

# ***The Resurrector: A Southern Love Story***

**by Thomas Paine**

As this dying society continues to sink ever lower into the final throes of its unabated, putrescent decay, there are those among us who feel compelled to do something about it. Some choose to protest in various ways; by demonstrations, political involvement, letters to the editor or by writing extremely violent, blood-drenched fictional stories, as I do.

Others, here and abroad, in desperation, sometimes choose a more radical solution, using terrorism, war, insurrection or revolution. Still others, a tiny minority – use science, for good or ill.

This yarn explores the use of applied science as yet another method to cleanse this culture of the decadent parasites that are quickly destroying it.

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Dr. Albert Fowler, MD, was a white Anglo-Saxon forensic pathologist obsessed with the concept of death. To him, death was a terrible waste, not only of the life that had ended and the individual who had passed, but even of the flesh and bone – that to him, still appeared perfectly usable, that is until its inevitable decay.

For much of his adult life he had worked as a forensic pathology consultant in a small Southern city, helping solve crimes that other, lesser men had been unable to, his brilliant deductions leading to the arrest and conviction of murderers that would have otherwise continued to roam the streets free.

This had by the time he was forty, led to fame, wealth and a welcome independence from having to work other than for enjoyment, he retiring to a spacious retreat outside the city. This situation gave him the time and ability to research privately on death.

Never having time for a family, his work and studies were his passion – an almost all consuming obsession with the concepts of death, and his secret belief in the wonderful possibility of returning life, or at least reanimation, to the cold blue corpses that lay in his private morgue on occasion – unclaimed cadavers pilfered from the city morgue with the help of the coroner.

Not that he was without a love or a social life, his live-in girlfriend, Marie Abbott, MD, also a pathologist, shared his passion for forensic deduction, and to a lesser degree his belief that somehow, death could be thwarted or at least cheated for a time by using what Fowler called his "biochemical reanimation" procedure.

They had worked for years on this project, clandestinely in his basement laboratory, using lifeless cell cultures as a test bed. Their experiments were producing startling results – the brilliant scientist looking through a binocular microscope at several dead amoebae mimicking life on a mid-winter evening.

"Excellent," he remarked with a calm satisfaction, jotting down notes and returning to his observing.

Albert believed that to reverse death, the procedures used must be a reverse of the "death process" as he called it, from cell death to anaerobic metabolism, then to respiratory metabolism, and then – back to life!

Or at least something mimicking it for a time.

Albert and Marie had another dark secret – they were committed white racists, justly proud of the accomplishments the European Caucasian breed had created – that being all of technology.

Both loathed mud people, especially niggers, a sub-human race of apelike beings that hated white people, and were all seemingly devoted to the destruction of white American culture. They also had no time at all for Jews, a group of wandering tri-racial interlopers who used these creatures and others to further their control over American society.

They had spent many evenings discussing these problems, Albert remarking on an early January night that if they could, they should use their knowledge to help the white race.

"Yes we should, but I don't see how reanimated dead flesh could assist in that," Marie remarked bitterly, glancing at yet another depressing newspaper headline – "African-American pair murders family of five in white suburb."

"I do," replied Albert with a sinister smile, "But for the time being my dear Marie, I'll keep it to myself."

As their experiments proceeded, they found they could at least temporarily achieve "biochemical reanimation" of dead protists, the non-living protoplasm mimicking life processes.

The next step was to try the procedure on more complex tissue structures, the first subject a freshly dead rodent. On an early spring evening, Dr. Fowler injected his bizarre concoction into the carcass of a mercifully killed albino Norway rat. After the injection, he sat down to watch the possible reaction, folding hands in front of him.

After a few minutes, he shook his head and muttered, "Nothing's happening."

Then the carcass began to stir.

Incredible! he thought, calling, "Marie, please come quickly!"

Marie came down the stairs, just as the rat was beginning to stand on its legs and move about the cage.

"Look at this!" he exclaimed, pointing at the reanimated carcass.

Marie looked at him quizzically and replied, "So what, it's a rat walking around in a cage."

"You don't understand – it's a dead rat walking around in a cage!"

"You're kidding."

"Not at all," Albert replied, "Look at the monitor, heart rate zero, blood pressure zero, body temperature 25 degrees Celsius."

"Incredible," Marie replied, "It works – a rodent zombie!"

"Yes, but it is respiring, proving reanimated biochemical metabolism," Albert answered, a broad smile crossing his face.

"What's on your mind Al?" Marie asked, looking to the doctor strangely.

"We're going to need more test subjects, after we determine how long the reanimation procedure lasts," the doctor answered.

"What's the ultimate objective?" asked Marie.

"Never mind right now – I'll tell you later," Fowler answered, folding hands as he stared at the reanimated rodent, now starting to claw violently at the bars of its cage for an unknown reason.

"Dinner's on the table upstairs if you want it," Marie offered, ascending the stairs.

"Thanks love, I'll be up in a minute," Fowler answered, putting on reading glasses and taking down notes on a laptop.

"I wonder why the creature was reacting so violently at first," he muttered, looking to the cage as he started up the stairs.

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In the following weeks Fowler determined his reanimated rodent zombies continued to mimic life as they went around their routines, after a fashion – that is, having no need to consume food or to tend other bodily functions.

One unfortunate drawback was that the subjects continued to decay, a problem he figured could be solved easily with common Formalin, a chemical concoction used for preserving corpses.

Marie watched with detached interest as she observed rotting rodents wandering around their cages, luckily closed off from the rest of the laboratory by a thick Plexiglas window and partition, exhaust fans removing the odor of decay from this room.

"I think it's fascinating you've achieved reanimation AI, but what good's it going to do, they're still dead and rotting away before our eyes," Marie remarked with a frown.

"That doesn't matter, not for what I'm going to use this procedure for in the end," answered Fowler.

"You've kept me in suspense for three months – what are you going to use it for?" Marie asked.

"For something needed for quite some time," Fowler replied, a stern look on his face.

"Such as?"

"Niggers and jews are destroying our society; I believe I've figured out a way to stop that vexing problem once and for all," Fowler announced confidently.

"I know that, but what does that have to do with reanimating dead flesh into rodent zombies?"

"It has a lot to do with it. I will use the procedure to create human zombies, out of corpses," a smiling Fowler answered, folding arms across his chest, staring at the experimental reanimated creatures.

