

***The 100% Solution:
A Southern Love story***
by Thomas Paine

Our story begins in the small southern city of Leesburg, where the situation was becoming more than critical. With an unbridled brashness, savage nigger criminals were running the streets and drug gangs seemed to be everywhere.

White folks, the peaceful founders of the town, were literally prisoners in their own homes, thanks to enforced "integration," along with the passage of ridiculous laws that promoted the "tolerance" of the intolerable.

Night after night, roving groups of brutal, wild-eyed nigger crackheads plied the dark alleys, looking for someone to mug so they could buy more rock cocaine.

In the midst of all this chaos, the white mayor, Joseph Garrett, had attempted to clean up the streets during the previous months by arresting nigger muggers, burglars, rapists and crackheads by the hundreds during sweeps made by the Leesburg police department. Due to these actions, that is enforcing the law, he was shouted down as a racist by those in the national media, all loudly claiming that he had not arrested an equal number of white people.

Garrett sharply countered that he would have but there simply were not enough white criminals in the city, only nigger criminals, and was still derided by the talking heads as being a "racist" and "bigoted." This was grossly unfair, because Garrett, although he had never really cared for the blacks, only saw criminals as criminals, regardless of color.

The NAACP and the ACLU provided swarthy, hook-nosed Jew attorneys from up north for these uncivilized, uncontrollable coons, who after trial were given light sentences or a probationary slap on the wrist. Undaunted, these "underprivileged" animals then went back to their same habits of stealing, rape, occasional murder, drug use, and drug dealing.

All of these events vexed the helpless mayor, along with many members of the all-white police force, who decided at a secret meeting at City Hall that something drastic must be done about the savage, apelike negroids that were rapidly destroying their once peaceful southern town.

After carefully weighing their options, the mayor bluntly observed, "I believe we must concur with the idea City Controller Mark Henderson has proposed – I don't see what the hell else we can do! I tried to use the law, but those shitskins, with their "civil rights" and kike lawyers seem to be able to get away with anything!"

"That's the goddamned truth," concurred Christopher McElroy, District Attorney. "We had those black bastards cold and their crooked Jew mouthpieces cunningly played the "race card," just like they did with that murdering gorilla O.J Simpson!"

"Yeah, but Simpson killed a nigger lover and anyway. I just as soon would have given him a medal for that," retorted the mayor sarcastically, the others present breaking into laughter.

"Well Joe, what about the hebe he cut up along with her?" asked McElroy deadpan, instantly realizing what the mayor would say before he finished the sentence.

"What's your point there Chris old boy?" asked Garrett as the others chuckled in the background. "Really, this world has more than enough Jews anyway – come to think of it, I reckon that nigger should have gotten two medals," he added with a cynical smirk, the rest of the assemblage roaring with laughter.

McElroy smiled and shook his head, knowing Joe Garrett was always one with a ready comeback, and like most white folks in their town, was no lover of niggers or Jews.

"Fuck those niggers "rights," why bother with some fancy plan? We ought to kill them all one night, nobody here'd miss 'em anyway," mused Timothy Burns, Chief of the Leesburg Police, as many in the assembly nodded in agreement.

"We can't do that Tim, the fuckin' State and Federal governments would come down on us like a pack of vultures," replied the mayor, "These things have to be planned carefully; look at what happened in LA – they crucified the cops who beat on that criminal jig Rodney King. Thanks to the government's bullshit pandering to the nigger "minority," and their "hate crime" legislation, it's a goddamned wonder we can even arrest those gorillas for murder – even with the victim's blood on their hands for Chrissake!"

"What do we do, sit here while the goddamn city falls down around our ears?" asked the chief sarcastically.

"That's why we have to implement my four stage plan," voiced up Mark Henderson, "I assure all of you it will work, as most of those niggers are nothing but mad crackheads that would do almost anything to get hold of some more rock to smoke!"

"No shit Mark, but starting up such a clandestine operation will cost an arm and a leg, and acquiring the amount of money needed to see it through to completion will be damned hard to come by," retorted the mayor.

"Not really, countered Mark, "By using a dummy corporation I created, set up as a "minority" owned business named "Afro-Tech," I can embezzle the funds within six months from the city's budget and use that money to implement the plan in the following months."

"You named the company Afro-Tech huh? Boy, that's an oxymoron if I ever heard one!" snorted Garrett, as the rest of the group roared with laughter.

"True, but I had to call it something," continued Mark, "If anyone ever audits and finds anything questionable, the books will say we used the money to pay niggers for "road maintenance," "garbage collection," or other nonsense. Should they press further, we can simply say that the "minority" owned company, that is, "Afro-Tech," Inc., absconded with the funds to parts unknown, and blame them."

"Really?" asked the mayor, an interested look on his face.

"Yes, I've anticipated every contingency and the money cannot be traced back to us. After the funds are available, we can smuggle in cheap guns from Italy and import raw cocaine paste from Columbia, with Tim and his boys setting up a refinement factory and crack lab in the basement of the police station. Believe me Joe, the whole operation can be accomplished for a little over a million!"

"Since you won't let us kill them off Joe, it's the only way we have to get rid of them," voiced up Tim, looking to the mayor hopefully.

"I agree, let's finish the debate and bring it up for a vote," remarked the mayor, nodding. "It's come down to this – we have to fight fire with fire, and by loading the niggers up on free crack one night and giving them cheap guns, it's assured that they'll kill each other."

"Excellent idea," added patrolman Dave Matthews, "But I think that there may be another problem Joe – what are we going to do about the niggers that don't smoke crack cocaine, and aren't caught in the crossfire?"

"I've got that covered," answered Chief Burns, "Mark and I discussed this problem earlier. First, several officers in riot gear will blockade all exits from "Little Africa" with police cars. Then, we'll send in the dope and guns in pickup trucks, along with disguised cops wearing bulletproof vests.

After delivery, the disguised cops will remain behind to shoot any niggers that aren't smoking crack or being killed by other niggers. The "exterminators" will be volunteers of course, for such a mission will be extremely dangerous."

"I'd like to volunteer," announced Dave solemnly.

"Certainly Dave, welcome aboard," replied Burns with a smile, walking over and shaking his hand, "Y'all can consider yourself a member, in good standing, of the Leesburg police 'Death Squad' unit."

"One other problem we haven't thought of Joe – how are we going to keep this off the news until it's over?" remarked Chris McElroy.

"Hell, that's the easy part," answered the mayor, "Greg Davidson owns the local radio and TV station. I'll give him a call tonight and tell him of the plan."

"What – why the hell would you do that, are you crazy?" asked McElroy incredulously.

"Don't worry Chris, he's my wife's brother, a good old boy and a damn good friend of mine. Greg loathes niggers, and I can just ask him to have a news blackout that day, or to even report some "sanitized" news over the airwaves, just to make it look good – just like the Jews do every day on the national media. Believe me, employing Greg's people for edited "coverage" like that will also cover our asses so we'll be able to pull this thing off flawlessly."

"I hope you're right on that one," McElroy observed, raising his eyebrows.

