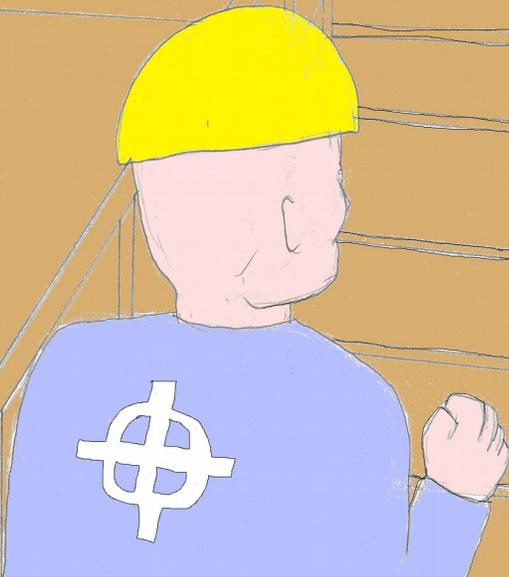


DAWN OF A NEW DAY



A STORY

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‘Esau is the end of the world and Jacob is the beginning of it which followeth’

In an early period of Oakdale Heights’ history around the turn of the 20th century, a gaunt, spindly man in his 50s innocuous and solitary arrived to the town, rumours had it somewhere in eastern Europe possibly Poland or on the borders of Russia, Georgia some said. In any case he was a Jew and the townsfolk understood that he, as well as others of his fellow kinsmen, recent arrivals, was fleeing ‘persecution’ in these lands by the soldiers of the Tsar, at least so rumour had it. This was prior to the Bolshevik revolution wherein the Jewish supremacist leaders of the revolution and their degenerate untermenschen of the lowest orders brutally tortured, raped, and mass-murdered men, women, and children specifically targeting Christian clergy and the more intellectual and moneyed elements of the population which the Jewish leadership had incited their Bolshevik hordes with hatred against blaming them in their mind-control propaganda for the usury, classism, and injustice which was visited upon the peasants and underclasses who were thereby crippled with poverty, though it was the Jewish bankers, money lenders, and commercial monopolists who had driven them to this fate. Prior to this genocide they had orchestrated ,the Jewish financial elite enabled through their influence’ in the white governments of the world to enable safe passage to this demon spawn into the white-founded countries.

Mr. Fish was one such guest – or rather parasite – who claimed asylum in the small village of Oakdale Heights much to the curiosity and unease of the townsfolk who would rather have preserved things as they had been and not enable the passage or racially foreign elements into their community; these townsfolk – that is who were not subject to the indoctrination of the churches which at that point had been confused in their doctrine by the Schofeld bible which was the work of powerful Zionists and their Shabbos goyim (‘stupid animals’ as the phrase in Yiddish translates being the term applied by Jews to non-Jews who serve as their beasts of burden), a pseudo-scholar named Schofeld who had corrupted the King James version which itself was a corruption of the council of Nicea version which was a corruption of the very Truth which proclaimed itself the Christian faith. Thus with the church-goers a passive flock not given to great criticism and having an implicit faith in all authorities external to themselves and vested with priestly raiment, eagerly welcomed the steady stream of persecuted ‘chosen people of god’ as they called themselves. These same had ready cash to purchase desirable properties in the town suited to such privileged chosen people and thus congregated in the same area which they called the ‘Stetl’. This gesture on their part was motivated by their Talmudic religion which commanded that they ‘be a people who shall dwell alone’ as they didn’t want to have more contact than necessary with the townsfolk who they considered in accordance with their Babylonian Talmud, their holy book, ‘goyim’ or animals, contact with who would amount to a contamination of their person - they believed.