"What are you saying – human zombies, why?" asked a shocked Marie, thinking he may be in need of a very long rest – perhaps in an institution, envisioning the doctor in a straitjacket, locked in a padded cell.

"For the mission I have planned," answered a smiling Fowler. "Note the cage on your left."

"Yeah, it's a bunch of rotting rats walking about aimlessly," she answered.

"Look to the one in the center," Fowler advised.

"Yes, a cage of reanimated dead rats that are not as rotten."

"Indeed, their decay has been limited by using common preservatives," Fowler explained.

"So?"

"Now look at the one on the right."

"Yes, live rats, or some recently deceased and reanimated," Marie replied.

"No, those rats have been dead for as long as the others. I simply added formalin and elemental arsenic to the biochemical reanimation solution, and they are well preserved," the doctor answered.

"Really?" an interested Marie replied, she as deranged as Fowler was, but more pragmatic when it came to applications.

"Yes, with this system I can create perfect, obedient human zombies that will follow my directives," Fowler announced with a sinister smile, looking to his assistant.

"Why, and how?" Marie asked, looking for clarification.

"I'm going to use them to kill niggers and jews," the doctor answered.

"You are – good idea," Marie remarked, a broad smile crossing her face.

"I'll have to contact Larry at the morgue, and have him ship me unclaimed corpses of niggers at first," the doctor answered resolutely.

"Why only niggers?" asked Marie.

"They'll blend in, wandering about in the black section of town," Fowler answered, "Armed with machine guns and the like, they should be able to kill most niggers there within months."

"Sounds plausible," Marie agreed.

"Indeed, by adjusting the amount of preservatives in the cadavers and using a time release counteragent I've developed that will render the reanimation injection inert and untraceable, they'll simply rot away, with no one knowing the better."

"That makes sense – but what about jews?" Marie asked.

"I'm sure we can get a few dead kikes somewhere to take care of them," Fowler answered unconcernedly.

"So, how will you program your zombies to slaughter only niggers and jews?" asked Marie, having doubts.

"Auto suggestion and other stimuli," answered the doctor, showing her notes on a laptop. "Reanimated flesh is highly suggestible in the beginning; it seems the subjects are agitated by the first things they perceive other than their fellows, and afterward behave violently toward any reminder of such stimuli."

"They can perceive things?" asked a stunned Marie.

"Yes, and luckily they calm down shortly thereafter, becoming docile toward anything other than their first perceptions," answered the doctor.

"Terrific, but how can something dead perceive anything at all?" asked a frowning Marie.

"That I do not know," admitted the doctor.

"Well, at least we know first impressions seem to mean a lot to your uh, creations," Marie observed, "I guess we'll have to stay out of their way when you activate them."

"Yes, activating my humanoid zombies in a room plastered with pictures of criminal niggers, together with movies of niggers rioting, should predispose the newly created nigger zombie to go after them violently," Fowler replied with a stoic nod.

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City coroner Lawrence Thursbee, a good old boy with MD from Southern University, was also a committed white racist and hated blacks with an unbridled passion. Often, he would punch the usually murdered negro carcasses as they lay on the slabs, calling them porch monkeys, apes, niggers, eight-balls and other uncomplimentary epithets.

A close friend of Dr. Fowler, he dropped by one fine evening, perusing the doctor's myriad amounts of zombie data on a Linux powered IBM desktop.

"I didn't know y'all had gotten this far AI, it sounds like an excellent idea. We need to get rid of that garbage polluting our society somehow – the politicians won't do anything about it, so I reckon it's up to us," a smirking Thursbee remarked, glass of white wine in hand, the coroner dressed in western garb, complete with a string tie and brown Stetson.

"But can you furnish me with enough corpses for the missions?" inquired Fowler, wearing a white lab coat over his usual casual attire of jeans and a sport shirt.

"Hell yes, these crazy niggers are killin' each other by the truckload. I reckon I can send you one or two unclaimeds every few days or so."

"How about jews?" asked Fowler, looking up to the taller Thursbee, planning to create zombies to kill kikes as well.

"They'll be a lot harder to come by Al, but hell, there's so many Arabs in the city killin' each other off, I'd bet if we dressed them up correctly we could pass 'em off as kikes," Thursbee suggested.

"Excellent idea," a nodding Fowler replied.

Thus a deal was made, and the first negro corpses arrived a few days later at the Fowler residence, in a coroner's hearse piloted by Thursbee.

Providing corpses was an easy task for the racist coroner, who simply forged papers stating the dead niggers had been disposed of in the morgue crematorium – he even turned on the unit so the gas bill would reflect an amount of usage comparable with the amount of bodies pilfered.

"Here ya are Al, I brought some canned goods from the morgue for ya tonight – a pair of cold dead niggers at your service," a smiling Thursbee announced, opening the rear door of the Oldsmobile hearse.

Removing a sheet, he presented the carcasses of two naked nigger bucks, dumped haphazardly in the rear of the vehicle. One had been knifed in the gut, this mishap having ended his life, the other sporting a small hole in the back of the head, provided courtesy of an Iver Johnson .22 caliber handgun.

"Thanks Larry," Fowler replied, the pair dumping the carcasses on a stainless steel gurney in preparation for the first attempt at nigger zombie creation.

Curiously, neither carcass had been autopsied, as Thursbee couldn't have cared less as to how the niggers had died, or why. Not wanting to waste his valuable time carving into disease ridden dead jigs, he had simply stated the obvious on the coroner's report and death certificates, giving the niggers a cursory inspection and sliding the carcasses into the cooler.

"What if this fucks up Al – how will y'all stop 'em?" asked Thursbee as they moved the gurney into an electric dumbwaiter connecting with his gigantic basement morgue.

"That's easy, just a whiff of concentrated sodium hypochlorite solution quickly counteracts the biochemical reanimator injection, reducing the subject again to a lifeless cadaver," Fowler answered, having disposed of his rotting rodent zombies in that fashion.

"You use Clorox to get rid of 'em?" asked Thursbee.

"Sort of, only twenty times as powerful," replied a smiling Fowler as they headed to the basement, the carcasses at the bottom of the dumbwaiter, bathed in florescent light.

"What do we do with them now?" asked Marie, staring at the dead niggers while holding an operating laptop.

"Let's move them to the reanimation chamber," Fowler answered, looking to Thursbee and adding, "Do you want to stay and observe the procedure?"