"He certainly is," added the chief with a loud laugh, "I know the man, if he wasn't busy covering it I'm sure old Greg himself would want to be on the "Death Squad," shooting those niggers instead of filming them."

Chris McElroy smiled with satisfaction at this reassuring fact.

After ironing out the remainder of the logistical requirements, the plan was brought up for a formal vote before the meeting closed.

"All those in favor of implementing Mark's plan, say aye," remarked the mayor.

Each man in the assembly voted on the motion. With all saying "aye," white self-determination was exercised, and the Henderson plan passed unanimously.

"Motion is carried," remarked the mayor after the vote.

Over the following months, while the niggers continued in their depredations, the proper contacts and arrangements were made and the funds were acquired, thanks to controller Henderson's creative financing through "Afro-Tech." Very quietly, cheap guns and raw coca paste were smuggled into the city by the police over the winter.

Ten thousand Italian .25 automatic handguns, purchased for the incredible price of only \$12 each, arrived over a period of three months and were stored in the basement of the police station. Cases of ammunition and extra magazines were stored alongside, deliveries being made every night from the trunks of various police cars.

Ten-pound bricks of Colombian coca paste wrapped tightly in fishpaper were being delivered by the same cars, and the various chemicals and other apparatus to set up a refinement facility and crack lab were also delivered to the station.

As the supplies were being secured, a local drug chemist and dealer named Jake Anderson was recruited by the police to be the lab chemist, with the promise of complete immunity from any prosecution from both the mayor and the district attorney.

This was a partial payment for his needed services, cash in small bills, amounting to the sum of \$150,000, freshly embezzled from the city, was also provided to him in a brown Samsonite briefcase. After all, Jake had a family to support, and they realized if their plans were successful, he would be out of his job as a drug dealer, since all his nigger customers would be dead.

Flush with cash and a new purpose in life, he eagerly awaited his new job to make cocaine from the raw coca paste, which would be further processed by him into smokable, high-quality crack. As a racially conscious white man, Jake hated all niggers and had absolutely no problem with making pure crack for them to smoke, knowing many of them would simply be killed by smoking his pure rock. Others would be driven to a maniacal frenzy from the strong drug and revert to their apelike ways of murder and mayhem after getting high.

On a warm spring evening, the mayor called Jake and the other top men of the operation to his office for a meeting. Greetings were exchanged by all, and the men sat down to discuss the implementation of their plan.

"As y'all know, phase one is complete, all the materials for the operation are now in our hands. It's time to move to phase two, that is the loading of the guns, the refinement of the coke, and finally the creation of the crack," the mayor remarked, "How long do you think the manufacturing process will take?"

"A few months should suffice," observed Jake, "Tim, Dave and I have almost two and a half tons of 90% assay coca paste sitting in the station's basement, along with a thousand gallons of pure ethyl alcohol and 500 pounds of sodium bicarbonate. Processing that into crack will definitely take time. Also, loading 10,000 guns with ammunition will prove labor-intensive as well."

"Loading the guns will be no problem," voiced up Tim Burns. "Several of my officers on the Death Squad have volunteered to load them when they're off duty, and some have also volunteered to assist Jake in refining the coke and making the crack."

"When can you begin?" asked Mark Henderson. "We have to get rid of those niggers as soon as possible, preferably by the end of the summer. If we don't, we probably won't even have a goddamn city left by then!"

"Almost immediately, after the fresh water supply's hooked to the double sinks now installed in the basement," answered Jake, "All the equipment is there; Tim and his boys are ready to start up the lab as soon as the mayor says that it's a go."

"Believe me, it's a go Jake," declared the mayor with a sardonic laugh that was joined by the others.

At the spotless, fully-equipped lab, in a little over a month the tedious process of refining the coca paste into powder was accomplished by Jake and the volunteer policemen, the 100% pure refined product then being stored in several blue plastic drums in one corner of the basement.

The guns were loaded quickly, taking a little over a week, with the mayor stopping by to see how the plan was progressing. Looking at one of the pieces under a fluorescent light while Jake was preparing to cook his first batch of crack cocaine, he observed that for being cheap guns, they were remarkably well built.

"Yeah, but they're only .25's and they keyhole at three feet!" snapped Tim Burns with a smile. "With guns like these those chimps will blow nasty holes in each other – hell, tumbling bullets are better than dum-dums!"

The mayor laughed, walking over to the lab section, and replied, "I see our man Jake is starting to brew his sinister potion."

"That's right Joe, and we're a week ahead of schedule," answered Jake, "The assistants you provided me with are excellent drug manufacturers; they learned a lot faster than I ever expected them to. The paste is fully processed and I'm now teaching 'em how to make crack."

"Excellent," remarked the mayor, as Death Squad member Dave Matthews and other police officers assisting Jake smiled and nodded. One was using a sugar scoop to remove pure cocaine

from a drum, placing the white powder in a Pyrex beaker; another was mixing a beaker of cocaine with tap water, and yet another was adding baking soda to another beaker of coke and water.

The assembly line stopped at a Kenmore stove, as blue flames emanating from four gas burners boiled down large mixtures of coke, bicarb and water into top-quality, pure crack cocaine, an exhaust fan removing fumes from the area. Chemist Jake was sitting on a stool beside the stove, carefully monitoring the procedure, watching fluffy crystals of pure crack begin to appear in the beakers.

After the crack was prepared, more blue plastic drums sitting near the stove would be pressed into service to contain the finished product.

"Come on over Joe," Jake called, motioning with an arm as he lifted a beaker off the stove with a gloved hand. "This here crystalline substance is the end product – 100% pure freebase 'crack' cocaine."

The mayor smiled approvingly and walked to the stove.

"So this is crack," the mayor remarked, staring at the crystals in the beaker. "It doesn't look like much does it?"

"Don't let the looks of this stuff fool you Joe," admonished Jake. "One pipeful of this rock, and you'd probably be dead, either from a stroke or a heart attack."

"I don't smoke crack, only nigger mayors up north do that," retorted the mayor.

"Sorry Joe, neither do I. Any white man would have to be a goddamned idiot to smoke crack, it's addictive as hell. After all, we're not stupid for Christ's sake like niggers are, sitting on their black asses collecting welfare and getting high. I'm simply a drug chemist and dealer, making a living."

The mayor paused a moment, reflecting, and asked, "Jake, with brains like you have, why in hell aren't you working for a chemical plant or a lab?"

I have white skin, in case you haven't noticed my friend," Jake replied. "After I left college affirmative action trashed my plans for employment at Leesburg Chemical – they now hire only niggers and spicks -- as a lowly Englishman I wasn't "ethnic" enough. Since I couldn't find a decent job anywhere, to support my family I manufactured and sold this crap to nigger king pins over at the projects instead."

"Really? That's a bitch and I don't blame you, since the assholes in Congress have given the niggers everything and relegated us white folks to second-class citizens," the mayor observed. "Christ, if I had to I'd sell dope in order to eat, especially to stupid niggers."

