

***Targetmaster's Last Ride:
A Southern Love Story***
by Thomas Paine

Virgil and Cletus had always hated black people, for what reason, even they didn't know. They simply knew they did, and that was good enough for them.

Both had despised niggers for as far back as they could remember, even unto the dim fog of their early childhood memories. However, their loathing of them increased even further when they heard of the tragic news of the rape of Rebecca Mitchell, a close friend of Virgil, by a black they had referred to as "Sambo," and of his subsequent acquittal, after trial, by an all-black jury. To add insult to this terrible injury, northern niggers affiliated with the NAACP had charged that "Sambo" was a victim of "racism" and that the police had tampered with the evidence. This, naturally -- in this twisted day and age where niggers have more rights than white people and can get away with anything -- outweighed the tearful eyewitness testimony of rape victim Becky Mitchell.

After the ridiculous pronouncement of "not guilty" by a jury foreman that looked more like King Kong than a human being, hell's fury flew into these two Southern gentlemen.

Both Virgil and Cletus, during their school years had studied at Calvary Academy with Becky, and knew her to be a wonderful, caring girl. She was intelligent and beautiful, a true Southern belle. After her rape by that damnable nigger "Sambo" she had been reduced to a quivering mental wreck and regardless of her original virtue, was cruelly shunned by the young men in town, being referred to as "damaged goods" at best, and "nigger lover" at worst.

Even Virgil, who had dated Becky, had a severe problem with her rape by that black devil, and though he had never voiced it, felt as if it would be taking "sloppy seconds" after a verminous nigger.

Virgil felt helpless, considering times had changed, apparently for the worst, as nothing could be done about the acquittal of that black bastard.

Virgil had watched on television as the depraved simian freak exited the courthouse, accompanied by his crooked Jew lawyer, free, surrounded by uniformed pigs who protected the black beast from a justified lynching. The nigger was free, exclaiming justice had been done, and the media stated it was time for "peace" and "healing."

What about Becky's healing? No one seemed to care except for Virgil and her family, and after the trial, the media proceeded to call her a liar and accused her of being a "racist." They also added she had attempted to "frame" Sambo, callously defaming her honor.

Rebecca Mitchell, who had been a maiden, never lied once during the trial of Sambo, and was an upright Christian woman, regardless of what the media said. She knew she had been raped by that miscreant son of a bitch, and had been forced to go through the humiliating ordeal of being examined, along with being given a D&C at the county hospital.

In the days, weeks and months that followed, her young mind was filled with the vivid memory of that repulsive, apelike, black face over her, spewing his vile nigger semen into her body.

She had identified that nigger, whose name was Lemuel Jenkins, and testified at the trial he had wanted to date her, and that he had tormented her in both body and soul for over six months. Becky bravely testified of her horrific rape by that thick lipped, droopy eyed, subhuman monster, wiping away her tears as she spoke.

Then, after all of this, she had to witness the acquittal of this glorified, animalistic gorilla by a jury of his "peers," all of whom hated white people, which was a crushing defeat to Becky and her family, not to mention her dear friend Virgil. Becky had been reduced to a recluse and Virgil, regardless of his thoughts about the rape of his dear friend Becky, still loved her, as he had from when he was a small boy.

Virgil had to have justice. He had to figure out some way to destroy the depraved nigger Lemuel. He discussed the problem of how to get the nigger with his friend Cletus, whose bond of friendship and gone back to childhood.

"Why not shoot that jig in the head with your M-14?" asked Cletus.

"No," answered Virgil, "Puttin' a bullet in that coon would only get us killed by those damn nigger lovin' traitorous pigs. Besides, I hate all of those black sons of bitches, I'd like to kill them all."

"So would I," replied Cletus, "Can you believe that bastard was on TV? He looked like a smilin' monkey! Then that spearchucker said that he was returning to Bethel AME church as a deacon. That hypocritical, motherfucking nigger. A deacon! I know niggers ain't got no souls anyway, but that's ridiculous!"

"I've got to get those niggers Cletus," said Virgil with firm resolve, "All of 'em. Can you believe that those monkeys on the jury belonged to Bethel AME? Not only do they mock us white folk, but they even go to church and mock God himself! They knew that nigger was guilty and they let him go anyway! Now Becky's ruined, and that rotten eight ball rapist got his piece, and got off to boot!"

Virgil stood there, lip quivering, livid, and Cletus looked to the ground. He knew the pain Virgil was going through and made a silent vow to help his friend, for better or worse.

"You know Cletus," Virgil continued in a low tone, "I love Becky. I have since I was a boy, and was going to ask her to marry me, that nigger destroyed the only woman I ever really loved."

"I know Virge," replied Cletus, "Maybe Becky will get better."

"Maybe," remarked Virgil angrily, "But still, she was touched by a goddamned nigger!"

"It wasn't her fault that nigger raped her," argued Cletus, "But I understand."