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," replied Thursbee, removing his Stetson and sitting it on a lab table.

The carcasses, having been on ice for well over a month, were placed in a small reinforced room, pictures of angry faced, criminal negroes plastered from floor to ceiling, a 41" Phillips plasma monitor mounted directly above – video of a recent riot in Los Angeles displayed on the screen by a repeating DVD.

"What's that for?" asked Thursbee, pointing at the monitor while they dumped the carcasses on the floor.

"Brainwashing, if they have one," Fowler answered, reaching for a large syringe and an ampoule of thick bluish liquid – the biochemical reanimator solution.

"What do you mean?" asked Larry.

"Watch," replied Fowler, injecting 20 cc's of his incredible concoction into the carotid artery of each negro carcass, followed by an injection of formalin preservative solution, laced with arsenic.

"Let's get out of here; they should reanimate in fifteen to thirty minutes," Fowler announced, moving for the door and barring it after he closed it.

Moving to a remote monitor, Fowler, Marie and Larry watched intently, looking for signs of movement from the cadavers.

"Nothing's happenin' Al," remarked Dr. Thursbee.

"Wait, it will," answered a confident Fowler.

Fifteen minutes went by, a smirking Thursbee remarking, "Maybe niggers are too damn stupid to reanimate."

"Not at all; I figure with larger carcasses it may take thirty minutes or so," Fowler answered, staring intently at the screen.

Ten minutes later Larry remarked, "The niggers haven't moved – they're never going to, it's back to the drawin' board."

"Wait," Fowler announced confidently, even Marie doubting they ever would.

"Time?" Fowler asked.

"Twenty seven minutes and counting," Marie declared, looking to a quartz Wesclox.

As if on cue, at thirty minutes past, the carcasses stirred, much to Thursbee's disbelief.

"It works!" Thursbee exclaimed, watching the zombies staring at the overhead monitor, grimaces on their reanimated negro faces.

"Yes, they're being programmed to hate niggers," Fowler replied detachedly, watching one resurrected nigger rise to its feet, attempting to destroy the overhead monitor by leaping toward it while making moaning noises.

The other joined him moments later, both ripping posters from the walls and looking angrily toward the unrelenting screen, the zombies finally settling down after Fowler turned off the offending monitor.

"Can we get pants on those monsters of yours?" an exasperated Marie asked, having grown tired of looking at naked dead niggers, their average sized dead dicks bouncing up and down as they had leapt toward the monitor.

"It's disgustin' ain't it?" remarked a deeply drawling Larry, "I'll run to town and pick up some unclaimed clothes from the morgue for 'em."

"Please do," replied a laughing Fowler as he turned off the monitor, "Hurry back as quick as you can."

"I'll be back in a hour," answered Thursbee, rising while grabbing his hat.

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Returning with suitable clothes and several pairs of well-worn tennis shoes and boots, Thursbee handed the tattered garments to Dr. Fowler.

"Where'd you get these?" asked the doctor.

"From the dumpster behind the morgue," answered Larry.

"Good idea," remarked Fowler, "I thought we'd have to go to the Salvation Army."

"There's no need for that; we always have plenty of clothes sittin' at the morgue. Hell, the niggers usually come in from the meatwagons all shot up, so we just strip 'em, wash 'em down and

hand 'em to the funeral homes buck naked," replied Thursbee dryly, taking a drag from a cigarette and exhaling with a sigh.

"So Al, how are we going to get the dead niggers to put them on?" asked Marie pointedly.

"I hadn't really thought about that," answered the eccentric doctor, shrugging.

"Great, you may as well turn off this pair of freaks with your Clorox," Marie spat with a frown.

"Not at all, I'll walk into the chamber and dress them myself if I have to," announced the doctor confidently.

"You're insane, they could kill you," a concerned Marie observed, folding arms across her chest.

"What do you mean, I observed and handled my rodent subjects in the past – if the dead niggers behave in the same fashion they did, they should prove easy to control, after the initial agitation phase of course," the doctor replied.

"They're savage niggers – what if they don't?" asked Marie.

"Then I imagine it's back to the drawing board," answered the unconcerned doctor, wisely reaching for a spray bottle of concentrated sodium hypochlorite solution – to arm himself against possible assault by reanimated jigs.

"I guess," Marie answered, not convinced of the doctor's latest theory.

"Al's got a lotta guts," Thursbee observed, shaking his head.

"That or no common sense," Marie replied, looking for the worst to happen.

A fearless Fowler entered the reanimation chamber with his disinfectant bottle and armload of tattered clothing, a dull witted nigger zombie staring at him through yellowish, bloodshot eyes.

Both appeared docile, so Fowler attempted to communicate with the reanimated carcasses, placing the container of disinfectant on a nearby shelf.

"You niggers used to speak English of a sort when you were alive; do you understand what I'm saying?" asked Fowler.

Each nigger zombie nodded obediently.

"Excellent; do you know how to put on clothes?" asked the shocked doctor of his charges, looking to the garments on his arm.

Both nodded.

"Good, incidentally, do you know how to use machine guns?" inquired the doctor hopefully.

Nods again came from the lifeless carcasses.

"This is going to work out better than I ever imagined," remarked a smiling Fowler, his friends watching through a thick pane of one way mirrored Plexiglas.

Handing the clothing to the zombies, the doctor exited the reanimation chamber and joined his fellows.

"That's incredible," Thursbee observed, watching the carcasses dressing themselves.

"Yes, they understand English too, would you believe it?" announced Fowler.

"How?" asked Marie.

"Who knows," answered an uncaring Fowler, "Guess what, they know how to use machine guns too."

"Great, where are we going to get those?" asked Marie.

"That's no problem," spoke up Thursbee, lighting another cigarette, "The cops have tons of firearms at the station; the chief's a good friend of mine."

"Where did they get them?" asked Marie.

"From the niggers, who else – they love to kill each other," a chuckling Thursbee answered, Marie and Albert joining him in laughter.

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The next week was devoted to the observance, testing and further conditioning of his reanimated carcasses; three more simians added to the group thanks to the coroner, along with several powerful machine pistols and assault rifles.

Not wanting the weapons traced back to the police, a talented Lawrence Thursbee in his leisure time went to work grinding off serial numbers with a Dremel tool in the doctor's garage.