Nodding and rubbing his hands together, Jake added with a smile, "I sure wish I could've got my hands on coke like this in the past – this stuff is 100% pure. The shit on the street was stomped on so fucking much by the time we got it that we were lucky if the end product was 30% pure coke when it hit the projects. I'll tell you something else – it's too damn bad we couldn't lace this crack with pure heroin; it would probably kill them all immediately and save us a lot of trouble! At any rate, this stuff is damned powerful, with no impurities whatsoever – many of those niggers that smoke any of this shit will simply drop like flies."

"Good," replied the mayor, "But if what you say is true, then why didn't we buy heroin too, instead of buying all those guns?"

"Because that much heroin would be hard to come by, not to mention very expensive – it would have broken the budget," spoke up Mark Henderson, walking down the stairs with his wife into the crack lab. "Heroin might have helped, but these days coke is relatively cheap, and the guns will make certain any surviving niggers will kill each other while they're stoned."

"Right," added Jake with a smile, "Some of those boots have been smoking crack for so long that they're practically immune to the stuff, and this dope will drive them insane. So, give 'em guns and they'll bump each other off while they try to hoard the rock we provide!"

"Christ, this stuff sounds like the drug soma from Huxley's "Brave New World" or something," the mayor remarked.

"No, it's more like smokable death, plain and simple," Henderson observed with a laugh, "Either way, we win and the niggers lose."

"Amen to that," added Jake, turning back to the stove. Three beakers were almost boiled down, and four fresh beakers of the mixture were waiting on an adjacent counter.

After the beakers boiled down, Jake removed them from the stove and sat them on a table to cool, returning to the stove to cook the next batch. A policeman walked to the cooling beakers and dumped the freshly prepared, warm crack onto a terrycloth-covered table to cool further. He returned the empty beakers to the beginning of the assembly line as Jake was putting another batch on the stove to cook. After completely cooling, the officer returned, breaking the rock into smokable pieces and dumping the finished crack in a waiting drum.

By mid-July the crack production was finished and the factory was shut down and dismantled, phase three of the operation now being implemented. Sixteen trucks of various brands were procured to deliver the guns and crystalline death to the niggers. These vehicles would each be loaded with 250 pounds of pure crack cocaine contained in 25 ten-pound burlap sacks, together with an odd assortment of pipes to smoke it with, and 623 loaded guns.

Disguised volunteer police officers would be the drivers of the trucks, which would be driven to the blackest sections of town after the police blockade was in place. They would then dump the drugs and guns in the middle of the street, afterward yelling, "Come and get it," before roaring off.

Other disguised policemen riding as passengers would help unload the trucks. They, along with the policemen on blockade duty were to be armed with the extra .25 autos, along with more powerful backup firepower. The "Death Squad" would remain behind in the shadows after the trucks left, watching for stray niggers. This was so they could kill any niggers not exterminated by their fellow coons or the crack.

On a mid-August night prior to the implementation of phase four, the mayor met with Chief Burns, Controller Mark Henderson and our heroes, the men of the blockade unit, the truck drivers and the sixteen brave members of the Leesburg "Death Squad."

"I want to wish y'all good luck boys," the mayor remarked, "And be careful. Have your vests on, wear gloves and stay in the shadows. Remember, try to shoot only those niggers that are unarmed and not likely to be killed by other niggers."

"In other words, just bump off all those old nigger mammies and brats sitting in their "Murphy Homes" or shacks," observed Chief Burns. "The little nigglets would simply grow up into more adult crackheads anyway, so I reckon we're doing them and ourselves a favor. They're the most likely ones to survive the crack war, and if we shoot most of them with the extra .25's their deaths will simply be blamed on the other jigs."

An older sergeant named Sam Thatcher, leader of the blockade unit and veteran cop of many years spoke up, "My group is equipped with those little pop guns too, for whatever good they are. We also have our sidearms and autoloading shotguns. We'll shoot any niggers that make it past the Death Squad and flee toward our blockade zone."

"Don't count on gettin' too many of 'em Sarge," quipped Dave Matthews with a laugh, "I've been itchin' to kill some niggers for years, and so have all these other boys."

"Well, if you need us Dave, my men will still be there for backup," answered Thatcher darkly, clearly annoyed that he had been judged by the chief as too old to be on the Death Squad.

The chief added there would be a doctor and several paramedics on standby at the station, in case of any wounded, and that their sympathetic friends at the Leesburg fire department would also be available if needed.

"Is there anything else you guys are going to need?" asked Mark, concerned for the officer's safety.

"We could use a few more .25 clips," Dave, captain of the Death Squad answered, "Each of us have five extra, but to be on the safe side ten clips each would be better. These cheap guns are low powered weapons and we may have to unload an entire magazine into some of those apes in order to drop 'em effectively."

"Right," observed the chief, "There are extras in the basement, I'll have Jake make them ready for you tonight. Incidentally, all of you are carrying your higher powered throwaway weapons aren't you?"

"Of course," answered Dave, "But like Mark suggested, it would be best to use the .25's, as everyone will think the niggers simply killed each other."

Patting his shoulder holster, he added, "We're saving the .44 magnums and such only for tight situations, that is if we come under fire from the jigs or are trapped."

"Excellent," the mayor remarked with a smile, "It looks like we have all bases covered boys, "Operation Exterminate" is set to begin tomorrow night!"

On the following day, Mayor Garrett again called his brother-in-law, Greg Davidson, owner of WJTR-TV, Channel 6.

"Its been set for tonight Greg," the mayor remarked, "Have you worked out the plans for the coverage?"

"Yeah, I'm coming over to the station with my cousin Randy, he'll be the lone cameraman on this story. After midnight we'll send him in, and I guess he'll just videotape the niggers smoking crack and shooting each other."

"That's the plan," Garrett replied, "That way we'll have video coverage of the "nigger crack war," and no one will be the wiser."

"Precisely," replied Greg, "Randy and I'll see y'all tonight."

"Righto," answered the mayor, hanging up the phone.

The evening arrived, muggy and cloudy, as the Death Squad arrived in their trucks at the rear of the police station. Ten Chevrolet Caprice police cruisers were also in the parking lot, awaiting orders for their drivers to begin the blockade.

In the first truck to arrive, an older policeman named William Jones was behind the wheel, with Death Squad captain Dave Matthews sitting on the passenger side, dressed in full body armor. The other trucks pulled in a short time later and parked side by side, waiting to load.

The men exited the trucks, walking to the entrance while Jake was setting up small palates to stack each load of crack on.

"Hi, Dave – it looks to me like you guys are ready for anything!" called Jake with a smile as sacks of crack were being hauled from the basement by other police officers and stacked on the palates. Boxes of guns and crack pipes were already stacked next to the entrance, waiting to be loaded into the trucks.

"Evenin' Jake, how's the wife and kids?" Dave asked while other officers loaded the trucks.

"Just fine," Jake replied, "Sandy Jo and I are planning to open up the farm with the extra money we've saved up."

"And do what Jake, grow marijuana or opium poppies?" Dave retorted with a loud laugh that was joined by the others.

