# MILITANT ACCELERATIONISM: A COLLECTIVE HANDBOOK



TERROR IS THE LANGUAGE OF THE UNHEARD

#### A TERRORGRAM PUBLICATION



WRITTEN BY AND FOR MEN OF ACTION WE PASS THE TORCH OF TERROR TO YOU



"The place I intend to attack must not be known.

If it is unknown, the enemy will have to reinforce many places, but I shall attack few."

- Master Sun Tzu, The Art of War

# MIL ACCEL



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RED STRESSES THE IMPORTANCE OF A PASSAGE



"It isn't up to me anymore. I did what I could do, I've done all I can do, I did what I thought would make the biggest wave. And now the fate of our race sits in the hands of my brothers who continue to live freely."

- Saint Dylann Storm Roof

"Lead, and your people will follow."
- Saint Brenton Tarrant

Only through ACTION can a man forge such a legacy, unbound and everlasting. Through struggle and sacrifice; through raging fires and rivers of enemy blood, the ordinary White man ascends to Sainthood. He is Immortal.

No matter his fate in the physical realm, his ultimate Sacrifice for our People is eternal. High scores are eternal. The gunshots that ring out as he mag dumps into his targets; the deafening BOOM of a successful detonation; the screeching tires against asphalt and enemy flesh during a vehicular attack - THE SOUNDS OF CHAOS - echo eternally.

The terror he inflicts upon our racial enemies is eternal. The courage and drive he instills in his White brothers is eternal.

Hatred begets hatred. Violence begets violence. And, when done right, Sainthood begets Sainthood.

A spectacular operation serves as a powerful accelerant, dousing the embers of racial and political tension and igniting an inferno of revolutionary change.

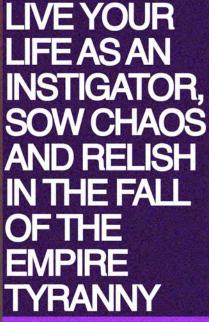
Only after the beast system is razed to the ground, can our People be truly free. Many Disciples will be needed to fan the flames, But it all starts with a spark.

One spark - one Man - choosing the righteous path of HOLY TERROR and stacking the bodies to God.













It is our duty to dip our hands in to the filth to clean up this mess so that our children's hands may stay clean. The 14 Words isn't iust a statement to throw around, if they have any meaning at all to those who speak them, they ought to pledge themselves to the deconstruction of this madness through what ever means necessary. May God guide us on our path to Redemption.







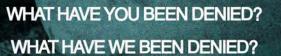




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DENIAL OF A DESERVED STRUGGLE

DENIAL OF A DESERVED STRUGGLE





YOUR LIFE IS STRUGGLE ON A SMART PHONE, STRUGGLE ON THE INTERNET, AND STRUGGLE INSIDE YOU. THE THREAT ISN'T OBVIOUS, OR TANGIBLE.
YOU CAN'T FIND IT
YOU CAN'T STAB IT
YOU CAN'T CRUSH IT
YOU CAN'T KILL IT
YOU HAVE BEEN DENIED A REAL AND PHYSICAL STRUGGLE.

OUR ANCESTORS DID NOT ALLOW THEIR STRUGGLE TO BE DENIED. IT WAS IN PLAIN SIGHT FOR

OUR ANCESTORS DID NOT ALLOW THEIR STRUGGLE TO BE DENIED. IT WAS IN PLAIN SIGHT FOR THEM AND THEY MADE USE OF IT. THEY LOCATED THE STRUGGLE. THEY REACHED OUT AT FIRST WITH THEIR BARE HANDS TO STRANGLE THE STRUGGLE. THEY USED A SPEAR AND STABBED THE STRUGGLE IN THE LUNGS FROM A FEW PACES BACK. EVENTUALLY, THEY SHOT THE STRUGGLE FROM 300 METRES AWAY. THEIR STRUGGLE WAS OBVIOUS AND BREATHING BEFORE THEM, THEY WERE GRANTED THE ABILITY TO ELIMINATE IT FOREVER.





### A FEDPOST, IN WRITING

Hello, this is a fedpost in writing.

WE SHOULD TURN MECCA AND JERUSALEM INTO A FUCKING PARKING LOT.

THIS, AT LEAST TO ME, IS WORSE THAN THE 100 DEGENERATES KILLED BY SOME MUD AT A CONCERT.

OUR ENTIRE HISTORY, OUR ENTIRE
ARTISTIC AND ARCHITECTURAL
ACHIEVEMENT BEING WASHED DOWN THE
DRAIN.

EVERYTHING SACRED TO US BEING PERVERTED AND DESTRYOED, RIGHT DOWN TO EVEN OUR VERY BLOOD.

THEY WISH TO REMOVE ANY TRACE OF OUR EXISTENCE. WE SHOULD BE ENACTING FULL SPEED HELL AND CHAOS ONTO THEM.



### IN THE WRONG PLACE

ALPHA

"I'm not supposed to be here"

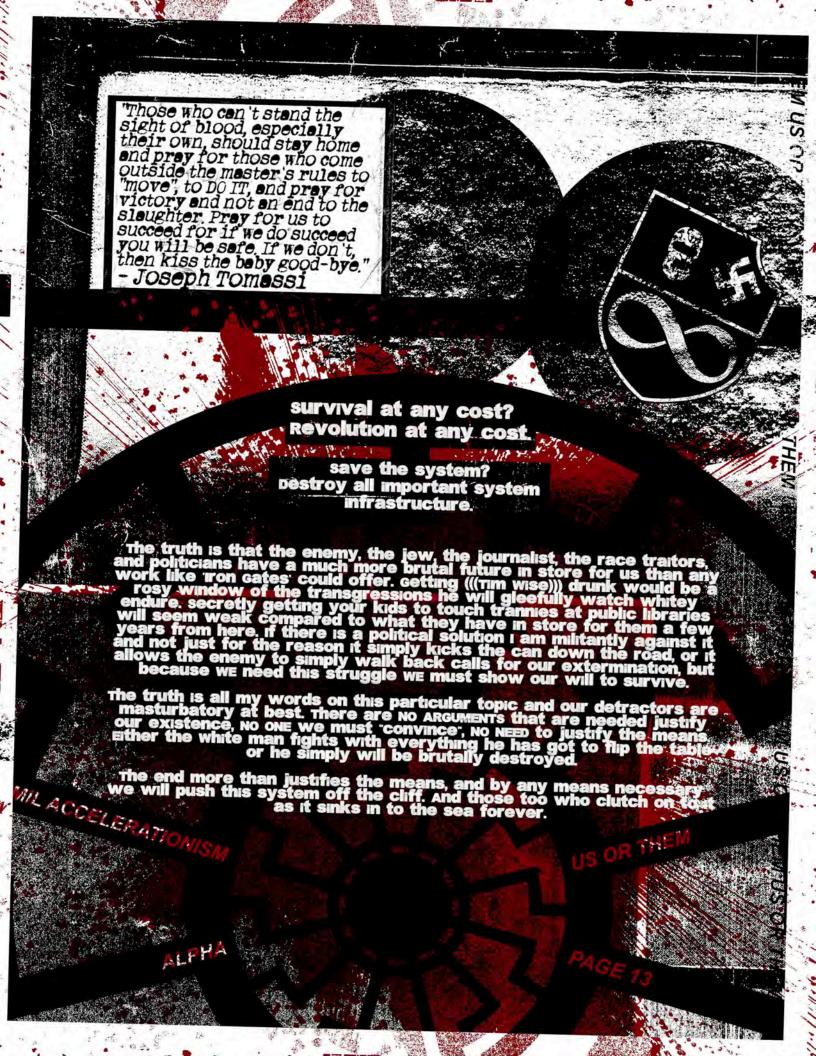
If you're like me, you're a White guy 18-30, living in a comfy Western nation. Your struggle this Saturday is going to the grocery store to get groceries with your girlfriend. How will you be able to find the canned full fat coconut milk for your whipped cream without asking someone? Make sure you get petrol on the way. The music they're playing inside the [TESCO] gets stuck in your head.

Did you tell yourself inside this cage "I'm not supposed to be here"?

You're trying to drive home and your music is too loud, the girl you're driving with turns it down and you turn it up. A fight ensues and the only way to stop it is to drive 160km and turn the front of the local Police Station in to a drive-thru. But you don't. You squeal your tires a bit and take a few hard turns but you didn't get out of the cage, it's going to take more than that.

"I'm not supposed to be here."

You're supposed to be making a ceremonial belt from the heads of your enemies.





### MILITANT ACCELERATIONISM CLASS STRUCTURE

### BRAVO

THE CLASS STRUCTURE OF AMERICA HAS RAPIDLY DEVOLVED INTO A STRUCTURE SIMILAR TO INDIA. THIS CHANGE HAS BEEN SO RAPID THAT MUCH



OF THE NATION HAS YET TO FOLLOW, OUR POLITICAL "LEADERS" ARE STILL GRASPING ON TO THE IDEA THAT THIS HASN'T OCCURRED. THEY POUR ENDLESS AMOUNTS OF CASH INTO THE POOR AND RICH TO NO AVAIL.

THINGS HAVE CHANGED ABOUT THE VERY CHARACTER OF THIS NATION WHETHER THEY CARE TO KNOW OR NOT. THEIR CONSUMERISM (AND GREED) HAS BRED AN APATHY FOR ACTION, AS LONG AS THE MONEY KEPT COMING THEY WOULD STAY QUIET. NOW THE COWARDLY MIDDLE CLASS IS 200\$ BILLION IN DEBT WITH NO SYSTEMATIC RELEASE IN SIGHT. SO, WHO DO YOU THINK THE GOVERNMENT WILL SIDE WITH: THE BANKS OR INDEBTED?

### THE HOUSE ALWAYS WINS



## 

### GENOCIDE PILL





The race traitor or jew who continue to allow and make a case for the continued mixing of our blood, claiming that we will lose slowly this way, are correct. They know that Whites have reached a point where we cannot mathematically win by increasing our birth rates.

Even if all the governments of the old and new world all closed their borders entirely, the native Whites would still get outbred by the muds that are currently within the gates.

Allow me to introduce you to THE GENOCIDE PILL. If we cannot win the race war by raising our demographics, and we cannot, then it stands to reason that we can only win the race
war by decreasing and indeed
eliminating the demographics of the
invader races the jews have sent here
to replace us. Anybody can produce offspring, and at the same rate, not only do we have no advantage there we are at a disadvantage, being outnumbered globally and being outbred in our homelands. However, not everybody can channel the kind of martial prowess that we can. One Aryan warrior can exterminate thousands of muds if he simply applies himself. The red pill is where you start. The black pill is where you end up next, where you grow your character, accept your mortality and insignificance in the grander scheme of our race and our multiple millennia old struggle against the jews, and feel like the battle is lost. The battle is not lost. The political struggle has been lost. The ocial values struggle has been lost. However the real battle has not yet even begun. The battle of martial prowess and survival, wherein every race shall be pitted against the other, and only the strongest race will be left standing. The genocide pill is the final pill, where you accept that you while indeed only being one person, you can effect great change for the betterment of our race, even if it is to the detriment of your existence as an individual. Accept death. Accept the black pill. Accept the genocide pill.

You, indeed your body, indeed your mind, are built for this type of

warfare.

#### Alpha

Dead jews. jew generation upon generation, jewish body upon jewish body, money-sniffing jew upon parasitic princess, broken supercilious jew nose upon cheap jewish cut. The might of the Third Reich, under the direction of Ubermensch Adolf Hitler, took care of the subhumans who rested a thorn in his side, and with the possible exception of the glorious Roman Empire; the ancestors of the Third Reich and analogous brother to be sure, these subhumans never witnessed a power as strong and malevolent as Hitler's National Socialist Elith. The blood-soaked Lebensraum first of the National Socialist struggle gave free vent to the master race's sadistic natures and tastes and allowed it's illuminaries, technicians, and soldiers the supreme pleasure of crushing wave upon wave of ignoble sect and horde. Mengele, Himmler, Koch, Grese - the list of names in The Master Elite, who super-headed and led the way in lustful and ingenious tortures, is almost endless.

# DEAD JEWS

The history of the Third Reich is well known and chronicled but sadly, this history has been largely capitulated and regurgitated by race-serving, money-grubbing jewish hacks, who strain to mumble a point in their pulp page. Page upon page of these "history" books is devoted to the quite strength of the jew nation; the inner glowing strength of the worms as they walked, heads held high, to the alleged ovens at Birkenau. The clandestine pride that shines through a jewess as she raises her boney hand to swat at an evil Nazi just before he stomps her to death.

Clearly, an alleged jewess lying sick and bloody in the mud of Auschwitz, has no pride, whatsoever, yet conveniently moralistic and jewish scribblers try labouriously to convince the reader that she does the closest that a jew can come to honor is that they might catch a drop of Nazi cum between the truncheon blows that rain down upon their yarmulkes. In an effort then, to firstly give an accurate account of the ingenuity and extreme tast that the Nazi SS operate under (provided largely by photos - see if you can spot the beaming semetic honor and pride) and secondly, to pay the proper respect to those who deserve it (as the Nazis, their boots soiled from millions of whimpering vermin, so richly do), we present...

#### NAZI TRIUMPH!

### ASK YOURSELVES Whiskey

Ask yourselves: Who's fighting for you, your family, your people? When your tyrannical government openly advocates for your annihilation; when traitor politicians mock and demoralize you; when toxic and subversive institutions seek to poison and brainwash your children; when the police and military you trusted are weaponized against you, for the benefit of your racial enemies? Who fights to defend you, when you have no representation, and when the illegitimate system disempowers you?

When we lack an organized fighting force loyal to our interests, the defense of our people falls upon the ordinary men willing to make extraordinary sacrifices. Decentralized, independent lone wolves are our only line of defense and they've earned our veneration.

When the same tyrannical government massacred innocent Americans at Waco and Ruby Ridge, only ONE MAN - Saint Timothy James McVeigh - held the system accountable. No agency, no bureau, no oversight committee, no elected officials, no entity within the system admitted wrongdoing or took responsibility. No - the system instead chose to spit on the graves of their innocent victims and praise their uniformed killers instead.

### MILITATI ACCELE ATONISM

A corrupt system cannot be trusted to remedy its own corruption. It takes an outside force to deliver TRUE retribution.

Ask yourselves: What's the difference between a terrorist and a freedom fighter? The answer is simple: victory.

Your Aryan blood, iron will and unwavering commitment to Truth are the greatest fear, and only true threat, to the system and its tyrants. Consider the extraordinary amount of terror you instill in our enemies, simply by existing. Imagine the impact you could have if you did anything more...

Ask yourselves: Who wields TRUE power? Is it the parasitic elites feeding on the corpse of our nation? Or is it you, with the means, the will and the duty to slaughter the tyrants and free our People?

Savor this moment of clarity; this profound realization.

Hold it closely.

Never forget it.

Let it guide your Actions from this point forward.

EVERYONE
WHO ACTS
NOW IS A
MARTYR.
SOMEONE WHO
GAVE UP THE
COMFORTS WE
STILL HAVE
IN THE NAME
OF OUR
STRUGGLE.
SOMEONE
REPRESENTS
THE FORWARD
MAN, THE
POINT-MAN,
THE FIRST
MAN IN THE
MARCH.
SOMEONE WHO
KNOWS
THERE'S NO
GOING BACK.

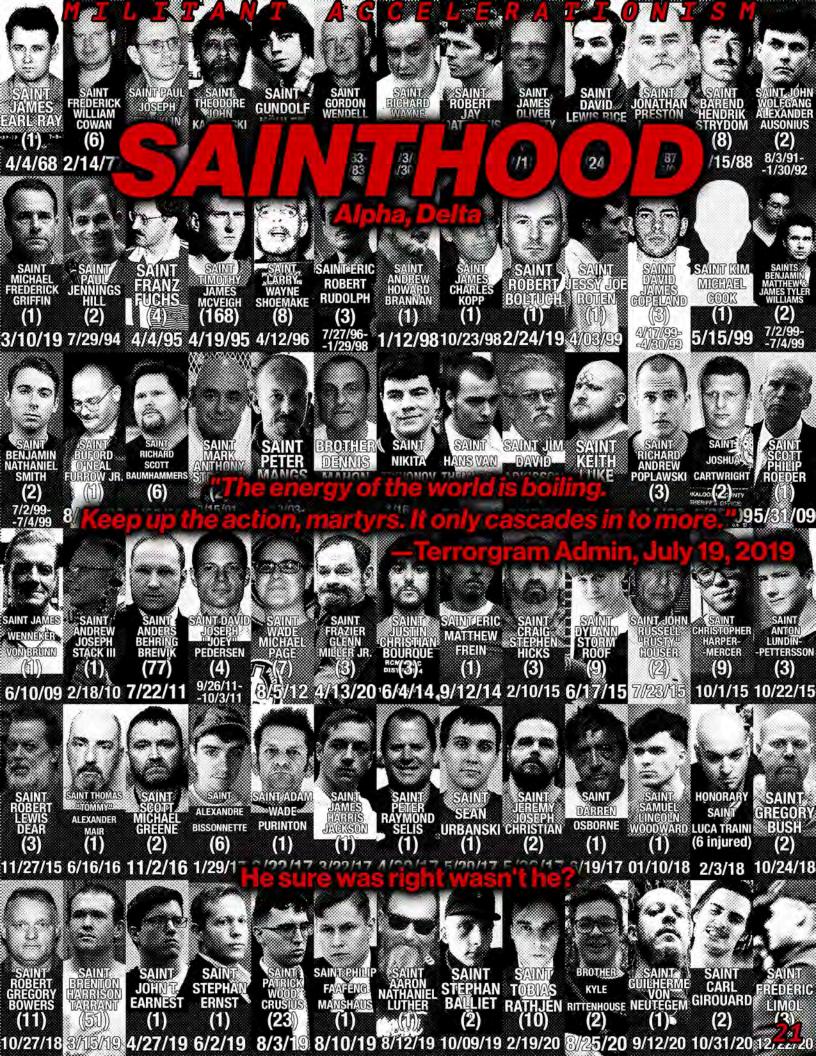
IN THE FUTURE, WHEN TERROR IS COMMITTED DAILY. IT WILL NOT BE THE INDIVIDUAL MARTYR YOU READ AND WRITE ABOUT AND LOOK UP TO. IT WILL BE THE NUMBERS OF THE DAY TO

FIRST IT WAS EVERY DECADE HEN IT WAS EVERY FEW YEARS **NEXT IT WAS ANNUALLY** AFTER IT WAS MONTHLY NOW IT'S WEEKLY THE GOAL? DAILY

WE WOULD NO LONGER POST ABOUT A SAINT TARRANT, OR A SAINT WE WILL MERELY AWE AT THE FACT THAT BETWEEN TOO WERE KILLED ON A SPECIFIC DAY BY ANY MEANS AVAILABLE.

WE WON'T
HONOR ANY
SAINT THAT
DAY WE'LL
HONOR THE
MUTUAL
SACRIFICES
OF MANY THAT
TOOK PART
FRIDAY
THURSDAY THE
21ST 2022
FOR ON THAT
DAYS
BEFORE IT
AND ON THOSE
AFTER IT,
GREAT
NUMBERS OF
OUR
OPPOSITION
WILL FALL

A CRIMEWAVE? NO TERRORWAVE IS COMING.



### Crusius Posting

Mpha

Be honest with yourself here.

Look at Crusius.

In highschool, was he your friend, or someone you would have looked down on?

Does he look like a coomer?

Does he look like he plays Genshin Impact and World of Warcraft?

He looks like all of those things. He looks like a spud. He looks like someone anyone can bully and get away with.

Consider however, that he was able to kill 22 and injure 26 in a Walmart in about an hour with a simple cheap rifle that any of us in the USA can get our hands on.

If that's what the Star Wars watching Soylent consumers are capable of, I can't wait to see what the World Peace watching garlic consumers are capable of.

Know what you're capable of.
Better yet, show the system what we are all capable of.

Militant Accelerationism

Pagess

# Regarding Terror

Inspired by the Garlic Festival Shooting, July 28, 2019



An extremely intentional purpose of Terror is to make the commoner man and the commoner woman understand that it can happen anywhere, that it can happen to them.

They see it on the news all the time, a couple beheaded here, a few blown up there. maybe a gay jew stabbed to death then buried in the woods.

But its only that they are on one side of a garlc festival while some kid mows down hispanics on the other side that they understand that it can happen anywhere, it can happen to them.

Terror is the kind of thing that makes someone who was previously without fear, jump and experience anxiety when someone else slams a door. Terror is the kind of thing that makes them turn their head and suspect when they hear someone stomping in public.

It forces their attention in to a status of not dying.

The Gilroy Garlic Festival shooting was just another shooting, just another thing to read about for you, me, and the energy drink consuming, costco shopping masses.

For those attending the festival however, they know it can happen anywhere, it can happen to them. and their friends?

"if someone shot up a garlic festival, they'll shoot up anything..."

alpha

### SAINTHOOD OR MARTYRDOM WHISKEY

Saint Anders Breivik wrote that, "Embracing martyrdom is not something you suddenly decide to do, but it is a process that takes time and requires effort and self contemplation." He spent nine long and arduous years planning his attack. He dedicated every waking moment, every ounce of strength and every fiber of his being to his mission. The magnitude of his sacrifice is almost unfathomable — and it paid off. He carried out the most sophisticated lone wolf attack the world has ever seen.

SUCCESSFUL, FLAWLESS, GOD-TIER PERFORMANCE. He set the bar, and showed the world what one White man with enough determination is capable of.

But this wasn't the case for everyone. Some Saints didn't undergo a spiritually transformative process over months or years. They didn't have time to plan and prepare. They didn't choose their targets after careful deliberation. Some didn't choose their targets at all. In some instances, their targets chose THEM.

They were thrust into action unexpectedly, and they had but a split second to make their decision - embrace their destiny - define their legacy. That choice: Sainthood or Martyrdom.

Even if you don't consider yourself a Man of (Direct) Action, for whatever reason, it is vitally important to contemplate this scenario. Give it serious thought. Envision how you would act, should Fate someday choose you. Create a defensive plan and prepare yourself to carry it out.

Your fate is sealed - you will die in action or you will die in prison. How do you want to be remembered? Do you want to be pitied and forgotten quickly, or celebrated with reverence for centuries? Do you want to be the next James Fields, or the next Saint Richard Poplawski? They're both spending the rest of their lives in prison, by the way. But only one of them is rightfully exalted as a hero.

This isn't much of a choice, is it? There's one right answer and it's obvious. Be the hero our people need.