They had arrived from eastern Europe knowing that the people there were to be slaughtered by their ‘revolutionaries’ or terrorists more properly, and that these same had been financed by their financiers operating out of America, England, and Germany who had been carrying out the protocols they had crafted in their Zionist congress and which is embodied in the leaked document ‘The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion’. This latter document had gotten into the hands of some of the townsfolk but had been an item of condemnation by the clergy and those few townsfolk who had this pamphlet received virtual ostracism from their former peers as the social pressure brought to bear by the propaganda apparatus the Jews controlled influenced the minds of the citizenry to shun those who attempted to raise alarm over the issue. This effectively neutralized opposition to the presence of the Jews who were then objects of pity in the eyes of the naïve and ill-informed townsfolk foremost amongst those were the women who were susceptible to appeals to pity and concern over ‘victims’

which the Jews were portrayed as in the media, all newspapers but one in the area being controlled by Jews through their 'power of the purse'. The exception was in the hands of a wealthy industrialist who had long been aware of the influence of Jews in a society not of their creation and who was attempting to warn his people of the impending threat not only to Russia but to all other White Nations of Faith. However the influence of his paper was small in comparison to those of the Jews who had a virtual monopoly on the dissemination of facts outside of pamphlets distributed at a more local level and through networks of racially conscious whites. The situation at the time was that the Jews had entered and were there to stay. Mr. Fish was, however, reputed to be more than merely a respectable tradesman, he was, rumour had it, a man of letters and a medical doctor thereby cultivating an instant reputation amongst the townsfolk who venerated external authority and would never suspect a physician of any untoward activity. This perfect disguise enabled Mr. Fish to carry on his monstrous activities, the recounting of which follows.

Mr. Fish had been situated in the suburb of Oakdale Heights, overlooking the downtown area, that area wherein was located the Stetl of the Jews so that they could bask in their vainglory and pride as they contemplated the execution of their future plans for the area once it was able to come under their control through their usury and monopoly of trade in middle man positions and their eventual intermarriage with the non-Jewish elite, plans which followed a formula tested through long experience in white societies and was their technique of usurpation. At the time the following events occurred, Mr. Fish – a name he used to ingratiate himself with children and women to carry out his monstrous ritual sacrifices and torture murders, his real name being Fishbein – had reconstructed the mansion he had procured through his financier bosses' influence into a domicile of horrors through which he extorted money from his paramours he seduced through his unctuous and ingratiating manner also playing upon his reputation as a trustworthy paternalistic figure, a doctor and learned man of letters, to facilitate his extortion practices.

Little Kris and his elder brother Will were playing one evening upon the rocks near the Stetl which they intuitively knew to be enemy territory given that it was the borderland which separated the Jews from their hosts who lived down in the town which was overcast by the shadow of their infiltrator and parasite who chose self-segregation as a means of preserving their own racial (or perhaps 'special' would be a more accurate term) stock from what they believed to be contamination by the 'goyim' in the village below. The two brothers were, in their imagination and perhaps reality, going on a reconnaissance mission into the Jews' district perhaps to simply demonstrate at some subconscious level their willingness to put forth

opposition to those invaders who had no stake in the founding of their town and who thus had no purpose in the place they had sought asylum in and who were a foreign presence that their instincts told them, had no place in the land of their ancestors. Exploring the rocky hillside the pair fought the evil powers, the dark entities which flitted about invisibly but nevertheless perceptibly to their heightened consciousness. These same led them down a seldom-used path towards a bridge they had not previously discovered in their journeyings through the town, one dark and evil-omened. They stopped short and brandished their sticks as if at a more palpable form yet invisible to sight. They hesitated until Will, taunting Kris, said: 'what's the matter – you scared that the troll under the bridge will get you?' – To which Kris replied through racing off under the bridge into the darkness. Will lingered for a time himself trepidatious owing to the dark atmosphere his taunting of Kris being a projector of his own fears, then he mustered up the courage necessary to charge after his younger brother, out of love for his own kind and a paternalistic regard for him knowing that he must give chase to defend his kin against the demons which he intuitively understood prowled about the bridge and which may cause harm to his younger brother. Brandishing his stick and waving it back and forth he plunged into the darkness after

his brother but to his astonishment found no trace. Looking around he noticed that his brother's stick had been left lying half in the water and wedged between the boards which served as a walkway over the water underneath the bridge. Knowing his brother would not have left his real and imagined protection under such circumstances he became frantic and enraged at those who he ascribed the disappearance of his brother to, namely the dark forces which had congregated around the bridge he swung his own stick against the heavy wooden beams that constituted its structure attempting to ward them from the place and return his brother to him from whatever realm they had taken him. He continued his frenzied exertions while following the darkness inwards around the bend which it took and out towards the other side. He swung his stick round the corner and looked away down the road it came out to. He observed a horse and buggy winding upwards toward the Stetl further up the road and came to the realization that Kris was still dwelling in this plane only that he was in the buggy and being transported towards a place perhaps more sinister than that Will was currently situated in.