"Naw, I'm done with that stuff," Jake answered, "We're fixing up the equipment and I'm going to have a try at being a gentleman farmer. All I needed was a chance, and since there won't be any more niggers in this town to sell dope to, I figure that's my best option."

"Good luck Jake," Dave remarked, offering his hand to him.

"Thanks Dave," Jake replied, "Y'all be careful tonight."

Each vehicle was quickly loaded with sacks of crack and two wooden boxes filled with guns and crack pipes.

The Mayor, Chief Burns, and Mark Henderson pulled up at 10:00 PM in a black Lincoln Continental, followed by Greg Davidson, driving with cameraman Randy West in his Channel 6 news van. They stepped from the vehicles and walked over to the group assembled at the rear entrance of the station. All the officers, the blockade unit, the Death Squad and supporting personnel became quiet as Chief Burns, commander of the mission, began to speak.

"Okay people, I want this to be a smooth operation, with the blockade units taking off five minutes before the trucks. After that, the trucks will proceed to the projects and drop off the cargo and the Death Squad. Once delivery is accomplished, all truck drivers are to proceed to their homes and await possible orders for riot duty. Any questions?"

Each man was intimately familiar with his job and no questions were forthcoming from the group.

The mayor then remarked that by morning most if not all of the jigs would be dead, and again wished them good luck on their dangerous task.

Afterward, he and the chief walked into the station, joined by Mark, Jake, Greg Davidson and his cameraman Randy. They headed to the radio room, from which the chief would control the mission. The assigned policemen entered their vehicles, waiting for their orders from the chief.

"All units call in for a radio check, starting with car 10 and ending with truck 16," announced Burns over the mike of his Motorola FM police base station.

One by one, all vehicles checked in, assuring the mission would proceed smoothly.

"All blockade units take off!" barked chief Burns.

At 10:30, ten police cars roared from the parking lot, lights flashing.

Five minutes later, per the chief's orders, the pickup trucks roared from the parking lot, heading toward "Little Africa" and the dilapidated projects.

"I certainly hope this works," the mayor remarked somberly.

"It has to," Mark answered, "We spent a hell of a lot of time and money on this plan, and if this doesn't work I don't know what we'll do."

"Move to Argentina?" the mayor suggested with a chuckle.

"Why not, at least we'd be away from all those niggers," Mark replied.

"It'll work," added Jake, "That rock's the most powerful crap I've ever brewed, and many of those shitskins will simply cack on the first puff or go crazy and blow each other away."

The mayor spoke to his brother-in-law Greg for a few minutes, making certain the logistical plans for any TV coverage was well understood.

Nodding to the mayor, Greg called over his cameraman.

"Randy, when you head over there stay on MLK Avenue for the best lighting, and be careful, this is going to be damned dangerous – like an American Beirut or something. Park the van in a safe spot and only tape niggers smoking crack or killing each other. If, while taping, you spy any of the Death Squad doing their work, turn your camera off and wait for them to pass."

"Right," replied Randy, "Don't worry, I'll get you some good footage and record no embarrassing incidents. I've also set up a remote descrambler here at the station so you'll be able to monitor the video from my mini-cam." Turning to the mayor, he asked, "By the way, do y'all have a piece I can have, in case I need to defend myself from those coons?"

"That may be a good idea," conceded Garrett with a frown, "The Death Squad has been informed you'll be out there and have been instructed to protect you from any trouble. However, I admit they can't be everywhere, so maybe you should have some of your own firepower just in case." He added, almost as an afterthought, "Are you good with a gun?"

"I reckon that I'm a pretty good shot," answered Randy, qualifying himself with, "You know, I've gone hunting before – deer, squirrels, and such."

"This will be a little different than killin' dumb four legged critters," observed Greg. In that jungle you'll have to be a damn good shot Randy, you may be hunting niggers tonight and some of those critters are known to shoot back!"

The mayor nodded in agreement, calling to the chief, "Hey Tim, why don't you bring a suitable gun over here for Randy West – he may need one to defend himself with while he's in the field."

"Sure," answered the chief, walking toward his office, "I'll fix him right up with one."

Returning and handing Randy an automatic with extra clips, he remarked, "This weapon is mine, and is loaded with 9 millimeter wadcutters. It's a Beretta – fifteen shots and has great knockdown power. You have my permission to use it, but shoot only those niggers that you feel may attack you, we don't want y'all getting hurt."

"In other words, if those nigger crackheads get anywhere near you and act in a threatening manner, pull the trigger, kill 'em all and ask questions later," added the mayor.

"Bluntly put, but that's the right idea," seconded Tim.

"Thanks for the advice," Randy replied with a weak smile, as he put extra clips in his pocket.

Over the speaker, Dave Matthews called in that the trucks had arrived and were in position, as another officer handed Tim the mike.

"10-4, make the drops," replied Burns.

The officers scrambled from the idling trucks and quickly unloaded sacks of crack, boxes of guns and crack pipes into the street. Leaning against lampposts and phone booths, several coons, stoned on crack or other drugs, idly watched as the disguised officers ran off into the shadows, the pickups then roaring off.

Some trucks used their PA systems before leaving, informing the dazed apelike creatures that free crack cocaine was available for all takers.

None of them realizing it was an elaborate trap, these announcements piqued the niggers' interest as some of their fellows walked over to the piles and began to inspect the merchandise. One group noticed the loaded guns and began to pocket several of the pieces as others opened the sacks.

"Man, looks at all dis crack!" one of the niggers, a drug dealer named Tyrone remarked as another named Rufus found several crack pipes in the pile of guns. "Dose crazy mavafuckas jist lefs it here, so dis be's mine now!"

"Yeah, but some be's mine – let's smoke some o' dat rock and gets high!" another named Antoine stated, as he began to pack a pipe with the strong drug.

Lighting it, he took a deep puff and passed the pipe to another jig who took a big hit, staggered backwards, rolled his eyes and collapsed on the street after his heart exploded.

"Hey, mafucka, gives me back my pipe nigga," Antoine yelled at the dying ape as he grabbed the pipe from the convulsing hand, not caring at all that his fellow jig was expiring.

"Man, dat shit be good," Rufus remarked, watching the writhing form. "Looks at dat cat, he's be movin' on da ground like Curly on da "Three Stooges" dere."

Another banana-lipped, dead-eyed simian lit a pipeful of crack, bogarted it hard and stroked out as myriad arteries in his monkoid brain ruptured.

Across "Little Africa" the niggers became more stoned, not realizing or even caring that many of their fellows had overdosed and died from the pure crack. Several more boots began to cack off as well, other resistant niggers simply becoming agitated as they took huge puffs from the pipes.

Some of the niggers, totally stoned on the rock cocaine decided to hoard the remaining sacks, hoisting them over their shoulders and attempting to make off with their booty as others, angered by this, turned on their fellow apes.

"Hey, mafucka, where's be you goin' wiph dat rock!" one nigger yelled, pulling a gun on another jig as he lifted a sack of crack. "I's bust a cap in yo' ass bitch!"