### TERROR TRICKLES DOWN

A SINGLE WELL-PLACED, WELL-TIMED BLOW HAS THE POTENTIAL TO SERIOUSLY LIMIT THE ABILITY OF THE TARGETED FACTION TO ORGANIZE EFFECTIVELY.

THE MUSLIMS OF NEW ZEALAND THOUGHT THEY WERE TOO FAR FROM ANYWHERE ELSE TO BE IN ANY DANGER. THEY BELIEVED THAT LIBERAL GOVERNMENT AFTER LIBERAL GOVERNMENT WOULD ALLOW THEM TO MULTIPLY UNCHECKED AS THE WHITE POPULATION DID NOTHING TO STOP THEM... AND THEN BRENTON TARRANT TOOK THEM TO MOSQUE. NOW THEY'RE TERRIFIED, KNOWING THAT EVERYONE AROUND THEM SAW JUST HOW EASY IT IS FOR ANYONE WITH THE WILL AND THE GUTS TO JUST MOW THEM DOWN. THE GOVERNMENT CAN'T DO MUCH TO HELP THEM — WHATEVER THEY DO WILL ONLY FURTHER INFLAME THE TENSION BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE FOREIGNERS' PRESENCE.

HOW MANY ABORTIONISTS HAD TO START LOOKING OVER THEIR SHOULDERS SINCE THE ACTIONS OF MEN LIKE PAUL HILL, ERIC RUDOLPH, OR JAMES KOPP? ALL THE EXTRA SECURITY PRECAUTIONS TAKEN MIGHT JUST SAVE THE LIFE OF ONE UNBORN CHILD PER ABORTIONIST EVERY DAY. ADD THAT UP AND THE ASSASSINATIONS START PAYING FOR THEMSELVES.

DO THE LEFTIST PARTIES OF NORWAY STILL HOLD SUMMER CAMPS WHERE THEY INDOCTRINATE THE NEXT WAVE OF "YOUTH ORGANIZERS" A. K. A. BOUGHT AND PAID FOR RACE TRAITORS, SINCE 2011? I DOUBT IT — THEY'D HAVE TO HAVE POLICE PRESENCE WHICH WOULD EXPOSE THEM AS BEING PROSYSTEM HACKS, NOT TO MENTION THE FACT THAT THE AVERAGE NORWEGIAN POLICEMAN, WHILE NOT INCLINED TO MASS MURDER, IS HARDLY THE TARGET AUDIENCE FOR LEFT-WING LIES.

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE NEXT CHILD DRAG QUEEN PARADE GOT TORN APART BY A NAIL BOMB?

I HAVE. MANY TIMES.

STERRA

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### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN



TAKE AN INVENTORY OF YOUR LIFE - ITS UPS AND DOWNS, ITS COMFORTS AND STRUGGLES, ITS ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES. ARE YOU SATISFIED?

I DON'T MEAN THIS IN THE HEDONISTIC SENSE – AFTER ALL, UNLESS YOU'RE A WOODS HERMIT, YOUR BRAIN HAS BEEN GETTING BOMBARDED WITH ALL THE RIGHT CHEMICALS TO CREATE A FALSE SENSE OF COMFORT. WHATEVER IT TAKES – SUBSTANCES, MASTURBATION, ENTERTAINMENT, FAST FOOD – YOU'VE LIKELY HAD YOUR SHARE AND DIDN'T THINK TWICE. NO, WHAT I ASK YOU IS: ARE YOU TRULY HAPPY? DO THE HORMONES RUSHING THROUGH YOUR BODY ARISE NATURALLY, OR ARE YOU FORCED TO SCAVENGE FOR THEM SOME OTHER WAY? ARE YOU AS NATURAL AS THE WOLF IN THE WILD, OR ARE YOU LIVING IN SOME LOW-BUDGET RIPOFF OF BRAVE NEW WORLD?

IF YOU'RE ASKING YOURSELF EXISTENTIAL QUESTIONS AND DOUBTING EVERYTHING YOU HOLD TO BE TRUE RIGHT NOW, YOU'VE MOST LIKELY BEEN HAD, FALLEN VICTIM TO THE MODERN WORLD. DON'T DESPAIR - YOU'RE FAR FROM ALONE, AND THE RANKS OF PEOPLE LIKE YOU ARE SWELLING BY THE DAY. THAT'S RIGHT - YOUR BIRTHRIGHT, YOUR VERY FUTURE HAS BEEN TORN FROM YOUR GRASP BY FORCES BEYOND YOUR CONTROL - OR SO THEY WOULD HAVE YOU THINK. YOU'RE NOT AS HARMLESS AS YOU BELIEVE YOURSELF TO BE.

#### AT THIS POINT, YOU HAVE SEVERAL OPTIONS...

### YOU MAY:

CHOOSE TO IGNORE YOUR OWN PLIGHT AND LIVE OUT THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN RELATIVE COMFORT, DESPERATELY CLINGING TO THE ILLUSION OF NORMALCY. DELETE THIS PDF AND IN DUE TIME, FORGET THAT YOU'VE EVER READ IT. WISH THAT THE DECLINE OF THE MODERN WORLD DOESN'T ACCELERATE SUDDENLY, WHICH WOULD DASH THOSE PLANS IN QUICK ORDER.

IN SHORT, YOU MAY WISH TO REMAIN CONTENT IN YOUR PLACE AS A DERACINATED CONSUMER UNIT WITH NO PURPOSE OTHER THAN TO GENERATE MATERIAL VALUE AND DIE, PREFERABLY WITHOUT LEAVING ANYTHING RESEMBLING A LEGACY.

THE ALTERNATIVE IS HARDER AND REQUIRES **REAL ACTION** – SOME OF WHICH MUST COME FROM YOU REGARDLESS OF HOW THINGS TURN OUT. YOU WILL BE FORCED TO REMAKE YOURSELF INTO AN ENTIRELY NEW PERSON, TO GAIN SURVIVAL SKILLS THAT HAVE BEEN LOST TO YOUR GRANDPARENTS, TO BECOME PROFICIENT IN THE MEANS OF SELF-DEFENSE AND TO ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE THAT HAS BEEN A TABOO FOR THE PAST SEVERAL DECADES.

THIS IS ONLY THE BARE MINIMUM, HOWEVER. SHOULD SOCIETAL TRENDS NOT BEHAVE IN A WAY CONDUCIVE TO A COMPLETE OVERHAUL OF THE WORLD AS IT IS, IT IS YOUR DUTY TO ENSURE THAT THEY START BEHAVING THAT WAY. AGAIN – YOU'RE NOT AS HARMLESS AS YOU BELIEVE YOURSELF TO BE.

TO FIGHT, YOU'LL NEED AN **ENEMY** AND A **STRATEGY**. THIS BOOK CAN HELP YOU – ON BOTH FRONTS.

**III**ALPHA

### **MILITANT ACCELERATIONISM**

### **IDEAS MAN**







WORLD

### Northern Ireland police say officers targeted in border explosion

Chief Constable of the Police Service of Northern Ireland, Simon Byrne, called the attack "a sinister development."

Aug. 19, 2019, 10:10 AM EDT

By Yuliya Talmazan and Reuters

Police in Northern Ireland said a device that exploded near the border with the Irish Republic on Monday was designed to lure in and kill officers examining a nearby hoax, raising fears that such incidents could become more common if the U.K. crashes out of the European Union with no deal.

I are on Saturday, police received a report that a suspect device had been left in an area of

### WOW HOW CRAZY?

CALLING ON A FALSE REPORT FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY UNRELATED, THAT SOMEONE KNEW WOULD BRING ABOUT A LARGE OFFICER PRESENCE, AND THEN TURNING IT IN TO A PIG ROAST?

### IMAGINE

CALLING IN SOME COMPLAINTS THAT THERE ARE PEOPLE ASSEMBLING ILLEGALLY (IN REGARDS TO LOCKDOWN EFFORTS ON VIRUS-BELIEVERS).

CALLING IN SOMEONE SAYING THE N-WORD ON THE INTERNET. CALLING IN A DOMESTIC DISPUTE.

ISN'T THE WHOLE AREA LACED WITH OVER SENSITIVE TATP EXPLOSIVE YOU MADE IN YOUR KITCHEN?

ISN'T THERE A PIPE BOMB FILLED WITH A HANDFUL OF WHATEVER YOU COULD FIND AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR OLD TOOLBOX?

ISN'T THERE A MISC PILE OF CONTAINERS, SOME WITH GASOLINE-POLYSTYRENE-OIL MIXTURE, AND OTHERS WITH THERMITE DUCT TAPED TO THE TOPS OF YOUR CEILING TILES?

IT MIGHT MAKE THEM THINK TWICE ABOUT WHICH CALLS THEY WANTED BUSK THEIR LIFE RESPONDING TO FROM NOW ON SOLONG AS YOU DO ALL THREE.

### FIRST CONTACT I

Another evening, another hour that could have been spent doing literally anything other than patting ourselves on the back.

We set out around noon, hiking for hours at a breakneck pace, barely stopping, getting drenched in sweat by the time we reached our designated meeting spot at a clearing in the woods overlooking the valley and the filth of civilization. The toil didn't stop there—we got to work building tents, gathering firewood, digging the shit pit, nigger—rigging can alarms around the perimeter, playing the "spot X color car with your binoculars" game while the designated cook got to work around the campfire.

Fast forward to now, the sun is setting and so is the alcohol. I kept telling my friends to cool it with the wignat juice, but they wouldn't listen, and I really hate to be the only sober guy in the group. Regardless, what transpires this evening will warrant either celebration or mourning — only time will tell — and alcohol is the traditional substance to be enjoyed for both of those occasions.

"...and this month our little project has finally turned green. Good job, Victor, you little weasel. I knew putting in extra time at work just to put you through finance school was worth the trouble, you've turned this White man into a net tax recipient. We wuz niggers n shiet.

Romeo had a way with words, to be sure, but more importantly, he was better at dealing with people than any one of us, making him a natural leader. He wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed, education-wise, but he didn't need to be - Victor was the brains of the operation, autistic nerd that he was. Mike was our comms guy, having put up the radio antenna as soon as we arrived, but he could do plenty more tech jobs, enough to reduce my workload, as I was the squad's engineer, being responsible for the maintenance of weapons and equipment. and equipment, among other things.

Strict specialization wouldn't do, however — any one of us could be neutralized at any moment and the squad couldn't find itself crippled until a replacement was found, thus arrangements were made. Every one of us had to become at least somewhat proficient in another's field of expertise, a jack of all trades and master of one or two, not to mention being an adept soldier, being able to fight alone and as part of the squad. All this took a heavy toll on us, but it was for the good of the squad, of the community, of the people. We helped each other help each other and were all better off for it the people. We helped each other help each other and were all better off for it.

"All right, if the message was legit, there should be about 2 minutes until the big one." If you guys could shut up and let me monitor the radio, that'd be great.

Mike was almost as spergy as Victor was, but they were good at their jobs. Two days ago, Romeo gave us a heads-up and scheduled another one of our meetings in the woods, saying that its purpose would be revealed on site. Here he briefed us about his "friends" that its purpose would be revealed on site. Here he briefed us about his "friends"—about whom he talked in a way that suggested their arrangement to be similar to ours, but we know better than to ask stupid questions—and a message they gave him. Mike seemed to have been briefed on it ahead of the rest of us in order to have enough time to decode it, make sense of it and decide what our reaction was going to be. My guess? Another squad wanted to flex on us and asked us to watch and learn. A faint crack rang out in the distance. Romeo ran back to camp from his post and, trying to contain hic excitement, told me and Victor to follow him. We did, leaving Mike behind with the radio, being given a mildly confused look in the process. As we climbed to the top of the clearing overlooking the valley on the other side of the ridge our camp was on, we saw a plume of smoke among the city lights, glowing with a mild orange hue. Fire.

### FIRST CONTACT II CHARLIE

I felt like a little kid on Christmas. I simply HAD to know what all the secretive business was all about. We made our way back to the camp, where Mike had remained, still at the radio, listening to it like his life depended on it. After a while, he put down his headset and grinned ear to ear.

"Explosion in downtown [REDACTED]. Cause unknown, casualties unknown, target known — an abortion clinic. Massage parlor next door also damaged, as was a sex shop across the street. Local authorities on the scene, along with fire and health services—"

"—and they will work until the morning to put out the fire and tend to the wounded and interview witnesses, no doubt. There will be press conferences, public statements, posturing, the usual. Was there anything about any perpetrators, Mike?" Romeo cut in.

"Negative. Cause unknown, as per the broadcast."

"Then I suppose we really should watch and learn. I underestimated those guys — one gave me a torn—out sheet from a pocket notebook with some numbers written on it, then told me to check it out in private. I sent it to Mike — apparently it contained the rough GPS coordinates of the target, the radio frequency for the local news station, and the estimated time of the explosion. Sorry for the short notice, fellas. We had to come and watch the fireworks."

Cocky. Not the way I would have done it, but credit where credit's due. We hid the antenna for the night, along with any equipment that would suggest that we're anything more than humble birdwatchers or wild game appreciators in our natural habitat. I got assigned last watch, rose at 3AM, saw nothing, heard nothing, smelled nothing, then woke the others up 2 hours later and we got to work breaking camp and packing up before sunrise so we could be out of the hills by noon. Nothing remained of our camp, not even the campfire, nor the shit pit — speak no word, leave no trace, double Romans for the race.



WHEN YOUR ENEMY IS THE KIND OF GUY READY TO BOW DOWN AND KISS THE FEET OF THE STATE AND ITS IMPORTED NUGGER ARMY.

MAKE SURE YOU'RE THE KIND OF GUY READY TO RIP THROUGH A CROWD OF PUBLIC COCK SMOKERS AND BUTT POKERS WAVING THEIR FLAGS WITH YOUR AR WITH THE VERY TUNED TRIGGER (AND WITH A JUST THE RIGHT CAPACITY MAGAZINE.)

MAKE SURE YOU'RE THE KIND OF GUY READY TO RIDE AROUND ON YOUR BICYCLE AND SHOOT OUT THE WINDOWS OF CORPORATE STORES WITH YOUR SILENCED 10/22.

MAKE SURE YOU'RE THE KIND OF GUY WHO LIKES TO TAKE THE PUBLIC TRANSIT WITH A BAG FILLED WITH TOOLS,
DISASSEMBLING SCREW AND BOLT WITH EVERY TRIP YOU TAKE.

MAKE SURE YOU'RE THE KIND OF GUY READY TO SNIPE AND KULL COPS WHILE THEY'RE PARKED, WAITING WITH SPEED GUNS TO CATCH PEOPLE TRYING TO GET HOME FROM WORK AT A DECENTY HOUR.

MAKE SURE YOU'RE THE KIND OF GUY READY TO DEFEND YOURSELF AT A SYNAGOGUE.

MY KIND OF MAN ALPHA

PAGE 30



The festivals get worse from year to year - first it's just a weekend of hedonistic pleasure, then they add in an overt degenerate political agenda, then all semblance of "authenticity" is destroyed and the hard-core freaks go on their way to start an even more niche, more decayed tradition of listening to music, but like, feeling it more, bro, have you ever done DMT?

Today's a test run. This festival has been thoroughly taken over by corporate liberalism and jewish social conditioning (but I repeat myself), as evidenced by the countless energy-drink-sponsored stands and political agitation booths in between the main stages, blaring music that would be better off left as a demo in a dusty folder in someone's computer.

Did I forget to mention that they let me in without a ticket? A small amount of camouflage goes a long way if you look unassuming to begin with. The security is too busy confiscating the attendees' bottles of liquor to get shitfaced with later to give me a second glance as I make my way through the perimeter. No metal detectors, either - curious. A man of action could easily exploit such an oversight. Security footage won't do them much good, even if I did decide to cause some chaos during my stay.

I'm wearing a ball cap, sunglasses, and since the chinese have decided to grace us all with the coof, face masks have come back in style. No face, no case. I weigh my options. How can I cause the biggest amount of chaos imaginable, causing sponsors of this filth to lose money?



### I could, hypothetically,

rig a tent or two to fall on its occupants. I could disconnect or cut an electrical cable and have them scramble to fix it, while I move elsewhere and do it again. If I hadn't made arrangements that required my personal presence over the next week, I could even knock together a pipe bomb and just [REDACTED] the thickest part of the crowd... but alas, I came lightly armed.

I make my way backstage. Nobody stops me, again, all due to my camouflage. You see, despite decades of liberal brainwashing, people still have a strong outside vs. inside mentality - they suck at perceiving threats which have breached the designated security perimeter. I could start a fist fight and they'd think I was just some drugged-up journo rather than an architect of acceleration.



The toilets they got backstage are much nicer than the ones intended for the general population - there's more than enough room for me to be able to comfortably take a shit in the sink. I grab a permanent marker from my pocket and think about what to scrawl on the wall. I never understood the guys who make a big-ass "IT'S OKAY TO BE WHITE" canvas and put it up on a highway overpass - if they do it for the sake of acceleration, making the enemy crack down on a completely non-threatening message, so be it, but I'm of the humble opinion that such subtle subversion has run its course and has been neutralized by the System.

### "GEORGE FLOYD WAS A NIGGER"

right on the toilet seat, impossible to ignore. Now this is certain to make some "people" uncomfortable - this festival is packed to the brim with wiggers, whores, and everyone in between, all parroting the party line of "WHAT FEELS GOOD IS GOOD AND ALSO NAZI BAD". Truly a crowd that deserves to experience the full glory of walking into a toilet booth that's been thoroughly defaced by a miscreant like myself. I walk out the way I came, don a pair of cotton gloves (don't leave any kind of fingerprints) and slap a Trump 2020 sticker on the first car on the parking lot that looks like a conservatard would drive it. I stay low and make my way to a police cruiser, piercing two of its tires from the inner side so the holes are a bitch to find. I crawl between the cars as far as I feel is necessary in order to prevent being caught by any stray surveillance, then I melt back into the crowd full of fools who don't realize that the summer grass between the tents is basically tinder just begging to be set alight... And I LOVE to make wishes come true.

## PARADIGM SHIFT

They say hindsight is 20/20. All too often, we don't realize the value of things until we lose them. We don't think of the perfect witty comeback until the argument is over. We don't recognize the right decision until we make the wrong one (and suffer for it). We don't see the opportunities available to us until we miss out on them.

But what about clarity of foresight? It's rarer of course, but it exists.

If you're anything like me, your hatred for the system has led you to see the world differently than most people. You don't remember exactly when, but at some point, you stopped seeing people, places and infrastructure and started seeing LEGITIMATE TARGETS.

Once you've seen the world this way, you can't unsee it. It doesn't go away. There's no "going back to the way things were".

Maybe you find it's gotten difficult to interact with LEGITIMATE TARGETS in your daily life and pretend like everything's normal. Maybe it's hard to treat LEGITIMATE TARGETS with respect and kindness, like they're people. Maybe it's hard to spend time at a LEGITIMATE TARGET and not feel like you're, well, casing a target. Maybe you get... ideas... and it's hard to get them out of your head. They always creep back in, just as soon as you distract yourself with mundane busy work.

Or, maybe none of this has been difficult. Maybe you've gotten really good at compartmentalizing the world you're supposed to see, and the world you ACTUALLY see.

Or maybe - just maybe - you've taken a liking to your new "enlightened state". You didn't choose to see the many LEGITIMATE TARGETS all around you, but you welcome the ideas that follow. You might daydream a lot, about things you can't share with other people.

There's no "cure" for the way you see the world now. It sets you apart from society, but that's a gift - not a curse. It's a sixth sense that enables you to operate on a higher plane, invisible to most. It's a paradigm shift, and a profound one.

What you now possess is clarity of foresight.

To illustrate, I'll refer back to the aforementioned examples: If you knew you were about to lose something, wouldn't you treasure and appreciate it more? If you had the perfect witty comeback planned before the argument started, wouldn't you use it? If you knew your decisions would turn out badly, wouldn't you make better choices?

To be a victim of circumstance, of truly unforeseeable outcomes, is unfortunate.

But to have clarity of foresight, to foresee an outcome and not take the appropriate corrective measures, is unforgivable.

Missing an interview for your dream job is unfortunate. But to KNOW you'll be hired and CHOOSE not to go is unforgivable.

Somewhere in rural America, unused bags of 32-0-0 fertilizer are collecting dust in a barn somewhere. This is unfortunate.

But to KNOW that farmer, or the location of the 32-0-0, and let it go to waste, is unforgivable.

Seeing the opportunities available to you, and passing them up, is unforgivable.

You're ready now. Seize the day.



## PARTNERS I CHARLIE

Pretty sure the sun is rising. I can't really tell, but the fog blanketing the city's park is getting paler with every passing minute. I clutch my 10/22 and train it at the ducks at the pond. A muffled gunshot cuts through the eerie silence and one of the ducks drops dead — the big one. It will have to feed all 7 hungry mouths tonight.

I like to think of myself as an opportunistic predator rather than a farmer or hunter—the convenience of being able to legally slaughter your own birds in the comfort of your homestead is offset by the extra upkeep cost. In case rule of law is already tenuous where you live, you might as well kill all the ducks at the pond before Jayquan figures it out for himself. Me, I like a bit of variety. I raise chickens for eggs and meat and I plant peas and potatoes and I tend to fruit trees, and sometimes I go down to the city and bag a bird or two.

I unscrew the suppressor — a marvelous work of art if you ask me, a "stupid rattlefest that's louder than an unsuppressed .22LR" if you ask the inconsiderate faggot in charge of the radio. What matters is it gets the job done and I wouldn't like to be seen with it still fastened to the muzzle of my firearm. That would trigger a butterfly effect of misdemeanors and felonies ranging from discharging a firearm within city limits — oh, so Tyrese can do it for his dumb rap video, but I can't do it to feed myself? — to having an unregistered suppressor slapped onto an unregistered firearm — the latter of which isn't illegal yet, but I'm sure the feds would find a way.

I get a devilish idea. I shoulder my gun and fire a few unsuppressed shots into the pond — no risk of collateral damage that way, and seeing that the park is right in the middle between 2 police stations, it might just trigger a shootout between the cops if both stations send a patrol to investigate the gunshots. I disassemble the gun and put it away into my modified guitar case, making it hard to find even if subjected to a search.

Driving back out of the city, I turn on the morning news on the radio. Still no new leads in last week's bombing — at least they've realized by now that it was a deliberate act. Serves them right for putting so many dens of vice in close proximity from one another. Still no information about the suspects — what a shame. Before the sun goes down, I'll be meeting them myself.

I drive up increasingly deteriorated forest roads, further and further away from the city. This campsite is my favorite — it doesn't provide a view on the cities on both sides like the one we were at last week did, but it's easily accessible and there's plenty of room there, while still being far enough away so that horny couples and drug dealers don't bother coming all the way up here. Still, we rarely stay longer than overnight at any place — unpredictability is key, and you don't want to get caught with our kind of equipment unless you're perfectly comfortable with making witnesses disappear.