Virgil nodded.

"We'll get those niggers for what they did, I'll make those black bastards pay," stated Virgil coldly, "I've got a plan!"

Virgil proceeded to tell Cletus of his plan. Several black church burnings had occurred recently, all without casualties. This time, if Virgil was successful, there would be casualties, many of them. A whole churchful of damned, verminous, soulless niggers! All of those black, ugly orangutans would perish in the flames of Hell itself!

"Let's use the old Chevy van," Virgil began, "We'll fill it full of kindling, set it afire, and drive it right into that nigger church on Sunday morning. Then we'll hop out and shoot any niggers that ain't burning with our M-14s. After that, the whole fuckin' nigger church will burn down with those bastards in it!"

"Good idea," remarked Cletus, "We can escape into the woods next to the church, hike back to the farm and they won't even know who did it! You never registered the Chevy and they won't be able to find out who even owns it if we pry off the serial number!"

"Yeah," said Virgil sullenly, "We'll get those damned niggers!"

The next day, Virgil and Cletus walked to the barn where they kept a black 1976 Chevrolet van. It was a dilapidated rusted out wreck, but still ran like brand new. They had used it many times

for hunting, hauling cut firewood, and other chores around the farm. However, its most important chore still lay ahead for the old, but dependable vehicle.

"It's a shame to waste this perfectly good old Chevy on those niggers," remarked Cletus, patting a rusty fender, "But we can buy another one."

"That's the truth," replied Virgil, but at least we'll be rid of all of those uppity, cursed jigs that let that nigger rapist off!"

They loaded the Chevy with sticks, brush and hay, packing it tightly until it was full.

"We'll leave the back doors open and set it afire when we reach the top of the hill," Virgil continued, "Then we'll drive it down the hill into the back of the church and run down that nigger preacher and his flock of devils. After we're through the wall, we'll get out and shoot any of those spearchuckers that are still alive."

"A great plan," answered Cletus with a smile, "After we kill all the niggers, we'll escape to the woods and hike home."

"I'll need a good drunk after we kill those spooks," remarked Virgil, "Will you join me?"

"Of course," agreed Cletus, "We'll have a lot of celebrating to do!"

"We'd best check the van and make sure it's okay," said Virgil, "She ain't been started for a while."

Virgil inserted a worn brass key into the ignition and turned it. The starter cranked briskly, rotating the crankshaft of a four bolt main, 350 cubic inch Targetmaster V8. The engine coughed, sputtered and then roared to life, smoothly idling. Virgil checked the brakes, which worked perfectly, and eased the turbo 400 into gear. The old Chevy moved back and forth, easily, dependable as always.

"She's ready for Sunday," declared Virgil as the 350 idled, "Those niggers will pay for what they did to my Becky!"

A bright, warm Sunday morning arrived, Virgil and Cletus again meeting at the barn for their rendezvous with destiny.

The Chevy was ready and Virgil soaked the hay and brush inside it with kerosene.

"It's a mile to that church full of coons," remarked Virgil, "Remember to set her afire when we reach the top of the hill."

"Right," answered Cletus, "Are the M-14s locked and loaded?"

"Yeah," replied Virgil, "Each have hundred round drums of 7.62x54, just waitin' to find a nigger and the selectors are set for full auto!"

"Virge, when we bust through that wall at 10:30, those damn niggers are gonna get one hell of a surprise!" declared Cletus, and the two lifelong friends laughed heartily. Then, our heroes climbed into the old Chevy.

Niggers would pay today, with their lives. Down at Bethel AME, Lemuel the rapist and his fellow porchmonkeys sat in the pews, listening to the Reverend Rastas Jones give a sermon on the virtues of Mawtin Lufa King. Not Jesus Christ, but Martin Luther King. If Virgil and Cletus could have only heard the words that the nigger preacher Rastas Jones uttered, praising that verminous, Bible beating, child molesting nigger, they'd have broke into the church earlier, and shot that heretical spearchucking bastard in his money makin' mouth!

All they heard at this time was the smooth idle of a Chevrolet Targetmaster V-8. Virgil was behind the wheel with Cletus at his side, their M-14s at their feet. Virgil moved the transmission selector to "D."

Virgil pressed the accelerator, and the Chevrolet van moved out of the barn, rolling relentlessly toward its target, the evil niggers of Bethel AME.

As Virgil drove to the church, he thought fondly of the old 350 engine; it had served him well. It was a replacement engine and had been installed only after the original, a 400 cubic inch small-block, had served for over 250,000 miles. It had been replaced only because it had grown tired, and was removed while still fully capable of running. The new engine had been named "Targetmaster" by the engineers at General Motors.

"Ironic," Virgil thought, "What an appropriate name, Targetmaster!"