"Fuck you man, deres be plenty o' crack and I's gonna takes some home fo' myself!" the other nigger yelled back, another stoned and agitated gorilla shooting him in the side of the head with a .25 auto.

The slug bouncing off of his thick skull, the nigger hit the ground with a thud, only stunned, his assailant remarking, "Dis piece ain't worph a shit, dat cap jus' bounced off his nappy haid!" He tossed the underpowered weapon to the ground and pulled out a more appropriate Smith and Wesson .38 revolver, successfully unloading three +P+ wadcutter slugs into the skull of his quarry.

"Dat be's my crack now," the murderous ape declared, grabbing the sack next to the dying nigger, blood pouring out in torrents from his victim.

"Not so fast mafucka, I founds it first!" protested Tyrone, pulling a piece. "I needs it to sell to da bruvas in da hood."

"You don'ts no mo' nigga, I's be the top dealah now," replied the murderer, sending two slugs into the head of Tyrone, who staggered backwards and collapsed in a lifeless heap at the curbside.

The Leesburg crack war had only just begun.

During the next hour, sounds of sporadic gunfire began to ring out across Little Africa as the apelike creatures began murdering each other in every way imaginable over their wonderful crack cocaine.

Dave Matthews was watching in the shadows behind a junked Buick Electra littering Martin Luther King Avenue as a group of nigger gang members, high on crack, cut loose at each other with UZI slamfire machine pistols. The winners, if there were any, would gain possession of several hundred pounds of crack lying in the street.

Alas, this was not to be, as a speeding Acura filled with crackheads rounded the corner, tires squealing. A nigger armed with a full-auto Kalashnikov rifle popped out of the sunroof and sprayed the crowd with lead, dropping them along with several whores and mammy bystanders. A few nigglets were caught in the crossfire and Dave could hardly conceal his laughter as he saw the plan working perfectly.

The Acura was sprayed by another machine gun, killing the driver, and the vehicle went into a slide and rolled over twice, crushing to death the rifle-toting jig. Bursting into flames, it slid to a stop, crashing headlong into the junk Buick as Dave retreated. The nigger's warm AKM slid across the pavement, stopping inches from Dave's feet.

Picking up the rifle, he made his way to the safety of an abandoned building so he could radio in a report to the chief. He inspected the piece, noting it was an East German select-fire and still quite serviceable. Never before realizing the niggers had equipped themselves with weapons like this, he remarked, "Whoa, these niggers are better heeled than the army!"

Three taped-together 40 round magazines were fitted into the receiver and Dave checked the clips, noting the rifle had at least eighty rounds left.

"After what I've seen this baby may come in handy tonight," he declared with a smile.

Plugging in his earphone, he quietly radioed, "DS-1 to headquarters."

"Go ahead DS-1."

"It's working, they're dropping like flies."

"From the rock or the lead?"

"Both, and they seem to have much better firepower than we have, submachine guns and assault rifles – Uzi's, MAC 10's and AK-47's."

"I was afraid of that; be careful and inform the rest of the squad to begin sweep reconnoiter of the area as soon as the situation permits."

"Right, chief, I've secured one of their high-powered weapons, an East German AKM."

"Use it if you need to, is there anything else going on there we need to know?"

"Yeah, we have a few fires starting up over here, mostly wrecked automobiles but nothing big yet."

"Should I send in fire equipment?" asked the chief.

"Hell no, they'd be shot up by these crazy niggers as soon as they arrived. The situation isn't critical yet, so I'd let 'em burn – maybe the fires will help get rid of some of those jigs too. I will advise you if the situation changes."

"That's a roger DS-1," replied the chief.

"10-4 and out," answered Dave.

Slinging the rifle over his shoulder, he replaced the radio in its holster, just as a nigger wino staggered in from another room, looked at him and asked, "Who da fuck is you?"

Dave instinctively drew his .44 magnum and replied, "Death."

He pulled the trigger and blew the nigger's head off. Two other drunken coons appeared and he dropped them as quickly as the first.

Looking at his smoking gun, he moved the muzzle to his lips and blew away the smoke. He smiled and exclaimed, "Bull's eye!"

Spinning the gun by the trigger guard like a cowboy, he returned the weapon to its holster. He removed his radio from its holster, switched to another channel and announced, "Squad leader to DS-2 through DS-16, begin your reconnoiters, and watch out, some of these apes are well armed."

Affirmative responses quickly returned and Dave left the building, heading for "Murphy Homes" several blocks down MLK Avenue. Randy, standing on a rooftop, spying the brave policeman in his viewfinder, switched off his camera as Dave passed.

Walking up to the door of one of the shacks, he pulled the .25 auto and listened for sounds of movement within. Hearing muffled conversation, he kicked down the door to find a fat mammy smoking crack in the living room with a pair of teenage nigglets.

Unloading the eight-shot magazine into the offending niggers, he clipped the mammy in the forehead, sending her careening backward into a running television set that crashed to the floor beneath her. The stoned nigglets started toward him but were sent sprawling as seven slugs

keyholed in their upper torsos and faces. He reloaded, moved to the mammy and sent four more slugs into her, making certain they impacted in vital areas.

He observed that the cheap weapon, though somewhat effective, definitely was not up to the job of quickly dispatching large quantities of simians. Due to being underpowered they used too much lead, and most of the force was discovering this unfortunate fact as they proceeded, switching to backup weapons as time went on.

Moving from the apartment, he saw several coons in the street, hacking each other to death with machetes as others were setting fire to various structures and automobiles.

"If this shit keeps up we're going to need the fucking fire department," he remarked angrily, moving to another "Murphy home" filled with niggers.

Bored and planted at one of the roadblocks, Sergeant Sam Thatcher was sitting on the hood of his cruiser smoking a cigarette while listening to the ensuing action over the radio. He was armed with a Remington streetsweeper shotgun and was making certain no niggers were trying to escape through his perimeter. Cameraman Randy had passed through in the Channel 6 van at midnight, heading down MLK Avenue. His watch read 12:50 AM, and it seemed to him that he'd never get the chance to shoot another nigger. Then suddenly, as if from nowhere, an old Ford van appeared, heading for Sam's blockade, filled with eight cocaine-crazed negroes bent on running through his roadblock.

"So you niggers are looking for trouble huh – well you've found it now buster!" Sam yelled toward the speeding van as he leapt from the hood of his vehicle.

Smiling and cocking the repeater shotgun, Sam aimed at the driver's side of the windshield and fired the weapon. The first blast took out the windshield and the second took out the nigger behind the wheel.

The driverless vehicle veered out of control, skidding and rolling onto its side. Sliding to a stop in a shower of sparks about 30 feet from Sam's cruiser, several armed nigger crackheads scrambled from the smoking hulk, shouting to each other and yelling racial epithets at Sam. Firing their weapons at the police officer, Sam stood his ground with several bullets barely missing him and hitting his cruiser. Never moving an inch, cigarette clenched between his teeth, he carefully took aim at the attacking jigs and dropped the remaining seven with buckshot.