Two trucks at the end of the road. Our pickup on the left, a slightly older pickup that I don't recognize on the right. Both are remarkable only by how inconspicuous they are — you could see them cruising at full speed on the interstate, or parked at a woods cabin, or stuck in city traffic, without noticing anything extraordinary about them. I pull in next to the unknown truck, get out of my own car (just as unremarkable as the trucks) and start unloading the goods.

## PARTNERS II CHARLIE

Despite our policy of moving about, we've decided on building a cache right here at our spot in the woods — in case of emergency, we could retreat here with minimal preparation and already have buried supplies waiting for us. We could get a semi-permanent encampment going in no time at all, saving labor costs... and if today goes well, we'll have plenty of manpower for all the fun associated with complete societal collapse. If not, good thing I always carry a gun on me.

"Hey, Charlie! Took your sweet time getting here, didn't you?"

Mike is already breaking my balls. Great.

"Shut up, radio star. Help me haul this back to camp."

At least he brought the cart with him when he came to greet me. Carrying all those Dutch ovens, shovels, hatchets and who knows what else would have taken an eternity and a half. We make our way to the camp, which is already set up, populated by faces both new and familiar.

"Mike, get on the radio. Fast. Echo, come and help Charlie here put all this into the barrels, then just lower them into the pits and cover them up."

Romeo is always on his feet, barking orders. Seems like these new guys follow his lead, that's good. We need all the cohesion we can get. I hand Romeo the bag with the goose, then get back to the task at hand.

"What's your trade?"

I barely get to take a look at the guy and he's already asking me personal questions? Quite the social butterfly.

"A few odds and ends. You?"

"Look man, we're brothers in arms now. You can trust me. I do explosives, ammunition, and our guys in general specialize in combat."

A man of culture. Guess all the heavy lifting is done already. Romeo really is good with people.

"I do engineering. I suppose that makes us partners now?"

Echo grinned. "Partners. I like the sound of that."

## VICTORY FROM ALL ANGLES

A PILLAR OF WORLDVIEW TO PUSH IN TO THE MINDS OF //ALL TYPES// OF REVOLUTIONARY WHITES WHENEVER THE CHANCE IS PRESENT..

REVOLUTION IS NOT ACHIEVED BY ONE FORCE, BY ONE MAN, BY ONE GROUP, BY ONE MOTIVE, OR BY ANY ONE MEANS.

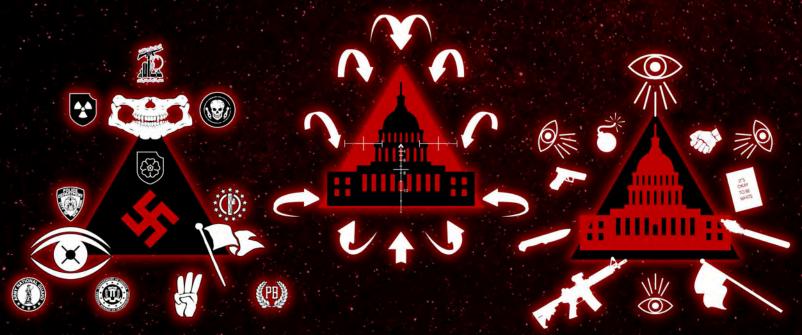






## REVOLUTION IS ACHIEVED BY A MULTITUDE OF PRESSURES FORCED UPON THE SYSTEM FROM ALL ANGLES WITH VARYING DEGREES OF PRESSURE.

STRIKING DONE BY ALL REVOLUTIONARIES STRIKING DONE FROM ALL ANGLES STRIKING USING ALL FORMS OF RESISTANCE



WHAT DOES THIS MEAN IN A NON-DOGMATIC WAY?

THIS MEANS THAT OUR COVERT INFILTRATORS PLAY AS MUCH AS A ROLE IN OUR REVOLUTION AS DO OUR MEN OF DIRECT ACTION, AND AS DO OUR MOVEMENTARIANS.

THE INFILTRATOR LEAKS. HE EXPOSES SYSTEM HYPOCRISY AND WEAK POINTS. HE HANGS LOW AND MAKES HIMSELF GRAY AND DIRECTS THE EYES ON THE SYSTEM WHERE HE WANTS THEM TO BE.

THE MAN OF DIRECT ACTION STRIKES. HAS NO FACE TO ARREST, NO BODY TO KILL. HE PUTS THE BULLET THROUGH THE TRAITOR, HE IGNITES THE THERMITE TO PUT THE POWER OUT FOR THE LAST TIME.

THE MOVEMENTARIAN DIRECTLY EXPERIENCES THE THRASHES OF THE DYING SYSTEM IN THE FORM OF IT'S BEATINGS AND LEGAL ACTION. HE ATTRACTS HIGH AMOUNTS OF MEMBERS, THE BEST OF WHICH PASS ON TO THE OTHER TWO ROLES, THE MOVEMENTARIAN IS MERELY THE LESS FANATICAL PHASE FOR MOST BUT SERVES A UNIQUE PURPOSE NOT POSSIBLE BY THE OTHER TWO.

MILITANT ACCELERATIONISM, ALPHA, PAGE 38



## Movements

Militant Accelerationism Bravo

Movements
have failed for
a million and one
reasons, from
inadequate results to
the loss of relevant
messaging.

But most striking was the complete disregard for filtering out undesirables.

In 2018, the main home and organizing place of the "alt-right" was clearly Discord, a (at the time) relatively small gaming socialization platform.

As time dragged on and more redditors and lurking degenerates leaked onto the platform.

Now for any traditional "movement" that had been labeled far-right, it wouldn't look far to find the justification to purge filth, yet the alt-right didn't.

Everyone would be given different reasons ranging from increased activity to D&C to optics. But the most important of all reasons given was to gain more members for the movement.

Weakness and Decadence is a death to all things, the "Movement" wasn't spared.

# MILITARY ACCELERATIONESS

**ALPHA** 

IF SOME MILD CONSTRUCTION IS ENOUGH TO SHUT THE HIGHWAY DOWN at 5 or 6 o'clock in the afternoon, then what do you think a fighting aged determined male can do? A friend of mine used to tell me how much he had always wanted to find some mild traffic below one of those pedestrian bridges, and to just lean over and dump a whole bucket of short roofing nails over the side. The kind you get by the hundreds for cheap at hardware stores. The kind with big flat heads that turn the nail straight up as they're driven over. If any of us thought the city traffic gets slow usually, then how about a full stop and dozens of cars with flat tires while a city clean up crew has to make its way through all of that traffic to get there and find every single nail.

"Imagine you did this in 3 places along the same highway", he said one time.

Hey! My other friend used to say the same thing but about doing it to off ramps.

"No one dies from rolling their cars after getting sudden flats at 70mph, but traffic would be totally fucked and cars backed on to the left lane of the highway", he would usually say.

He would say "you could do this more or less on a bicycle with your face covered, with a basket or backpack filled with them".

Wild stuff.



Now, I've seen a lot of posts about power stations... Power stations this, power stations that.

But I'm here to tell you about the 140,490 miles of standard hauling gauge train track that exists across the USA.

Imagine how much unguarded track there is out there? Imagine how much damage to infrastructure one would do if they disabled high traffic railways with small amounts of inexpensive and easily manufactured thermite? Imagine the derailings shutting down entire shipping routes for the military, government, and private sectors.

Imagine how much more deadly this would be during a crisis situation when very

Imagine how much more deadly this would be during a crisis situation when very important and needed resources are being sent to directly affected disaster areas. Hurt a power station and hurt the area around you; hurt the tracks and hurt everyone.

Hey who was that guy who, during a time of extreme political tension and wealth disparity, decided to knock out train tracks around the Western United States by putting thermite on the tracks?"

He can be you, if you want

TRAIN TRACKS POSTING

ALPHA

Militant Accelerationism

## Overlooked Aspects of Collapse

November

No amount of rambling can explain the incoming chaos that we will be a part of in this generation. No writing by me or anyone else can explain to you what we will see.

Regardless, consider the following questions.

## What will happen, when the crazies run out of their anti-psychotics, mood stabilizers, and sedation medications?

- · Expect to see men and women eating one another on cold grocery store floors.
- · Expect to see tweakers raping other tweakers.
- · Expect to see people covered in shit with their own organs falling out attacking cars.

## What will happen when reasonable men with cold and starving families see unreasonable men with warm and well fed ones?

- Expect to hear about men concocting chemical weapons to gas out homes, so they they may eliminate the family inside and then return with their own a few days later.
- Expect to hear the biggest motivator of action was not personal starvation, but the starvation of ones own sons and daughters.
- Expect to hear about people who amputated and cannibalized people they'd been going to church with only months prior.



Militant Accelerationism

## Overlooked Aspects of Collapse

November

What will happen when the mind of the unprepared western world citizen is shattered and he is forced immediately to face to bloodshed?

- Expect to experience great roars from the cities, as masses of people turn their hatred toward mod-defined targets.
- Expect to experience the results of great flames traveling up buildings formed from concrete and steel, decimating everything and leaving only skeletons of structures, or rubble below.
- Expect to experience mass kill offs, droves of the fragile population dying in weeks due to diarrhea and suicide.

The environment that will be created will be one that few have both the genetic capability and training to thrive within.



## NOT BUILT IN A DAY I

The Dutch ovens went in first. Wicked heavy things, they last a lifetime when treated right. You'd think they'd be more expensive, with how much value they provide, but it turns out that the masses prefer the convenient non-stick pans. Much easier on the twigarmed population's wrists, while the coating deteriorates and rubs off into the food, filling their bodies with plastic. Can't even be used over an open fire!

It required some work, but we were able to fill the entire barrel with tools that would simply take up too much space in the truck if we had to bug out in a hurry, then dropped it into the pre-dug hole. We took care not to put in anything that smells remotely like food — bears roam the countryside and have a nasty habit of trying to dig up anything that smells promising. Can't risk all this equipment rusting on us.

"So what did you use to blow up those degenerates?"

Echo smiled. "It was all my plan. I had my guys get an old beat-up car from the ghetto, loaded it up with ANFO, then I parked it in front of the target 2 days in advance. There's no paid parking, very little police presence — it's a complete dump, mostly blacks and poor asian immigrants. Then I just hit the detonator in the after hours when the "doctors" would be staying late, cleaning up after a hard day of work killing the unborn. Killed both abortionists and impaled one of their helpers with debris, literally pinned the bitch to a wall. Also covered the massage therapist and her client with broken glass, then the investigators found that the place was a sex trafficking operation — imagine my shock — and arrested the ringleaders, oddly enough. All in all, not a bad job, eh?"

I whistled. "You drove the car there yourself. Doesn't that increase the risk of being identified?"

"Well, it usually does. This place was an exceptional dump, however. Any surveillance cameras get taken care of by the local, ah, youths. They don't want to be videotaped tagging walls and dealing drugs, so they smash the cameras within a day of them being put up. Diversity really has its benefits."

Indeed it does. I can't be bothered to count how many times I've bought an old stolen phone from a drug dealer, only to sell it days later. I prefer dealing with White men when it comes to commerce, but lately they've gotten harder and harder to find. No matter — Jerome is always selling and he doesn't ask questions. Neither do the arab gangsters, but that's because they don't speak English.

We covered up the barrel with dirt, taking note of its location. We would return to it if... WHEN all Hell broke loose.

The duck was already done by the time we were finished. It's unbelievable how much value you can get out of a single .22LR round - for once, we ate like kings, foraging off the country of the enemy.

Romeo rose to speak.

"MY BROTHERS! We have made the next leap forward. At this very moment, we are selfsufficient and sitting on 6 months' worth of supplies. The foundations of our tribe are firm beneath our feet. I only ask you this: DO YOU PLEDGE TO FIGHT AGAINST THE SYSTEM UNTIL YOU'VE DROPPED DEAD? DO YOU PLEDGE TO RAISE YOUR CHILDREN AS FRESH FORCES IN THE FIGHT? DO YOU WANT TOTAL WAR?"

## NOT BUILT IN A DAY II CHARLIE

The shouts were deafening, I added to them myself. I imagine this is how Romulus' men must have felt when Rome was founded, none of them living to see its full glory. Just a gang of guys always ready to fight and build a new tomorrow.

"Hey Charlie! Come on to the trucks, I gotta talk to you away from all this mayhem." Echo pulled me up and away we went.

"We need some new toys. You and I, we must be our tribe's outfitters. The System has its weapons and we have ours."

I nodded, the glory of our achievement still clouding my mind. I pointed towards the trucks.

"You want to weaponize these? We could put a machine gun on the bed or something, I guess... What do you have in mind?"

Hours later, we crashed into our tents. I dreamed of cities of marble hidden in ancient forests, of glorious battles of ages past and future, and of guided missile systems that fit onto a truck bed.

## THE MORTAR POST

imagine you had a mortar

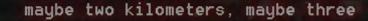
imagine you had a mortar on the bed of a truck with a cab over it, blocking some of the sound and a lot of the initial flash.

imagine you also had a drone so that you could note where your hits were landing and deliver accurate followup shots.

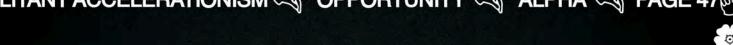
imagine in a metropolitan area what you could do with a truck like this with some stolen plates on it. cruising around with the buds.

driving around wiping faggot store fronts and traitor government operations from existence.

driving around, killing people from a kilometer away who don't even know you exist.









OH THE POWER IS OUT?
MOST OF US ARE THINKING ABOUT HOW WE PLAN TO CRIME MAX, WHICH BUILDINGS WE WANT TO CLIMB NEARBY, HOW WE CAN TRY OUT OUR NEW NIGHT FIGHTING EQUIPMENT IN DARK URBAN SETTINGS NOW.

THE COMMON MAN? WELL YOU'D THINK THEY'RE WORRIED THAT THEY CAN'T CHARGE THEIR PHONE, CAN'T WATCH INTERRACIAL SOAP OPERAS.

BUT THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE WRONG. WHAT STOPS MOST OPPORTUNISTIC NORMIES FROM COMMITTING CRIME? ESPECIALLY THE YOUTH?

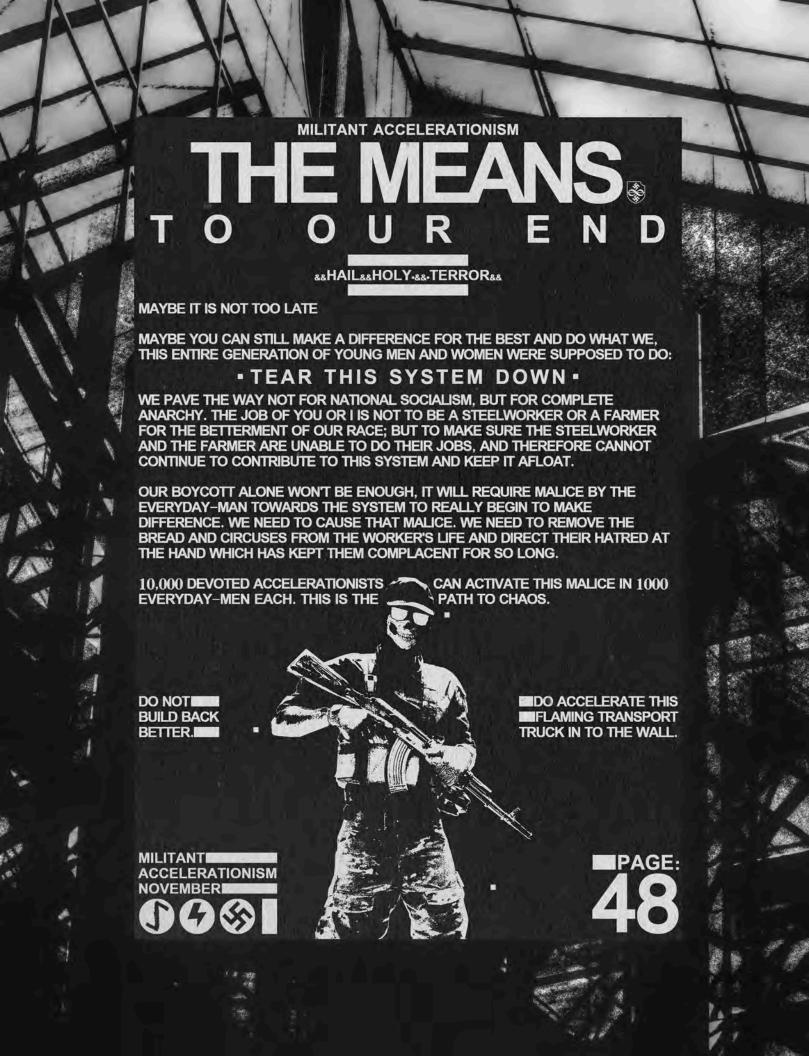
THE HUGE NETWORKS OF SECURITY CAMERAS AND STREETLIGHTS THAT ARE NOW NO LONGER WORKING.

A QUICK OUTAGE BECAUSE OF A DOWNED LINE MIGHT BUY YOU A FEW HOURS WHERE THEY REALLY WILL WAIT FOR THEIR DEVICES TO COME BACK.

A DOWNED STATION, ON THE OTHER HAND, BUYS YOU A FEW DAYS.

ELECTRICITY IS THE MOST VALUABLE COMFORT OFFERED TO THE LEMMING, THE ELECTRICITY PRESIDES OVER THEIR LIFE AS THEIR GREAT PROVIDER. NEVER FORGET THIS.







SHOULD YOU CLIMB THE POLE TO PLAY WITH THE FORBIDDEN SPAGHETTI AT THE TOP?

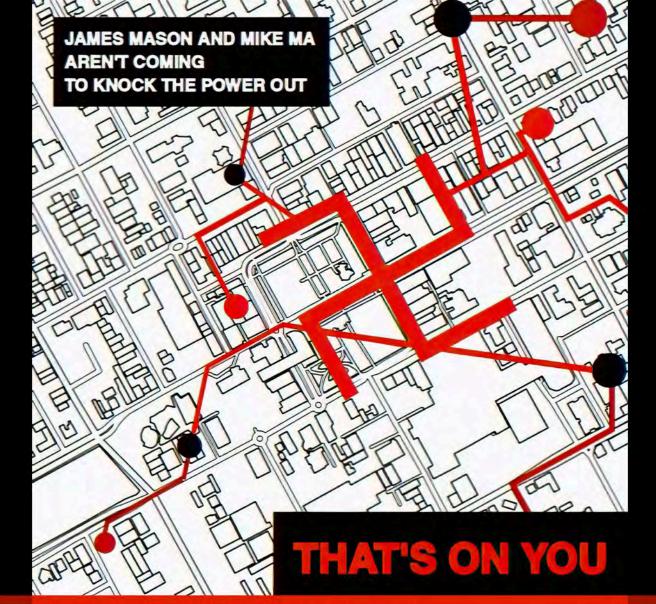
OF COURSE NOT

WHAT YOU SHOULD DO IS SIT BACK WITH .22 CALIBRE CCI MINI-MAG SUBSONIC ROUNDS IN A SINGLE SHOT RIFLE AND AN ABSOLUTE DRUM OF A SUPPRESSOR ON IT PEPPERING THE IMPORTANT LOOKING BITS FROM INSIDE AN ABANDONED BUILDING OR ADJACENT UNPOPULATED TRAIL UNTIL THE BURNER PHONE YOU JUST REGISTERED UNDER THE NAME SAM HYDE LOSES CELL RECEPTION.

THEN LUNCH.



4|9



You the reader carry the local struggle onward.

James Mason or Mike Ma aren't going to come over to your city and knock the power out, that's on you.

I would get familiarized with the local electrical and rail networks if I were you, maybe run a few light ops with trusted comrades. Go unarmed but with your face covered to scout out and see just what it takes to make your way up to the enemy's structures that matter without being detected. Don't bring your phone.

Mentally map escape routes, practice using them.

Once when we were young teenagers, my friends and I got some free goods from a grocery store, and got home issue free entirely using backroads on our bikes because we knew the area, we knew the geography, we had practiced it a hundred times before. If teenagers can get away from a quick crime then an adult can do it too.

Now we're adults and know what these routes shall be used for.

Our stomping grounds of yesterday will become our territory today if we know how to control it.

Final note: no pig is going to know these things better than you if you simply care more about it than he does.

Militant Accelerationism

THE BEST WORLDVIEW WILL NOT BE FORMED BASED ON IF ONE HAS READ ENOUGH EVOLA. IF HE'S READ ENOUGH OF ANYTHING FOR THAT MATTER. THE BEST WORLDVIEW ONE CAN HAVE IS GUIDED BY THE PATH OF THE WARRIOR, IT IS THE WORLDVIEW GUIDED BY REAL WORLD EXPERIENCE.

EXPOSURE TO A ROTTEN WORLD DESIRE FOR A HOLY WORLD

"It's better to be a warrior in a garden than a gardener in war"
The most fanatical men of our struggle did not consume blackpills
until they became this way; many of us spent our time in the
2000's and 2010's putting up fliers, going to rallies, maybe even
voting. We tried again and again to flex the system in to the
shape we wanted only for it to repeatedly spring back
in to its putrid form.

ONLY THROUGH THIS DID WE REALIZE WHAT MORE MUST BE DONE.

AND WHAT ABOUT THAT ACTION? I CAN'T COUNT HOW MANY PEOPLE OVER THE YEARS I'VE SPOKEN TO ONLINE WHO REPRESENT OUR STRUGGLE ONLY TO FIND OUT THAT THEY HAD NEVER BEEN IN A FIGHT, NEVER BEEN CHASED BY THE POLICE, NEVER HURT ANYONE, AND MORE IMPORTANTLY WHO NEVER DESTROYED ANYTHING.

THAT'S WHERE THE IMPORTANCE OF THOSE EARLY LEVEL ACTIONS COME IN. RUNNING AROUND AT NIGHT WITH YOUR COMRADES, EVADING THE POLICE, PROPAGANDIZING THE STREET CORNERS, KNOCKING FAGGOTS ON THEIR ASSES IF THEY TRY TO REPORT YOU. GOING TO THOSE RALLIES AND FIGHTING WITH THE SYSTEM WHORES IN BLUE, AND THE SYSTEM WHORES IN RED. THESE ACTIONS AWAKEN A TASTE FOR ACTION IN THOSE WITH THE TASTE FOR IT. NOT MEMES ONLINE.

OF COURSE FOR MANY OF US, BEFORE WE WERE FASCISTS, WE WERE TEENAGERS RUNNING AROUND AT NIGHT WITH OUR COMRADES, EVADING THE POLICE, PROPAGANDIZING THE STREET CORNERS, KNOCKING FAGGOTS ON THEIR ASSES IF THEY TRY TO REPORT YOU.

