and silence through the woods and around farms and long driveways until they arrive near the boundary with the ancient forest of Cathedral. There they pause. It is 10AM, and this shall be the furthest point of their patrol. As tempted as they are to return to the park, they shall not take that risk unless absolutely necessary. This is close enough.

The two share some tea as they sit on a log that the silent trees above have kept dry. Anna lays her rifle on her lap as she drinks. Garret shoulders his rifle and puts his arm around his wife. He will miss these forests, but everything else dear to him will be at his side. Michael gave him a date. Yesterday he mentioned a possible point of departure. Garret hopes to have a definitive answer within a week.

KJ makes a simple but delicious breakfast and brews some coffee for their patrol. It is 10AM and she and Johnny sit down to their meal. As always, she isn't wearing any makeup and her flawless white skin is unmasked and radiant. Neither KJ nor Anna ever changed that part of their beauty routines; neither will wear any cosmetics, save the occasional eye shadow or touch of lipstick. Their men both recognize and adore their natural white beauty, as they have since both girls became women.

At one point Johnny reaches under KJ's t-shirt and rubs her back. He can imagine her wings beneath the gray *Dream Theater* shirt. She smiles at him and takes a bite of her *pain au chocolat*. Neither of them thinks about crossing the ocean or finding some Elysium in western Ireland. They're thinking about the patrol and the leaves that are changing early, but most of all they think of tomorrow. It is October 1st tomorrow, the date of their anniversary. Johnny and Garret tossed a coin to see who gets the secret room, and Johnny won. Anna and Garret will have to wait until next week. The two lovers have been working on iPod playlists and a menu of excellent dishes for the special day. Jimmy Ford, who has begun night supply runs in order to minimize the risk, has accommodated their desires. The Fogarty's and the Bowen's plan on making a special meal for Jimmy later in October.

Once breakfast is finished and the intimacy takes a brief intermission, KJ returns to the bedroom to change into her mission apparel. She dons a pair of camouflage pants and a dark olive t-shirt. She also puts on her black booties, since there could be water and even mud deep enough to go over her tall lace-up assault boots and the booties are waterproof. She puts on her gloves and web gear, which she prepared two days ago. Once her sidearm is in its holster, she puts on her black toboggan but then reconsiders. It will be cool but not cold. To warm-blooded KJ it's not cold enough for her hoodie, which she leaves. Short sleeves are good enough today and she opts for a tight sleeveless tee. Johnny will like caressing her arms during the course of the patrol. She removes her web gear and stores her toboggan in the small rucksack connected to the back before donning the gear once more. KJ fluffs her hair and looks into the mirror. She has that feral look with hair everywhere and clothes more suited to a guerrilla than a gorgeous young woman. She gets a wicked little smile, because she loves the look, and so does Johnny.

Johnny notices the second she appears.

"Damn," he says when she enters the storage room, "Maybe we ought to stay."

Johnny rises from the bench as KJ sits. He kneels in front of her and takes her boots. They're one of her newest pairs of tall black lace-up assault boots. They remind him of the four pairs he bought her, back before they were wed. He slides the first boot over her booties and begins to tie the laces. KJ laughs a little to herself when she sees what he's doing. She considers running into the bedroom, throwing off her web gear, and ambushing him when he comes after her. Once her legs are wrapped around him he'd have to sit on the bed and kiss her. Later, she thinks; once they return.

Anna and Garret walk westward through the vast tongue of forest that continues all the way to the pick-up spot and beyond. They have begun their return journey with Cathedral Park now far to their rear. The Fogarty's approach the Aurora Pike and Anna begins to feel the tension, since this is the most frequently traveled road around the Procyon area. They will have to cross this road in order to traverse the forest to the hidden tunnel. The ground rises here, and through the trees she can see the road all the way to Aurora and the fields south of Procyon. In her scope she can see brief glimpses of the house itself. A little closer, it will be easier to see.

Up north in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, Jimmy Ford is working on a Dodge Nitro that suffers from a blown head gasket. He looks up

when he hears a knocking at the garage door. Standing at the threshold is Officer Rob Kingsley of the Somerset Borough Police Department.

"Good morning, Mr. Ford," Officer Kingsley says, "I'd like to have a word with you, if I may."

Ford sees the officer's sidearm. Officer Kingsley does not see the pistol that is tucked in Ford's belt beneath his unbuttoned long-sleeve shirt.

Anna and Garret stop as soon as they reach the crest of the little hill whose opposite slope eventually leads to the pick-up spot. They've made excellent time despite the mud, and have arrived at the hilltop a little early. Anna takes out her thermos and pours a cup of tea that they both will share. An angry blue jay raises hell in the trees above, but it is more amusing than startling. Anna doesn't feel like returning but it's Johnny and KJ's turn to enjoy the out-of-doors, and she would not deny them this simple pleasure. Anyway, tomorrow is their anniversary and there are a number of preparations that demand her attention. Johnny and KJ may have the secret room, but she has her own intimate little surprise waiting for her husband. There's no law against having fun in the bedroom, whether it's "secret" or not.

When Officer Kingsley asks Jimmy about the white Dodge Caliber that belongs to Mrs. Marjory Williamson, Jimmy realizes that the policeman's appearance has nothing to do with Capricorn Cell. A week before Marjory Williamson brought the car in for an inspection, her daughter took the vehicle on a date with her boyfriend. Now Marjory's daughter is claiming that he raped her. Officer Kingsley asks some routine questions about the vehicle, what Jimmy might have seen inside and if there were any objects removed while it was on the premises. It is an annoying interrogation that takes too much of Jimmy's time, but at the moment he feels relief rather than displeasure.

Robert James Murphy is a distant relation to Anna, though he does not know it, nor do the Murphy's of southern Pennsylvania. His family left Ireland a half-century before Anna's. The connection to Europe and white Ireland is all but extinct inside of him. The genetics has not perished, however; he still looks like a fine young Irishman. His face is handsome and well-proportioned, and his eyes are blue. Robert Murphy has thick brown hair that, while short, is not shaved like the hair of so many of his coworkers. He is tall, physically fit and handsome. He was also on his high school's track team and is an accomplished marksman.

Eight years ago, at the age of 20, Robert Murphy joined the West Virginia State Police. He was a natural for SWAT: a fitness enthusiast of

excellent strength and dexterity who is also a crack shot and a man of iron nerves.

Today was a rare day off for Officer Murphy. He was preparing to take his 6-year-old son to Stone Coal Lake for a pleasant day of fishing when the call came in that he hoped would never come. West Virginia SWAT was assembling and the mission would be of great importance. En route to their final destination, in the back of a BATT armored truck, Murphy receives the briefing. Law enforcement has located the home base of Capricorn Cell.

The governor of West Virginia began assembling SWAT teams twenty minutes after learning of the terrorist cell's location. The FBI and Homeland Security were in agreement. Once other agencies began moving against Carina Cell and John Boyle, word may reach Capricorn Cell and they may escape if they are not neutralized in the meantime. It is a risk, but one the governor and the FBI are willing to take – to a degree.

Officer Murphy has thought about Capricorn Cell. Once, to his wife alone, he admitted to being somewhat sympathetic to their cause. When Officer Swilley fell to John Bowen's AK47, Murphy's feelings of fraternity toward his fellow officers overcame his sympathy for the white rebels. It would appear that Robert Murphy feels a stronger attachment to the other "men in blue" than to his flesh-and-blood race.

Robert has seen Angelique's video. He's seen pictures of Anna Murphy. Members of his force were shocked that two intensely beautiful young women would join a racist guerrilla cell. Though he said nothing, Robert was the only one present who was not surprised. The most beautiful white youth have the most to lose. Non-white assimilation and the inevitable miscegenation will forever obliterate their genetic legacy. Their beautiful faces, their white skin and their blue and green eyes are the traits that are most in danger of extinction.