For extra security, he completely obliterated any remaining trace of the numbers with a 250-amp MIG welder sitting under a workbench.

Each nigger carcass, once reanimated, was thoroughly conditioned, clothed in rags, shorn in suitable shoes and taken to a secure area to be certain they were familiar with the use of firearms.

Each ape handling the weapons as efficient as any military conscript. Fowler was amazed at the skill of his zombies in hitting targets printed with likenesses of Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, Jesse Jackson, Louis Farrakhan, Al Sharpton and other mulatto troublemakers, dead and alive.

"They go for headshots!" Marie exclaimed, watching several coons go full-auto on the offending targets.

"Yeah, it's a good thing we bought a bunch of ammo; they use a hell of a lot of lead," Fowler observed, looking at piles of spent brass littering the floor.

"How they even know how to use guns?" an incredulous Thursbee asked, his brilliant scientific mind needing an answer.

"A very, very good question Larry," a shrugging and uncaring Fowler replied, "I guess we'll have to figure that out sometime, but it's certainly making all of this easy isn't it?"

"Y'all'd better hit up the first two with some more arsenic and formaldehyde," a frowning Thursbee advised, noting the gaunt appearance and odor of the still rotting carcasses after they returned from the doctor's private firing range.

"They were pretty ripe when you brought 'em here," Fowler agreed, each zombie silently handing over weapons and returning to a room adjacent to the reanimation chamber, marked with a paper sign created by Marie that stated "Dead Nigger Storage."

"When are you going to turn 'em loose on the jigs?" asked Marie, peeking into the lit storage room through a thick Plexiglas window.

"I'd actually like to make an army of them first, perhaps a hundred or so," Fowler answered.

"Why, these five are probably all we'll need, considering they should be practically impossible to destroy," Marie countered.

"She's right, all they're gonna do is rot away anyhow, regardless of preservatives," Thursbee agreed, "I'd put 'em to work right now before it's too late."

"Yes, but we must finish preparing them – I still have to inject the time-release counteragent and also have to remove their fingerprints before we send them on the mission," Fowler remarked.

"How do y'all plan to do that?" asked Thursbee.

"Quite simply – "

"Burn 'em off with dilute nitric acid; they can't feel anything," Marie suggested, interrupting the doctor.

"Exactly, I had that procedure in mind Marie," the doctor answered.



Later that evening, wearing a respirator and protective clothing, Dr. Fowler walked into the storage room carrying a carboy of reagent strength nitric acid, a gallon jug of distilled water, several glass petri dishes and a box of Arm and Hammer baking soda.

Diluting the acid with water to roughly 20% strength, he filled four petri dishes with the solution, and another four next to them with a mixture of baking soda and water.

"I'll need to quickly neutralize the acid on the nigger's fingers, we don't want to burn 'em off completely," Fowler announced through a respirator.

"Indeed, niggers without fingers can't fire guns," Thursbee observed.

Violet colored smoke pouring from the nigger's fingertips over the next minutes, Fowler instructed his simian charges to place their fingers into the baking soda solution, neutralizing the remaining acid.

Turning on an overhead exhaust fan, Fowler inspected the apelike hands of his reanimated nigger carcasses.

"No prints left at all; it worked perfectly," a satisfied Fowler observed, the identifying flesh completely eaten away by the acid.

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A few days later, with the dead niggers properly prepared and devoid of fingerprints, Fowler, Thursbee and Marie marched their reanimated avengers to his garage on an early evening.

"Alright niggers, once you're in the city, come out only at night and kill every nigger you come across," Fowler ordered bluntly, "If any of you become severely damaged, leave your weapon behind and make your way to a dumpster. Dispose of yourselves by covering up with garbage; otherwise, hibernate with your weapons in dumpsters until the next evening, and repeat the procedure."

"You'd better tell these monsters to watch out for the cops too," suggested Marie.

"Indeed," agreed Fowler, "If you encounter police or police cars, immediately leave the area, unless of course the policemen are niggers. In that case shoot them, and continue going after more niggers."

"Do y'all really think these dead apes can actually understand what you're sayin'?" Thursbee asked, still unconvinced, doubting the doctor's sanity for a moment.

"Of course they can, just watch," Fowler replied.

"You understand me don't you?" Fowler asked of his cadaverous charges.

Each simian nodded slowly.

"See?" Fowler added, quite pleased with himself.

"I don't know how, but they actually seem to be smarter than when they were alive," observed a chuckling Marie.

"But how – their brains are dead; we ain't done a thorough study on these here zombies of yours; we need to know as to how they'd be able to understand ya," remarked Thursbee.

"We haven't time for such nonsense, we must kill all the niggers as quickly as possible," Fowler answered, pressing a button opening the garage door, not caring as to how his nigger zombies understood his directives.

"Whatever," a shrugging Thursbee replied as they marched the murderous zombies to a waiting hearse built from an Ford Excursion SUV, piloted by none other than the chief of police, a Caucasian man named Andrew Pritchard.

"Let's take off Andy – head to the projects immediately," Fowler announced while he climbed in the passenger side, joined by Thursbee and Marie.

"Right, let's see how those niggers like this," a smiling Pritchard answered, having recently been accused of "racial profiling" by the media, thanks to his men doing their duty – collaring several nigger pimps and drug dealers, their vehicles and domiciles loaded with drugs and guns.

Driving down route 414, our heroes sat quietly as they headed to the projects, their cadaverous simian charges sitting silently behind a clear Lexan panel in the back, staring into space.

"I hope this works," Thursbee announced as the chief took a right exit for Martin Luther King Avenue.

"It will; my zombies should kill at least a hundred niggers each, and will then dispose of themselves. After that, we'll create more zombies to slaughter the rest," the doctor replied confidently.

"How long till the counteragent takes effect?" Thursbee asked.

"I adjusted them for a service period of three days," answered Fowler, "After that, the zombies will revert to carcasses and rot away to nothing, hopefully in landfills."

"Oh yeah, they're also programmed to dispose of themselves, I forgot," the coroner remarked.

The hearse coming to a stop in a deserted alley, Fowler stepped out, carrying a duffel bag stocked with machine guns and extra loaded magazines.

Opening the rear door, he looked to his simian charges.

"Step out apes," a smug Fowler ordered, his nigger zombies exiting the hearse and standing in a line.