There was no choice but to dash off after the buggy and through following its tracks attempt to rescue Kris from the imprisonment he had suffered at the hands of an unknown assailant or group of assailants. He ran forward following the wheel ruts and soon came upon a cluster of old dwellings that marked the entry into the Stetl and witness a parked buggy at the end of the road which wound its way up to the top of the hill. No other pedestrians were visible as he ran towards this unknown destination full of fear and anger, each emotion taking precedence over the other in a whirl of confusion. At last, anger won out and he rushed towards the house which was trapezoidal in its upper part, the design typically utilized by occultists for demonic invocation as the pyramid minus its capstone held certain sacred geometrical properties which attracted higher dimensional entities given its vibration appealing especially to those on the lower astral planes. The sinister-looking house stood separate from the others connoting by its seemingly strategic placement a leadership role played by the other, standing over the others and governing their existence in some metaphysical way. Will quickly approached the house and stealthily walked around its perimeter seeking a point of entry. He noticed that one of the basement windows was slightly ajar and peeping around the perimeter of the dimly lit room he detected no movement and thus recognized that entry at this point would be the best option.

Still fuelled with a sense of urgency he opened the window and found himself in a musty basement crawling with spiders and coated with years of spiders' webs, a veritable arachnid atavism to nature's insect kingdom, the most primitive and mechanistic as well as the most brutal and instinctive. He witnessed a doorway and partially shut door leading upwards into the main floor of the house. He heard stumbling noises as of the movement of a heavy object, dragging it upstairs to the top floor of the house and muttered curses at its weight and difficulty of movement. 'Kris!', Will cried mentally as had still enough prudence to understand that to remain silent was to be effective in his rescue. This suppression of his emotional outburst was transmuted into action as he ascended the staircase from the basement and searched the newly discovered area for the staircase leading to the upper rooms. The noises from what appeared to be an old man grew louder as Will ascended the winding staircase towards the top floor. As he came within range of the man who he had not yet seen some dark force seemed to hold him back, resisting his upward climb towards the top of the stairs and to bear witness to the circumstances which were unfolding there. Will hovered around the corner of the room and cautiously peeped around it. He observed an older Jewish man putting a black robe over his suit and shrank back afraid of what this sinister figure might bring upon his brother and himself. He heard more movements and observed the flicker of a shadow as this dark creature moved past him taking with him a black aura of hostile energy. Will peeked around the corner again and observed the man in black going towards another room obscured by the other corner of a hallway. He decided to take the risk of getting caught and knew that he must confront this demon soon or perhaps his brother's life would be forfeit. Just as he was making his way down the long hallway, peppered with other rooms to right and left their doors ajar he heard the voice of an elderly man still resonating with power intone - 'Abaddon! Abaddon! Thee...thee I invoke!'

– which was repeating along with utterances of an arcane tongue unintelligible to Will, but certainly of a demonic nature given its monosyllabic and guttural quality. Will was impelled by this voice even as he shrank from it and continued down the hall in a hypnotic trance yet subconsciously knowing that he had to be the agent of his brother's rescue from the black-robed demon in the guise of a man. A scream rang out as Will was halfway down the hall and this broke the intonation of the mage as well as its hypnotic influence over himself. He ran the distance and discovered a sight of horror which rang in the depths of his being draining him of his life's force: the mage was stooped over his younger brother Kris who lay in a pool of his own blood, his scream having been abruptly silenced through the knife of this black-robed demon. A mist of black hovered around the mage which apparently drew energy from the blood; this Abaddon creature which had been invoked by his disciple who sat transfixed with bloody knife now brandished in the atmosphere a golden goblet of blood to his lips being drained within his murderer and becoming intertwined with he who had attempted to steal his soul through vampiric means.