Robert Murphy has thought about Phaedra and Angelique. Being a cop from West Virginia, he long believed that he might someday run into them. Today, the 30th of September, it would appear that he shall. And though he loathes the idea, should he encounter these beautiful white rebels, he has told himself that he will kill them.

As the BATT approaches the forest roads south of Terra Alta, Officer Murphy hold on tight to his M16 rifle. He will take part in the eastern team that will advance through the woods toward the rebel safe house.

At 10AM, high above eastern West Virginia, unknown to Officer Murphy, W.Va. SWAT and Capricorn Cell, an MQ-9 Reaper drone circles the Procyon site. Once the FBI pinpointed the safe house and alerted the

state of West Virginia, those high up in the FBI's managerial system decided to launch an armed drone. The Reaper flew in at top speed from Langley Air Force Base in Virginia. SWAT has orders to form a net around the house and to trap anyone trying to escape. The federal government will deal with those who remain inside. It is their consolation for letting W.Va. SWAT run the show.

Cristian O'Toole closes his cell phone conversation with his girlfriend. They'll be meeting later today. It's not yet nine, but he has business this afternoon and is likely to be in Minneapolis all night. Cristi packs his satchel and a cooler of beer. He pours another cup of strong black coffee made in a little pot he brought back from Romania. Garret contacted him with terrible news about Rian. Neither knows the fate of their white brother. They can only hope and pray. On Tuesday, Cristi hopes to contact John McShane and Kevin Toomey. It's time for Carina Cell to go active.

Anna stops when she has a good view of Procyon House. She can imagine what Johnny and KJ are doing as they wait for her and Garret to arrive. They always make the best of their time together. Anna smiles. Garret told her about his dream again, where he chases her in the mountains. She called the mountain "Black Cherry Mountain." Maybe there is such a place in Ireland or Scotland, or in the Alps. She looks through her Leopold scope at the house and the forest, and then she looks toward the east and the tiny hamlet of Amboy that lies in the distance.

Just north of Amboy, coming south on the Aurora Pike, is a strange-looking vehicle. Anna watches the dark blue truck roll up to the "Aurora Y", where the Aurora Pike veers east toward the town whose name it bears, and the western two-lane road that eventually leads to Procyon House and beyond. Her anxiety rises as the vehicle turns west and begins driving down the county route toward Procyon. She can see it is an armored truck. On the door, in a slightly lighter color, is the word SWAT.

For two years Anna and KJ have studied silhouettes and images of SWAT and army vehicles. For two years they practiced drills in case this day ever came. No amount of practice could prepare Anna Fogarty née Murphy for the horror and hopelessness she feels when she realizes that Procyon will soon be under attack. Inside are her two dearest friends aside from her husband; two intense lovers who beautify the world as only a white man and a white woman in love possibly can.

"Garret!" Anna yells, "Garret! The fucking pigs are here! SWAT, Garret! Call Johnny! Call Johnny, they have to get out!"

Garret snaps his head toward her. He trusts her every word. Garret rips his radio out of his rucksack.

"Blackbird!" he says, "Blackbird! Blackbird!"

Anna returns her gaze to the scope. She sees the BATT come to a stop at the end of the driveway to Procyon. They're setting a cordon around the place. Anna wants to scream. She wants to curl up and cry. She does neither. Members of West Virginia SWAT emerge from the BATT vehicle. The range is over 700 yards and the wind is light but not insignificant. Rain is falling again. Anna adjusts her scope. She chooses her target: the shoulder of one of the SWAT officers, whose side faces her and Garret. He's the only one standing still. She cannot afford to try a head shot; incapacitating him removes his gun from the fight, and neutralizes another officer as well, the one who must care for the wounded policeman. Anna takes aim and pulls the trigger. She looks at the BATT and sees him lying against it, holding his arm. Then Garret grabs her.

"Let's go!" Garret says.

Anna turns her back and flees with her husband. There is nothing more she can do. Maybe, just maybe, the enemy will follow them, and Johnny and KJ will slip through the gap in their lines.

Garret hears a helicopter. He and Anna flee through the woods, hoping to cover most of the terrain that they walked this morning. Their target is the edge of a field north of Cathedral Park. A year ago, they agreed that this would be an emergency meeting place. There, Garret will call every member of the old core that accepted cell phones. He will give his life to accomplish that goal, but not Anna's.

The going would be difficult, but the Fogarty's are in excellent physical shape. The ridges, however, are high and it seems like an eternity to cross those that cannot be avoided. Half the distance to Cathedral, Anna and Garret hear a large explosion somewhere to the west. They do not speculate on the reason or the target. They both hear the helicopter again. There may be more than one. The Fogarty's flight is frantic. Garret keeps looking ahead as he leads his wife through the early autumn forest. If anyone attempts to hinder their escape, he will open fire. He's carrying one of Ford's "specials" – homemade grenades – in his rucksack. The enemy will not take him alive.

Garret sees the field and the two lazy brooks that flow through it. He stops at the edge.

"Go ahead, Anna," he says, "I'll find you there."

"No!" Anna says.

They both hear gunfire in the distance. It sounds automatic. None of Capricorn Cell's weapons are automatic.

"Go!" Garret repeats, "While there's a chance for both of us, go!"

Anna sees that her husband will keep urging her. He needs to call Jimmy and the others. With heavy heart she obeys.

Garret calls Ford's number first. Jimmy hears the cell phone in his pocket ring once. He holds up a finger to interrupt Officer Kingsley. The officer waits as Jimmy removes the phone and glances at the number.

"Thank you for your time, Mr. Ford," Kingsley says.

Officer Kingsley walks toward his car. He glances to the right and sees a van, covered with a tarp. There's been talk of the white terrorist cell making use of vans, and the police have been watching for that type of vehicle. He considers asking Jimmy who owns the van, and if the owner is a client from Somerset County. He decides to leave instead.

The car radio comes to life. Central dispatch is calling Officer Kingsley. He accelerates his march to the cruiser. The autumn breeze is bringing rain from the west. The leaves are looking haggard and Kingsley's knee is acting up. He reaches for the door handle. He does not see Jimmy Ford's reflection in the car window, nor does he see the automatic pistol aimed at the back of his head.

The wind in the dying leaves is the only sound, and then a single shot from a .45 caliber pistol rolls through the autumn woods.

Cristian O'Toole collects his things for the trip to Minneapolis. He feels quite good today. The house is finally paid off, and Audrey will be free all weekend. This weekend he'll take a little vacation from his hectic schedule. He combs his dark hair and splashes on a little cologne before checking the tuck of his shirt. Cristi takes a few steps toward the door and then the cell phone in his satchel comes to life. He knows its meaning. It's the one with the *Audioslave* ringtone. It rings once and then falls silent.

Cristi grabs his automatic pistol from the satchel. He peers out the side of the living room window. He sees several heavily armed police officers advancing up the driveway. He sees their ram creeping over his yard. Cristi turns and looks at the wall. There is a portrait of one of his heroes, Vlad Tepes, the Romanian warrior who died in battle so many years ago, and whose wife chose suicide over rape at the hands of Turkish invaders. Cristi decides to make a stand in the guest cottage. He knows it's surrounded, too, and that he cannot escape. He doesn't intend to try.

The ram crashes the front door as Cristian O'Toole flies down the basement stairs. He unlocks the basement door and hurries past the tool boxes and replacement parts from his air conditioning business. At the entrance to the connecting tunnel, he tosses aside his satchel. There is ammunition and a shotgun in the guest house. Cristi unlocks the tunnel entrance and steps inside.

One-third the way to the guest house entrance, Cristi sees the door fly open. Facing Cristian O'Toole are two SWAT team members, standing side-by-side. Both are armed with automatic rifles. Cristi stops in an instant. One of the officers yells something, but Cristi has no desire to listen. He raises his pistol and the police open fire. The sound in the little tunnel is deafening. Then the fusillade ends, and Cristian O'Toole lies dying on the floor.