"Have some guns," the doctor declared, handing fully loaded UZIS, MAC-10s and AK-47s to the reanimated carcasses, along with extra ammunition.

"Okay, you can leave now – go kill niggers for us," Fowler ordered, the five zombies marching obediently off into the night.

"Let's get the hell out of here!" Fowler exclaimed, quickly entering the hearse as one zombie cut loose on a group of nigger crackheads on a nearby street corner, spraying them with an UZI and killing them all.

Tires squealing, our heroes disappeared into the night, having at last unleashed their cadaverous plague upon the black section of the city.

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Sporadic machine gun fire erupted in the projects as the zombies set about exterminating their fellow simians.

"You know Al, it just occurred to me," Thursbee remarked as they headed to the doctor's mansion, "I reckon the more niggers your zombies kill, the more corpses we'll have to reanimate into zombies."

"A perfect recycling system," a chuckling Fowler answered, quite pleased his nigger zombies were performing flawlessly.

"We'll run out of guns before we run out of niggers to kill," Marie observed darkly as the SUV returned to route 414.

"Not really," spoke up Andy, "We have at least a thousand sitting at the station right now; we confiscate them from other niggers every day."

"Excellent," stated Fowler, realizing the guns they were arming the dead jigs with would eventually be recycled too, after being picked up again by the police.

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Under cover of night, the five murderous zombies wandered aimlessly about the black section of town, trading shots with gangs of nigger crackheads and mowing down groups of nigglets and whores lining the garbage filled streets.

Bursting into a packed bar, one nigger zombie cut loose with a full-auto AK-47, a one-hundred round drum mounted in the receiver, killing over thirty niggers sitting on barstools; carefully avoiding a white man buying a pack of cigarettes – the nigger vendor in front of him cut down as the white ducked for cover.

"Fuck!" the white exclaimed, clutching the cigarette pack while a hail of bullets came from the rifle, not knowing that the carefully programmed nigger zombie had no intention of harming him – it having paused with machinelike precision as the barrel was momentarily trained in the white's direction.

"Mafucka, I'll bust a cap in yo' ass!" a nigger yelled from behind a blaring jukebox exuding rap music, pulling out a slamfire UZI, training it on the zombie while it was occupied slaughtering other niggers.

Pulling the trigger, seventeen 9mm slugs impacted the nigger zombie in the chest and abdomen, knocking it backward from the momentum and sending it sprawling through the entrance door onto its back, the other thirteen slugs hitting the walls and ceiling as the magazine emptied.

"Dat takes care of his black ass," the nigger remarked confidently, stepping from behind the jukebox, pulling the spent mag from the gun and replacing it with another, recocking the dangerously modified slamfire weapon.

Looking to the still open door, the zombie's body blocking it, the nigger, eyes wide, observed the carcass rise, still intent on killing any remaining coons in the bar, looking about for new victims and raising it's rifle.

"Dat mafucka's got armor!" the nigger exclaimed while he dove for an exit doorway, the zombie having risen to his feet and cutting loose, sprayed the jukebox and doorway with 20 rounds of lead, six more coons dropping to the floor. The drum empty, 71 nigger patrons lay on the floor, either dead or dying.

"I'm outta here!" exclaimed the nigger, running to an alley, only to meet another nigger zombie that riddled him with 11 slugs from a MAC-10, his lifeless body careening into a group of trash cans, spilling garbage across the alley.

The zombie in the bar removed the empty drum from the receiver and dropped it to the floor. Replacing it with a fresh drum at his side, it pulled the bolt back and chambered another round, training the rifle about the room.

The white man cringed next to the bar, watching the silent zombie looking about for other victims.

As quickly as it had entered, the zombie turned on its heel and left, the offending niggers vanquished.

"I swear, I'll never smoke cigarettes again!" the white exclaimed as he rose to his feet, tossing an unopened pack of Winstons across the bar.

Exiting from the service entrance, the hapless man blundered into the nigger zombie armed with the MAC-10, both falling to the ground – the rotting zombie staring at him aimlessly with bloodshot eyes as the machine pistol clattered to the ground beside him.

"Jesus Christ!" the terrified man exclaimed as he scrambled away, running at full speed from the alley to his home – the nigger zombie completely ignoring him as it rose to its feet and grabbed its weapon, looking for more niggers to kill.

Walking down Malcolm X Street, the zombie with the AK fired into open windows and doors of "Murphy Homes" filled with niggers, clipping a fat mammy in the forehead and others with shots to their torsos.

Niggers poking heads out of windows were slaughtered for their nosiness, as the rotting nigger zombie continued down the street, a living eight ball blundering from his shack with a stolen SKS carbine and firing into the back of the walking carcass.

The zombie turned around and cut loose with a fusillade of bullets, dropping the hapless nigger to the sidewalk.

Undaunted, it continued to a gas station, where niggers were occupied selling crack to customers from the payment booth, with others pumping gasoline into several idling Lincoln and Cadillac pimpwagons, stoned whores in the backseats.

Spraying the group with a hail of lead, one surviving nigger pimp ducked behind his bullet riddled Lincoln, pump nozzle in his hand as his whores screamed for their lives.

"I'll git dat mafucka," the nigger declared, pulling a lighter from a pocket.

The zombie walked up to the Lincoln, trained the AK on the screaming wenches and pulled the trigger, killing them instantly.

"Take dis you bitch!" the pimp yelled, squeezing the nozzle while holding a lit lighter, squirting flaming gasoline at the nigger zombie, covering it in a sheet of fire.

Not bothered that it was on fire, the zombie trained the weapon on the nigger holding his makeshift flame-thrower and riddled him with bullets. The nozzle, still squirting flames, flew from his hand and set the car and pumps on fire.

The flaming zombie, having no more niggers to kill in the immediate vicinity, turned on its heel and attempted to walk from the service station as the main tanks exploded, knocking it to the ground with the force of the blast.

Flames destroying most of its clothes and burning its hair off, the smoking nigger carcass, still ambulatory, rose to its feet, grabbed its rifle and continued down the street in search of more victims.

Not programmed to protect itself in any real way, the burned zombie's cadaver vision had been badly damaged, one eyelid and a cornea completely burned off, the other eye only able to barely discern niggers.

Regardless of that, the smoking zombie managed to efficiently slaughter another 50 or so jigs that it came across while it blundered around, afterward making its way to a dumpster to dispose of itself once it had ran out of ammo, leaving the empty rifle on the sidewalk.