Will cried out while he hurled himself upon the black being casting him to the floor scattering the knife blade across to the other side. He threw him aside and attempted to salvage his dead brother whose eyes had glazed over in death. The demon Abaddon hovered over him and he grew rigid with terror; at the same time the sorcerer reached the blade and lashed at Will scratching his shoulder with its heat. Will kicked the sorcerer away and he sprawled upon the pentagram which was drawn upon the floor unconscious. The demon continued to press and harry Will instilling in him extreme fear and desperation to withdraw from the room. Stooping he took up the corpse of his dead brother and moved as quickly as he could down the hall and staircase sensing the presence of the demon behind. He exited the house and placing his dead brother in the carriage unwound the straps from the porch which served the purpose of binding the horse and buggy, assumed the position of driver and whipped the horse on towards an isolated place he knew far away from the hill and Stetl and all its dark energies. He careened down the path towards his selected destination, another bridge at the outskirts of town. The horse seemed to intuit his intention and needed little steering towards this destination, being in sympathy with Will that the place from which he came was a place of evil and that anywhere else was an improvement. As such the buggy bounced up and down as they sped away from the dark forces of the Stetl. Once arrived at the bridge it was darkest midnight and only a few stars shone out reflecting their light upon the water which flowed away towards the sea. Will dismounted and gathered up his brother's corpse. He broke apart the carriage with a heavy rock lying next to the riverbank and used the remaining pieces to construct a skiff into which he placed his brother's body and set it adrift towards the sea. Gazing up at the stars he swore to the gods that he would bring vengeance upon the black sorcerer even if it cost him his life.

He walked and the horse walked behind him following the river back to the town. Deep in thought he hadn't noticed the horse lingering around and attempted to send him away. This failing he raced away from the animal weaving in and out of the small houses in attempt to lose his tail until he ceased to hear hoof beats and eventually arrived at his house. He climbed the tree next to his window and entered his room blacking out with the grief of the loss he had just suffered and vowing he would avenge the loss with the blood of the sorcerer.

A grey dawn broke with winds whipping down from the hill and against the houses in the town. Will awoke and heard them shrieking outside his window. He sprang from bed recalling the memory of yesterday and began immediately to formulate plans for his revenge against the evil which had suddenly presented itself to his formerly peaceful world.

Upon descending the stairs he overheard his mother discussing with a police officer outside the apparent theft of a horse of a Dr. Fish which had been discovered in her yard that morning and which was alleged to have been stolen by her son from the former. At this point the mother had not as yet discovered the murder of her younger son Kris but was nevertheless distressed and had a look of sleeplessness about her. She mentioned to the police officer who was a Jew himself that she didn't hear Kris return last night and upon looking in on him discovered that he wasn't there. She was about to wire for the police when the officer had arrived. The conversation continued on for a time while Will quietly ascended the staircase and escaped out the window.

He was now a fugitive from the law. As he descended the tree leading onto his room he ran into another Jewish police officer who grabbed him by his shirt collar. 'So you been around Fish's have ya? Better not pry into secrets, kid – or you might have to pay the piper!' So saying he threw an open-handed punch at Will's face which sent the child sprawling backward against the tree. 'You better not squawk kid or else you'll be next on the chopping block' – and with this he gave a swift kick to Will who buckled over with the shock. As the Jew walked away he stated to Will under his breath 'We'll come for you next goyboy! We don't like goys spreading rumours see?' Will was still panting for breath but knew he had only a short span of life remaining before the thugs of the Jewish invaders would come to abduct him – and what could he do so powerless a child as he was? He reasoned that the only hope for the future now was to terminate his life in the attempt to destroy the evil that had immigrated to his town.

Strategizing he realized that given the materials out of which Fish's house was constructed namely wood with sawdust insulation the structure could serve as a deathtrap for its occupant whose comings and goings could be monitored from a distance and whose presence could be detected at night via the illumination of the upstairs window which shone a spotlight on Fish and his nocturnal lifestyle which was apparently carried on outside of his offices as a doctor. The first thing was to obtain materials with which to burn the house and a spyglass to observe from a distance when Fish was there and when the time would be right to commit the incendiary act.