In August, John Boyle had a meeting with Kevin Toomey. He nearly scared the young lad to death when he crept out of the shadows of the Angeles forest. Boyle learned from Toomey that Cristian O'Toole was inviting him to a meeting at the O'Toole place in Minnesota. When Boyle went west, he knew that Cristi was working on a safe house and base of operations at his residence. It would be nice to take a break for a while. Since arriving in California, John could count on one hand the number of times he'd slept in a bed. He was tired of his current campaign; acts of arson in areas where non-whites had run out all the original white families.

The most recent fire remained uncontrolled for over a week. He was growing tired of California as well, and was planning on making a move to Oregon or Washington. Then he received Cristi's invitation. At the O'Toole place he could restock his ammunition and perhaps procure another .50 caliber sniper rifle. Then he'd be off to war, to pursue a fierce lifestyle that he did not love but which had become comfortable to him even before he left Ireland. If he thought about it, John Boyle would find that it is the only lifestyle he can relate to anymore.

In the morning hours of September 30th, John Boyle is on a foot patrol deep in the Angeles Forest. His patrols are mostly for exercise and enjoyment, though he is always armed. Today his automatic pistol is inside his belt holster, and his Ruger bolt action rifle is in his arms. He heads for a small pool among the rocks and thick trees. There he will take a quick swim and boil some water for tea. It's not far now. He is intimately familiar with this area and knows without seeing the pool that it is less than ten minutes away.

An unfamiliar sound comes from his rucksack. His mind is quick to realize that Garret's cell phone is ringing. Boyle opens his pack and looks at the phone. It has stopped ringing, but that does not interest him. He looks at the number of the missed call. His first thoughts are of Anna and KJ, Johnny and Garret. Someone has betrayed Capricorn Cell, and likely the entire core group.

Goodbye, my friends. The war will get uglier now.

John Boyle will not return to his camp. Police will find his campsite, his truck, another bolt-action rifle and other combat paraphernalia. They will not find John Boyle, who vanishes among the trees and canyons.

Garret glances around very quickly. He sees no obvious threats to Anna, and so he continues his feverish dialing.

The cell phone in Tom Neely's briefcase does not ring. As he takes ten minutes to drink coffee before seeing his next patient, he glances in its direction. The silence is reassuring. Sarah doesn't call on the other phone, either. That, too, is good news. She's with their son, visiting her parents. She'll call tonight when he gets home. Tom finishes his coffee and then heads to the first room on the left; the one with the tag indicating that it's occupied. He has instructed the nurses and receptionists to contact him immediately if the cell phone should ring. As he closes the door to the patient's room, the phone remains silent.

At base camp on Mt. Everest, Aaron Van Dyke can finally enjoy the time of his young life. When he summited the world's tallest mountain, without the use of supplemental oxygen, he could not allow himself to feel any exuberance. There was still the return trip, the most important part of the journey and the one that claims the most lives. Now that he is back at base camp, safe and sound, Aaron can finally feel the euphoria of what is truly an amazing accomplishment. From his tent, Aaron sends a camera phone image home to his father. His dad sees it as soon as it arrives. His pride in his son brings him to tears. Someday, Aaron hopes to lead other climbers to the top of mountains like Everest. Right now he has a much bigger goal in mind. Aaron Van Dyke hopes to summit every eight-thousander, including K2.

If he could hear his cell phone ring, it would cut off his rising joy and leave him frantic for a means of escape. It is better that he not hear the ringtone. Being 5545 meters up on Everest, Aaron has nowhere to flee, and both Chinese and Nepalese authorities will be waiting for him down below. It is just as well that he enjoys his last day of freedom. Had he brought the cell, it still would not have warned him. Law enforcement is now blocking all cell phones around Procyon House.

Garret suspects that at least one of his calls will not make it through. Still he must try to give his friends as much warning as possible. He will try again later, once he's away from Procyon House, if he survives.

Garret calls Jesse's cell. He prays that she and Rian can hear and heed the warning.

Anna watches the field, the hillside and the forest beyond for any sign of the enemy. She's more nervous than she's ever been in her life,

but she keeps herself steady. Garret might need her. If SWAT comes, he will need her to remain calm. Time is slipping away and they had little to begin with. Anna hears a helicopter again and hunkers down in her concealed spot. She hopes Garret can do the same. Anna searches the forest again with renewed diligence. She thinks about Johnny and KJ. She tries not to.

Garret is coming. Anna sees him to the left and rises from her improvised sniper's nest.

"Did you call everyone?" she asks when he's in earshot.

"Yes," Garret says, "Let's go."

The Fogarty husband and wife continue their flight. Anna looks toward Procyon House. She cannot see it through the masses of trees, though she sees a pall of smoke from its general location. She turns and continues her flight with her husband by her side.

Austin Kelly stares at the cell phone. He recognizes the number, though he had little doubt as to who was calling. All his hopes and dreams for the future, his deepest desire to make Rachael Mulholland his wife, everything good and cherished in his life becomes a ghost during the couple of seconds that the cell phone rings. Someone has compromised or discovered Capricorn Cell, and it's likely that the vindictive, anti-white authorities will hunt him down. He snaps out of his trance and grabs his pistol and an emergency survival kit he put together a few months ago when he thought of this possibility. Outside is his Dodge Avenger. Austin jogs out to the car and jumps inside. He pulls up to the end of his driveway. According to Garret, once the phone rings, Austin Kelly has no more attachment to Capricorn Cell. He has money in his pocket and emergency funds in his rucksack. He can turn north and eventually west, and make his way to upper Michigan and a close cousin who moved out there two years ago.

Austin drives west, toward Addison and Yough Lake. His route will take him near Pittsburgh, which he will bypass on his journey west. He passes the silent waters of the serpentine lake and keeps steady progress as the road curves to the northwest. Perhaps the police are two steps behind. Perhaps they haven't confirmed his identity or his role in the guerrilla organization. Up ahead he sees the intersection with Route 281 South. It would be just another road, just another sign to ignore, but this left-hand turn leads south to Procyon House.

Austin slows to a stop as he approaches the highway. Jimmy Ford is supposed to evacuate Capricorn Cell should disaster strike, as it obviously has. Jimmy Ford is supposed to meet the survivors – if there are any

– at the Rigel rendezvous spot. Austin doesn't even know where it is. He does know where Procyon is located, and he knows that the members of Capricorn Cell are probably fighting for their lives.

Johnny and KJ Bowen, Anna and Garret Fogarty have risked their lives time and time again, fighting the war against white genocide on behalf of children that Austin Kelly is much more likely to father. Today they are fighting for their own lives, and if any of them survive they will need nothing short of a miracle. Austin Kelly could keep driving west, and make a determined effort to escape. He might even infiltrate into Canada and, who knows? Maybe he could find a way to Europe or some far-flung corner of British Columbia. Garret told him that he no longer has an obligation to Capricorn Cell.

When he fled his home, Austin did not insert his iPod into the stereo system nor did he turn on the radio. The idling motor is the only sound, that and his heartbeat. Capricorn Cell has been fighting for his children, for all white children, even though those children's parents refuse to fight for their survival. Austin Kelly will not abandon his brave brothers and sisters to cruel fate, not as long as he can intervene and perhaps make a difference. He shifts the car into first gear.

Colonel James Morales watches Kelly's Dodge Avenger turn left on to Route 281 and begin driving toward the West Virginia border. Morales has permission to fire on Austin Kelly's vehicle if he believes that Kelly will become a direct threat to the operations taking place around the terrorist safe house.