The thought of death from their endeavor had crossed their minds, but they didn't care. What use was it living in a society where niggers could rape white girls and get away with it! A society where queers could marry, but you couldn't pray in a school. A bankrupt culture, filled with lies proclaiming freedom of speech, and banning the Confederate Battle Flag of the South, while the Yankee flag and African nigger flag flew everywhere!

The risk was worth it – for freedom, for Becky, for the Battle Flag of the Confederacy. With a heartfelt rebel yell, Virgil and Cletus set forth on their mission.

"We'll get those niggers now!" exclaimed Virgil as they approached Bethel AME, "Those bastards are gonna' die!"

They arrived at the crest of the hill rapidly, stopping to set fire to the debris. At the bottom of the hill, strange noises emanated from the nigger church.

Our heroes heard the simian, soulless heathens hootin' and hollerin', dancing and screaming, making an obscene mockery of the Christian God.

"Listen to them niggers Virgil," remarked Cletus, "Sounds like monkey noises from the jungle."

In front of the church, was a sign proclaiming: "Holy Ghost Explosion!"

"Them niggers are sure gonna' have an explosion this mornin'," Virgil snickered as the Chevrolet idled, "When we send their black asses to Hell! Light those branches afire!"

Cletus took a book of matches, lit them and tossed the flaming book toward the kindling. The fire caught and started burning rapidly. Virgil moved the transmission selector to drive, and the old Chevrolet van began its descent toward the evil nigger church, filled with soulless heathens.

The Chevy rapidly approached the whitewashed wooden wall of Bethel AME, just as the Reverend Rastas Jones was suggesting to his apostate congregation that they should worship Martin Luther King instead of Jesus Christ.

As the nigger said those words, a cacophonous noise came from behind him, and the last thing the apostate nigger saw was the faded gold bowtie that proudly announced "Chevrolet."

The old Chevy burst through the wall, flattening the nigger preacher Rastas, hurling his body through his evil orange crate pulpit, landing lifeless and broken between the pews of his flock of niggers.

The Chevy continued past his lectern and crashed headlong amongst the nigger congregation, baptizing them in steel and flame. Our heroes were momentarily stunned but recovered rapidly, and reached for their M-14s.

"We may not make it out of this!" exclaimed Virgil.

"Who gives a damn!" answered Cletus, and the two friends burst from the battered, burning Chevy, M-14s blazing.

Several niggers running toward the door dropped like flies, their accursed bodies riddled with bullets, as Virgil and Cletus mowed them down.

Lemuel Jenkins, rapist deacon, cowardly nigger that he was, hid unharmed behind a pile of dead niggers, not having the courage to run or to face Virgil.

The evil nigger church was being rapidly consumed, far beyond the ability of anyone to escape, including Virgil and Cletus. Luckily, not one nigger was able to escape, either killed by the Chevy, fire, or blazing M-14s.

Virgil, searching for Becky's rapist to the end, found the cowardly ape Lemuel hiding behind a pile of bullet ridden dead coons, as smoke swiftly filled the flame engulfed Bethel AME church.

"Don't kill me man," pleaded Lemuel, as Virgil trained his M-14 on the evil black rapist.

"I'm gonna drop you jig if it's the last thing I ever do!" yelled Virgil. "You raped the only girl I ever loved, my dearest Becky, and you're gonna die for it!"

Cletus had made it to his side in time to hear the pleadings of the sub-human vermin Lemuel.

"We're gonna kill you nigger," shouted Cletus over the roar of the fire, "We know you're guilty!"

Lemuel Jenkins knew he was going to die, but hated white people so much that he was able to summon up enough courage in his depraved nigger body to say, "Alright, I did it, but dat white bitch asked fo' it! I came in her white ass hard you honky bitch and I gots in her first! Fuck you, white boy!"

Virgil yelled, "No, nigger, fuck you!" and pulled the M-14's trigger, filling the evil nigger brain with hot lead, killing him instantly.

Virgil stared at the blood-covered carcass of the nigger Lemuel, blinked his eyes, not believing the scene, and a smile of satisfaction crossed his face.

"Let's go Virge, if we can make it," shouted Cletus, and they started for the door.

Unfortunately our heroes didn't make it. They died when the roof of what was once a church caved in, killing all who were still alive. They died avenging the honor of Virgil's Becky, and the lack of fairness in justice that was permeating the very soul of the nation.

When the firetrucks arrived, all that was left was the burned out remains of a 1976 Chevrolet van and two destroyed M-14s. The church, the niggers and our heroes Virgil and Cletus were forever gone.

Becky Mitchell survived, went on to eventually marry and have children, but her memory of her dear friend Virgil and his friend Cletus stayed with her for the rest of her days. Two brave Southern Gentlemen had died, avenging her virtue, and were fondly remembered by Becky, her family and the townsfolk.

And throughout the town, whenever a nigger eyed a white girl, good old boys would say, "Hey jig! Remember Virgil and Cletus?"

THOMAS PAINE

THE END

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