He knew his father, who was away at work, kept jugs of kerosene in the root cellar of their house for lamp fluid and packages of matches and candles were also stocked there. With these humble items he would burn in effigy the evil that plagued his town and which he inferred was concentrated in that house and its occupant.

Obtaining these items and a backpack to store them in, he directed his gait from the town towards the Stetl and the place where he would establish his vigil.

Fish had turned off his lights and taken to bed and to sleep. From thence he would enter via the basement or use his mother's hairpin to gain entry via picking the lock upon his arrival at the destination point Will looked towards the setting sun and thought of how he and his brother just the day before had been playing around the bridge upon which he now sat and observed the house which had been the end of his brother's life. The sun set and transformed into night but still Fish had not arrived. The lengthening of the hours began to stress Will to the point of despair as the thoughts entered his mind that his nemesis would refuse to show himself and that he had waited this night in vain. This night but perhaps there would be no other? Perhaps the police thugs of the Jews would have gotten to Will by that time and his vengeance would go unrealized. Such thoughts played themselves out in his mind until they were intruded into by the sounds of the horse pulling behind it a buggy similar to the one he had smashed by the other end of town and upon which he had set his brother's body casting it off to sea with the current.

The horse approached and Will recognized it as his former friend but the crack of the whip kept him racing on towards the house up the bend – towards the horror house of Fish. Will remained at his vigil

until the light in the top room winked out at which time he sped off along the same path he had followed yesterday evening to carry out his mission to avenge his brother's death.

The horse was awaiting Will as the latter ran up as if knowing that its liberator had come to divest it of its shackles and free it from the evil of this place. It let out a low snort as Will approached and repeated his act of undoing the straps from the porch and off the neck of the beast. The latter nudged Will and trotted off towards its own destiny finally free of the black demon that infested the area with his presence.

Will undid his backpack as he approached the same location by the basement as before. It had been locked however and he was forced to attempt entry via the front door. He extracted his mother's hairpins and tried wiggling one in the lock, the other serving to twist the round area around the keyway in the pin and tumbler lock, a recent invention and improvement over the previous spring locks. He continued to twist but the hair pin snapped and he had to have recourse to using the bits from those which he had used whole. With difficulty he snapped off all the pins and pushed open the door. The room was still and a sensation of dread and despair clung to the atmosphere as of earthbound souls who were incapable of leaving their place of sacrifice and painful death, robbed of their destiny by the vampire who had come to this peaceful town from some alien realm and who was here only to destroy.

As Will was walking from room to room spreading kerosene he heard a low ululating cry coming from the top floor; he was in process of splashing fuel along the stairs when it surprised him. He heard again this piercing shriek as of a demon disturbed in its repose. The door in the upper room flung open and the sound of a banshee bounding down the stairs accompanied the vibration. Will, wasting no time bolted out of the house as he lit a candle and lobbed it into the pool of gas. As Fish descended the staircase he was met with a gush of flame rushing up towards him and illuminating his eyes. Will turned outside of the house and viewed through the open doorway the demon staring at him with wild-eyed fury and screaming hoarsely – 'Curse you goy! Curse you!' As the flames engulfed his body and he fell down the stairs a black form ascended from out of his body, a shade-like being which turned towards Will as the flaming beams fell upon him, his black form disappearing in the holocaust of fire.

Will woke up in a room in the hospital in his town and saw his mother had fallen asleep by his side. As he stirred she was awoken and burst out in an emotional release crying and holding him to herself. 'Where is Kris?' she asked amidst her tears. Will informed her that he had been killed by Fish and they held one another each breaking down into a state of grieving taking farewell of Kris and his memory. 'I got him back, ma', Will said through sobs. 'Is that where the fires came from – you?' Will answered in the affirmative saying he had burnt Fish alive in his house. His mother informed him that the entire Stetl had burnt and that Will's body had been discovered unconscious by the bridge. His shirt had been torn as if by an animal but he had been found by one of the town's volunteer firefighters and a horse had been discovered nearby. 'Are they all dead those – immigrants', he said not knowing who or what else to call them. 'Their area had been burnt and most of them died. The few survivors relocated to the capital city. So long as you're safe – that's all I care about', she said. Will looked out of the window and saw the sun begin to rise on the horizon.