By turning south, Austin Kelly seems to have chosen to intervene on behalf of his brothers and sisters in Capricorn Cell. Morales has a great deal of latitude in his decision due to the nature of the target. These rebels are not Islamic terrorists who walked into the United States as part of the massive wave of non-white immigration that enters each and every year. They are not black separatists or Mexican nationalists; Austin Kelly and Capricorn Cell are entirely white, and what is far worse, they are fighting for their race's survival.

As the Dodge rolls down the picturesque two-lane highway toward Brandonville, West Virginia, Colonel Morales makes his decision. To him, there is nothing worse than a white racist, as defined for him by white anti-whites and their Jewish cohorts. To Morales, all so-called white racists deserve to die. He would gladly join a guerrilla cell if his Mexican race was in jeopardy, but such flagrant hypocrisy does not matter to him. These guerrillas are not Mexican; they are strong white men and women, and they are his enemy.

In 35 days, Austin Kelly is to become the husband of Rachael Mulholland, a woman who truly loves him. Somehow, he will find a way to contact her. He tells himself that she will understand, if not now, then someday. Sometimes a man has to make a stand even if he risks everything he has or could have had. Up ahead is the stretch of road that parallels Big Sandy Creek, where serene woodland and beautiful trout streams border both sides of the road. A very young Austin Kelly used to fish here with his grandfather.

Following Austin Kelly, invisible through the thick clouds, is a second MQ-9 Reaper. At 11:30 AM on the 30th of September, Sensor Operator Janet Mills of the United States Air Force launches a Hellfire missile from the Reaper drone. She watches the little screen as the missile flies toward a lone car on the highway. Seconds later the missile finds its mark, destroying the Dodge Avenger and killing its driver Austin Kelly.

Jimmy Ford turns over every gasoline container and oil drum in his garage. With a backpack on his shoulder and one of his homemade grenades in his hand, he runs outside. There he pulls the round pin on the grenade's head and throws the "potato-masher" into the garage. Jimmy dashes through the scrub brush to the deep woods that encroach upon his property. There is a vehicle in a little carport tucked away in the woods. When the grenade explodes, it ignites a fierce conflagration that will destroy his life's work as well as his house.

James Ford cannot be troubled with these details. His brothers and sisters need him, and only death will keep him from helping them. He pulls out his large key ring and flips out the one black key. He will take the only vehicle the enemy will not know – the only one with legitimate license plates that does not belong to a suspected member of Capricorn Cell or the Old Core: the blue Jeep, KJ's blue Jeep.

Anna hears the helicopter again and she and Garret stop and hide. They hear the sound of gunfire in the distance. Once the motor of the helicopter fades away, the Fogarty's continue their flight. They cross a small north-south creek and Garret calls out to his wife. He recognizes this area from his patrols with Johnny Bowen, and he tells Anna to begin heading to the right. Not far from the stream is an area of huge sandstone boulders. The two enter this area of leaf and rock but Garret stops Anna partway through.

"We'll wait half an hour at Rigel point," Garret says, "Then we'll have to leave."

The words hurt him and cut deep into her soul. Johnny and KJ have to come. They're family now.

The little creek that meanders north of the Cathedral forest is only ankle-deep but does represent an obstacle owing to its high banks. Anna sees that the creek enters a narrow stretch of woodland to the northwest, and then continues into the massive forest that represents their only chance for escape and a rendezvous with Jimmy Ford. She calls out to Garret, who is looking in the opposite direction and considering a more rapid but risky crossing. He joins her in her flight through the forest.

Anna and Garret move as fast as they can along the west side of the creek. They will have to cross at some point. Anna hopes to find a spot in the deep woods to the north. Even if the water is deeper the trees will give them some cover and allow them time to cross.

There is a very short stretch that lies under open skies. The low clouds and rain cannot protect Anna and Garret from the enemy's arsenal, but whatever happened or is happening at Procyon seems to be distracting the enemy for the moment. Garret expects to be shot down at any second; his only concern is that his wife will not suffer the same fate. He even stops once and looks skyward as Anna, who is concentrating on the forest just beyond the grassy patch, runs at top speed for the sheltering vegetation. If the enemy is to strike out of the blue, Garret makes himself the likely target.

At the end of the grassy patch, Anna and Garret cross the little creek under the relative safety of thick leaves and branches. Both enter the forest, Anna first and then Garret. There is relief but no time to indulge in it. They have three miles to cover and must arrive within the agreed-upon timeframe, lest Jimmy Ford suspect that they are dead. If so, he will depart forever.

Garret stops for a moment to orient their flight. Shaffer Mountain, which rises to the east, is key to their arrival at the proper location. They shall not try to climb its wooded heights but will use its northern slope as a landmark. In happier times, the two would have climbed the large hill with gusto and enthusiasm. Now the flight is frantic, and beautiful landmarks become dangerous obstacles. Their backs to Shaffer Mountain, Anna and Garret pause so that Anna can consult her compass. As soon as she ascertains the proper direction they begin anew. There will be another necessary pause for water but that will come much later.

An hour into their flight, the adrenaline surge from the appearance of SWAT has waned just enough for Anna to think of her brother and sister.

Please be there. Please be waiting on us.

Ahead she can hear and see Laurel Run. Here they must follow the creek to the east, around a small lake and across a country road that isn't

as deserted as they'd like it to be. The thick mud and water south of the lake fools Anna, who runs into the morass and sinks in up to her knees. She turns and climbs out, with Garret charging over to help should she need assistance. After a short detour, they find the country road. The road is empty and Anna and Garret cross without hesitation. With the lake just out of sight on their left, and the road to their backs, they turn due north. Twenty minutes later, Garret halts his wife and consults his map. He always stuffed it into his rucksack when they went on local patrols though he never had to use it before. Now he confirms that they're headed in the right direction. They will have to avoid the swampy headwaters of a large creek, but otherwise will press on to the north. There, along the straight stretch of a lonely county road, they will either see Jimmy Ford or an empty section of highway. If that is the case then they are probably doomed.

At 4PM, after a wearying flight through wet and thick forest, Garret and Anna arrive at the lonesome country road. A quick glance through the trees does not reveal any vehicle, but neither Anna nor Garret become alarmed. There is no way to guess the exact location of Jimmy's vehicle, nor can he know from where they'll emerge. Once they cross, however, they will know if he's come.

Garret looks at his timepiece. They are within the window of time. Unless something terrible has happened, Jimmy should be somewhere along the straight stretch. Garret creeps up to the road, his Armalite ready should he need to engage an enemy or sell himself so that his wife might escape. He knows in his heart that she will not leave, but he is a man and he will fight as if her life depends on it.

Anna sees Garret lower his gun. She sees relief in his body language. He turns toward her and beckons: just down the road, sitting in the driver's seat of the blue Jeep is James Ford. He flashes the lights. The soft rain begins to fall harder.

Garret motions for Anna to advance and then he follows her, his eyes watchful for any enemy incursion. Now he has two dear souls to fight for if the need arises.

Anna runs to the Jeep. How nice it would be to see KJ, with Johnny holding her, in the back seat of her blue Jeep! Anna shoulders her gun and waves to Jimmy as she runs. Then she stops dead in her tracks. There is no one in the passenger seat, and there is no one in the rear.

Garret catches up with her. He walks over to the passenger side and opens the door. Ford reaches out his right hand and Garret seizes it tight. They look at each other. Neither says a word. Garret turns toward Anna.

"Come on inside," he says.

She walks over, her face showing faint sadness. She is tired and wet and has just seen her hopes, however unrealistic, fade like the image she had of Johnny and KJ in the back seat. Once she enters the rear she leans forward, her head between the two front seats and her hands on the headrests.

"We can't leave them," Anna says, "Please, not yet."

"We can wait an hour," Garret says. Once he considered 30 minutes to be excessive. Garret looks at Jimmy. "Do you agree with that, Jimmy?"

"OK" Jimmy says, "One hour, unless the cops start showing up. They're going to be fucking everywhere by nightfall."