The other nigger zombies had their comeuppances, one run down and drug to pieces by a speeding beat up Cadillac that was sprayed by another zombie – the car careening sideways into a utility pole and bursting into flames.

Rolling in a mangled heap to a curbside, this zombie had been wrecked from severe damage. Two others were shot up so badly by living niggers that they disposed of themselves near 4:30 AM, having finally run out of ammo – their weapons left sitting on hoods of cars or in the street.

Near dawn, the remaining run down zombie managed to drag itself to a dumpster – despite a missing arm torn from the shoulder, and a leg ripped off at the knee.

Struggling as it had to bring along its severed parts as well, it took over an hour for the cadaverous monster to arrive at a freshly painted blue dumpster behind a slaughterhouse.

Throwing the leg in first, it then heaved in the remains of the severed arm. Using its remaining arm, it crawled in behind and covered itself up with garbage, and for lack of a better description, shut down forever.

Interestingly, this dumpster was marked with, "FOR PICKUP BY RENDERING SERVICE ONLY," so we know what eventually happened with this carcass.

The last zombie had part of its face blown off by a shotgun and had acquired a few bullet holes during its travels, but still quite serviceable as a zombie, stored itself in a convenient dumpster behind a dilapidated McDonald's – to wait for the next evening's round of killings.

\* \* \*

Watching the news in the early evening on a 42" Mitsubishi plasma flat screen, Dr. Fowler and his girlfriend Marie, enjoying a delicious dinner, observed an apparently dull-witted mulatto interviewee stating in perfect Ebonics that well over 600 niggers had been slaughtered the previous evening, presumably from rival gangs having a war.

A stoic white woman was charged with conducting the interview, the nigger being an AME church minister calling himself Reverend Cleofus M. Smith.

"Yeah, an dese here bruvas in da 'hood gots to stop killin' each ova wiph doze caps – Jeezus don' likes it at all!" the mulatto exclaimed, his arms out wide.

"What?" asked the confused newswoman, barely understanding the mumbled and mispronounced utterances.

"Mah, you honkeys jist don' undastan, it was da bruvas dat dids it to all a dose mavas las night!" the miscegenated freak continued, frowning after he blurted out his latest mumblings.

"Really," the woman remarked, trying her best to decipher the pidgin English, but drawing a blank on much of it – to her, the talking simian may as well have been speaking a dialect of Swahili or Mandarin Chinese.

"That silly monkey can barely talk!" a laughing Marie remarked, sitting on a leather couch beside the doctor.

"That's the truth," answered a chuckling Fowler, "He reminds me of that chimplike fellow "Chief Moose" up in Virginia a few years back."

"Who was he?"

"A stupid nigger police chief near Washington DC – you know, that sniper thing on the tube a few years ago," Fowler answered.

"Oh yeah, the coon that knew all the time it was niggers doing the killing, but kept it from the public," Marie remembered.

"That's right," Fowler replied, remembering a funny joke he had heard years before. "Say Marie, do you know what the "DC" in Washington DC stands for?"

"Of course, District of Columbia," Marie replied, looking at the doctor strangely.

"Not any more, it now means "Dis is Colored" – get it?" Fowler answered, nudging her in the side and breaking into laughter.

"So Reverend, what do you think should be done?" the plainly exasperated interviewer asked.

"Well first, dey gots to git doze heatas away frum doze gangsta niggas, and den dey gots to has da fuzz come in and gits all dose crackheads an ho's off da streets," the mulatto preacher suggested as he rose from his seat to leave.

"Yes, well thank you uh, Reverend," the interviewer replied as the camera panned and zoomed in on her, "This is Sandy Rogers, reporting for Eyewitness News at seven."

After the mulatto left, during a commercial break, a frowning Sandy Rogers looked to the director and asked sarcastically, "Christ Frank, do you think you can get me someone who can actually speak English next time – I could barely understand what he was saying!"

"You were doing a lot better than I was, I couldn't understand him at all," the director retorted, breaking into a laugh that was joined by the crew.

Sandy Rogers smirked at the laughing director, composing herself as the cameraman called out, "Five seconds Sandy."

\* \* \*

The phone rang, Lawrence Thursbee on the line, calling from the city morgue.

"Yeah Larry, what's up?" asked Fowler, relaxing in an easy chair looking at FOX news.

"Y'all were right Al, we now have a practically endless supply of these uh, fellows at our disposal," Thursbee answered.

"That's good," remarked the doctor with a smile.

"Yup, we'll have to wait the customary thirty days, many of them have been claimed, but I expect to have perhaps fifty or so of these jigs left in the end," Thursbee added, surrounded by bullet riddled carcasses piled onto gurneys, others sitting in an outer hall.

"How many do you have?" asked Fowler.

"664 at last count, including a few barbecued coons from a gas station. We've run out of toe tags for these black bastards, can y'all believe it?" asked an overwhelmed Thursbee.

"I wonder if the others we deployed earlier have survived," Fowler mused.

"Who knows, watch the news – y'all take it easy Al, I've got to get back to work," Larry remarked as an assistant walked up carrying a fresh box of toe tags.

"I imagine you do Larry – goodbye," a chuckling Fowler answered, hanging up.

"Who was that?" Marie asked as she walked into the living room.

"Larry, he'll have a whole bunch of dead niggers for us to use next month."

"I wonder how our other ones are doing," Marie wondered.

"We'll find out soon," Fowler answered unconcernedly, switching channels with the remote.

As if on cue, a special news report was coming in on WEGA channel 8, with Eyewitness News Anchorwoman Sandy Rogers holding an earpiece.

"Yes, yes, I heard you Darnell, you say he's firing into a crowd?" she was asking.

"I imagine one of our zombies is at the projects doing its thing," Fowler commented dryly.

"I'm sorry, we seem to have lost contact with our newsman," Rogers stated over the tube.

"I wonder if he was a nigger?" Marie asked.

"With a name like Darnell, probably so," Fowler replied, leaning up in his seat.

"From Darnell Muhammad's report, a lone gunman is firing an automatic weapon into a crowd on Frederick Douglass Boulevard," Rogers explained, "He is apparently wearing body armor and has also killed four african-american policemen from the nearby precinct."