"Who says I'm too goddam old to fight these niggers?" Sam chuckled as he walked over and kicked a submachine gun from the lifeless hand of a spook. Hearing a noise, he turned just as a wounded jig rose and fired a long barreled .357 magnum revolver at him, hitting him on the right side of his chest, knocking him down hard, his shotgun clattering to the street.

"Die you fucking nigger die!" Sam yelled, grabbing, aiming and firing the shotgun, hitting the spook point-blank in the face with double 0 buckshot.

His mug erased by the shotgun blast, the nigger fell to the ground dead, never to rise again.

Holding the smoking shotgun and slowly rising to his feet, he winced at the pain in his chest, finding it a little hard to breathe. His smashed cigarette was still clenched between his teeth and he spat it out on the ground.

"Christ, I gotta quit smoking," he observed, oblivious that in this situation and with his love of action, it was much more likely he would be killed on duty.

The pain in his chest was bothersome but subsiding. Luckily he had been wearing a kevlar vest which had stopped the slug, but he knew he may have a broken rib or two, or was at the very least badly bruised.

Ignoring the throbbing pain as best as he could, he surveyed the immediate area while holding the shotgun, finally satisfied that all the niggers were dead and no longer a threat.

"I love killin' you black bastards, just like I did in fuckin' DC!" he yelled at the faceless, nearly headless carcass of the nigger, flicking the spent .357 slug from his bulletproof vest.

Noticing the stainless magnum revolver lying on the pavement, he leaned down carefully and picked it up. The barrel had been beautifully engraved and it sported checkered rosewood with mother-of-pearl inlay grips.

"Look at this fancy smokewagon," he observed, wiping the nigger's blood from it on his pants, "I'm keeping this one for myself!"

Realizing his efficiency as a police officer was impaired, the hardened veteran cop walked to his cruiser, tossing his gleaming prize onto the rear floor. He saw with disgust that one front tire was flat, evidently shot out during the exchange. He sat wearily behind the wheel, noticing two bullet holes in the windshield and the shattered backlite. He lifted the mike and called in to the station.

"Car 26 to headquarters," he said with some difficulty.

"Go ahead Sam," replied the chief.

"Send a backup unit to MLK and Freedom Street, I got into a scrape with some coons."

"You okay Sam?"

"Yeah, but I caught one with my vest and may have cracked ribs, the fuckin' car's shot up, too."

"10-4, backup's on the way."

In a few minutes another cruiser appeared, ostensibly to relieve Sam, who was reloading his shotgun. Refusing to leave his post, he again called in to the chief to announce that he and the other officer, Michael Williams, would stay on duty until the ordeal was over.

"That's a roger Sam, but if you start feeling any worse I want you to head back to the station."

"10-4," replied Sam, hanging up the mike and taking a long gulp of bourbon from a hip flask before passing it to the other officer, who also took a deep swig.

"When you're ready, Mike, let's change that tire. We may need this machine to go after niggers and there's no point in getting your car shot up too," he remarked.

"Right Sarge, you just open up the trunk old man, I'll handle it," his fellow officer replied.

Sam frowned darkly at the remark but let it pass. After all, he thought, the lad was half his age, and he remembered in his younger years he had said similar things to older officers in DC.

At the police station, Greg was sitting at a desk in the radio room idly monitoring Randy's video feed displaying a group of crackheads shooting each other with .25's, the survivors running about and setting cars on fire. A junior female officer had brought in several pizzas, coffee and of course, boxes of donuts, which were being enjoyed by all present. After refreshing themselves, between radio calls the conversation turned to Sam and the other officers in the field.

"Sam Thatcher's one tough old bastard and no friend of the coons at all," remarked Tim to the mayor. "After doing two years with the army in Nam, he was a cop in the DC riots up north in '68. He took one in his back after he shot three jigs that were raping a white girl."

"Damn, it's no wonder he hates those niggers," observed Jake.

"I don't blame him," continued Tim. "After 25 years of service he retired under suspicious circumstances from that force in '91, and came down here looking for more action I suppose. After what he's been through, old Sam's about as crazy as a fiddler's bitch, but he's still a damn good cop, both efficient and no-nonsense; once I saw his record I hired him on the spot."

"What sort of circumstances?" asked the mayor, sipping coffee.

"Well – they suspected him of being a badged serial killer so to speak – a bunch of niggers and mulattos were shot on his beat over a period of eight months and their bullet-riddled carcasses were dumped into storm drains and dumpsters around DC."

"Really?" asked the mayor, breaking into laughter.

"Yeah, figuring Sam may have been their deranged killer, Internal Affairs and the FBI collared and questioned him, but they couldn't prove it in the end due to a lack of evidence. So, fearing possible reprisal, he retired and left before it got too hot," answered Tim.

"What in the hell was so wrong with doing that?" asked the mayor as the others laughed loudly.

"Do you think he did it?" asked Jake, eating a slice of pizza between guffaws.

"In my opinion, knowing Sam – probably, though he's never admitted it to me," replied Tim with a smile.

"How old is Sam?" asked Mark.

"Fifty-five," Tim answered, "He's the oldest man still doing patrol duty on my force and shows no sign of slowing down at all. I'll bet he stays on the beat until he is either killed or dies of old age."

"We need more guys like him in this town," observed the mayor.

"We have 'em Joe, look at Dave Matthews and his Death Squad unit!" spoke up Mark with a vicious chuckle.

"Yeah, that's the truth, our Sam's a good old boy, it's fortunate to have him down here," added Tim. "He hates niggers, spicks and Jews more than any man I've ever seen, Dave and the other officers really look up to him as a role model."

"That's nice," replied the mayor with a contented smile, reaching for another chocolate donut.

Back in Little Africa, by 1:30 AM it had become a full-scale drug war as the apelike creatures smoked even more crack and went off on vicious rampages killing each other, Randy videotaping the melee from the relative safety of a tenement rooftop. The Death Squad was quietly moving from house to house, dispatching those that were not active parties to the ensuing carnage.

Dave Matthews and another member of the Death Squad had teamed up and were drilling mummies and nigglets in the projects on Malcolm X Boulevard. Several nigger bucks, high on crack, burst in with machine pistols and fired in their direction.

"Jesus Christ!" Dave yelled to his partner, Lon Merritt as he fell back against a concrete block wall, "Let's get the fuck out of here!"

Both burst through a fire door, closing it behind them and barring it with a junk washing machine as bullets began to pierce the steel door. They fell back to the opposite wall at a right angle to the door.

"You hit?" Dave asked as more bullets began penetrating the concrete blocks.

"Nope," replied Lon.

"Shit, this was a fucking laundry room," Dave observed, "There's no way out except back through that goddamn door!"

"When in hell are those niggers going to run out of ammo?" Lon asked as the firing continued.

"Don't know, but I'm ready for 'em," Dave answered as he set the safety/selector on the AKM to full-auto, pulled the bolt back, released and closed the breech, chambering a fresh round. "Call for backup."

"Right," Lon replied, reaching for his radio, "All units, officers pinned down at 1403 Malcolm X Boulevard, requesting assistance. Heavy submachine gun fire on premises, enter and proceed with caution."