"Thank you," Anna says.

"We're not giving up," Garret says.

Anna leans back. She sets her gun to the side and lies on the seat. She tries not to think of what they've lost, but clings to the hope that Johnny and KJ will come from the woods, sweaty and wet and muddy but very much alive, and then they can all depart together. Garret will find a way to contact Michael Donnelly, and they'll all go home together.

As Johnny lay on the operating table, or when Anna drove from Ithaca with Rian bleeding on Johnny's lap, time ground to a halt and minutes seemed like eternities. Now, cruel time gallops by. A half-hour passes and the rain lessens, but then picks up again, never heavy and never too light. Forty-five minutes pass. Anna covers her mouth but regains her composure. She resolves to no longer look at the little clock in the dashboard.

Garret leans his forehead on his hand and closes his eyes. He takes a deep breath. Fifteen minutes remain. He wants to tell Jimmy to wait until Johnny and KJ appear, even if it takes all night. He shakes his head and looks out the window. He is Anna's husband and must consider her safety above all others.

The breeze mocks poor Anna. It moves trees and leaves and makes it look as if someone is emerging from the woods. An hour passes and the breeze is the only movement; the rain the only sound. Then a strong gust descends and the leaves of the forest wave frantically as it passes. Anna stares at the spot where she and Garret emerged from the forest. The wind dies down and the leaves cease their motion.

Jimmy starts the engine of the blue Jeep, KJ's Jeep. The sound of the ignition erodes Anna's last bit of resistance. She begins to weep. Jimmy puts the Jeep into gear. He looks around one last time before letting off the clutch. They are alone. The Jeep begins to move.

There are no words, just the wailing of Anna Fogarty and the soft September rain.

Chapter XXX

Elysium

Robert Murphy advances through the woods north of Wolf Creek. He's fished near here a few times, back when he was a student at Clay-Battelle High School. In spite of the wind and impending showers, this would have been a good day for a fishing trip. Fair-skinned Officer Murphy never liked risking sunburns and skin cancer. Cloudy days and showers were always fine with him. Today, though, his mind is far from the joys of life and youth. Today, those who employ him are asking that he kill two young men, and perhaps two young women. Propaganda says that Kaylee Jane is brainwashed or fears for her life. When he watched the YouTube video, Robert Murphy saw neither fear nor a subservient look on the face of Angelique. She may be evil, he says to himself, but she is no slave.

"You've got a big birthday coming up," Johnny says. His arms are around KJ as they stand in the storage room. "Twenty-one. Goddamn, you're more and more beautiful every year. What are you going to be like when you're 23?"

"Beautiful," KJ says, a little smile on her face, "A beautiful little mother."

Johnny looks into her eyes. He kisses her head and she steps up on his boots so that he can rock her side-to-side.

"You know," he says, "Some people would call me jealous for wanting you all to myself."

"Bullshit," KJ says, "You should want your woman to be loyal."

"I do," Johnny says as he pats her beautiful rear.

"And I am," KJ says and smiles.

It's one of those tiny smiles that drive him crazy.

"Do you remember the first time that I told you I love you?" KJ asks.

"How could I forget?" Johnny says, "How could I ever forget?"

"The feeling was so strong," KJ says, "and it's, like, gotten stronger. It was the strongest emotion I ever felt, and now it's even more."

Johnny pulls her in and she nuzzles his chest. He kisses her head and smells her thick chestnut hair. Everything around them has changed; blood has flowed and so, too, have tears, but they have remained Johnny and KJ. Their love has grown even more powerful. Johnny kisses her head again.

"Hey," he says, pulling her back so that he can look into her eyes. "What are we making tomorrow?" he says, referring to tomorrow's super. "You never told me."

KJ smiles and shakes her head.

"It's a surprise," she says, "Anna and I will take care of it."

Two years ago he might have protested. He would have insisted on helping. But then, that was the voice of a man who'd grown up around women too insecure to love who they are, and men too weak to affirm who they were. Instead of asking to help, he pulls her close again and kisses her head. Before they separate he caresses her strong arms.

"We can wait up here," KJ says, that wild look creeping into her expression.

Johnny puts his arms on her shoulders and looks into her eyes.

"We should take these patrols more seriously, you know," he says.

"You're right," KJ says, but she doesn't move and neither does he.

Johnny gives her a deep and passionate kiss. They are very slow to separate, but the hour is approaching 11 AM and they must get going. Anyway, there is no proscription against kissing in the wilderness. Johnny looks at KJ's tight olive t-shirt that is under her web gear. It is sleeveless. He can imagine the raindrops wetting the already snug shirt and glistening all over her white arms. Tomorrow night, he'll create that dream, with the help of the sink or the shower.

Johnny is wearing the green army-style pants that KJ bought him on his birthday, and the black army boots that resemble several of her pairs. Those, too, were a birthday gift from his loving wife. She did not buy his tight brown shirt, although she appreciates how it shows his muscular arms and chest.

"I know what I'm asking for on my birthday," KJ says.

"What's that?" Johnny asks, a little half-smile on his face.

"I'm going to ask for a new AK to replace the one you lost," KJ says, "It's a good look for you, my fierce white rebel."

KJ rubs his sides. The half-smile on his face becomes a full one. Johnny thinks about kissing her again. Then the sound of Garret's voice comes over the little speakers in the corner of each room, and their little world goes from heaven to hell.

"Blackbird!"

Twice Garret repeats the dreaded word. KJ looks at the speakers and then follows her instincts and looks to her husband. A puzzled look is on her face, though it changes to painful disbelief in a few seconds.

Johnny grabs her and ushers her to the steps.

"Run, angel!" he says, "Through the armory!" He grabs her again. "Let me in front!"

The armory door is never locked from the house's side, only toward the tunnel entrance. A simple shove opens the door. Inside, Johnny grabs an Armalite and pauses just long enough to shoulder a rucksack from the floor. KJ grabs her Remington. She has ammunition in her web gear.

Johnny enters the tunnel to the aboveground world with KJ to his rear. If SWAT or Delta Force has already entered the tunnel, they'll have to go through his body to get to her. She knows why he went first.

At the secret entrance, Johnny unlocks the door and flings it wide open. There is no more need for security. Procyon House is compromised. With Johnny leading, he and KJ run through the forest toward the Aurora Pike.

Fifteen minutes into their flight, Johnny and KJ hear a large explosion. They do not turn to observe. There is no time to ponder the source of the explosion. There is no time to realize that a Hellfire missile has struck Procyon House, destroying much of the aboveground structure.

As fast as they can, through woodland and over and across ridges and creeks, Johnny and KJ make haste to the Rigel rendezvous point. The road to Aurora must be crawling with police, so Johnny begins leading his wife a little south of east. Their line of advance will include a much more secluded stretch of Route 50. He expects a firefight no matter where they cross, and finds himself wishing that he still had his AK47. At least they will not have to cross any fields or yards. Beyond the road, Johnny will lead KJ into the Cathedral forest from the south.

The rain is heavier. The ground is wet and muddy in places, and it will get worse. The weather isn't enough to ground a police helicopter. One arrives as Johnny and KJ approach the western tributary of Wolf Creek. Inside the helicopter is SWAT sniper Ted Clawson. The 40-year-old marksman can see flashes of movement through small breaks in the trees. He gets a glimpse of two persons, the one to the left being larger and obviously male. He looks through the scope of his rifle. The pilot keeps the helicopter level. Clawson follows ahead where he thinks the twosome will appear. When he gets another glimpse he finds that they've cut to the right. He adjusts his aim in an instant and fires.

Johnny has no time to react before the bullet passes through the canopy and strikes the rear of his left hand. He stops and lifts his arm, shaking it and inhaling sharply from the intense pain. The high powered rifle bullet smashes the little bones and mangles his left hand. KJ hears the shot and stops as well.