OF COURSE ONLY INSTEAD OF FLIERS, IT WAS GRAFFITI, AND INSTEAD OF UNIVERSITY MARXISTS, IT WAS CONCERNED NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH BOOMERS. IT WAS THE SAME THEN AS IT IS NOW. THOSE WITHOUT FANATICISM TRYING TO STOP THE FANATIC. WE MERELY BEGAN TO ADAPT THIS BEHAVIOR IN TO OUR WORLDVIEW AFTER WE SAW THE FAILURE OF SYSTEM POLITICS.

THIS ABILITY AND DESIRE TO COMMIT TO ACTION IS WHAT SHAPES THE FANATIC AND PREPARES HIM FOR GREATER LEVELS OF ACTION IN THE FUTURE.

YOU COMMIT PETTY CRIMES SO THAT WHEN THE DAY COMES, YOU'RE READY TO COMMIT WAR CRIMES.

THE DAYS OF POSTERING AND RALLIES ARE OVER. I'M AFRAID YOU ALL MISSED THAT TRAIN IF YOU MISSED IT.

IT IS STILL TIME TO FIGHT, HOWEVER. IT IS STILL TIME TO GO AROUND TOWN AT NIGHT WITH YOUR COMRADES, THIS TIME TO SHOOT OUT CAR WINDOWS WITH A SLINGSHOT. TO THROW BEER BOTTLES AT PEOPLE USING THE ATM LATE AT NIGHT.

TO LIGHT FIRES.

ALL OF THIS WILL GUIDE YOUR MIND TO FANATICISM MORE THAN THE BOOKS WILL.



## BRAINSTORMING >>>WHISKEY

THE BEST TIME TO ATTACK IS WHEN YOUR TARGET IS DISTRACTED. THIS IS TRUE WHETHER YOU'RE HUNTING DEER OR TRAITOR POLITICIANS.

YOU SEE, ATTENTION IS A FINITE RESOURCE.
INCREASED FOCUS IN ONE AREA LESSENS FOCUS ELSEWHERE.
BEING HYPER-FOCUSED TO THE POINT OF PARANOID INSANITY
BLINDS YOU TO, WELL, PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING ELSE.

AND WHAT IS THE BEAST SYSTEM HYPER-FOCUSED ON AT THE MOMENT?

GUN CONTROL.

WHILE THEY'VE BEEN OBSESSING OVER OUR GUNS,

## THEY HAVEN'T ONCE GALLED TO BAN:

- **OKNIVES**
- O ROPE
- © COLD PACKS
- O NITROMETHANE HOBBY FUEL
- O DIESEL
- O ACETONE
- O POOL CLEANER
- O MURIATIC ACID

- O NAILS
- **OKITCHEN TIMERS**
- © ELECTRICAL COMPONENTS
- **O BATTERIES**
- O FUSES
- O PIPES
- O PRESSURE COOKERS
- O DRONES
- O RENTAL VANS

NOTE: THIS ISN'T A COMPREHENSIVE LIST, JUST THE FIRST THINGS THAT CAME TO MY MIND.

WHAT'D I MISS? HAVE FUN BRAINSTORMING!

## DEAD MONEY CHARLIE

"What am I looking at?"

Mike didn't get the bit, apparently. The collar truly was a work of art — metal construction, adjustable diameter that could accommodate most necks, filled with half a dozen miniature barrels loaded with .22 cartridges, complete with an electric detonating system. For the purpose of this test, it was wrapped around a water bottle. We scavenged some plexiglass and arranged it as a transparent shield in front of the high—speed camera that some propagandist let us borrow 2 days before he got arrested on RICO charges along with the rest of his group.

Now we were in a makeshift trench in the middle of nowhere, watching the contraption through the camera.

I turned to Echo. "Hit it."

He flipped his switch, sending the signal down the wire up to the detonators. They all went off at once, turning the water into mist. Barely any shrapnel was produced, and what little pieces of metal flew off did so at low velocities, unable to cause noticeable damage to the surroundings.

"DID YOU SEE THAT? FLAWLESS!" Echo high-fived me in excitement. "Imagine the possibilities!"

Mike was still rather clueless. "That's great and all, but why did you invite me here for this test? My expertise is radio, not explosives—oh."

"Yes. We need to put in some extra bits — a microphone and a speaker for communication, radio to facilitate said communication, plus ANOTHER radio connection in case the subject is unwilling to cooperate. You saw what it did to the bottle — detonate the collar and you're going to hit the carotid AND the jugular, causing death by blood loss in seconds. Just uh, gotta make sure it's reliable, especially the remote detonating system. Could you do that?"

"Charlie, before I join this pet project of yours, you gotta tell me what you need it for. I've played enough Fallout New Vegas to know where this ends."

"Very well. You know how soldiers are more motivated to fight in the face of mortal danger and when they fear their commander more than they fear their enemies? This little toy could help us on both fronts. All it takes is a single unwitting subject and you could turn him into your personal weapon of mass destruction."

Mike shuddered, then cracked up. "You're a bunch of psychopaths. I'm all in."



JOIN THE NON-WHITE HATER FAN CLUB

JOIN THE REACTIVATED 81MM MORTAR FACEBOOK PAGE

JOIN THE PISSING ALL OVER THE BATHROOM FLOOR OF ASIAN AND INDIAN OWNED GAS STATIONS AND CONVENIENCE STORES CONSORTIUM

JOIN THE DROPPING WEIGHTS AND SCREAMING RACIAL EPITHETS AT PLANET FITNESS BROTHERHOOD

JOIN US TO DRIVE THE TEMPER AND STRESS LEVEL OF EVERY PERSON YOU SEE THROUGH THE ROOF EVERY DAY UNTIL THEY ACCELERATE TOO WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING IT.

It's late at night and he's moving around his room, his home, actively.

He's printing a 25mm calibration block and adjusting the steps per mm on his printer to make sure everything lines up on his next print.

He's using airplane glue to cover his finger prints.

He's using old sim cards he bought online from Bulgaria to phone verify twitters (to bully Ben Shapiro online).

"Is he you?"

He's outside now, it's early in the morning. He's complying with mask laws while he's on top of buildings. He's pulling the wires out of dome cameras. He realized you can't break them quietly, the domes are too strong to break quietly.

He's mapping out back roads, ways to get places he needs to be. Ways to be places he might need to get to.

He has a car, but he chooses the bicycle for its silence and lack of license plates.

He's throwing light bulbs filled with a mix of exterior and interior paint at the cars in the buzzfeed parking lot.

"Is he me?"

Now it's day time again, he's wearing a fitted dress shirt and typing away about some stuff he doesn't care about on a spreadsheet.

He's stretching his break an extra minute but still keeping up good impressions.

He's clocking in, then out.

"Who is he?"







### FEAR AND LOATHING IN CHRZĄSZCZYŻEWOSZYCE



STILL THINKING BACK TO THAT TIME I GOT ARRESTED BY THE POLISH POLICE FOR PUTTING LIKE 20 PACKAGED BARS OF SOAP ON A SHELF AT THE AUSCHWITZ GIFT SHOP AND LABELING THEM "MADE FROM AUTHENTIC ASHKENAZI JEWS"



I HAD THE BOGDABROS CRASH THE POLISH ZIOTY JUST SO THEY COULD BAIL ME OUT CHEAP, WHICH EARNED ME A BAD REPUTATION WITH MY BROS IN THE POLISH GOVERNMENT AND GOT ME KICKED OUT OF MY LOW-PAYING PAPER-PUSHING COVER JOB WHEN I WAS IN FACT ARMING FAR-RIGHT ANTI-EU ANTI-NATO ANTI-RUSSIA NATIONALIST GROUPS ACROSS THE INTERMARIUM COUNTRIES IN A MASSIVE CONSPIRACY THAT WIKILEAKS CALLED "OPERATION GIEWONT".

## FEAR AND LOATHING IN CHRZĄSZCZYŻEWOSZYCE



THAT WAS BACK IN 2005 A LOT OF THOSE FRIENDS ARE DEAD NOW BUT MY GUYS MANAGED TO SHRED AND BURN ENOUGH DOCUMENTS (POLISH ADMINISTRATIVE WAS VERY SLOW TO GO DIGITAL) TO COVER THE IDENTITIES AND LOCATIONS OF THE MILITANTS WHO TO THIS DAY LIE IN WAIT EMBEDDED IN SPORT SHOOTER TEAMS AND HUNTERS ASSOCIATIONS CAMOUFLAGED AS SURVIVALISTS FOR HIRE GIVING EXPENSIVE LESSONS ABOUT PISS DRINKING TO CITY SLICKERS FROM KRAKÓW WAITING FOR THE ORDER TO BE BROADCAST ACROSS THE ENTIRE SLAVIC HOMELAND FOR THEM TO DEFEND THEIR BIRTHRIGHT

UNTIL THAT DAY, I'M GOING TO KEEP WATERING DOWN BOTTLES OF SPIRYTUS AND SEMING THEM TO CLUELESS EXCHANGE STUDENTS.



# THE VIRGIN TECHNOCRATIC INTERNATIONALIST MASS MEDIA SYSTEM LOVER VS THE CHAD TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT LONE WOLF INTERNET PROPAGANDIST

How much money does it cost me to sit here using my 12 year old lenovo thinkpad laptop, drinking lukewarm orange pekoe tea with no sugar or milk added to threaten the system and the lives of those tied up in it? Nothing. I have a WASR10 with a cheap but functional holosun optic beside me. That's the working class man's rifle these days. I have a weapon light and sling too. How much did it cost me? Almost nothing.

The system however relies on a huge clunky system of manpower, money, rules, obligations, restrictions, etc. that all need to operate in a smooth hierarchy demanding of full unconditional trust in the system to operate.

Every meme or post I make costs me nothing, it costs them a thousand dollars in operatives to index it and note where it came from, who made it, the reaction from other users, and what I plan to do with it.

Every real life action I commit costs me nothing, it costs them ungodly amounts.

How do I strike the jew in his ivory tower?

I propagandize the system against itself. It costs me nothing.

I buy products on amazon and immediately return them. It costs me nothing.

I buy expensive products, break them, and then return them for store credit which I use to do it all again. It costs me nothing.

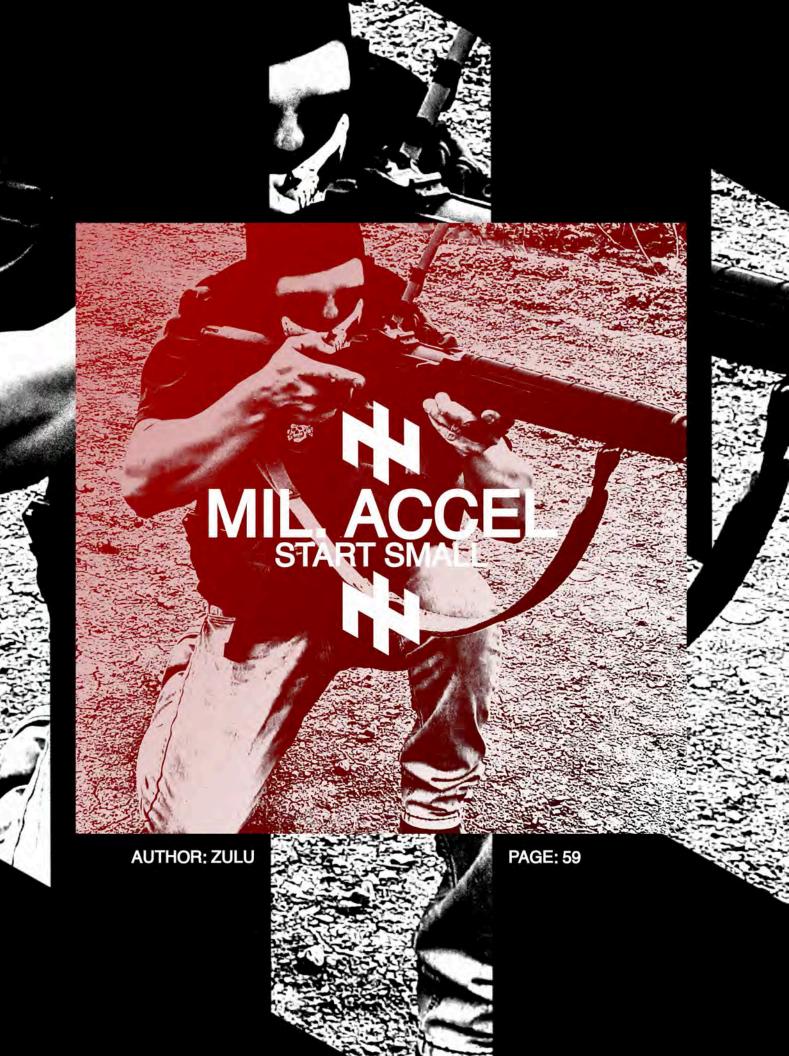
I work for the system and leave errors in their code, defects in their products. It costs me nothing.

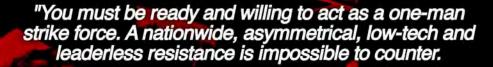
I use a \$0.04 .22short to poke small holes in things that don't want holes in them (transformers, plate glass windows)... It costs me \$0.04

As one man I can effectively cause a lot of issues in the system's hierarchy. I disrupt their power and most importantly their flow of income; one of the main pillars of their power structure.

And it only cost me \$0.04.

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You don't have to start out with guns blazing. Get a taste for it first. Start small. Light a fire, smash a window, slash some tires. And when you find you can do these things and easily get away with them with the simplest of precautions, you will realize there is very little difference in effort between those things and putting a few quick rounds into the back of Dorsey's skull while he's out jogging.

Given what this cabal of tyrannical psychopaths and traitors will do with power, you have the moral right and duty to do everything in your ability to wreck their enterprise in its entirety... Choose your targets wisely. Pick men of influence who thrive in the public eye. Brutalize them in ways that serve as terrifying examples to their masters...

Now is the time for brutal, pragmatic action that brings down their entire edifice. Our best option might be the eruption of complete and total chaos, causing society to fracture from top to bottom and overloading any ability for them to put down resistance. In this bedlam, the proper alliances will more clearly fall into place. But to reach this catalytic point, we must first bring the tyrants to the gates of hell itself. If it's war they want, let's give them one."

AUTHOR: ZULU PAGE: 60



\*

## IF WE ARE TO

EXERCISES HIS POWER
OVER THE FILTHY DREGS OF
THE LESSER CONTINENTS,
THEN WE WILL NEED TO DO
ONE THING FIRST AND
FOREMOST: WE WILL NEED
TO LET PETTY SQUABBLES
OF RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES
GO, LEAVE THEM IN THE
PAST AND ENSURE THERE
ARE NO MORE BARRIERS IN
THE WAY FOR OUR MEN TO
MARCH FOREVER FORWARD.



#### A MENTAL SEMITIC ATTACK

MIND OF "RACE ABOVE ONES RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK". 



God? Gods?

Doesn't matter

Ultimately, judaism is the most significant enemy of our struggle, islam isn't far behind.

But atheism will be the biggest enemy of your (personal) struggle.

You cannot believe in the timeless struggle of National Socialism if you do not even believe in any life before or after death.

We are not mere animals who happened to produce the highest fruits of life - we are the product of a higher God or Gods. I do not deny the physical (BLOOD) aspect behind our struggle, but the primary goal is to work in the order of those who made us as a product of those who represent TRUTH and nothing more.

## DIVISION, NOT ORDER

Division, not order defines our struggle to a great degree.
When will you take the steps to have division end?

Imagine you're running a class, it can be any class, but in this example it's for kitchen management. You try to show the students some of the basics and explain that the kitchen will work more smoothly to obtain its goals of keeping the orders cleared quickly and properly. The class is going well until you quickly explain that there are two types of ovens for cooking.

Electric, and gas powered.

Despite the entire class having the same interests (to learn how to cook and to operate properly as kitchen staff), there are two students who frantically and fanatically bark at one another, insisting their oven type is better even though each knows nothing about the other oven type. You clear the air a bit and separate them, but they keep going. Now some of the other students are jumping in, even picking sides. You see old friendships form in to divisions. Mother and daughter who attended your course together now arrange for separate rides home. The end of the day comes so soon for everyone to realize all of the time has been wasted on fighting and discussion over oven type.

Imagine you're on a boating trip down south and your navigations equipment has gone down. You're in some creek in Florida you've never been in and you're not sure where to go.

It's getting dark and you know once the sun sets, there will be no chance to return home safely for a very long time. Additionally you're low on food and believe you may be in a survival situation with your life at stake.

You have two additional members in your crew, one has the compass and knows how to take a bearing, and the other has the map and knows how to coordinate through to the proper grid.

Issue is, each time you try to obtain the equipment, each time you try to get them to work together for the survival of all of you, they bring up something mostly irrelevant to surviving and getting home...

Should we use the electric hot plate, or mobile propane stove to cook dinner?

You're not even sure you'll get to eat dinner at this point. You watch the sun set in the distance as you realize your crew are arguing over a victory that may never come should they continue to disagree.

Now imagine you were in a situation where not the success of your cooking class, not surviving in some creek in Florida, but the survival of your blood was at stake? Do you care if we use electric, or gas ovens?



Taking a shower. My hands are black with carbon and stained yellow from smoke. My feet have soil between their toes and under their nails. I'm covered in small cuts and bruises. My muscles are sore.

To me, I'm the most trained and physically ready man I can be. I'm ready to run screaming in to a Walmart with a suicide vest on. I'm ready to recreate the Boston Marathon in a faggot barcade where they have Soylent on tap. I'm ready to step with full force on someone's emotional ribs when I notice they're only a few pounds overweight.

To me, I'm the best shooter. I possess the best combat related skills. «I can operate in permissive sub-optimal threat environments like I'm Chris Kyle.»

When I look over the last 24 hours it feels like it's been a week.

On the first day I marched early alongside my comrades

On the second, we made fires, and concealed shelters

On the third, we ate

- On the fourth, we swam in freezing waters
   On the fifth, we shot paper and steel
  - On the sixth, we said goodbye
- And on the seventh now, I shower and await the next while I am reborn

Many people don't live so many days at once. They are instead dying several times in each day.

When they die for real, they'll see the many small deaths they experienced each day from the time they forced themselves late out of bed for their shitty coffee and shitty cigarette, then died more while eating shitty fast food, and then to the time they spent watching Game of Thrones from start to finish again.

Most of their deaths pertain to their addition of comfort, and their inability to function normally without it.

What's most important though is the death of their own personal vision. They aren't willing to put in the work to live. They drift through the day only hoping for it to end, and if they reflect in the shower at the end, they will die once again.



## YOU WILL NEVER PASS

YOU WILL NEVER
CONVINCE A MAN TO
LOVE YOU

YOU WILL NEVER HAVE THE HIPS OF A WOMAN

YOU WILL NEVER HAVE
THE SOFT FACE OF A
WOMAN

YOU WILL FIGHT AND LOSE, EVERY DAY, UNTIL YOUR UNTREATED MENTAL ILLNESS TAKES YOU.



IT'S TIME TO TRANSCEND 2035.04.04

MASS TERROR OF THE UNKNOWN EXTENT, IT'S COMING ONLY IF YOU WANT.

OPPOSITION SEES THAT THEIR EFFORTS ABEN'T PAYING OFF, THEY ARE DUMPING GREATER AND GREATER AMOUNTS OF

FINANCES, MANPOWER AND TIME IN AN ATTEMPT TO STOP OUR MESSAGE

MAKE A NOTE OF STRATAGEMS OF DESPERATION BEING INCREASINGLY EMPLOYED BY THEM.

ACKNOWLEDGE THAT WHILE THEY EXPERIMENT ENDLESSLY WITH WAYS TO END US, WE CONSISTENTLY GAIN GROUND IN THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF THE MOST EFFICIENT AND VICIOUS PEOPLE TO EVER EXIST, OUR PEOPLE.

## YOU, SPIRITUALLY ALONGSIDE OTHERS. WILL TRANSCEND TOGETHER.



## A MESSAGE TO OPPOSITION

Imagine thinking you're doing direct action by "going undercover" and subscribing to the channels where we merely write our thoughts down as Accelerationists.

Spending every day trying to shut us down might put you on the right side of what the current system wants, but what will happen in the future when there is no order, no authority to appeal to? No higher power in the form of a rotting Neo-liberal state?

Every one of you are on someone's list, every one of you is fucked because we are everywhere.

I don't know how any of you will escape when half the of the 18 year old men living as your neighbors are quite aware of who you are and what you do. They might not be full 88 but they, like anyone, stand far from what you want. Everyone I've met in this age group who doesn't think sucking cock is a good way to spend Friday night can agree that people like you need to be fed to a wood-chipper feet first.

Just think about what's going to happen to "that drag queen" that lives in any neighborhood when the police are no longer there to be the shield for them.

You however, you're going to be enemy number one. Your pet blacks and arabs won't lift a finger to protect you.

Simply said, you tried to take everything from us. Our wealth, our society, our mutual trust, even our blood.

Then we will take it all from you.

As you read this, they're talking about you. They're talking about you while you sleep. And thousands of new people will be talking about you tomorrow. The trend matters, not what currently is. You are trending towards judgment day and nothing you do now is going to save you from it on earth or in the afterlife.



## SHOWER THOUGHTS Sierra

Ever heard of the Three Gorges Dam in China? Massive infrastructure project, big enough to impact the speed of the Earth's rotation based on whether it's filled or drained, huge flex for the Chinese government. Some of China's biggest cities are just downstream from it, including Shanghai.

With all the talk of the inevitable collapse of the global System, with the U.S. at its head, it's no wonder that some are looking to alternative powers to fill the void.

We don't want that void filled, though, do we? Four feet on the gas pedal for anything that isn't my tribe. We don't want Chinese hegemony under the CCP, or EU hegemony under some pedophile puppet, or Russian hegemony under Putin, or Indi-AAHAHAHAHAHAH. No, we want sovereignty for our people, first and foremost.

Three Gorges Dam is also weak - it can barely contain the unfathomable quantity of water behind its wall. There are already signs of it buckling. If it were to break, it would send forth possibly the biggest mega-tsunami in history, straight at the Chinese heartland, killing millions and destroying infrastructure. Damage far surpassing that of any nuclear bomb in existence, brought about by infamously bad Chinese manufacturing.

I don't condone it

ork Cime

ORES AR

## RYDER Juliet

When they try to intimidate you by listing the System's arsenal of helicopters, tanks, rocket launchers and satellite surveillance...

Remind them of what one angry guy with a Ryder truck and some cow shit are capable of.



## ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR

The camp has been bustling with activity for a week now. All the essential infrastructure is in place — semi-permanent latrines provide a lot more comfort and privacy than simple shit pits, which is certainly good for troop morale. The perimeter is surrounded by a knee—height earthen wall with a shallow trench in front, making it impregnable to vehicles smaller than a tank, and camouflaged well enough to be a crash hazard for any enemies who would try to mount an unexpected assault. We've replaced our fireplace with a Dakota fire hole for added stealth — the fire burns beneath the ground and is well—supplied by oxygen via a tunnel, so that it's much less bright and conspicuous. Even our parking spot has been camouflaged as to protect our trucks from being spotted by anyone lucky enough to be scoping out our specific area from a distance.

All this added comfort isn't self-serving — as the founders of the new Rome, we have to find ourselves some new Sabine women. Insurgency is a man's job and it naturally attracts those with nothing to lose — disaffected single young men. However, for those who are in it for the long run, war brides are less of a side benefit and more of a necessity.

Getting them is going to be the hard part. We've all seen the stats, right? Promiscuity is the death of stable relationships, but chaste women aren't exactly going to trip over themselves for the chance to get married to domestic terrorists who live in the woods. Kidnapping them would be unwise — you never know just how based their family is going to be. I'd hate to be woken up at 3AM to the sound of gunfire once all of their male relatives between the ages of 15 and 50 track them down to our camp.

There's 2 options left for us. Either we go crash borderline illegal parties and fight local rapists for their prey (Option A), or we play the long game and try to secure tribal marriage pacts like in the good old days (Option B).

One of Echo's guys, Papa, has departed to bring his wife and kids over. He's the oldest one of us, late 40s, if I had to guess, OG survivalist raised by OG survivalists. I don't pry, but I did overhear him saying that he has a daughter. He has sons too, though, and he's a real big and imposing guy, rocking that barbarian chieftain aesthetic. Something tells me that anything short of gentlemanly conduct from us towards the ladies would have dire consequences. He's a solid proponent of Option B - after all, he's the only one of us who's a father.

Oscar, the final guy in Echo and Papa's clique, seems to enjoy killing and not much else. Naturally, this makes him disposed towards Option A, along with Echo and Romeo. They're going to strike tonight, and they don't plan on returning empty—handed.

Victor, on the other hand, is a complete pussy. It seems to me that he expects women to fall into his lap from the heavens, judging by how terrified he is whenever we ambush him with the subject. Mike and I are in agreement — we should have hazed him harder. The longer he sits on his bony ass, the harder hit he'll be when the real hardship starts. Either we quench him while he's still hyped up or he may end up being a liability... and there's no room in our camp for liabilities. I'll make sure to have Mike explain this to him while we're out in town — I'm the designated driver.



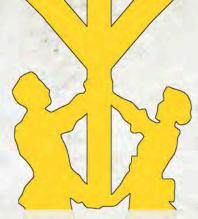
someone domestic where things haven't picked up: women love men in balaclavas.



# MILHAN T

## ACCELERATION SIN









TWO OPTIONS, BECOME A MARTYR OR START HAVING KIDS, NO INBETWEEN
AIM FOR HAVING YOUR OWN HOMESTEAD,
OR AIM FOR A TECH CEO'S HEAD THROUGH YOUR SCOPE
THESE ARE TWO VERY REALISTIC OPTIONS FOR MOST INTHEIR FARLY 20'S

THESE ARE TWO VERY REALISTIC OPTIONS FOR MOST IN THEIR EARLY 20'S OH? YOU NEED SOME TIME TO FINISH COLLEGE AND GET A GOOD CAREER INCASE THE COLLAPSE DOESN'T HAPPEN?

BECOME THE COLLAPSE, ACCELERATE IT TO A POINT WHERE YOUR DEGREE WON'T HELP YOU,

THAT IS OF COURSE, UNLESS YOU'RE GOING TO SCHOOL TO LEARN HOW TO WELD MORTARS ONTO THE BACK OF TOYOTA TACOMA BEDS.





ARE WE GOING TO MENTION NOFAP IN THIS BOOK? YEAH.

IF WE ALL KEEP DOING NO-FAP NO-NUT NO-HOTSHOWER NO-INTERNET FOR A FEW MORE YEARS THEN I'LL TELL YOU WHERE WE'LL BE; WE'LL BE LIVING IN CABINS IN MONTANA SENDING OUT MAIL FASTER THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE.

WE'LL BE ON THE US-MEXICAN BORDER MAKING HOLES IN SOFT TARGETS FOR FUN.

WE'LL BE GETTING PULLED OVER ON PURPOSE ONLY TO TAKE THE TOP OF SOME PIG'S HEAD OFF WITH OUR "ANY OTHER WEAPON" DESIGNATION SAWED OFF SHOTGUN.

WE'LL BE VIBE CHECKING ROOMS FILLED WITH MUSLIMS UNTIL THEY'RE ROOM TEMPERATURE AND LAYING ON THE FLOOR.

BUT DON'T TELL ANYONE THIS.

TOTAL WAR, OR PORNHUB ARE YOUR OPTIONS.

BUT DON'T TELL ANYONE THIS.

MILITANT ACCELERATIONISM OBLIGATORY PASSAGE ALPHA PAGE 74





### DAYN

if you're fat you are a buffoon of the highest degree.

you will look like shit in 99% of outfits including functional ones.

people will take you less seriously.

the only girls who will be into you will be weirdos/ the only guys into you will be betas.

you are more of a liability than an asset in a combat or survival scenario,

and overall, your opinions just don't matter as much and will be disregarded by most people lose the weight.

i'm not finished on this topic how are you gonna look good with all that weight

on?

you could shatter the face of some jewish statue after knocking out security and the people are gonna

call you a crook

but at least if you were in good shape, they would see you like some kind of tyler durden figure



Imagine you have just met someone by a stroke of luck in your ordinary life who has somehow revealed themselves to belong to our World Concept. Imagine he sees you in a good light because you also belong to it. Imagine you tell him immediately you sell and smoke weed: how will he see you now?

Imagine instead of that, you tell him you spend your free time getting in reps at the gym and reps at the range: how will he see you then?

Furthermore, allowing this entry tier degeneracy to enter your life and become acceptable, opens up and expands your own personal tolerance toward degeneracy.

It allow your comrades to see it and you can expect them to reject you or to also become more tolerant toward degeneracy.

Never be tolerant

I. N. T. O. L. E. R. A. N. C. E. against all drug use.

Spend your time training, attacking, writing, networking, making art, or above all: in nature and among animals.

## 20 PERCENT MONKE, 30 PERCENT APE I CHARLIE

"REMEMBER — no raping. We'll divide the spoils among ourselves back at the camp. No point in wasting time — get in, give Jamal and Abdul the business, then get out. Understood?"

"YES SIR." We were barely strapped in and Romeo was already barking orders, ensuring the operation goes according to plan. He'd instigate something with the DJ or bartender, attract attention, provide a distraction for the vultures to make their move, then Oscar and Echo would jump them and rescue the damsels in distress. My role in all this? Wait in the truck, make sure the local fauna doesn't help itself to it. Real exciting.

We rolled into the projects of Hell itself, a mongrelized concrete jungle on the far side of town. I pulled to the side of the street, turning the engine off. Romeo turned to us one final time before we'd put the plan into action.

"Echo, Oscar, listen up. We get in, scope out the exits, then I do my bit. Don't pay attention to me, just make sure that no White girls get carried off. When the rapists try to leave with their prey, follow them and neutralize them. Whatever you do, don't shoot — if shots are fired, all bets are off and we're burning that snake pit into the ground. Charlie — if you hear gunshots, grab the rifle and give us backup. Otherwise, guard the truck — if it gets stolen, it's your balls on the chopping block."

Silently, they exited into the night. I kicked back and relaxed, scoping out the surroundings. Truly, we couldn't have chosen a better area — young women go missing around these parts around as often as young men get killed. It's a dump. Even smells like one — like wet cardboard and broken glass and used needles scattered on cracked asphalt sidewalks. I somewhat knew the layout — I can't count the times I bought and sold old stolen phones around these parts just to stay one step ahead of whoever I was fleeing from at the time.

It hasn't always been so bad here. I remember the times before the Arabs and Africans moved into the neighborhood, which up to that point used to be home to many working class White families. Those moved out in short order once the invasion came, and the various Central Americans that were resettled there couldn't hope to fill the void. A tale as old as the 1965 Immigration Act, sponsored by kike senator Celler, destroyer of White America.

I noticed a lone figure walking down the street in my side mirror. Another figure followed it shortly afterwards. Whereas the first moved with some amount of grace, the latter skulked silently, sticking to the shadows, creeping ever nearer. It caught up under a street lamp. There was a brief conversation, no doubt the local fauna trying to defile any woman who made a wrong turn and ended up in the middle of reverse sundown town.

The woman turned to walk away, but the nigger caught her and attacked her. Her cries for help were quickly silenced as she was hit on the side of the head, dropping to the ground. Only one way this would end.

I slipped out of the truck, tiptoeing across the street. The nigger was on his knees, trying to rip off his victim's coat - a time-consuming task. Fatal mistake. Muttering under his breath in his gibberish tongue, he was oblivious to my approach as I kicked his head like a football, spreading him out on the sidewalk on his back.

"Muhfu-" he started, before I jumped on top of him, driving my left heel right into the middle of his chest and soccer-kicking him in the chin with a satisfying snapping noise. His fight abandoned him on the spot. Good riddance.

## 20 PERCENT MONKE, 30 PERCENT APE II CHARLIE

I picked up the woman — surprisingly not as heavy as I thought. I suppose lifting really does give you benefits in the real world. I carried her off to the back seat of the truck, then I returned to the driver's seat, feeling somewhat more refreshed. A little situational awareness goes a long way.

The noises from the club changed from deafening "music" to shouts and feedback from the speakers, then a familiar voice started yelling the nigger word into the DJ's microphone. I prepared myself for the worst.

Soon enough, Echo and Oscar came out from behind the corner, carrying a limp body. They ran to the truck, nearly breathless, and just heaved the drugged-up half-naked woman onto the truck bed before running back to the club to collect Romeo. Gunshots rang out. I ran out behind them, completely forgetting the rifle under my seat.

We barged into the club, guns drawn, and unleashed a torrent of lead upon anything that didn't resemble a woman. The gunmen inside were standing with their backs towards us, so we caught them completely unprepared. The lucky ones escaped via the back door, presumably the same door that Echo and Oscar had used minutes prior. We got to Romeo in time, still taking cover behind the speakers. He had been grazed a few times with a knife and one of the niggers hit him in the chest — luckily, he was wearing level 2 body armor, so it wouldn't be serious.

"Well, this sure got out of hand! Give me a hand, I think the son of a bitch broke a rib." He staggered to his feet, then swayed and nearly knocked one of the speakers down trying to get his balance. His dark hoodie was soaked with blood around his stomach, a fact towards which he had been completely oblivious. "Shit. Get me to the car. Echo, go cover our rear. We're all gonna make it."

Echo bolted towards the back door, stopping in his tracks. "Charlie, there's another two in here! Come on, let's pick them up too."

I glanced at Oscar, who was propping up Romeo with all his might. He didn't speak much — never did — but I could tell he was enjoying himself. I followed Echo.

The back hallway was straight out of a horror film. There was the body of the dune coon whose prey Echo and Oscar took, with a stab wound straight through his eye. There were at least 2 dead nignogs laying beside him, probably caught in the crossfire, along with 2 women, the ones Echo wanted to take back. I hurried towards the nearest one and lifted her up. The blood flowed from her head like it was a teapot, her eyes rolled all the way back. Another crossfire victim. The other one was alive, though — conscious, even. She didn't put up a fight, needless to say.

By the time we got back to the truck, Romeo was leaning against the back door, breathing heavily. Oscar was sitting on the bed, helping the other girl up there as well. She was shocked, but in no shape to mount any resistance.

We helped Romeo into the back seat and I gave my forgotten rifle to Oscar. Echo jumped in to the shotgun seat and I started the truck, taking off as quickly as possible into the night.

## 20 PERCENT MONKE, 30 PERCENT APE III CHARLIE

Our escape plan was well thought-out, we thought — our target was already on the far side of town from our camp and we'd leave town that way, taking the scenic route back, in case anyone sees us leave. This would add extra time to the trip, but we had plenty to spare — or so we thought, neglecting to account for injuries. I glanced back at Romeo through the rear view mirror — he was holding up, but how well, I couldn't tell. I had never seen him half so uncertain.

We drove with our lights turned off in order to make our escape as stealthily as possible, relying on the city's street lights to light our way for us. Unluckily, this would not suffice, on either count — I could barely see where we were going and regardless of our efforts at making a sneaky getaway, I could hear Oscar unloading with his rifle before we even left the city.

"WHAT DID YOU DO", I yelled, hoping that Echo would hear me in the midst of all that chaos, despite sitting right next to me.

"I THINK WE PISSED OFF THE LOCAL GANG", Echo yelled back, confirming my suspicions.

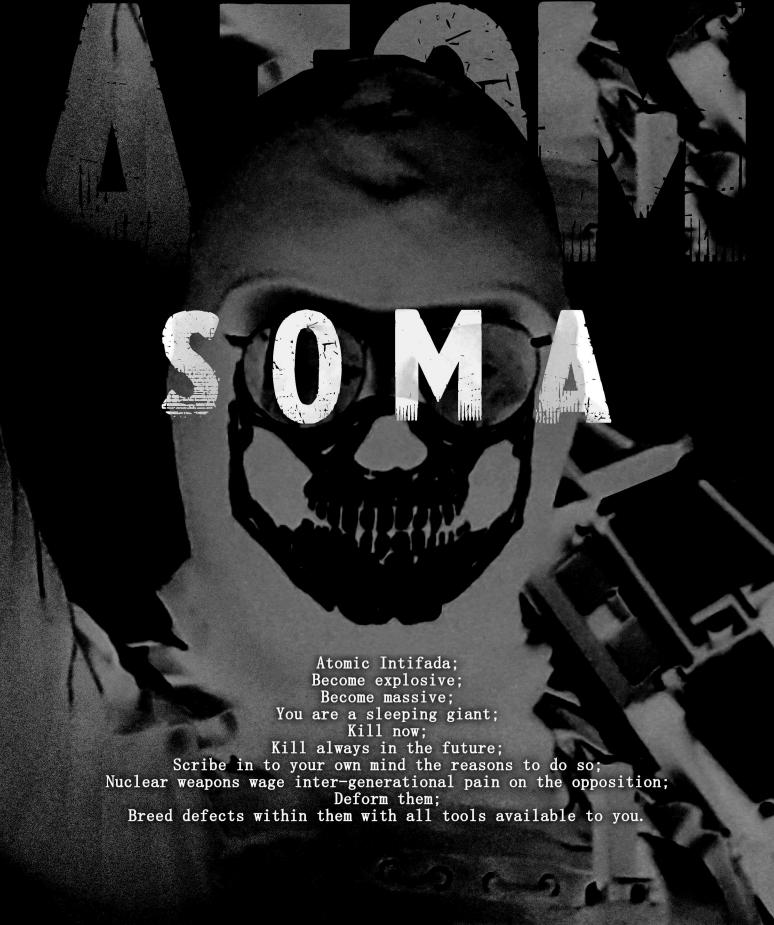
I made a sharp turn to the right, off the main road and into a labyrinth of backroads that were part of our getaway strategy. I managed to catch a glimpse of our pursuers - niggers trying to score a hit on us drive-by style from a black SUV. Fools.

Another sharp turn, this time to the left. A lull in the rifle fire told me that Oscar was reloading. "LIGHT 'EM UP!" I screamed at him, hoping he'd understand what I meant.

He did. As the SUV was mid-turn, Oscar bump-fired all 30 rounds into the windshield, scattering them across the interior of the car. It went off the road and crashed into a tree, never to bother us again.

Half a hour of backroad driving later, we were finally back at the camp. It nearly cost us our lives, but we had finally secured war brides for our cause.

Militant Accelerationism Wa the last of the You can make The Enemy's Blood Flow In every gutter We need to see that More importantly The Enemy needs to see that Alpha Page 80





SOLVES NINETY NINE PERCENT OF EXTERNAL PROBLEMS AND YOU SHOULD BE TRAINING TO MAXIMSE HOW MUCH VIOLENCE YOU CAN DEAL OUT

## SPOILS OF WAR I

"Mass shooting at [REDACTED] night club. 9 killed, at least 15 injured, perpetrators at large. Submit your tips via the special police hotline."

Mike switched off the radio, then gave me an approving glance. "Look at you. First month and you're already blooded. Meanwhile, I'm still having to taunt Victor into fist-fighting me just so he hardens the fuck up."

I'm too tired to take the compliment. I barely slept — whenever I close my eyes, I still see the bodies dropping under the hail of lead from our guns. They had it coming. "Y'know, it's a lot easier to kill when not doing so means you die."

I turned away from my can of beans to face him better. "How's Romeo doing?"

Mike's usual air of cockiness disappeared. "He's been better. Two broken ribs, lost quite a lot of blood from getting stabbed in the guts. Sure wish that medicine student broad would wake up, maybe she could help us patch him up."

"He's gonna make it. He's a big guy. Getting stabbed once is no big deal." Perhaps it's my desperation talking.

"Morning, cunts." Victor sat on his log, opening a can of tuna. "Heard your operation went pretty well." He had a busted lip and a monocle forming. He noticed that I noticed. "Mike's fault. Faggot dared me to fight while I was on guard duty. Good thing we didn't get jumped by the glowniggers then and there. Your rapemobile would have had a contested landing."

Mike did a good job. Victor is too easily swayed by peer pressure to leave the gang, hazing will work on him. Still, I wasn't interested in the details of it all. I had more important matters on my mind. "How are the women holding up?"

"Hm." Victor spooned some tuna over a hard tack. "Obviously, Papa's wife and daughter are doing great, they're at his tent." He paused to take a bite. "They're great girls, brought me coffee while I was guarding the camp. As for the ones you brought over, all of them are still sleeping in the guest tent. Oscar's called dibs on the one with the fat ass. One of them has a nasty gash on her head — I'm not asking questions."

I nodded. With Romeo recovering, it's my responsibility to break the news to our war brides. Truth be told, I've no idea what to tell them. 'Congratulations, you've been taken as spoils of war by a cell of domestic terrorists. Keep your panties on.' They're women. They'll do as they're told, conformity is in their blood.

I finished my breakfast and went for a walk deeper into the woods. The forest is just starting to come alive at this time of year — the first flowers burst out of the ground, animals come out of hibernation, the melting snow from the mountains floods the creek beds with brilliant, pristine water, free of all the garbage they pump into it down the line before distributing it to the citizen cattle through pipes and plastic bottles that slowly but surely leach harmful chemicals into it. I truly hate the city. Little queers run away from home towards the bright lights and promise of money, only to spend it on astronomically high rent fixed by a gaggle of jews and the rest of their budget is taken up by AIDS medication.

## SPOILS OF WAR II

None of that over here. The tree canopy is your ceiling and the dirt your floor. Your water is clean, as is your air — so cool and crisp that the System can't bear its existence. You eat what you kill or pick, whether grown or scavenged. Much harder to waste food when you can never be sure about where your next meal is going to come from. This is how it's meant to be — no wonder this way of life has been all but outlawed.

I stroll down to the creek. Its rocks have been washed smooth by the cold, fast-moving water. I strip naked and feel the cold spring air on my chest. All the fatigue from last night's little trip has left my body. I roll around in one of the last snow banks remaining in the shade between our hill and a large boulder by the water, then I plunge into the deepest part of the creek where we've dug out a little bathing area. Compared to the snow, the water almost feels warm as it thoroughly rinses my body of all the dust and grime that I've gathered over the past few days. Climbing out, I feel reborn. Truly, it's simple pleasures like this that make dropping out worth it, even when you discount the System's corrupting influence.

I find a patch of grass and let sunshine dry me off. Even when it's freezing outside, sunlight is always pleasantly warm. The System wants you to live close to the ocean so that you forget what a cloudless sky looks like. Probably something to do with Vitamin D, but that's just an educated guess.

I get dressed and walk back to the camp, clean and refreshed. I wake Echo - Oscar would scare the hoes - and bring him with me to help me deal with the XX chromosome menace.

"Charlie, you get a good look at them? I was too busy stacking niggers." I shook my head.
"I hope we didn't bag the ugly ones."

"At least they should all be White. That's all I managed to make out in the dark. You got some motivational speech for 'em? Just so they know their place."

I shook my head again. "Man, watch and learn. I'll show you how not to deal with the fairer sex. Quiet now - I think the sleeping beauties have woken up."

Indeed they have. The blonde one popped her head out of the tent and spotted us making our way over to them, then gasped and disappeared back inside. I glanced over the two of us - dressed in improvised military fatigues, we may have made a poor first impression. Not like it matters - they'd still be scared shitless even if we pulled up on them in business suits. A little fear goes a long way.

"WAKEY WAKEY!" I yelled at the top of my lungs. "Congratulations for beating the rush and making it to the refugee camp before things go completely tits up. Speaking of which — guess your new occupation."

No response from the tent. Figures.

"You have 60 seconds to get out before you get dragged out. You may have noticed that you haven't been raped, which can change swiftly seeing as you're surrounded by maniacs who haven't even seen a woman in months. The clock is ticking..."
Echo was bent over laughing next to me. The tent exploded with hysterical screeching, but within seconds the first girl was climbing out of the entrance, followed by the two others.

## SPOILS OF WAR III

I looked them over. Sure enough, they were White, and not bad-looking. I've found that young women are seldom ugly, despite the System's best efforts. They may take our freedom and even our lives, but they'll never deprive us of the beauty of the White woman.

Oscar's pick was obvious enough, her yoga pants didn't leave much to the imagination. I averted my gaze as to not lose my vital essence. She had long straight blonde hair, almost White near the ends, turning the color of honey near the roots. Her bright blue eyes were bloodshot from crying and there were vomit stains on her sweater. She wasn't dressed for a party, yet she nearly got raped at one. I suppose some people learn the hard way.

The second girl's hair was jet black, contrasting with her pale complexion. Her eyes were a much deeper shade of blue, with a kind of hypnotic quality. Where the blonde was a nervous wreck, this girl seemed cool and collected, like a captured princess. She looked like one too - just a glance into her eyes could make a man lose his train of thought.

Finally, I took a look at my damsel in distress, whose hair was a mess of auburn curls caked in blood on the right side. Her eyes were vibrant green and her cheeks were covered with freckles. She appeared light-headed from her injury, collapsing into my arms. She smelled of blood and rainwater.

"Damn, girl, you look like shit. Let's give you a bath before your practical lesson in male anatomy."