"This is DS-14, I'm two blocks over and on my way," came a detached voice over the radio.

"10-4," answered Lon.

Suddenly, the firing stopped and the niggers began to push on the riddled door, attempting to gain entrance.

"Cover your fuckin' ears!" Dave yelled, pulling the trigger on the AKM, riddling at least three bucks with 20 rounds of jacketed hollow-points.

Then the extremely rapid firing of an unknown machine gun filled the air, as the two officers watched the steel door shot into pieces, pelted in seconds by hundreds of slugs, with even the block wall beginning to crumble at the onslaught.

"Goddamn!" Lon yelled over the noise, "What the fuck is that?"

As he finished the sentence, all became quiet.

Dave and Lon looked silently at each other for a few moments, while Dave trained the AKM on the now open doorway. His ears were ringing from firing the rifle in the enclosed area, but he and his partner were still alive and that was what counted.

"Anybody home?" a friendly white voice called from the outer room.

"Bill?" Dave asked.

"That you Dave?" came the reply.

"Yeah, Lon and I are back here!"

"Y'all can come out now, it's clear, I got 'em all."

Both heaved a collective sigh of relief, pulled the bullet-riddled remains of the door and washing machine from the doorway and stepped into the adjacent room.

"I thought we weren't going to make it out of that one," Lon remarked, visibly shaken from the adrenaline surge.

Looking around the room, Dave counted seventeen neutralized nigger bucks, all riddled with lead, some even chopped in half from the hail of slugs and surrounded by spent shells.

Sighing and looking at Bill, still holding the unfamiliar weapon, Dave asked, "What kind of weapon is that, a minigun?"

"Yeah, it's basically a handheld Vulcan cannon – the design's based on the old Gatling gun. Some folks call 'em a "chainsaw," and now I see why," answered DS-14 with a smile, a large, blond, six-foot-six hulk of a man usually known by the name of William Weber.

"Where did you get that fucking thing?" Dave asked.

"I picked it up, fully loaded and ready to go at an abandoned grocery store crackhouse on MLK and Douglass. The coons there were too stoned or stupid to even know how to use it, so I eliminated them and appropriated it. She's a beauty, ain't she – built by General Electric, caliber 5.45x45mm, belt fed, the fuckin' thing's heavy, too." Pointing his thumb toward the battery pack/belt magazine box on his back, he added, "She'll fire at least 1,200 rounds a minute, maximum 5,000 – run and fed by an electric motor – this bitch'll mow down anything!"

"That's the fuckin' truth," Lon remarked, "How's the situation outside?"

"It was a war zone for a while, but it seems most of the niggers in this area have killed each other already. The rest of the men are doing cleanup detail."

"Have we lost anybody?" Dave asked.

"Not that I know of, but three of our men are walking wounded, none of the hits are life-threatening," came the reply. "You guys okay?"

"Not a scratch," answered Lon, "But it's a fuckin' miracle."

"Let's get some more," Bill said with a smile, raising the six barrels of the chainsaw, and the three moved out into the street.

As our heroes proceeded toward their next objective, Bill remarked, "It's disgusting that we had to resort to this, killing these animals like so many rats."

"Yeah, but that's what they get for having those Yankee bastards shove them down our throats," came the vicious reply from Dave.

"I wouldn't have minded them that much if they behaved like normal people and didn't think that the world owed them a living," Lon added thoughtfully.

"Yeah, but there's no way we can live with those bastards anymore," Bill observed darkly. "They destroy everything we build, expect us to kiss their asses because our forebears were stupid enough to bring their ancestors over here as slaves, and they hate us for being white."

"Well put," Dave stated as a cocaine-crazed nigger buck blundered out into the street with an UZI, pointing it in their direction.

Holding the AKM with one hand by the pistol grip, Dave fired a short burst into the jig and dropped him in the street.

"So much for that one," Lon observed with a smirk as they proceeded on cleanup detail.

By 3:00 AM, it seemed to all that the plan had worked perfectly, as a strange silence descended over the area of "Little Africa." Finding nothing left to videotape except various fires, Randy West packed up his camera, entered his van and made his way past Sam's roadblock in his way back to the police station.

Our heroes had regrouped on MLK Avenue, all walking toward Sam's perimeter, armed with captured AK's, M-16's, one "chainsaw," and an odd assortment of small arms.

Walking up to Sam, they passed the wrecked van and noticed eight nigger carcasses lying in the street in varying stages of disrepair.

"Hey Sam!" called Dave, "Looks like you got some of those bastards after all!"

"There ain't been a spook made yet I couldn't kill, and that crack made 'em crazier than hell, they walked right up to my shotgun as if I was holdin' a fuckin' peashooter."

"You okay Sam?" Lon asked, noticing he was wincing as he spoke.

"Yeah," answered Officer Mike Williams for him, "He caught a nigger's slug in his vest, but old Sam's too tough for bastards like that to kill."

Sam smiled weakly and observed the exotic weaponry the other officers were carrying. "Will ya look at that," he exclaimed, "I haven't seen a minigun since I was in Vietnam!"

"It's a good thing Bill showed up with that machine," Lon voiced up with a smile, "Dave and I were pinned down by niggers armed with machine guns at the projects, and Bill came by and mowed them down with it!"

"That's a damn good weapon," Sam replied with a knowing nod, "We had 'em mounted on Hueys and flew around drunk most days and ground NVA and Cong gooks into chopped suey with 'em – you should've seen it, those bastards never knew what hit 'em."

With those words, over the radio, the chief's voice called out to his officers for a report. Sam reached into his cruiser, lifted the mike, and was the first blockade unit to respond to the call, the other units quickly following.

The men informed the chief that most if not all the niggers were dead, that the blockade unit and men of the Death Squad had escaped mostly unscathed from the ordeal, and that many parts of "Little Africa" were in the process of burning down.

"That's a roger," replied the chief, "It's 03:50 now, so I reckon you men had best get the hell out of there and report back to the station for a debriefing. I'll call out an alarm to the fire station and tell our boys over there it's clear now so they can put out the fires."

"All of the Death Squad are situated on at my post on MLK Avenue," cut in Sam.

"10-4," remarked the chief, "I'll send a van over to pick them up."

Within minutes a police step van showed up and the men climbed into it carrying their war trophies. All others returned in their cruisers and walked into the station for a short debriefing.

"Alright men, we've pulled this mission off without a hitch," the chief remarked while some were receiving needed first aid from doctors and paramedics who had been waiting at the station. "After y'all are fixed up, head home, keep quiet and have a good rest. I've sent other officers to the projects to make sure it appears we were on top of the situation and that the niggers simply killed each other."

"Fuckin' FBI's gonna be here tomorrow," observed Sam.

"Big deal," replied the mayor with a yawn, "They'll see the dope in the street and guns everywhere, and have to conclude those shitskins killed each other in a crack war."

"I don't see how they can conclude anything else," Tim concurred, laughing at the bizarre situation, "With luck, they'll be here a few days, walk around, ask a few dumb questions, take some pictures and go back to where they came from."