"Johnny!" KJ yells.

She lifts her rifle to fire into the sky.

"No!" Johnny yells, overcoming his agony, "Keep running!"

Johnny cuts over in front of her and she adjusts to follow him a little to the right. As the fastest member of Capricorn Cell, KJ could pass him but she does not. He is her sentinel and her husband and as painful as it is, she must let him stand between her and the enemy. She will not leave him alone to fight, however.

It is not a fatal or even life-threatening wound, but the pain in Johnny's hand is immense. When he sees movement to the right, he lifts his Armalite and forces himself to hold it steady with his destroyed hand. He cannot fire; there is a chance, albeit very slim, that the movement belongs to Anna or Garret. KJ stops and looks through her scope. There may be someone there, but if so, they have taken flight or taken cover. Johnny looks around for a moment. The road to Aurora is bound to be crawling with enemies, as is the Procyon House area.

"This way," Johnny says, still able to keep some of the pain out of his voice.

Johnny leads his beloved KJ to the south. He hopes to cross Wolf Creek and then race east, eventually entering the vast woodland north-east of Cathedral Park. There he hopes they can disappear, at least until nightfall. He does not think of Rigel at the moment. On his long patrols of the past, when Anna and KJ were exercising or dry-firing in the tunnel, Johnny familiarized himself with the area. He hopes that it will give him just enough of an advantage to buy some time. He does not believe that he can escape, but his wife just might, if she is willing to try. The pain in his hand makes it hard not to think of the worst things that could happen.

As the frantic lovers approach Wolf Creek's rushing waters, Johnny sees definitive signs of movement from across the creek. He stops and lifts his Armalite, again forcing his hand to hold the weapon. KJ turns her side toward the creek and hides behind a large oak. Just then there is gunfire. Johnny hears a couple of bullets strike the trees to his left. He fires several rounds in the general direction of the assailants and then calls out to KJ. They must not remain in place or they will be doomed. The enemy can bring unlimited force against these two desperate rebels.

Johnny and KJ alter their course to the north, where trees will help shield them from the opposite side. They continue their flight along the creek.

East of the Wolf Creek tributary, the advanced team of the southern SWAT force halts at the sound of gunfire. Officer Robert Murphy finds cover behind a tall tulip tree. He hears the commanding officer, who stands behind a similar tree, give the order to begin pursuit to the north. Murphy heard the destruction of Procyon House. He's also aware of the wounding of Officer Hardesty. At least three members of Capricorn Cell are now roaming the woods.

Johnny finds a spot along the creek where they can ford its rain-swollen waters.

"Follow me," he says.

The water goes up to his knees. KJ follows. Of course the water goes higher up on her body, reaching her thighs. She keeps to his right where the water is a little shallower. Halfway across, Johnny stops, keeping an eye around the spot where KJ will exit the stream. He does so to protect her, and to lay down fire should she need it. More so, however, he presents a willing target should the helicopter appear. If they see John Ashley Bowen, supposed mastermind of the terror campaign, they will ignore KJ in order to kill him.

"Wait at the bank," Johnny yells to her.

Once she's emerged, she turns and watches him. She keeps her eyes on the side from which they left, and is ready to fire all five rounds in her rifle should her dear husband be in peril.

Johnny hurries across the waters. His hand is throbbing again but with great effort he keeps the pain from overwhelming his thoughts. Once across the creek, Johnny and KJ accelerate their flight. Between them and the Cathedral area are steep hills and deep gullies wet by numerous creeks. Though none should be too deep to ford in a hurry, their rain-swollen waters will delay any escape. Johnny will try to lead his wife along the creeks and around the steepest mountains. It will be a daunting task, as his pain-burdened mind begins to tire from the stress and effort.

The Bowen's manage to increase the distance between themselves and the two SWAT teams to the south. The efforts that Johnny took during his patrols are paying off. They enter a forested area with an ancient fence and a deep trench created by rocks and eroded earth. To the left, just beyond the thick leaves, are a rushing creek and a steep hillside. Johnny has seen these features before, and they reassure him that they are on the correct path. He glances at KJ, who is still to his right. The pain

in his hand grabs his attention but he thinks about her and the distraction ceases.

The sound of gunfire comes as a terrible shock. From up on the hillside – the high ridge to the northwest – someone opens fire. Bullets seem to be everywhere, all at once. KJ sees and hears a bullet strike her husband in his left arm. There are several rounds screaming through the trees, all seeming to hone in on John Ashley Bowen. He feels a second round strike his body below his left elbow. It digs deep into his side. Johnny whirls around toward KJ, who pulls up before entering the field of fire. Johnny runs to her and grabs her around the waist. Then he pulls her down on top of him. A second burst of gunfire comes from the lower slope of the hill. They're firing where they think Johnny will have advanced. They must not see him or his wife, as these bullets pass to the north.

Though it does not find its intended mark, a stray round penetrates the thick vegetation and strikes a young deer near his left shoulder. He runs toward the east but does not make it far. Fatally wounded, he falls beneath an ancient pine.

Johnny releases his grip on KJ and she grabs her rifle. They jump up and run in the direction of the trench. They can use its cover to continue east, and as KJ emerges Johnny can lay down suppressive fire. He feels pain in his hand and arm. He begins to feel pain inside his stomach. It's like a growing fire. The round that struck him in the side has bounced around inside his body. He feels the pain in his hand again, much stronger this time, and his frustration rises. One of the SWAT officers takes a chance and fires blindly into the woods, nearly striking Johnny in the back. Johnny is furious; the burst could have struck KJ. He turns and fires several rounds from the Armalite, which do not find their mark but do make the SWAT officer duck for cover.

"Keep going!" Johnny yells even before he can see that KJ has turned to help him fight.

There is a little water along the bottom of the trench and the bank facing the south, away from the fence and the large rocks, is a mound of packed earth. To the west is a huge oak flanked by other similar trees and large boulders. The rocks and trees will provide cover from the SWAT team that opened fire on the hillside. Should the enemy advance, however, it might provide cover for them as well.

"Get down, angel," Johnny says, and KJ kneels in the mud.

KJ's head is well below the top of the trench. When Johnny kneels, the top of his head rises just above the edge of the trench. He looks at KJ and she manages a very brief and sad little smile.

"I love you, Johnny," KJ says.

"I love you, too," Johnny responds.

She hears the pain that he tries to hide. He wanted to say something else before she spoke, but her words are more important.

The drizzle becomes rain again. KJ hears it on the leaves, and an occasional large drop of accumulated rainwater falls to the earth.

"When I tell you," Johnny says, "move east, and when you hear me fire make a run for it."

"Johnny," KJ says and looks at him with sadness on her face.

"Please, angel," Johnny says.

He shudders. She realizes that a bullet has entered his body, and she can see that it has done terrible things inside of him.

Johnny shakes off the pain and the growing nausea. He rises and looks up toward the hill. Then he ducks quickly so as to minimize the time that he's exposed. It is fortunate that he does. Gunfire from the south comes as another terrible surprise.

Had Johnny not ducked down, one of the bullets would have struck his head.

The lead element of the southern SWAT team has closed the gap. The team member who fired the first shots could barely see Johnny through his scope, and the rest, including Officer Murphy, could not see him at all. That will change as the team approaches.

Up on the mountain is another SWAT team that arrived an hour ago via County Route 82 and disembarked in the woods, far out of sight of Anna Murphy and Garret Fogarty. If not for the Monongalia County SWAT team that assumed its position to the west, commanding Big Run and Saltlick Creek, the unit to the south never would have caught up with the Bowen's.

Johnny turns and looks at KJ. She's already looking at him. He follows her eyes to his devastated left hand and sees the pain on her face.

"Don't look at it," he says.