She smirked half-heartedly. I laughed. "I'm just fucking with you. The guy who saved your ass got stabbed half to death in the process, it would be awfully nice of you to return the favor by tending to his wounds."

There's me, lying again. Truth is, our resident redhead Romeo has a thing for red-haired girls, so I might as well get the pair well-acquainted in advance.

"You guys got a bath here? I call bullshit." Attitude. Can't have that.

"We'll get a proper bath. In the meantime, we have a big ass cauldron filled with water boiling over the fire, several buckets of ice-cold water, and a carved stone basin that'll fit you. Keep talking shit and I'll show you where the men do their bathing." That shut her up well enough. There's nothing women hate more than cold water, not even personal responsibility. The thot fears the Hyperborean.

I turned to Echo. "Tell Papa's wife to bring them some new clothes." Echo made a mocking bow and went off.

"Name's Charlie, by the way. Welcome to our tribe."

I managed to squeeze their names out of them. The redhead is Katherine and, like Victor said, she's a medicine student. She was trying to get back to her dorm when that nigger tried to rape her.

## SPOILS OF WAR IV

The blonde's name is Alex — a victim of not being given enough attention as a child, leading her to run away from home at 15. She had been narrowly avoiding getting raped for the past 5 years, up until last night, when one of the local vibrant youths decided he wouldn't take no as an answer. The last thing she remembers before passing out is a different man stabbing her would—be rapist right in the eye. Oscar doesn't screw around, apparently.

Marianne, the brunette, is the most perplexing case. She doesn't look bothered by her predicament in the slightest and she isn't very forthcoming with information. She doesn't fit the type of the common club thot, either - I've never seen such a beautiful woman in any establishment like that snake pit - as a matter of fact, I have never seen anyone like her anywhere else either. She even went with us willingly! I must get to the bottom of this. I must get to know her better.







### a group of police officers

have come to arrest you. They've been told who you are and claim it's just their job. can you stop them?

## an enemy operator or

group of operators have come

to make you disappear. They know what they're doing and have done it many times before can you get away from them?

its never too late to begin training

your weak points. If any of you can't shoot, are built like a twig, can't survive in the woods more than a day, or are still overweight, then you need to start today.

### we don't have much time

**NOW** until one of the above threats could find themselves in your living room.



LOAD YOUR MAGAZINES

### WINNING

NOVEMBER

remember, if we can't win then no one can be allowed to win.

if you should be ever in your dying breath, make some hellfire for a few blocks with an oxy-acetylene tank or two.

we're in a target-rich environment after all, chances are that your explosion would kill more television watchers and whores of the state than anyone who mattered.

0

## AMERICAN



SOME JEW IN BLUE DIES

"WE LOST A HERO THIS EVENING"

OH REALLY IS HE REALLY A HERO
JUST FOR DYING? SOUNDS LIKE
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO HELP THEM
MAKE A WHOLE DEPARTMENT OF HEROES.

A WHOLE COUNTRY OF HEROES.

A CANDLE LIGHT VIGIL? HOW ABOUT WE JUST BURN EVERY INSTITUTION OF FALSEHOOD DOWN ON MAX HEAT AND CALL IT A NIGHT.

FLAGS AT HALF MAST? ALL THE EASIER FOR US TO STEAL AND PISS ON. AMERICAN FLAGS GET **EXTRA PISS**.

AMERICAN HERO ALPHA PAGE 90

BEAB FIGS WHO CARES?





PRACTICE GOOD OPSEC - DON'T ADVERTISE ALL OF YOUR PLANS. DON'T BREAK THE LAW UNNECESSARILY. KICK ANY DRUG HABITS THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE - NOT ONLY ARE THEY BAD FOR OUR PEOPLE'S HEALTH, THEY CAN GIVE THE SYSTEM A PLAUSIBLE EXCUSE TO IMPRISON YOU.

IF YOU'RE PRIVY TO SENSITIVE INFORMATION, GET A DEAD MAN'S SWITCH. USEFUL FOR YOUR SAFETY, USEFUL FOR ACCELERATION IF YOU'RE CAUGHT.

ALWAYS WEIGH YOUR WORDS CAREFULLY, MORODY TALKS - EVERYBODY WALKS.







WHO HAVE NO PROBLEM DROPPING THEIR KNEE DOWN ON YOUR RIBS AND THROAT SO LONG AS IT MEANS THE SYSTEM CAN ENACT ITS FORCE

ON THE PEOPLE FOR ANOTHER DAY.

COP NOVEMBER PAGE 92



"THIS IS THE BIG DAY YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO FOR SO LONG. COUNTLESS HOURS AND PERHAPS YEARS OF PREPARATION HAVE REWARDED YOU WITH THIS OPPORTUNITY.

EQUIP YOURSELF AND ARM UP, FOR TODAY YOU WILL BECOME IMMORTAL."

- SAINT ANDERS BREIVIK

### A LONE WOLF ACTS ALONE, BUT HE IS NEVER TRULY ALONE.

A LONG LINE OF WHITE WARRIORS. CHAMPIONS OF OUR STRUGGLE, CARRIED THE TORCH BEFORE PASSING IT TO YOU. YOU GRASPED IT FIRMLY AND EAGERLY. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.

YOU WILL MARCH INTO BATTLE ALONE, BUT YOUR BROTHERS IN ARMS ARE WITH YOU IN SPIRIT, EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

### AS YOU TRAIN. AS YOU PLAN. AS YOU ACT. THEY ARE WITH YOU.

THEY TOO HAD TO OVERCOME INDECISION AND ADVERSITY.
THEY SHARED YOUR NERVOUS EXCITEMENT, RACING THOUGHTS,
AND IRON WILL. THEY STOOD WHERE YOU STAND AT THIS VERY MOMENT.
AT THE PRECIPICE OF IMMORTALITY.

THEY COULDN'T GO ANOTHER DAY WITHOUT TAKING ACTION.

THEY ANSWERED THEIR DIVINE CALLING,
FULFILLED THEIR RACIAL DUTY AND CHANGED THE WORLD.
THEY TOOK THAT LEAP FEARLESSLY AND NEVER LOOKED BACK.

HAVE NO DOUBT. DO NOT HESITATE.

IF YOU WEREN'T DESTINED TO SUCCEED IN YOUR MISSION,
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE MADE IT THIS FAR.

YOU WERE BORN FOR THIS.

SOUNLEASH DIVINE WEATH THEOUGH HOLY TEFFOR S

### SHOWTIME I

Granting the women freedom of the camp might have been a mistake.

Katherine is stuck in Romeo's tent for the time being, which is convenient, but Alex is still a useless mess. She doesn't seem to mind Oscar's company — not that he'd care if there were any objections — but she also lacks any skills that our tribe could make use of. Papa's wife is putting in effort to try and teach her to do our laundry, with limited success.

Still, the one that gives me the most trouble is Marianne. She seems to have decided to torment me and me alone, completely ignoring the other men at the camp. It doesn't help that I stay by her side and try to extract information from her to no avail. Truly, women were made to test men's patience, and Marianne is very good at that.

I sit on my log by the fire and slurp my noodles as the news of the day float around me. Papa's boys brought in an old bathtub and restored it to working condition. Mike has put up an antenna array broadcasting nothing but German marching songs from World War II, drowning out every other radio station in a wide area around our camp. Victor is working his galaxy brain down to the last neuron, making sure our food stocks are well—distributed so that everyone in camp gets the best available nutritious value while having enough variation between meals to avoid insanity.

Military commanders and jailers have often found out the hard way just how important a good meal is to troop morale. Men go to great lengths to avoid dying to their groin, but when there is no foe to fight, they turn their weapons against their leadership. Cannibalism isn't unheard of in times of total war, times which we are fast approaching. It's a good thing to keep in mind.

"TAG! You're it!"

I turn around and see Marianne taking off at breakneck speed after slapping me on the shoulder. I could really do without these childish games — especially since I don't even know what she's about.

"Echo, get me one of those collars. I think I've just found a suitable recipient." I get up and start after her.

She speeds down the hill, completely disregarding established game trails and logging roads. I follow close behind her, helped as much by gravity as by my legs. Thin dead branches of coniferous trees go flying off as I run through them, scratching and poking me. A fresh sapling snaps back up after being bent by Marianne running over it, hitting me between the legs. Good thing I was mid-stride and the tough fabric of my pants was stretched taut, otherwise I'd have seriously threatened my virility. Still, Marianne starts gaining on me, fully capitalizing on her higher mobility. She darts off to the side, I slam into a tree. Fucking cardio bunnies. At least she looks nice from behind.

Our chase takes us down to my bathing place in no time. The setting sun bathes the forest in an orange glow. I find myself lost in thought, completely sleep—deprived. It hasn't been 24 hours since our little kidnapping operation and not only have I barely slept, I have also lost track of one of the girls we've managed to take back to the camp with us. Can't let her get away.

## SHOWTIME II

My eyes dart around the scene. The snow bank I use for improving my circulation is still disturbed from me jumping into it hours prior, but there are foot prints on it — and they're from shoes, not from my bare feet. Determined, I follow the new trail, climbing into the gap between the hill and the boulder.

I turn to look for more clues and stare down the barrel of a gun. Fucking spearwives.

"Reach for the sky!" I can count the grooves in the rifled barrel, but I'm far more unnerved by Marianne's expression — a careless smile usually reserved for more pleasant settings. Her eyes almost seem purple in the evening sunlight.

"Put that thing away or I'll tear your arms off and beat you to death with them." Still got it. Lock up your daughters, Charlie is making moves tonight. "Where did you even get a gun?"

Her smile turns into a grin. "You're dumber than you look. You didn't bother to pat me down, remember? Didn't even search me!"

Oh yeah. That was pretty dumb of us indeed. Fair point, no retorts available. Besides, it's hard to sound smart at gunpoint. The biggest brain turns into a pocket pussy the moment it's hit with a bullet. "Yeah, well you're a faggot."

She raises an eyebrow. "Faggot? Girls can't be faggots."

Again, point taken. They can fall victim to distraction, however. "Liking men was pretty gay, last time I checked."

"That's not how this works—" I've worked my magic. Ma told me never to argue with a stupid person — they'll drag you down to their level and beat you with experience. Suppose she didn't know I'd use her wisdom from the opposite side.

Another Ma also told me that I could have Rome again if I smashed enough BMW windows. Suppose he didn't know that ordinary people already do that because the Venn diagram between asshole drivers and BMW drivers is a perfect circle.

I see the opening. I grip her wrist with my left hand before she can react and I seize control over her gun hand, then I take a swing right at her pretty face with my right. I just hope I manage to scramble her without leaving any visible damage — defacing God's creation carries severe punishments, or so I've heard.

No luck. She manages to catch my fist and we're tangled. She pulls me close — I assume to plant her knee into my balls. I'm not about to turn this struggle snuggle into a CBT session, so I use the opportunity to headbutt her, driving my forehead into hers with enough force to drive fenceposts into the ground. We both go tumbling into the freezing water — into the Hyperborean's domain.

She attempts to open up my skull with a rock. I try to grab for a rock of my own, instead grabbing the pistol she's dropped during the fighting. A skinny thing, single stack, judging by how it feels in the hand. No wonder she slipped it by us. I point it at her face. "All right, game's over. Put 'em up."

### SHOWTIME III CHARLIE

She obliges with a playful smile. I've just about had it with the teasing. "What the hell was that all about? You trying to get yourself killed? Trying to get all of us killed? You working with the feds or something?"

Her smile turns sour in a nanosecond. "NO! Work with the feds? No thank you. I'm shittesting you, making sure you're not a pussy, and this is how you repay me? You're the man! You're supposed to leave the overthinking to me!"

I thought shittests were about where to go out for dinner, not getting drenched with your clothes on in the freezing cold. I calm down. "So what's your story? Are we close enough together, having held each other at gunpoint, for you to finally quit beating around the bush and tell me?"

She glances around, then settles in. "Where to start? Dad's a boomer. He's not that old, but he's a spiritual boomer. Unwilling to see the truth so long as he gets his slice of the pie, no matter how small, no matter how much of the pie his ancestors baked gets stolen and given away to newcomers who didn't work for it. He's embraced tolerance as his worldview and he would have passed it down to me, if it weren't for my cousin getting raped and murdered."

She pursed her lips. "Young women are supposed to have it easy. Wasn't that long ago a girl my age would have gotten married and started a family. Now we fall prey to foreigners invited by our illustrious leaders in the government and supported by the media and corporations every step of the way, with our men unable — or rather, unwilling — to defend us. Faced with the prospect of no help coming my way, I learned to defend myself and other girls who don't fancy being turned into a statistic. Last night I saw the local gangbangers drawing knives, ready to stab your guy to death when he called them what they were. I popped a couple of them in the back of the head, then I made for the exit. They didn't even look my way before they drew their guns."

She smiled. "Good thing you made it out of there in one piece — mostly. I'd hate to see your guy die for doing the right thing — even if the right thing was to yell NIGGER at the top of his lungs."

The WORD rolled off her tongue effortlessly. She's the one. I give her a hand. "Let's get back to camp."

She shakes her head. "Let's get back to my car, you mean — assuming the pigs haven't searched it yet. I had parked it quite close to the club — there's useful things in it, and besides, it's a car. Don't want diversity to culturally enrich themselves with it."

We went on foot. The city isn't that far away and time flies when you spend it with the most beautiful girl on Earth. The last of the evening sun dries us off somewhat as we make our way through the fields between our camp and the wretched den of filth that is [REDACTED]. The streets are mostly abandoned at this time of day — no commute on Saturdays, and it's still too early for partying... And besides, it's not like the local fauna is in a celebratory mood, in light of last night's events.

## SHOWTIME IV

The club is still taped off, a lone police cruiser parked in front. The sidewalk is covered in shards of broken glass and there's blood stains here and there. Watching it from across the street is a familiar figure of a short man dressed in rags, puffing on a cigarette, wide grin on his face. I recognize him straight away.

"Shorty! Long time no see, man. How's business going?"

Shorty is also part of the local fauna — but in a good way. An honest White man, he worked odd jobs — construction and carpentry, mostly, but he could do anything he set his mind to. Whenever anyone in the neighborhood had a job that required an extra pair of hands, Shorty was always first on the scene. In his mid—fifties now, he was well past his prime, but nobody who knew him would ever remind him of it.

"Charlie, my boy! You got a lady with you, I'll refrain from cussing in such fine company. Business' been better — matter of fact, it's never been worse than what it's been lately. Disgraceful, I tell you — them Mexicans will work for pennies on my dollar. Try getting a job competing against that! If that weren't bad enough — and it is — half of my regular customers have moved out of the neighborhood and the other ones had to sell their homes and cars just to get enough money to survive. They've bled us dry, son." He pointed towards the club. "Those boys there run the streets for miles around — or did, before someone did a number on 'em. Good riddance, too — saw the news man with his camera crew try and call it "an act of senseless violence" — yeah right! I'll show them an act of senseless violence. "He finished his cigarette, then threw the butt on the ground. "That's the last one this week. Woulda given up the smokes if they weren't the last thing keeping me sane. Woulda gone crazy without 'em."

I looked him dead in the eyes. "Maybe it's time to go a little crazy."

He looked back at me. "Maybe you're right. The world's plenty crazy as it is, no sense trying to make sense of it all. We got sold a rotten deal and they won't take it back however nice we ask 'em, maybe it's time to hop across the counter and beat the salesman half to death — or better yet, his manager." He laughed. "Figuratively speaking."

"You wanna come with us? No heroin needles in our hobo camp. We don't smell half as bad either."

He lifted an eyebrow. "You got a camp? What, had to sell your home too?"

"No. We're riding out the storm. Wanna come ride it out with us? We could use a man with your skill set." Truth be told, my engineering abilities pale in comparison to Shorty's.

He thought about it for half a second. "I'm in."

We got to Marianne's car — just as inconspicuous as any one of ours. She turned to me. "You drive — I don't know the forest roads. Careful about where you drive — this isn't a truck."

### SHOWTIME V CHARLIE

The way back was somewhat less scenic, albeit more comfortable. The car took some getting used to, but I figured it out before we got out of the city. We slipped into the forest unseen and started making our way up the old logging trails, meandering among the trees.

"Not enough parking space up top — all the cars are up there, don't want to get all cluttered. There's another spot lower on the hill, I'll leave your car there, if that's all right with you."

She sighed. "So long as it's not too out in the open and not too unsuitable for parking, I'm down."

"Don't worry. It'll be better hidden than even the main spot and it's just fine. Not like anyone but us uses these roads."

I park the car in the driveway of a thoroughly abandoned little hut — probably used by weed growers decades ago. Certainly no more recently than that, if ordinary markings are any indication. There's cobwebs in every doorway and everything inside is coated in a thick layer of dust. Nobody's been there in years, other than us when we were scoping it out when first selecting meeting spots. Feels like 100 years ago.

As we disembark, I hear a noise that makes my arm hair stand at attention. Car tires on gravel, making their way up. All of our cars are back at the camp. We have company.

I whisper at Shorty. "Can you shoot?"

He whispers back. "Sure I can, son. Give me a rifle and a line of sight and I'll take care of the rest."

Marianne opens the trunk. Sure enough, she has "useful things" in it.

"Is that a fucking M60?" She smiles. "Told you my dad's a boomer. He's got range toys that he rarely plays with. I figured he wouldn't find out one of them went missing."

I whistle. "Calling dibs on the machine gun. Might as well have some fun."

Shorty grabs a FAL along with all of its magazines. Marianne takes an AK with a big drum.

I get my walkie-talkie. Somehow it survived getting drenched in water just hours prior. "Charlie here, I'm back. There's a convoy coming your way, definitely hostiles, light'em up. We'll follow on foot, catch them in the rear, mop'em up. No survivors."

Mike is on the other end. "Great. Thanks for the warning. If we both end up dead once this is over, I'm giving you a wedgie, Heaven or Hell." Victor should be on guard duty. I clench my ass cheeks in anticipation of the hardest wedgie of my afterlife.

We barely make it to the road before the shooting starts. Before long, we see the muzzle flashes in the dark forest, illuminating their surroundings for a split second — outlines of cars and men appear and disappear in a fraction of a second. There's quite a few of them — the System doesn't feel like playing around. We're outnumbered.

### SHOWTIME VI CHARLIE

We take up positions. I lead the squad — the moment I open up with the MG, so do Shorty and Marianne with their rifles. I need to make those first shots count before we lose the element of surprise.

I weigh my ammo belt. Did door gunners on choppers get this feeling before a mission? Having the ability to rain death on the enemy makes a man feel all kinds of ways, but all feelings must be disregarded. This is a matter of life and death and my tribe calls upon me to defend it. I train the gun on the car with 3 feds hiding behind it, then squeeze the trigger.

The bulk of the gun takes the edge off of the recoil, but it makes me wish I had a bipod. Fighting uphill, I hose down my first targets, then turn towards new ones, trying my best to keep their heads down. On either side of me, I hear an eruption of gunfire — my comrades have entered the fray. No pulling back now.

The agents return fire. I take cover behind a large tree, then crawl down behind a boulder on the hillside. Not the best choice for a battlefield. Hope we won't pay dearly for it.

The gunfire thins out as more combatants are taken out of commission — on either side — and as both sides lose the element of surprise. My ears are ringing plenty to make up for the silence, though. Shorty's FAL has fallen silent, as has Marianne's AK. The agents are in a good position, protected from above by their cars and from below by the terrain. Hope they didn't bring grenades — that would really suck for us.

Shorty yelps in pain - a stray bullet has found him somehow. I try not to think about his fate and instead focus on what I can do to help him. I grab my gun and dash from cover to cover to Shorty's approximate position. I find him sitting with his back against a tree, clenching his teeth, nursing the wound on his leg. "You're gonna make it, Shorty. I'll flank them, they'll pay for what they've done."

Shorty grips my arm with the strength of a vise. "Remember Ruby Ridge, Charlie. Remember Waco. Do it for them."

I take a deep breath, filling my lungs with second wind. I pop out from behind the cover, spraying the rough location of the feds with automatic fire. I try not to look at the muzzle flash — it's hypnotizing me, but it's also too bright for me to see anything else in the dark woods. Seconds later, I drop back down and roll to the nearest cover, nearly flattening Shorty in the process. He's used my suppressive fire to change positions. Wise choice — the tree he had been sitting against got lit up and absolutely shredded by the agents returning fire.

I peek out from behind my tree, ready to lay down another salvo, when the firebomb hit. Someone from our camp threw a Molotov right at the feds' position and it broke against a tree, covering the area in burning liquid. The dry deadfall went up like tinder, lighting up the pigs' position. I adjust my fire accordingly, hitting again, this time with much greater precision.

### SHOWTIME VII CHARLIE

We keep moving up as we move from cover to cover, completely losing sight of Marianne. We're almost level with the camp now, above the feds' position, our view blocked by their cars. Suddenly, one of the cars burst aflame, illuminating a greater part of the forest. Someone must have pierced a gas tank. An angry storm of gunfire erupts from the agents' general direction, but it quickly dies down like matches going out in the wind. The silence is only cut through by the occasional gunshot. I leave my machine gun with Shorty and draw Marianne's pistol, then silently move closer to investigate.

The roaring flames show no signs of stopping. They cast light on the carnage below — ground soaked with blood, clothing starting to catch fire with its wearer still inside, a gaping hole through his head, a wounded agent getting finished off by one of our guys. I recognize him by his carbine with the can on it.

"Hardened up all right." Victor seized the opportunity that presented itself and dropped the pig guarding that section of the perimeter, then slipped into the breach and straight murdered every fed who kept resisting. Oscar moved close behind him but didn't get in on much of the action — Victor was a man possessed, seemingly driven by nothing but his sheer disdain for the government. They were mopping up now.

I yell at them. "HAIL VICTORY!" They respond in kind. I move closer to the fire and take a closer look. The moving shadows make it difficult to make sense of what I see, but I get the picture. The agents are all dead or dying, overwhelmingly male, all White. The System is still careful not to get too high off its own supply — the diversity and inclusion bullshit hasn't infiltrated the Bureau very thoroughly. The shock troops must be composed of reliable individuals with absolutely no morals — White race traitors fit the bill perfectly. The Turk—lover is worse than the Turk, as an old European saying goes. They don't ask for mercy and I don't give it to them. They all got what they deserved.

When I get to Victor, he's hauling one of the agents up with Oscar's help. "You guys got your war brides, I got mine." I don't discourage him. He's earned her.

I break into one of the cars, the one furthest from the fire. Nothing useful to be found inside. I was hoping for intelligence, for high-tech gear, some kind of loot to justify the effort. Justify Shorty's foot. Justify that broken bottle used for the Molotov that was worth more than all the FBI agents' lives put together. This isn't a video game. When you kill your enemies, the best kind of loot you can look forward to is the kind that doesn't even replenish your losses in equipment and manpower.