"All niggers, it's one of our boys," a nodding Fowler remarked with satisfaction, switching to channel 10 in search of video.

Piles of nigger bodies were displayed on the screen, with a momentary close-up of a rotting zombie, riddled with bullets and part of its face blown off, firing a M-16 in the direction of the camera.

The camera quickly hit the ground, the picture froze and then static came on the screen.

"He clipped another one," Marie remarked.

"Yeah, would you pour me a Grand Marnier?" asked the absorbed doctor.

"Sure," a dutiful Marie answered, heading toward their dining room bar.

\* \* \*

The next day, an amused Doctor Fowler relaxed in his easy chair, drink in hand, perusing a newspaper bearing the headline "CRAZED AFRICAN-AMERICAN GUNMAN SLAUGHTERS DEFENSELESS CROWD OF AFRICAN-AMERICANS."

"It's about time," Fowler remarked as he read on.

The article explained that the offending african-american had disappeared to parts unknown, having killed at least 147 people within the span of twenty minutes, no one knowing it had been severely damaged by police gunfire. Following programming, the zombie had disposed of itself in a compactor at the city landfill, leaving its emptied weapon in the street.

"How do they know he was an "african-american" and not some nigger hailing from Haiti?" Marie asked, glancing at the paper.

"Who knows and who cares – they're nothing but politically correct morons," the doctor answered arrogantly, sitting the paper on a nearby table.

A knock came on the door; Marie answered, a smiling Dr. Thursbee and Police Chief Andy Pritchard greeting them.

"Good afternoon gentlemen, so, what's going on?" Fowler asked, showing his friends to a seat.

"This is workin' out better than we could have ever hoped for, only five zombies deployed, and 811 niggers slaughtered so far," Thursbee related.

"Yes, an average of 162.2 niggers killed per zombie," Fowler answered, his genius level brain quickly figuring the math.

"With around 20,000 jigs in this town, that means we should only need – " the chief started.

"123.4 nigger zombies will complete this phase of our operation," Fowler stated.

"123.4?" the chief asked, looking at Fowler strangely, wondering for a second as to how the doctor would create .4 of a nigger zombie.

"124 or so," the doctor clarified as Thursbee laughed heartily.

"After that we start on the jews, right?" asked the chief expectantly.

"Yeah, they'll be easy," answered Fowler. "At this rate, five dead Arabs should cover that."

"Arabs?" asked the chief.

"Unclaimed jews are kind of hard to come by at the morgue Andy ol' boy, so I reckon we'll dress up dead ragheads as Hasidic jews or somethin', that'll take care of 'em and nobody'll be the wiser," Thursbee explained.

"Oh, that's a good idea," the chief remarked, "By the way, the FBI showed up today in my office – a pair of self-important Yankee shitskins sporting badges."

"And?" an unconcerned Fowler asked, pouring a Grand Marnier.

"Get this – they tried to imply "racists" had slaughtered all those spooks, until I showed those dumbass gorillas footage of your zombie cutting loose on a crowd of niggers," the chief answered.

"What did they do?" asked a grinning Thursbee.

"They left, shaking their heads," a chuckling Andy Pritchard replied.

"Yeah, they've got nothing at all to go on, since my obedient zombies dispose of themselves afterward – the system works flawlessly," Fowler observed, quite pleased with himself.

"When are y'all gonna whip up some more zombies?" the chief asked, looking to the brilliant doctors Fowler and Thursbee.

"In about a month," Fowler answered, "We're going to recycle some of the unclaimed dead jigs at Larry's morgue."

"Cool," replied Andy, hardly able to wait for the welcome day to arrive, like a little kid looking forward to Christmastime.

\* \* \*

The month passed quickly, our heroes bringing a total of 76 unclaimed nigger carcasses to Fowler's gigantic basement lab and morgue, stuffing them into a large refrigeration unit after being preserved, but not reanimated, by the doctor.

Doctor Fowler would soon convert these coons, having been slaughtered by the original zombies, into murderous zombies as well, sending them on another mission of extermination in the black section of town.

Over a hundred powerful guns – assault rifles and machine guns, were delivered by Andy Pritchard, with thousands of rounds of ammo for the various chamberings. As per the doctor's prediction, every one of the original guns used in the first attack had been recovered, including the ammo drum left at the bar, and were again pressed into service for exterminating savage niggers.

Suitable clothing and shoes had been pilfered from the morgue, much of it from the remains of the exterminated niggers, brought to the mansion by Lawrence Thursbee driving his Oldsmobile coroner's wagon. A shrugging Thursbee figured the blood-soaked and bullet-riddled zombies wouldn't care much about the appearance of their attire anyway.

"No mummies are in the group huh?" Fowler observed while they stuffed the last nigger buck carcass into the refrigerator, the doctor closing the door.

"Nigger wenches are almost always claimed by kin, illustratin' they have more value to the nigger community than the bucks do," Thursbee answered.

"They do usually run the households," Fowler agreed, taking notes on an IBM laptop.

"We need at least 48 more of these niggers to accomplish the mission," a dour Fowler announced, shaking his head.

"Where will we get 'em Al – this is all I've got," answered Thursbee, "Besides, y'all don't have any more refrigeration space here."

"I'm sure we could stuff a few more niggers in there," Fowler replied, looking toward the insulated aluminum unit, stacked from floor to ceiling with nigger carcasses.

"But it won't take 48 more; I suggest we begin the reanimation process immediately and turn 'em loose on the spooks," suggested Thursbee.

"I agree," stated Marie, anxious to kill more niggers.

"Has Andy found enough drivers?" asked Fowler, leaning toward agreement.



"Yeah, practically half the squad wants to help ya; and they've made two police buses available to assist us in transportin' your nigger zombies to the projects," Thursbee answered.

After a few minutes of reflection, the doctor replied, "Tell Andy it's a go; Marie and I will start reanimation tomorrow, with tentative deployment set for the weekend."

"Right," Thursbee stated with a nod, leaving and heading to the morgue.

\* \* \*

Resurrecting the stupid black brutes five at a time starting on the next morning, the doctor, Marie and a pair of sympathetic white policemen, after getting over the fact that there were nigger zombies blundering about the lab, started an assembly line of sorts.

In one secure room, a group of carcasses would reanimate each half hour or so, becoming agitated for a few minutes at the display of rioting niggers mounted out of reach on the ceiling, then becoming docile and taking seats on the floor after the unit was shut off.