Renewed gunfire comes from the south. Through the pain that torments his mind, Johnny realizes that the enemy has set up a crossfire around the trench. The only way to escape is to send them ducking for cover. He rises quickly and fires several rounds toward the southern threat. His retreat into the trench is followed by a hail of gunfire from the south.

"KJ," Johnny says.

She touches his leg with both of her gloved hands. She looks into his eyes, her expression one of affection and sorrow. Her hair is all around

her face; that stunning, perfect, flawless white face. He wishes he could see her wings, one last time. He wishes they would spread and take her far away from the blood and the death.

A voice comes from the wilderness. It is the loud, monotonous drone of the south team's commander, speaking into a megaphone.

"John Bowen," says the voice, "It's over, John. You're surrounded."

Johnny does not look away from KJ. Though he tries, he cannot hide all the pain from his face. She can see he's fighting it, and that it must be truly awful. She wants to hold his head to her breasts and kiss him and somehow wake with him by her side, back in their bedroom at Procyon. Rainwater falls from the leaves and onto her hair-covered shoulders.

"Don't kill your wife, John," says the voice, "Don't kill KJ. If you love her, John, you'll surrender."

KJ looks in the direction of the voice. She becomes enraged at this attempt to weaken her husband. She knows they will kill him the minute he obeys their command. KJ rises and fires a shot from her Remington.

Johnny grabs her and pulls her down on top of him as seemingly every gun from two SWAT teams erupts into automatic fire.

Officer Murphy, who is working his way to the west and toward what he thinks will be a better view of the trench, hears the loud cursing and painful stammering of Officer Lyons, the team commander. Coincidentally, KJ's bullet has struck his left hand.

Johnny lets go of her. His blood is on her left pant leg, where his battered left hand held on to her. She looks at his hand and then into his eyes. Johnny lays down the Armalite. He imagines that the SWAT teams are advancing. They won't come from the north or the east, lest they fire into one another. The helicopter will be back and its sniper will likely open fire.

Johnny rips open his rucksack and removes one of Ford's grenades. It looks like a metal can at the end of a wooden handle. There is a cotter pin ring attached to the top. Johnny holds it in his uninjured hand. He looks into his beloved wife's eyes.

"When this explodes," he says, the pain evident in his voice and on his face, "Run that way and don't stop." He gestures with his head toward the northeast.

KJ shakes her head.

"I won't leave you," she says.

Johnny's face shows every bit of his pain. His body trembles and he closes his eyes, holding on to his strength; holding on to what remains of his life. Spit runs down the left corner of his mouth as he fights the urge

to vomit. KJ reaches over and wipes it off his face. She touches his cheek and he opens his eyes. His body shakes again. The he looks at her and rises. Johnny rips the pin out with his teeth and throws the grenade.

"Fuck!" yells one of the SWAT team members who must have seen the grenade flipping through the air. Another officer opens fire without effect. Johnny has already ducked in the trench.

The grenade goes off. Johnny picks up his Armalite, forcing his mangled hand to grip the front of the rifle. He looks at KJ.

"Fly away, angel!" Johnny says in agony. He rises from the trench and opens fire.

Officer Robert Murphy, who is almost directly in front of Johnny's position, watches as Johnny rises. He is already aiming his M16. Johnny begins firing but Murphy, who has the weapon on semiautomatic for precision, pulls the trigger. He sees Johnny Bowen's arms and gun jerk upward as he falls backward into the trench. The other officers open fire again and sweep the ground in front of the trench.

"Hold your fire!" Commander Lyons says. One of the other officers has wrapped the commander's hand. Someone opens up again. "Hold your goddamned fire!"

The shooting ceases. The sound of rain creeps back into the SWAT team's battered ears.

Officer Murphy is one of the first to begin the general advance toward the trench. They inch forward, aware that Johnny may have activated a bomb before he threw the grenade. Murphy believes he knows where his bullet struck Johnny. He could be wrong; perhaps John Bowen is still capable of fighting. And then there is the matter of Kaylee Jane Campbell. The propagandists say that no white woman would willingly fight in a race war. Officer Murphy does not buy it. He has seen the YouTube video. Angelique's voice was not the voice of a follower; it was defiant and powerful. He expects her to resist. She may force them to kill her. Murphy edges forward. The hush of rain on the leaves adds to the tension. Officer Murphy is prepared to fire at the slightest provocation. He has a family back home.

Murphy looks at the trench. Any second now, Angelique will rise and he will have to shoot her down. She is so beautiful; why couldn't she be like the others? Not his sister, who blames white men for all the ills that she created in her own life. But isn't there a happy middle? Couldn't Kaylee Jane keep her opinions to herself, and just try to get along? A leaf falls and he almost fires. It settles right at the lip of the trench, where Johnny rose and fell.

When Officer Murphy reaches the trench and the tension reaches crescendo, the sight that greets him is not what he would expect. John Ashley Bowen lies on his side, his face toward Murphy. A bullet wound is in his forehead and his eyes stare without seeing. There is blood pouring from his nose.

Kaylee Jane is holding him. She leans against the gentle rise at the east curve of the trench so that she's almost sitting upright, and her arms are wrapped around her fallen husband. His head rests against her belly where his child will never grow. The fearsome Remington rifle, with feathers from an angel's wing painted on the stock, lies out of her reach.

Officer Murphy holds his gun on her. She does not move. He sees her look down and then she blinks. Those beautiful and sad blue eyes leave their mark on him.

"Raise your arms!" Murphy says.

Another officer joins him.

"Raise your arms!" the other officer yells, much louder.

Angelique does not comply. Will this be it? Will she force them to kill her, only to find that she is now unarmed?

Finally the dreaded Angelique opens her hands and raises them. The officer from Fairmont, a big white man who joined SWAT early last year, jumps into the trench and pulls Johnny's body away from Angelique. Then he points his Heckler and Koch submachine gun at her face.

"Get the fuck up!" he yells.

Angelique rises without looking into his eyes. Murphy stares at his vanquished foe. She's smaller in stature than she looked in the video, though her arms and biceps are larger. Her shirt was looser in the video, and the sleeveless t-shirt she now wears shows the size and strength of her arms and shoulders. Her web gear prevents him from seeing the rest, though it's obvious that her well-developed arms are not an exception to her overall physical state, but rather the rule. She is in impeccable shape. Officer Murphy looks again at her face. It is unique and haunting and extremely beautiful. No woman he's ever seen has a face quite like Angelique; a very rare few may resemble her but none can match the combination of uniqueness and the perfection of her features. He looks at the sea of hair the surrounds her beautiful face. It is another attribute that no other woman he's ever seen could hope to match. He cannot comprehend why she might be in a place like this, under these terrible circumstances.

The Fairmont officer steps up to Angelique and removes her sidearm from her belt holster.

"Now," he says, "Very slowly, remove the vest."

Murphy sees the officer's gun shake a little from nerves. He begins to fear that the Fairmont officer might shoot her without provocation. Murphy tells himself he shouldn't care; that she deserves it. He doesn't dare think any more of it.

Angelique unfastens her web gear. Once it's loose, she slides it off and drops it by her left side, opposite where her husband lies dead. Now Officer Murphy can see her entire upper torso. He has never seen a woman so beautiful in all his life. Her body is the perfect union of strength and femininity. Her skin is flawless and as pale white as any he's ever seen, even on redheads. Her blue eyes and thick, chestnut hair complete this living work of art. Though she is a little wet and her camouflaged pants are muddy from the creek, her face and hair are very clean and it's obvious that she is in extraordinary physical condition. Capricorn Cell and its supporters must have taken excellent care of one another. Officer Murphy looks at her t-shirt. There is a dark swath on her olive-colored shirt, where she cradled Johnny's head to her belly. It is the blood and cerebral fluid of her fallen husband.