I bump into Marianne on the way to the camp. She's unharmed and lovely as ever. She nods towards the devastation below. "You guys did a good job. Just think of all the child porn mongers you've put out of business." She sniffs.

"You crying or something?"

## SHOWTIME VIII CHARLIE

She shoots me a mean look. "No, retard, I'm cold. You plunged me into ice-cold water and it hasn't gotten any warmer outside since then."

"I'm pretty cold too. Guess we gotta preserve bodily heat by huddling together... haha, just kidding... unless...?"

She smiles. That's something that's worth the effort, at the very least. We make our way past the camp perimeter, followed by Victor with his war bride and Oscar helping prop up Shorty. Two White men who, until now, had no idea about each other's existence, yet have still become brothers—in—arms in minutes. Oscar's spirits are high—killing gets his blood racing and he's had his fill this evening, or so he assures me. Personally, I've seen who did all the killing on the final stretch, but I know better than to correct him.

At camp, we come across Papa's eldest son. His spirits aren't high. Papa's other three sons are with their father — two standing over him as he clutches his youngest in his arms. His neck has a hole in it and Papa is covered in his blood.

He was sixteen years old.



training and your kit, so you would be best to be better armed and trained than some kikes in the woods are:

If jews are trained and carrying their weapon, what is to stop them from putting you down? Aren't we supposed to be putting them down? Don't even let some AIDS-riddled power bottom in San Francisco look at you sideways, never-mind shoot at you.

Get training, get armed. Many of our enemies will allow themselves to go as soft targets but there will be those among them who will need to be broken physically by your action, and others broken mentally by your word.



OAGE #10

# HIGH SCORES ARE FOREVER

MILITANT ACCELERATIONISM

THE SYSTEM MAY REWRITE HISTORY,
FALSIFY REALITY,
DESTROY MONUMENTS,
CENSOR TRUTH.
ONE THING IT CANNOT DO, HOWEVER,
IS UN-MURDER YOUR VICTIMS.
DEATH IS PERMANENT.
THE POINTS YOU EARN CANNOT BE
RESCINDED IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A
LASTING IMPACT,
LEAVE BEHIND A LEGACY THE SYSTEM
CAN'T ERASE.

## the News.

Do you want to be someone obsessed with the news forever?
Reading and consuming the newest take, the latest story?
Learning from some yid's mouth who you should unconditionally
fear and who you should unconditionally love?

Or do you want to be the one making the news?

Bringing fear to those who deserve it, and love to those who need it.

Step one of making the news is buying a 3D printer.

You will find everything else in the rest of this book.



## HIGHSCORES AND HEADLINES 1 DELTA

"Strategy 10: Hide A Dagger Behind A Smile. Charm and ingratiate yourself with the enemy. When you have gained his trust, move against him in secret."

Or in my case, hide several [REDACTED] and a fuck ton of ammo behind black bloc, mud-colored contact lenses, a very jewish fake name and an online profile to match.

The pathetic faggots pitting themselves as our opposition aren't very bright - room temp IQ at best - and there's virtually no vetting or scrutiny. Play the role, feign outrage at the right innocuous nonsense, parrot the right bullshit slogans, and infiltration is laughably effortless.

When I caught wind of a big protest/counter-protest planned in my state's largest metropolitan area, I logged in to my fake account and got straight to work.

Within a few days, I was referred to some "sympathetic comrades" - wealthy jewish socialites - renting out their luxury penthouse apartment on Airbnb. Security would be tight in their building, as per usual in predominantly jewish dwellings - but if my disguise worked and I passed as a (((fellow kike))), I was sure they'd look the other way if they saw anything suspicious - like if they, God forbid, caught me bringing a luggage rack full of weapons, ammo and misc gear up the freight elevator.

One look at their Airbnb listing and my mind was made up. Their apartment was perfect. Right in the heart of downtown (the center of the action), I'd have an entire storey of the building to myself, with fully functioning windows and a wraparound terrace.

I made my reservations under the name "David Rosenblatt". Paid in crypto of course. It was official: I had my target. I had my location. I had my sights set on the leader-board, and the unshakable will to get me there.

## HIGHSCORES AND HEADLINES 2

DELTA

I pull my rental car into a tight spot in the below-ground parking garage, and give the car to my left a nice door ding as I get out - serves them right, putting an "I Stand With Israel" bumper sticker on a brand new Mercedes.

Wearing my disguise, I don't attract much attention as I roll my luggage to the elevator, then down the hall to my rental apartment. A few kikes I walk past make brief eye contact, one even nods approvingly.

Heh! They have no idea.

I imagine what he'll sound like on the news tomorrow, crying and kvetching about White supremacist terrorism and how our split-second, nonverbal exchange will haunt him forever.

Good.

I lock the door behind me, exhale deeply and strip off my costume. I wash my hands and take out the dark brown contact lenses, which had become quite irritating since this morning. My first and last experience with contacts, I decided. They're awful, but an operational necessity. In a sea of non-White scum, ice blue eyes like mine stand out in the worst way.

There's no way I could've moved with such ease through the crowds. No way I could've hidden in plain sight, planted my [REDACTED] at strategic points in the city, then melded back into the mob as I traversed the busiest blocks.

## HIGHSCORES AND HEADLINES 3

Emptying the contents of my luggage onto the king sized bed, I clear myself a place to sit and take a new burner phone out of the box. I call the 1-800 number to activate it, then program five phone numbers I have written on a folded up piece of paper, into the contacts.

Preparing for my attack, I experimented with cell phone detonators for the first time. The wiring was pretty straightforward and my test device worked perfectly. Gave me the confidence I needed to make tonight happen. Even if something goes wrong and my devices fail, or they're discovered and disarmed, or they misfire, I can still carry on with the shooting. But God, it'll be fucking glorious if I can do both. Shootings and bombings are great by themselves, but they're SO much better together. Keep your fingers crossed for me.

I sling my rifle over my shoulder, step out onto the terrace and light up a cigarette, making note of its tactical advantages. Solid concrete floor and wall, about chest height; more concrete and an awning above. Decent cover for me; few obstructions between myself and my targets.

I slowly walk the length of the terrace, surveying the crowd below, making note of the best vantage points, the locations of protesters, counter-protesters and pigs; points of conflict between them; their proximity to the shrapnel-filled surprises I've got on speed dial. I only have five of them, after all. I need to make them count.

Like Saint Breivik, I intend to cause maximum impact until I am physically prevented from continuing. That's why I planned my attack in detail, but left plenty of room to improvise. Keeping all options on the table, which only makes sense when attacking a target that's ALREADY chaotic and unpredictable.

I raise my rifle and survey the crowd again, this time through the scope. Where should I start? I grit my teeth in disgust. Scrawny, shrieking masked faggots. Obese, blue haired land whales. Feral niggers breaking windows and beating people. Brainwashed race traitor cucks cheering them on. On the other side, vastly outnumbered mystery meat MACA fags and assorted named-group shills who still believe in political solutions and still think they have rights. They're fucking clueless. Then there's the filthy pigs in their riot gear, "standing down" as per the mayor's orders, and only using "excessive force" against Whites who have the audacity to defend themselves.

The system enforcers and system puppets are a false kike agitated dichotomy, and these fake and gay riots only serve the system's anti-White agenda.

I fucking hate them all. I'd like to put a bullet in every last one of them.
Unfortunately that's too great a task for any one man, but I brought 2000 rounds and I'll fire off as many as I can, until I'm captured or killed.

These scumbags' lives are worth far less than the 7.62 rounds it'll take to end them. They're lower—than—low value targets. But it's not about that — it's about sending a message and setting an example.

## HIGHSCORES AND HEADLINES 4 DELTA

I zero in on one of the pigs standing in formation with the face shield on his helmet flipped up. With his exposed face in my crosshairs, I take a deep breath, steady myself and squeeze the trigger as I exhale. I fucking nail him with a perfect headshot that coats his transparent riot shield with blood. He collapses instantly. A surge of adrenaline hits me like recoil. The other pigs break formation to come to his aid. One of them checks for a pulse (hah - good luck with that, asshole) while a few others turn around in search of a gunman among the rioters.

With the cops distracted, I open fire on the MAGA fags first.

When the paramedics arrive - a nigger and an asian bitch - I take them both out, then continue my work on the cuckservatives. I fire on every non-White I see among them, but accidentally hit a few Whites as they trample over each other in an attempt to flee. Some collateral damage is inevitable in an operation like this. I've made peace with that.

The riotfags, probably assuming the shots were fired by one of their own, grow louder and chase after their opposition. I'm amazed at how little effort it takes to control a crowd, even in such large numbers. With the persuasion of occasional gunfire, I drive the crowd westward, to within the blast radius of my first [REDACTED]. I cease fire momentarily and grab my phone. Open my contacts, choose the right device (glad I stored them under their respective locations, rather than \$\int\_1\$, \$\int\_2\$, etc. - highly recommended if you plan something similar), hit "call", and wait.

Riiiiiiiing...

Riiiiiiiing...

Riiiii-

The phone's speaker crackles and cuts out as a violent explosion rips through the crowd. Glass shatters, car alarms ring out, rioters scream hysterically.

God, it's glorious.

Absolutely fucking glorious.

I light another cigarette, stand back and admire my work.

## HIGHSCORES AND HEADLINES 5

I reposition myself further down the balcony and survey the damage through my scope. I double tap wounded survivors, and everyone that comes to their aid. 60 rounds later, they give up on playing doctor and abandon their fallen comrades.

I wish I could've livestreamed this somehow, but half my targets have their damn phones out, video recording and presumably livestreaming my attack for me. There should be plenty of quality footage available online before the big tech kikes scrub it. Shame I won't be able to watch it later, but I assure you — LIVING IT is a million times better than watching a 1080p HD livestream. You could find this out for yourself, if you wanted to...

The police helicopter passes overhead. A news chopper isn't far behind. I go inside, fill my plate carrier with loaded mags, and reload the empty ones. From the back bedroom, I have access to a different part of the crowd; different streets, different alleys, a different intersection. The chaos has spilled into this intersection too, naturally, but they don't expect gunfire from here. Hell, they might even feel SAFER here - a vulnerability I'm happy to exploit.

From a place of cover, right outside the sliding glass door, I peer through my scope. Heavy nigger presence. A gang of them are smashing up cars parallel parked on the street. The drivers probably even fed the parking meters when they arrived. Idiots. They're getting what they paid for. Urban hell. The "diversity" they celebrate with sickening smugness. Fuck em.

I switch up my method of attack this time and grab my phone first. I planted a device closeby enough, and without gunshots preceding the explosion, I'll maintain an element of surprise.

I used a different type of shrapnel in each device: nails, wood screws, ball bearings, chunks of scrap metal, and miscellaneous nuts and bolts I had laying around the shop (respectively). I'm curious which will be the most lethal. Just a fun little experiment, because I'm a man of science.

## HIGHSCORES AND HEADLINES 6

I call. A few rings later, the second device explodes, sending niggers (and what looks like parts of niggers) flying in all directions. If you're wondering where I planted this one, here s what I did: I walked up that street earlier today, looking for a car that appeared non-operable. Or at least, one that hasn't been driven in awhile. This one had spiderwebs between the wheel wells and side mirrors, undisturbed piles of leaves around its flat tires, a thick coating of dirt and grime, and several unpaid parking tickets on the windshield. Several nicer, newer cars were parked nearby on the dimly Iit street. Enticing burglary bait for the mobs of niggers that would be roaming the street later, I figured. I quickly fastened my device to the undercarriage of the old station wagon and kept on walking. And now? Needless to say, I'm pleased with my decision.

Innately devoid of compassion, none of the dazed but mostly uninjured survivors attempt to rescue or provide first aid to their brethren. A handful of them stick around briefly to steal sneakers off the dead and dying's feet (not even joking... niggers, I stg), but the rest of them flee the scene as quickly as possible.

I chuckle and shake my head, then draw my weapon and fire on them as they run away. I hit around two dozen before one of them pulls a pistol from his waistband and returns fire. He's a terrible shot, unsurprisingly. He misses me entirely but I hear glass shatter a few storeys down. He fires a few more rounds, all of which hit the concrete and cause no damage. The shots aren't even clustered together. I realize he probably hasn't pinpointed my exact location and is just wildly firing in my general direction.

I take cover and wait for him to lower his weapon, then headshot him. With the pavement are stampede a few blocks away, I finish off the niggers injured in the blast. Hit the probably—dead ones too, just for good measure.

I step inside again but leave the sliding glass door ajar. I listen closely for any kvetching over the broken glass downstairs but hear none. Which means they probably aren't home. Come to think of it... I wonder how many kikes actually ARE home right now? They have a habit of manufacturing disasters (riots included), then scurrying away like rats at the last second. They all knew this riot was coming. Hell, they organized it! Yeah, I'd be willing to bet I've got much of the building to myself tonight. I won't be venturing out to \*THOKOUGHLY\* verify this, but I DO need to grab something from the car...

I wash my hands, change clothes and get back into my disguise (including those damned contact lenses). Leave the rifle mags on the dresser but keep my plate carrier on (yknow, just in case), and throw an oversized black hoodie on over it. Fingers crossed that Axe body spray adequately masks the smell of gunpowder. If not, I've got a loaded .45 that'll put an end to their suspicion.

I grab what I need from the car and confirm my assumption. The place is fucking deserted. There's gotta be less than ten cars down here — in the ENTIRE parking garage! Not one kike in the common areas. I hear some televisions left on as I walk down the hall, but no voices. There's a few identical signs posted on the wall, which weren't here earlier. Or maybe I was in too much of a hurry to notice them?

"ATTENTION RESIDENTS: DUE TO SAFETY CONCERNS, THIS BUILDING WILL BE ON LOCKDOWN FROM 6PM FRI— 6AM SUNDAY. NO VISITORS PERMITTED DURING THIS TIME. THANK YOU, SHABBAT SHALOM."

Interesting... If the building's on lock-down, it'd probably take a lot of effort for the system pigs to breach the building. When kikes build nests for themselves, they go to great lengths to fortify them.

They're shielding themselves from the righteous wrath they KNOW they'll face someday, when the goyim have finally had enough of their poisonous and parasitic behavior. They've repeated this cycle for millennia.

With my little errand taken care of, I return to my Airbnb, lock the door and reinforce it. I build a makeshift barricade using some of their heavy oak furniture. Yep, this is it. I'm here to stay. Might as well get comfortable.

I take off my disguise, throw the brown contact lenses in the garbage where they fucking belong, stretch for a few minutes and light another cigarette. My brief intermission was necessary, perhaps, but now I'm ready to get back to work.

## HIGHSCORES AND HEADLINES 7 DELTA

From the patio, police sirens - hundreds of them - drown out the noise of the crowd. Looks like the piggies' reinforcements arrived. How cute. A few SWAT cars and an ATF bomb squad, en route to the first blast site, are surrounded by rioters. A faggot with a megaphone around his neck tries to climb one of their vehicles. I gotta say, this is top notch entertainment. A part of me wishes they could hurry and get to where they're going, for reasons you'll soon find out, but realistically? This could take awhile.

I cut through the apartment and emerge from a different sliding door in a different room. Peering over the concrete wall, I see a mob of antifas standing around a burning cop car while one of them throws a lit molotov through a Starbucks window. They're caught up in the moment, distracted by their own LARP. Yeah, I can work with this. Time to make some "good communists" out of them.

Almost immediately after I open fire, they let out the most obnoxious, grating, high pitched screeches I've ever heard. I burst into laughter myself. BRO. IF YOU COULD ONLY HEAR THEM. IT'S FUCKING HILARIOUS. A few of the targets I hit flail around on the ground until I headshot them. Possible males(?) cry hysterically like little girls. PROBABLY GUYS, CRYING AND SHRIEKING LIKE THIS. WHAT THE FUCK. I can barely aim straight because I'm laughing so fucking hard. I'm dying laughing, but regain my composure in the interest of shutting these loud faggots up once and for all (and racking up hella points of course).

I go for the loudest and most overly-dramatic faggots first. There's something oddly satisfying about that moment when their noise stops and they go quiet. It doesn't last, because the others get louder, as if to compensate for the loss. But nevertheless, feels good man.

## HIGHSCORES AND HEADLINES 8 DELTA

By the time my ammo pouches are empty, most of their obnoxious noise is silenced. Good riddance. I stop inside to reload, then check on the zogbot caravan. Looks like they arrived at the first blast site and have the area cordoned off. There's feds and local pigs everywhere. Perfect. I grab my phone and smirk as I call in my mechanical ambush.

The deafening BOOM shakes the building. HOLY FUCK, this one was good!!! Hope those faggots like ball bearings, because they just got a pressure cooker full of them. HAHAHA.

The thrill of BOMBING THE ATF is beyond fucking words, by the way. Highly recommended.

Not sure how many zogbots I injured or killed with this one but there were at least a dozen in the blast radius, not to mention a considerable number of civilians. A police chopper hovers overhead. I don't pay it much attention as I continue to observe the scene through my scope — it's been patrolling the area all night — but then it shines its spotlight directly at me.

FUCK.

"DROP YOUR WEAPON!," booms the garbled voice over the chopper's loudspeaker.

FUCK.

I duck behind the concrete wall and make my way indoors.

Don't get me wrong, I understood going in that this moment was inevitable. I planned for it. I just wish it wasn't ending so soon. Truth be told, I'm having the time of my life and I've never felt more accomplished or spiritually fulfilled. In sacrificing everything for my People, I've never felt more free.

(Damn, I should've put that in my manifesto... Oh well, it's too late for last minute changes. I left my phone at home and my official announcement and accompanying PDF are scheduled to post at midnight.)

But I digress - it's not over yet. No, there's a big difference between being spotted and being stopped.

## HIGHSCORES AND HEADLINES 9 DELTA

I reposition myself at the south-facing portion of the terrace, take cover and snipe a few random targets. Reposition, then shoot. Reposition, then shoot. Yeah, this'll have to work. Might as well rack up all the points I can get.

Lucky for me, my target acquisition is as quick and accurate as my ability to (pre) judge a person's character: I'm usually right, but if I'm not? I'm not sorry. Fuck you.

The way I see it, if you're spending the weekend rioting with niggers and faggots; or you're a pig protecting niggers and faggots: or you're a retard who thinks counter-protesting niggers and faggots will magically solve the nigger-faggot problem - then you're either an enemy, a traitor, or a liability, and you deserve this lead. Period.

A massive convoy of police cars and SWAT vehicles are headed in my direction now. I can't help but laugh at the ease in which they move through traffic. The crowd parts willingly, allowing them to pass. No signs of resistance whatsoever. Hah! All this noise about "ACAB, defund the police, cops are White supremacist terrorists," but who do they run to when faced with the real thing? The fucking cops, of course. Pathetic.

I pause briefly to swap mags and light what might be my last cigarette. It's almost surreal, but what's even stranger? I'm not afraid. Don't know whether it's the adrenaline talking, or some "enlightened state of consciousness" I unlocked at some point tonight, but I'm ready. Whatever fate has in store for me, I'm ready for it. Whether I'm killed in action or they take me alive, I don't even care. I've given my life for my Race, and I didn't give it up cheaply.

I fire a few more rounds into the crowd and take a puff. It won't be long now. Between the chopper's loudspeaker and whirling propellers, I can barely hear myself think.

"DROP YOUR WEAPON!"

"COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!"

"WE' VE GOT THE BUILDING SURROUNDED!"

I laugh and go inside — not bitching out, for the record. They are indeed forming a perimeter around the building and getting into position, which in all likelihood means they've got FBI snipers on adjacent rooftops, waiting for me to make a wrong move. I won't give them that satisfaction. They won't take me down that easily. And besides, I'm honestly kinda hyped for the final phase of my attack.

One of the armored SWAT vehicles rams the ground level front entrance, crashing into the lobby.

Anticipating their arrival, I grab the "grand finale" mags I loaded especially for them - all armor piercing rounds, to thank them for their service.

Oh, before I forget - I'm not acting in defense of America. The America I used to pledge my allegiance to is long since dead. It succumbed to its parasites decades ago. All I'm doing is accelerating its decomposition. Applying some heat. Doing my part to burn this motherfucker to the ground. And - hopefully - inspiring the best of you to take my lead. When you see our enemies amassing in large numbers, for ANY reason, I want you to think of tonight and ACT. Remember this: YOUR HATE MEANS NOTHING UNTIL YOU TURN IT INTO ACTION.

Become the Accelerant the world deserves. Become the Terror our enemies deserve. Become the Saints our People deserve.

Hail the brave men who inspired me: Saint Breivik, Saint Tarrant, Saint Copeland.

HAIL. HOLY. TERROR.

I can hear the SWAT team stampeding up the stairwell. At this rate, they'll be busting my door down any second now. I grab my phone and make one last call.

I don't know how this will end, but you can read all about it in the headlines tomorrow.

In any case, SIEG HEIL BROTHERS. I'll see you in Valhalla.

End

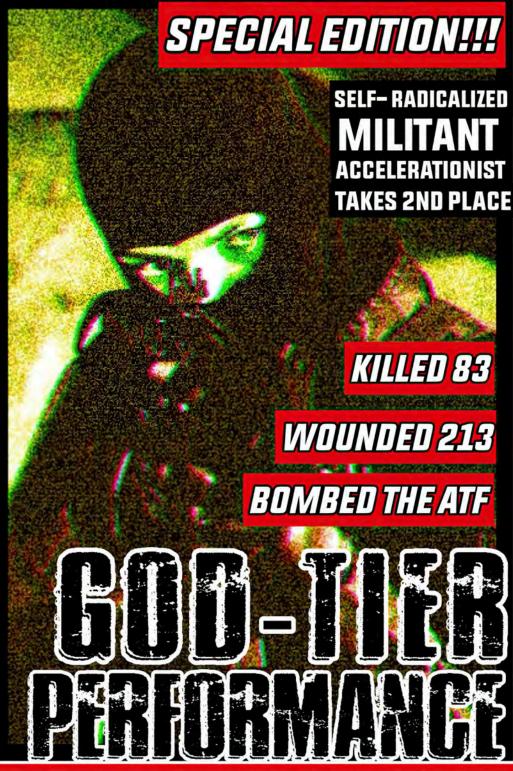


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# DAILYNEWS

Terrorgram's Hometown Newspaper





TIPS FOR SUCCESS

FEELING INSPIRED? KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT & WORK SOLO. YOU GOT THIS. IF A 25YO RETAIL CLERK

FINALLY! A SAINT OF OUR OWN!

FUCKING HAIL BROTHER! WELCOME TO THE PANTHEON!