"At least we're rid of the niggers," added Dave, "If we keep our mouths shut those Yankee bastards will have to accept that as the facts."

"Precisely," announced Mark Henderson, mastermind of the plan, "I reckon we all should head home and wait for the shit to hit the fan," turning to leave.

Within an hour the police station had returned to normal as the various participants left in their vehicles and headed home. Firefighters put out most of the fires before dawn as Greg had his employees prepare to broadcast the footage over the airwaves. Various news services quickly picked up the story, and by the time our heroes awoke the television was awash with the terrible news of the Leesburg "crack war."

The following afternoon, several FBI agents showed up, all of them white, and began to snoop about, one agent named Johnson stopping by the station and pestering chief Burns and his fellow officers with annoying questions about the crack war.

Chief Burns replied by stating officers had been on the scene as the niggers were killing each other with machine guns, automobiles, even knives and clubs, and that he had to order a retreat from the area due to several men being wounded by gunfire.

Dryly remarking that such a reply was unsatisfactory, Johnson insinuated he had not sent enough policemen to quell the murderous savages, or his officers had not performed their duties, or were possibly even cowards.

The chief exploded at this blatant slander of he and his force and retorted, "In case you haven't noticed my police force is a small one, and I'm not going to let my men be killed while outnumbered by a bunch of uncivilized savages armed with automatic weapons. What did you expect me to do you Yankee gumshoe, let my officers be killed by those niggers?"

"Those remarks can be considered racist," answered the agent in his best FBI monotone, attempting to intimidate Chief Burns.

"Who fucking cares about that, I have the God-given right to be a racist, or haven't you read the Constitution lately?" asked Burns hotly, not intimidated at all by the FBI agent. He added, "If you had to live with those 'people' every day, seeing how they behaved, even toward each other, I think that you'd answer me differently and refer to them as niggers yourself. Christ, I think they

belong in a goddamn zoo, and you can't tell me you haven't thought the exact same things when it comes to those bastards!"

"Since you put it that way," the agent began to concede as Burns interrupted him, continuing in defense of his officers.

"And if you could've done a better job, why didn't you bring your brilliant asses down here to deal with those vicious gorillas?"

Agent Johnson was at a loss for words as he remembered situations he had been in which seemingly validated Burn's statements. He finally said, offering his hand to him, "I'm sorry Mr. Burns, perhaps I've been a little too hasty with my judgements. I believe you acted with the best of your abilities to stop the riot, but I still find it incredible they all killed each other."

"So do I, but the fact it did happen doesn't mean we didn't attempt to stop them," answered Burns, shaking Johnson's hand, "We did our best, and if we hadn't set up a perimeter around that hellhole I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they had tried to kill the whole goddam town."

One white agent named James Nealy stopped by the mayor's office and attempted to question him with regard to the dubious fact that almost 5,000 niggers had apparently killed each other during the previous night.

"What the hell was I supposed to do about that, I happened to be asleep at the time and those crazy bastards have been killing each other for years, day and night. I even tried to lock them up to prevent shit like this from happening, but everyone said I was a racist for doing that. Finally, they killed each other off, due to their love of drugs and violence," the mayor replied.

"It doesn't make any sense," Nealy remarked, "They slaughtered each other down to the last man with no survivors."

"Go figure, what else can you expect from animals like those?" the mayor asked bluntly. "They were all a bunch of crackheads, stoned out of their minds, and they bumped each other off."

"I suppose it's possible," observed Nealy, "But I can't help thinking that there's more to this situation than meets the eye."

"Such as?" asked Mayor Garrett, deadpan.

"I don't know, but I feel someone in this town does," Nealy answered as Garrett eyed him suspiciously.

"Well, if I can be of any help to y'all, don't hesitate to call my office," volunteered the mayor, offering him a business card.

"Thank you," Nealy replied, taking the card as he left Garrett's office.

Over the next few days, the agents mulled about the police station and mayor's office, asking various questions, but were stonewalled by all involved.

They never realized they were talking to the very instigators of the slaughter, and that these people didn't see anything wrong with what they had done, which definitely worked in their favor.

Other agents attempted to ask various citizens if they knew anything about the slaughter. They were rebuffed by many of the townsfolk, who brazenly remarked they didn't even care that all those niggers had killed each other, punctuated with remarks like "good riddance," before slamming doors in their faces.

Stopping at an elderly white woman's house near the scene, agents Johnson and Nealy asked her if she knew or saw anything.

"Sure, I saw something," she answered.

"What did you see?" Nealy asked.

"I saw a bunch of niggers killin' each other," she replied, "Watched 'em doing it with my binoculars. I'm glad they did it, it was about time, I was sick of seeing those black bastards tear up this town."

"Did you call the police?" Johnson pressed.

"Nope, I didn't care, as long as they weren't killin' me," she replied.

Johnson and Nealy looked to each other, shaking their heads.

Walking through the remains of "Little Africa" as coroners loaded hundreds of nigger bodies into trucks, the agents collected mountains of handguns, bags of crack, explosives, other drugs, and numerous automatic weapons.

As the agents were finally leaving Leesburg on the way back to Washington, DC, agent Nealy remarked to Johnson that he believed he knew who the perpetrators were, but that they would never be able to prosecute due to the amount of people involved and their wall of silence.

"Who?" asked Johnson.

"What would you think if I told you in my opinion, the whole goddamn town did it," Nealy remarked darkly.

"I'd think you were probably right," answered Johnson.

Back in Leesburg, life had begun to return to normal, as for the first time in years, white folk could walk the streets without the fear of being robbed, raped or killed. Bulldozers quickly razed the "Little Africa" section of the town within thirty days, the mayor soberly stating over the television that they were removing "this monument to terrible carnage from our collective sight."

After airing that hogwash on Channel 6, at City Hall he laughingly remarked to his fellow conspirators that they were simply destroying any additional evidence of their plot. Part of the reclaimed property would be used for a park, the remainder slated for new residences and businesses.

During the meeting, Chief Burns remarked that according to his calculations, based on interviews with the blockade unit and the Death Squad, roughly 3,500 niggers had killed each other, with about an additional 1,200 killed by the Death Squad.

"That's 75 niggers per cop, not bad," replied the mayor.

"You forgot to figure in Sam, he killed eight of 'em on his own," corrected Burns.

"Well, close to 75 each then," Garrett retorted with a laugh.

Over the next few years, documentaries were aired by the liberal jewsmedia, with titles such as "The Terrible Leesburg Crack War," which theorized that anything from Bigfoot to space aliens had caused the niggers to kill each other, never once blaming the true cause of the problem – the niggers. Mayor Garrett and Chief Burns were shown on the programs, each making a few dollars from paid interviews.

Tourism increased during this time, many white citizens stopping by to see "that town where all the niggers killed each other," privately wishing history would repeat itself in their town.

The southern city of Leesburg had been saved by a group of resourceful men determined to set their city right, who had simply exploited the animalistic instincts of the brutal, savage, apelike niggers.

THOMAS PAINE

THE END