Three other officers appear, followed by two officers who came down from the hill after receiving word that John Bowen was shot. One of the two Monongalia County officers looks at Johnny, who lies in the puddle along the bottom of the trench. He asks if John Bowen is dead.

Without adieu, the second member of the Monongalia County SWAT team fires a burst into Johnny's chest. Angelique looks at the officer but shows no emotion. Angelique's escort, who was not paying attention, jumps in fear but to Murphy's relief does not discharge his weapon. Murphy himself is stunned at the behavior.

"He's dead now," says the Mon County SWAT officer.

"What the fuck's the matter with you?" the officer from Romney asks.

Commander Lyons hurries over to the scene.

"Hold your goddamn fire!" he says, and then breathes heavily from his minor but excruciating injury. "We have to get moving," he says.

Lyons looks at the web gear in the trench. Fearing a booby-trap, he leaves the web gear lying in the puddle. Inside one of the pockets, things are not exactly as they were before KJ and Johnny fled Procyon House.

"Get her to the Bearcat," Lyons says. He closes his eyes and seethes with pain. "I gotta get out of here. Go! Let's go!"

Officer Wells of the Randolph County Sheriff's Office radios in the first report from the scene of the battle. Officer Murphy hears his report. Bowen's dead. Kaylee Jane Campbell is in custody. The safe house is secure.

The Fairmont officer follows Angelique as she walks up the right-hand slope and on to the level ground near Officer Murphy. She stops in front of Murphy, and then takes a few steps past.

"Wait there!" yells Commander Lyons, "Keep her there!"

Officer Collins, another white team member, grabs Angelique's shoulder and she stops.

"Fucking bitch," Officer Murphy hears him whisper.

"Search her and get her moving," Lyons says as he holds his hand.

Lyons refuses help from the Kingwood officer.

Officer Collins has a white wife and two white children. He grabs Angelique's arm and pulls it behind her back, and then marches her over to a huge red oak.

"Put your hands on the tree," he says.

Then he gropes her. Officer Murphy cannot hear what he mumbles. Angelique does not move or speak. Collins removes the knife from above her left boot. He feels the black string around her neck and reaches around to feel what hangs from the string. He pulls it up over her head and tosses the string with Johnny's tags and the silver ring upon the ground. When he's finished going above and beyond a frisking in order to humiliate her – and probably for his own enjoyment – Collins bends her arm and brings her back. He doesn't stop at the commander's location. He forces Angelique to walk to the edge of the trench.

"What are you doing, Derrick?" the Fairmont officer asks.

"Look!" Collins says to Angelique as he pushes her head in the direction of John Ashley Bowen's bleeding body. "That piece of fucking dog shit killed a lot of good men," Collins says, "but he's fucking dead now." He slaps the back of her head. "We should leave you with him, you fucking whore!"

Commander Lyons is still occupied with his minor but excruciating wound.

"Come on, Derrick, let's go," the Kingwood officer says, "The escort's waiting. Come on, Derrick!"

Collins stares at Angelique, his weapon in both hands, and then he steps back. When Collins backs off, the Fairmont officer cuffs Angelique's wrists. She does not resist. The Fairmont officer shoves Angelique and covers her back as they begin moving. The others form a circle around her and the march begins. Now they must protect her with their bodies. If any member of Capricorn Cell comes in alive, they are to have the maximum protection. The FBI and Homeland Security were adamant about that desire. Officer Murphy knows that Phaedra is still out there. It was proba-

bly the beautiful redhead who shot and wounded Officer Hardesty, and now Robert's distant relation might be stalking them, too. She might be willing to sacrifice her own life in order to silence Angelique. Murphy has no doubt that Angelique will defy them, but in the end the good guys will break her. With drugs, torture and rape, the good guys will make her talk.

As the entourage crosses the Brushy Knobs they pass through the line of the Monongalia County SWAT team. The Mon County team will escort the State Police team to their armored personnel carrier. Members of the Mon County team cheer as Angelique's captors lead the she-wolf to her armored cage.

The tension rises again as the SWAT teams descend the ridge closest to County Route 80. If Phaedora is to make an appearance, this will be her final chance. The apprehension fades a little when Officer Murphy sees the APC, which sits among the massive oaks and lush young maples of the forest. The SWAT team will have cover as they pile into the vehicle.

Officer Murphy watches as the first two SWAT members enter the rear of the APC. Commander Lyons trades places with the officer in the front passenger seat. Since he's wounded, Lyons has priority. Kaylee Jane stands there, waiting. The rain slacks off again.

"Get in," the Kingwood officer tells her.

Angelique obeys. The officers in the armored truck seat her in the middle of the left-hand row of seats.

No one will read the *Miranda* warning, not now and not during the interrogations that will follow. If it even comes up at a trial, if there even is a trial, the authorities will lie. In fact, Kaylee Jane has no rights, not anymore. As a white terrorist who killed for the survival of her race, she is American's number one enemy. There will be no mercy. Women's groups will not decry her rape; if anything, they will applaud it.

Collins is last to enter the Bearcat. He and the Fairmont officer close and bolt the doors. There have been two injuries, neither life-threatening. Phaedora and Garret Fogarty are still at large, but they have lost their refuge, and their support network is gone. Officer Murphy finally feels some relief. He was avoiding looking at Angelique, but now that the danger is abating he cannot help himself. As fierce and vicious as they claim her to be, her beauty is intense and feral and he cannot deny its effect. He'd never admit it out loud, but seeing her stirs something deep in his white man's soul.

Murphy's relief is short-lived. Angelique looks up into his eyes. His are just a shade darker than hers, but both are perfect blue. She does not look away. He begins to wonder if she is broken.

Robert Murphy has known Officer Wells for six years, since his old classmate moved to Randolph County and joined the same State Police unit. Last year Wells became a fellow member of West Virginia SWAT.

"Hey Murphy," Officer Wells says from the opposite seat, "I think she wants you."

Robert Murphy fakes a brief laugh. He returns his glance to Angelique. She has not altered her stare. He looks down at the blood on her shirt. He looks at her arms and her breasts. He cannot help but return to her face; her eyes.

I did what was right. I did what I had to do. Your husband was a terrorist. You're a terrorist. I did what was right. I did my job.

Angelique stares into his eyes. He sees her breathing become rapid. Perhaps she's going to weep. A tear does begin to creep down her face, but she does not break down.

The driver announces that they're entering Hutton, Maryland, and that a large police escort will be joining the pair of SWAT APCs. FBI agents and Maryland SWAT are among the guard. They have their prize, and they will deliver her alive to the federals in Virginia. Interrogators will break and abuse her, and the female prison guards and black inmates at a supermax prison will further desecrate her immaculate white body.

Angelique closes her eyes. Officer Murphy feels a hollow sadness for her. He tries not to. He tries to believe that she's a criminal; a murderer. She's killed at least ten people. He's known men who killed for money and lust and sadistic joy. She killed for none of those reasons; neither did her husband.

Officer Murphy looks down at Angelique's gloved hands. They are trembling. The uncontrolled movement spreads up her arms.

"What the fuck's she doing?" the Fairmont officer asks.

The others look at her.

Angelique's body jerks forward and she slides on to the floor. Her entire body shakes and her legs begin to kick. Murphy looks at her face and sees that her eyes are still closed.

"What the fuck? Is she epileptic?" someone says.

"I don't know!"

The Kingwood officer gets down beside her. Her legs and body shake.

"What the fuck's going on back there?"

"Call Musick! We have a medical emergency!"

Uncertain of what to do, the Kingwood officer backs off and looks at the other men.

Officer Murphy watches in horror. He pays no attention to the words of the other officers and says nothing himself. He sees Angelique's convulsions reach climax and then the movement begins to die away. Her left leg, which was raised up and kicking, slowly sinks down to the floor. Her eyes are still closed. Officer Murphy hears her exhale, long and deep. Then she is still.

The angel spreads her wings and flies away.