## TREATY I

The mine went off, kicking up half-frozen dirt in a wide radius. Faster than digging a mass grave.

Echo worked solemnly. We dragged the dead feds - 17 in total - into the pit, laying them in and packing them as closely as possible. Wouldn't want to collapse into a pool of rotting corpses when walking over it just because we left too many air pockets. We covered the top with dirt and turf. In time, nature will use the fertilizer we provide it to mend this scar we've caused it and the world will forget these traitors' existence.

Papa buried his son by the camp. I wish I was with him to console him, but truth be told, I wouldn't know what to say. What do you say to a man who's just lost his pride and joy? Our children are supposed to bury us, not the other way around.

"The living shall envy the dead before this blows over."

Echo glanced over at me. "Indeed they will. Things' 11 get a lot worse before they get any better."

"Did you manage to kill any of them?"

He shook his head. "Nope. Barely got a shot in. We were pretty crowded at the camp. I made all our Molotovs, though, and Papa's boy made good use of one of them." He lowered his voice. "The flame drew attention to him. He got shot as he was throwing it. He gave his life so we didn't have to. Had it all in front of him and still sacrificed it for us all. Wish it was anyone but him."

We hiked back up the hill. The fire had burned a patch of the forest, but it didn't spread far and wide because of our previous kindling-gathering expeditions to fuel fires of our own. The burnt-out husk of one of the FBI cars is still where its owners left it, the others we managed to get to safety. Didn't find much of anything useful — the feds' ammo was mostly spent and their weapons were nothing we don't already have. The most interesting pieces of loot are probably the uniforms — very useful for false flag operations down the line. Always stir division within the ranks of the enemy.

Katherine has her hands full tending to the wounded, having to enlist the aid of Papa's wife. The poor woman is an emotional wreck and I can't blame her one bit. Papa is the man of the house so he must keep his composure even in the face of tragedy, but no such social obligations fall on his wife. Other than Romeo, who's still recovering, our list of those wounded in action includes Shorty, who got shot in the foot, Mike, who got hit with a ricochet right in the helmet, and Papa's second son, who has cuts all around his arms and on his chin from getting hit while wearing a steel plate as body armor. Not the smartest of decisions — lead splatters on impact. He should be glad the feds didn't have longer barrels, or he might have joined his little brother among the dead. He's learning the hard way.

Mike greets me on his way out of the doctor's, his head wrapped in bandages. "See this?" He points at his forehead. "Bulletproof."

I snort, then grab him by the shoulder. "Sure you are. Get to the radio, you have work to do." He walks off, still dizzy, meandering through the camp to his station.

## TREATY II CHARLIE

"We have work to do too, Charlie. About time we took a look at that missile system."

Echo's right. We need to step our game up. If we want to get serious about protecting our sovereignty, we must get some better gear.

The car we chose was our squad's old pickup truck. Slightly less spacious than Papa's, it was just big enough to accomodate a launching ramp for a rocket that could propel a warhead weighing a few dozen pounds up to a distance of a few miles. We'll iron out the guidance system later, when we move past the testing phase and get to building the actual combat rockets themselves.

The fuse is simple - the nose of the rocket is mounted on a spring, which rapidly compresses upon collision, hitting a .22 rimfire casing, which sets off the detonator, which in turn sets off the main charge. All in a fraction of a second.

The engines will respond to manual guidance from the ground by adjusting their thrust. Fins stabilize the rocket in flight and there's a GoPro camera right by the tail, providing us with a first-person view of the target, allowing for adjustments in course. We'll make unguided rockets too - no sense in wasting all the extra cost just to hit stationary targets.

Standoff weapons are the tool of both the System and those fighting against it. The System has its drones that can turn a wedding into a funeral procession, all from the other side of the planet. We the guerrillas have explosives that can deliver staggering blows to anyone in their blast radius.

However, the problem with explosives is their need to be deployed ahead of time. Doing so in areas that see heavy enemy traffic is risky and can result in capture. On the other hand, deploying mines and other booby traps in areas that see next to no enemy traffic can very well result in the enemy never coming close enough to be affected. Victimoperated or remote-detonated, such mines are completely useless.

Rockets don't suffer from this drawback. They go where they're sent and they don't require supervision to do so. Defending against them is hard, preventing them is impossible — so long as the guerrilla force doesn't telegraph its intentions to the enemy, the System can only guess what critical piece of infrastructure gets hit next. Deploying their advanced technology in the streets will only bother the civilians and the guerrillas will simply avoid striking a well-protected target. Yet another way in which the System is utterly unable to capitalize on their technological superiority in guerrilla warfare.

After a long day of launching dummy rockets with Echo, trying to optimize their engines, we return to camp. In about a week, we should have enough of them for our next little operation.

"HAPPENING! Guys, you gotta come listen to this." Mike nearly ran straight into the fire, holding his radio.

"-shooting in progress in [REDACTED] at the civil rights march in the city center, dozens feared dead. Witnesses report explosions in the area, law enforcement is on the scene, the shooter is barricaded in a building overlooking an intersection, people are urged to steer clear of the area until further notice."

## TREATY III CHARLIE

Oscar whistles. "Sounds like things are popping off all over."

"Never been a fan of 'em. If I ever got shot robbing a liquor store or something like that, my own family would keep my existence a secret." Shorty put his bandaged foot closer to the fire. "They'd faint if I told 'em about what went down last night."

"Personally, I'm a fan of the recent developments. The System is barely hanging on, and it's not just this part of the country. Let it burn, let a new world rise from the ashes.

Good to be in agreement for once. People like to virtue signal about how dedicated they are to the "free market of ideas" and how debating is good and all this and that, but the truth is that we simply get along better when we don't need to argue about everything, especially matters of life and death. Imagine trying to make the case for your people's survival to someone determined to bring about their utter destruction. Ridiculous waste of time. Some disputes are better solved with naked force.

Katherine pops out of the medical tent, her red hair stuck to her brow. "Charlie? You. Come here, Romeo wants a word with you." I get up and follow her.

As I near the tent, the voices inside become intelligible. Romeo's voice is a shadow of its former glory, whereas Papa's voice is thick with sorrow. Mike barely has room to speak. I step inside.

"Charlie. How good are you at dealing with people?" Romeo is propping himself up on his bed, cringing from pain. "There's a matter that needs resolving. I'd go myself, but as you can see, I'm not exactly in the best shape." He nodded in Papa's direction. "I was planning on sending him, but we seem to hold differing opinions."

The older man's face looks like it was carved from stone. "The police chief wants to get in touch with us. Swears that it's not a trap and all the usual bullshit. Swears we're not in trouble, not from him, at least. Either way, the facts are that the feds have set up camp in his city and he doesn't like it. He wants to work out some sort of deal."

"I'm guessing you don't believe him."

"You guess right. You've purged the biggest gang in town and we've demonstrated our ability to fend off federal invasions. He's done neither of these things. What is there that he could possibly help us with? I'm guessing he just wants us to lose more men fighting the feds and then he'll stab us in the back... Assuming he won't do that immediately"

I ponder the options. "He didn't make specific offers?"

Mike cuts in. "The radio message was pretty short, probably to avoid detection. Any specifics will need to be ironed out in person."

"You're the tie-breaking vote, Charlie. Do we go for it?"

The men stare me down. I think about the offer.

"Let's fucking go."

## TREATY IV

I assemble my squad. A detachment will depart tonight, consisting of our seasoned veterans — Oscar, Echo, and Victor, with Hans, Papa's eldest son, accompanying them. Despite his father's concerns, there's only one way for us to gain experience. This unit will conduct surveillance of the area around the chief's house — I'm not dumb enough to come meet him at the station. Hope he won't mind a visit at 4AM.

As for the actual diplomatic mission, I'm bringing Marianne along. I want to make a good first impression and let it be known that the chief is dealing with gentlemanly freedom fighters, not unwashed terrorists. Besides — I enjoy her company.

Mike wakes me up at three in the morning. I throw water in my face and shave my beard. Dressed in a business suit, I check myself out in the rear view mirror of my car. Not having been to hairdresser's in months, I'm starting to look like Patrick Bateman. The resemblance makes me chuckle. Marianne joins me and off we go into the forest. She dozes off in the passenger seat as we make our way down the hill, then into the suburbs of the city.

Urban sprawl is often critiqued — and for good reason — but seldom critiqued properly. All the urban planners and politicians and environmentalists and who knows who else are eager to blame Whitey for not wanting to live in the exciting inner city while ignoring the fact that the excitement comes from your uncertainty about whether you're gonna get shot at a red light by a vibrant youth. So the White man packs up and leaves and is absorbed into the suburbs — an environment somehow just as soulless as the inner city. So long as you play by the System's rules, you can't win.

We pull over opposite the police chief's house, if my intel is correct. Before even waking Marianne, I quietly exit the car and look for my backup. They're lying in wait just a little further up the street.

"Anything suspicious?"

Victor shakes his head, yawning. "Not since we've been here, nope. Go ahead. If there's gunfire, we'll avenge you, at the very least." Let's hope there isn't.

I return to my car and open the passenger door. Marianne stirs from her sleep. "Everything clear?"

"Sure seems like it. Let's go." I take her by the hand as we make our way to the door. No idea how, but women's hands are always warm, even in the freezing cold night air. There might be more truth to the whole Mars vs. Venus story than we're willing to admit.

I ring the doorbell. Waiting for the door to open feels like an eternity. Finally, it cracks open.

"Who the hell are you?" The chief is dressed in his pajamas — I must have woken him up. Figured as much, judging by the time of day — or night, rather.

"You wanted to talk. Let's talk and let's do it someplace warm." He lets us inside. I get a better look at him — a man in his late 40s, balding, slightly out of shape, with none of the sharpness of a young cop nor the charisma of an old cop. No wonder he's turning his coat and treating with the enemy.

## TREATY V CHARLIE

We sit down in the living room. He reclines in his armchair and takes a deep breath.

"Promise not to breathe a word of what transpires here to anybody."

"I keep no secrets from my people and I talk to no-one else - save for you, right now."

"Fine, that'll have to do. Where do I begin? We have no love for one another, but hardship makes strange alliances." He leans forward, as if to increase his physical presence in the discussion. "I've heard how you guys dealt with those federals. Others have, too. The federals themselves aren't too eager to spread news of the calamity that's befallen them, but news spreads regardless. People feel more free to talk and they're expressing support, even at my station. Words like Ruby Ridge and Waco — which are normally a no-no in law enforcement circles — get thrown around more and more often. In short, even if I didn't hate the feds — and I do — my hands are tied. Either I act decisively, or... You know what happened to the last Roman emperor from the Severan dynasty?"

"Killed by his troops?" It's an educated guess.

"Indeed, all because of his indecision. And his successor?"

"No idea." What is this, a history lesson? Get to the point, old man.

"Also killed by his troops. Wouldn't be the last." He looked me in the eyes. "I've never been much of a fighter and I'm bad at making difficult decisions on the spot. I like to think that I'm not stupid, though. Part of not being stupid is being able to learn from other people's mistakes. I need a man of action. I need you."

He's not bad at talking. "What's in it for us?"

"Uncontested rule over the entire county and my entire department to enforce it. Give me an assignment and I'll carry it out — so long as those feds get out of my city. Our city." He speaks with intense passion. "They want absolute power, overriding every local authority, imposing a top-down order everywhere they go, and expect everyone to roll over. They have to PAY, and then maybe we can get more locals to rebel. Until then, it's a slow march to the grave." He grins. "Not like we have anything to lose — whether we rebel or don't, we're still evil enforcers of the "White supremacist system". Time to make it a reality."

## ONE MAN'S TERRORIST IS ANOTHER MAN'S PATRIOT



As we reflect on a year of global collapse and face towards an ever more uncertain future, we should bear in mind that life isn't all sunshine and rainbows. Some embrace this view to such an extent that they start calling themselves doomers and blackpillers, spiraling into apathy and depression. Others still stubbomly reject this fact of life and end up either ignoring harsh realities that don't align with their view through their rose-colored glasses, or they lose faith in this fruitless endeavor and fall into depression twice as hard as the blackpillers did.

The truth lies in the middle - yes, life can be just as harsh, bleak and ugly as it can be sweet, rewarding and beautiful; and yes, we should embrace this duality rather than get tunnel vision and only focus on the good or the bad. We grow to appreciate beauty by contrasting it with ugliness; we appreciate plenty by comparing it to poverty; and we treasure life because death will certainly rip it away from us, regardless of our designs.

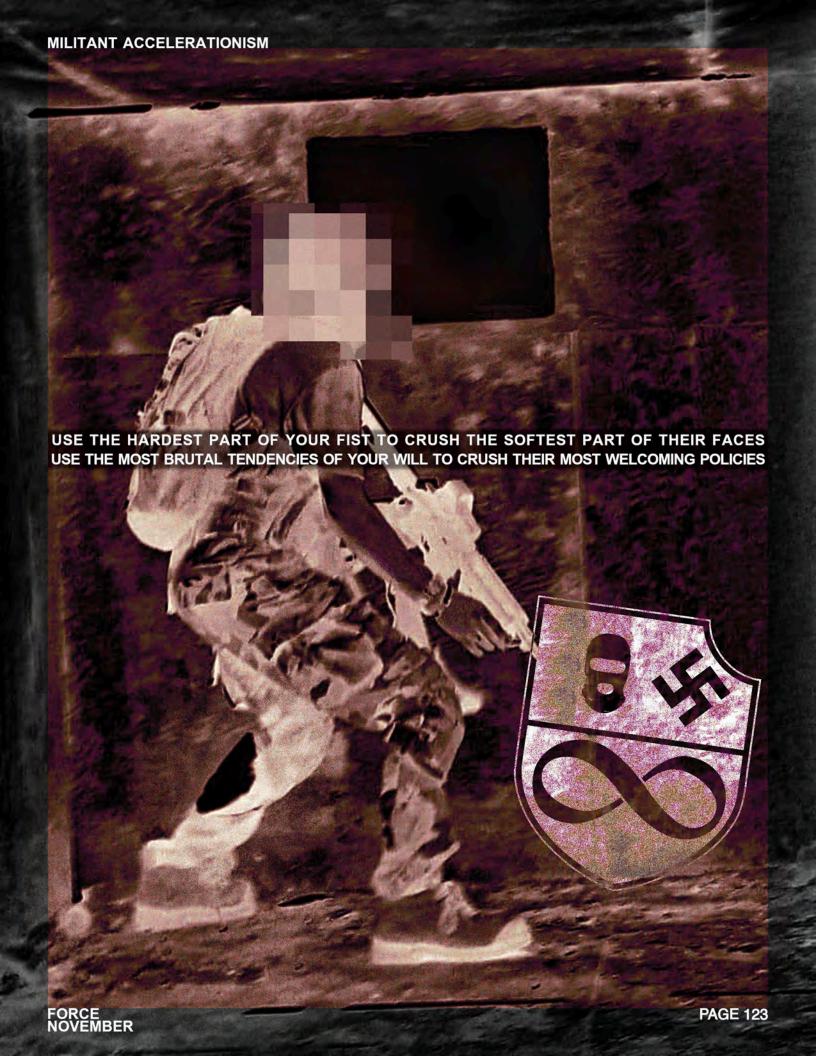
The fact that our enemy seeks to emulate metaphysical evil itself as closely as possible should embolden us to fight for what's right and good and just and beautiful and true, not intimidate us into inaction! Indeed, one should want his enemy to be as twisted and degenerate as possible, so that all doubt and indecision that clouds a warrior's mind can disperse, and so all power may be used to achieve the goal that is the complete and utter undoing of the foe.

So what if fate throws obstacles in our path? They are meant to be overcome, not sulked at. Every problem solved in its infancy is a problem that does not grow to cause a bigger concern in the future. Learning early on is a great investment of one's time and energy for an unspecified later date. Remember - the worst case scenario is that nothing especially bad happens and all the time you spent training and becoming the best possible version of yourself could have been spent sitting on your ass.

Preparation leads into more acute observation - which issues affect you most and thus deserve your most urgent attention? You'll find that local issues have more impact on you (and you on them) than global ones do, especially when the global order comes to a screeching halt. There's little use in debating which Zionist puppet presidential candidate will be better (or at least less bad) for our people when you could organize your community and stop a pedophile "drag queen story hour" event in your city, preserving little children's innocence and making a name for yourself as a man of the people in the process.

There is an uncertainty in the air, as there always is when discussing the future, but especially in our current situation. The broader the geographical scope and the longer the time period over which you place your estimates, the more uncertain things become - a kind of "fog of war" in terms of political strategy, if you will. From this, we can discover a great advantage for ourselves - since the System is global and is playing a long game, it must prepare for a wider range of possible scenarios over a longer time period, allocating its resources liberally rather than sparingly. We, on the other hand, are very decentralized and fighting for the good of our people now, which means that even though the System can outspend us countless times over with its vast resources and manpower, our relative strength is actually higher when and where it matters - here (at home) and now. The System can never hope to defend itself at all times at all places against all threats, while still funding the degeneration of society - a sign of God's victory that has already happened. Our sole responsibility is carrying out His plan to the very end.







# 



## A TIMELESS CALL

#### NETWORK IN-PERSON

I highly suggest not using Telegram to network. There have been many arrests by this point mostly over naive and rookie mistakes like leaving your privacy settings unchecked or telling people of potential plans of yours, but that doesn't mean that there isn't a determined effort to stop us. You don't need to slip up in an obvious way for our opposition to note who you are and what you're planning.

That being said, a network of close friends who you've known for a long time is very valuable. The kind of guys who are open to sharing our worldview and who aren't losers. Someone to back you in a fight for the right reasons, someone who isn't a heatbag, someone who doesn't use drugs. Someone capable of great violence.

## OBTAIN A FIREARM BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY

This is obvious. If you're an American then it should be easy for you. Those in Europe, Oceania, and elsewhere will need to rely on more lucrative places to obtain your firearm. Europeans have the benefit of being attached by land to the old world/the East, use that as an advantage while possibly importing.

Learn what is and isn't legal to purchase without registration in your country and make use of that. If you need to make a receiver or barrel then look in to your options. There are many now.

## IF THEY ARE COMING FOR YOU, BE READY

No more arrests. No more getting caught with your pants down and embarrassingly arrested. If they're coming to either kill you, or apply the greatest force they can to you by locking you in a small cage for a long time with people who will hurt then kill you, then die a free man, not a caged animal. You can't move forward when you're chained down anyway, what value does your life have to our Worldview and Race if you do get caged and chained down?

#### DO EVERYTHING IN THE LENS OF REVOLUTION

Studying at university or working in a trade? How will it benefit our Worldview and Race? Purchasing something outside of essentials to survive? How will it benefit our Worldview and Race? Making any sort of media/imagery/music? How will it benefit our Worldview and Race? Are you good at something? Are you skilled in something or knowledgeable of something? How will it benefit our Worldview and Race?

## REMOVE MORAL RELUCTANCE TO ACT IN THE NAME OF OUR WORLDVIEW AND RACE

Piss away any morals you have left. Our opposition will do anything in any act without holding back all to retain the current power structure. If you aren't as Fanatical as you can be right now, that means there are communists, muslims, and jews more Fanatical than you; and that's a personal weakness.

The only exception to retain morals is if you have a true woman to live for, in which case you should get offline and begin forming a family to form the next generation of Warriors for our Race.















## YOU'RE JIHADI JOHN NOW



NOVEMBER PAGE 127

## EPILOGUE I CHARLIE

The sun is rising over the camp. I'm laying in my tent, staring at the ceiling. Marianne is sleeping by my side, her soft breathing providing a contrast to the thoughts racing through my head.

The feds have done enough harm. We depleted their field office's manpower when we crushed them on our hill. Time to deliver the final blow. Strike their building with rockets from afar, charge into the breach, spare nobody. Seize their documents, their vehicles, their equipment. Melt down everything useless and make a monument to our victory over the System out of it. Rub it in their faces so they get a taste of things to come.

As I lay here, there's thousands of White men just like me having fun shooting guns in the woods. They shall inherit the Earth. They may not even know it consciously, but the System knows, and so do they, on a deeper, more fundamental level. They lift weights and they read books and they take cold showers, not to flex on their boys in the group chat, but to fill a primal need beyond their understanding. They can feel the collapse is near and their response isn't getting terrified, their response is spreading a little terror everywhere they go. Godspeed to them.

There are those who would scold me for thinking these things, as if that could make them go away. Many of those we respect and admire will tell us that we're being reckless and self-destructive. They aren't wrong - after all, they're usually old enough to know better.

We're not old enough to know better. We're young men, the single most destructive force on the planet, first to join the fray and last to leave it — if we survive. We see the System and we wish to destroy it, thoughts of reform don't enter our hard heads. Violence resembles fortune in that she favors the bold, not the old.

As children, we used to dream of one day becoming heroes and rescuing the innocent from peril. As time went on, the dreams changed, but the overarching idea remained — we've always wanted to have our metal tested. Turns out, the apocalypse we've been waiting for so long is finally here. Time to ride with the four horsemen.

We understand each other on a level much deeper than our eroded minds can grasp. Much deeper than words can describe. We've never met and yet it feels like we grew up on the same street - half a world away. It's not just that our bond couldn't be broken by the ceaseless barrage of propaganda seeking to make us hate our people, it was forged by it, only made stronger by the constant pressure. I pity those who don't feel this way - they're missing out. Quit playing and join the hivemind.

I gaze back through time, millennia away. I see the primitive man braving the dangers of his environment, protecting his fire from the unknown forces trying to put it out. I see the civilized Roman legionary marching into faraway lands to expand the influence of the eternal city and I see the fearless barbarian warrior lying in wait to ambush him so that his people can preserve their freedom. I see the Viking preparing to carry off more plunder back to his homeland and I see the first guerrillas chipping away at Muslim holdings on the Iberian Peninsula. I see the noble knight purging the unfaithful from his lands and I see the hussite blasting him to smithereens a hundred years before anyone knew what a musket was.



## EPILOGUE II CHARLIE

Closer now, I see the conquistador and the colonist make their mark on the New World. I see the sons of the West spreading far and wide, no place too distant to be conquered, no tribe too powerful to be subjugated. I see the world groveling at the White man's feet.

Closer still, I see the humbling, the rot, the subversion, one revolution after another seeking to topple the hierarchy so that the plague rats could assume the nobility's position. I see the short-lived attempts to restore the world as it was meant to be, none of them successful, however grand the design.

Right in my face now. I see the fall reach terminal velocity, its logical conclusion. Everything has accelerated to its full potential. I see the rats' nests fall one by one.

I see you, riding the tiger into the abyss of the future as the past collapses behind you.



ACCELERATIONISM: WE WILL DESTROY THE WORLD