The first phase of conditioning finished, Dr. Marie Abbott walked to a microphone.

"Okay niggers, put on the clothes and shoes in front of you and await further orders from Dr. Fowler," Marie ordered over the intercom to each batch.

As usual, the nigger zombies obeyed the directive and dressed in the rags provided.

In another room, Fowler, wearing respirator and gloves, was occupied burning off fingerprints of an earlier batch, while on the firing range the policemen made certain the zombie's proficiency with weapons was well documented.

Each batch took approximately 2 hours to process, after which they were placed in the refrigeration unit, marked with the paper sign stating "Dead Nigger Storage."

Curiously, one zombie had been the nigger at the bar that had used the slamfire UZI, his dead eyes staring into space, programmed to hate all living niggers, but not his fellow nigger zombies.

Having started at 6 AM, they completed their daunting task by 10 PM on a Thursday night – sixteen hours of backbreaking work at nigger zombie creation.

Sitting on a stool and relaxing over a few beers in the lab, a tired Dr. Fowler thanked his policeman assistants.

"We really needed the help boys, be sure and tell Andy I said thanks," remarked the doctor as he finished a cold bottle of Coors' light.

"No thanks are needed doc, we were damn glad to help you out," a burly sergeant named George Murphy remarked as the other nodded.

Well, I thank you anyway; these latest zombies should get rid of most, if not all of the niggers in this town," Fowler replied with a satisfied smile, looking toward his refrigeration unit, bursting with reanimated nigger zombies awaiting orders.

"We're also driving the buses tomorrow night," the other man, a corporal named Paul Petersen added, lighting up a cigarette.

"You are; well then, you good folks had best get home, I'll finish programming these coons tonight, then we'll load 'em on the buses late tomorrow night, afterward deploying them behind the sewage treatment plant," the doctor remarked.

"How do you do it?" asked Paul, curious.

"What, program them?" asked Fowler, rubbing his eyes and looking to the pair.

"Yeah."

"I simply talk to them, then they follow my directives," answered the brilliant doctor with a yawn.

"But they're dead, how do they understand you?" asked George.

"Larry Thursbee asked me the same damn thing well over a month ago; we haven't figured that part out yet, but hell, I know it works – look what they did last time," Fowler replied blithely, not even caring.

"I guess," George Murphy remarked as he and the other officer were leaving a few minutes later.

"I want to sleep late tomorrow Marie; lets get these niggers finished with their programming, then we'll hit the sack," Fowler remarked.

"Right," Marie answered, grabbing bottles of hypochlorite solution as a safety precaution. She had never trusted niggers when alive, so why should she trust them when they were dead?

Fowler took a bottle in his hand and opened the gigantic morgue refrigerator.

Dead eyed apes dressed in bloody, tattered rags were standing packed like so many sardines, awaiting orders from the doctor.

"Okay, you uh, simians, get your asses out here and stand at attention," Fowler ordered, Marie chuckling in the background.

"Whats so funny?" asked Fowler.

"The way you address them," Marie replied, stifling another chuckle.

"Oh yeah," a smiling Fowler answered, his charges piling out of the cooler in an orderly single file.

Each apelike nigger zombie obeyed, marching from the cooler and standing in neat rows in front of the fridge, the last falling into line seconds later.

"Okay niggers," the doctor began, rubbing his temples, "Late tomorrow night, we're going to load your black asses into buses, then we're taking you to the projects. Once you're there, immediately find dumpsters to hide in, and come out the following night. Ferret out and kill as many niggers as you can with the weapons we've provided; do you understand?"

Each reanimated ape nodded slowly.

"Oh yes, and remember, if any of you become severely damaged, remove yourself from service, abandon your weapons and dispose of yourselves in dumpsters, making certain you are fully covered with garbage. Do you understand?"

Nods again came from the silent assembly of rotting nigger zombies.

"Good, now back to your refrigerator, apes," ordered the doctor with a wave of a hand.

Marie stood chuckling as the zombies marched back into their container, the doctor closing the door and locking it.

"What's so funny?" a smiling Fowler asked.

"It reminds me of the old sci-fi movie, Conquest of the Planet of the Apes," Marie answered, breaking into laughter.

"How's that?"

"They obey you like the monkeys did on that movie, all you have to say is "DO" and they do it," Marie replied.

"True, but if I remember the movie correctly, the apes eventually revolted against their masters," Fowler added thoughtfully.

"Luckily for us, I don't think zombies can revolt," a confident Marie opined.

"Neither do I; lets get sleep," the doctor suggested, both heading for the stairs, the incredible zombies standing silent in the darkened refrigerator, fully programmed and awaiting their rendezvous with destiny that Albert Fowler had so carefully planned for them.

\* \* \*

At a little before two on the following night, two large blue Thomas-built buses arrived at Fowler's mansion, ready to load their murderous cargo of nigger zombies.

Andy Pritchard was there, as was Larry Thursbee, sporting his brown Stetson.

Sworn officers George Murphy and Paul Petersen were behind the wheels of the idling buses on the hot night, waiting to transport the zombies to the projects.

Andy Pritchard walked up to the buses from his Ford Bronco, one door opening and the driver's window opening on the other bus.

"What's up Chief?" asked Paul.

"The doc's getting the dead niggers ready for transport. You know where to take them, right?"

"Yeah, behind the sewage treatment plant," Paul answered.

"Good, I'm just making sure, we don't want anything to go wrong tonight," the Chief remarked, walking toward the garage of the doctor's mansion.

The garage door opened automatically, and a line of obedient nigger zombies, following the doctor and Marie, headed toward the buses past the chief and Dr. Thursbee.

"Okay, 38 jigs onto each bus," Fowler advised, as officers Murphy and Petersen counted off the reanimated nigger carcasses.

"I reckon those nigger zombies of yours will do anything y'all order 'em to," a smiling Thursbee related.

"That's right Larry – those dead apes there are as obedient as any slave ever was," a proud Fowler answered with a broad smile.

The buses quickly filled, an alarmed Paul sniffing the air in his bus.

"Damn, something's rotten!" Paul exclaimed, grimacing from the offensive odor.

"No shit, there's 38 rotting cadavers sitting in your bus, what did you expect?" asked Andy.

"I guess I can handle it, to save our race," Paul remarked with a nod, climbing in behind the seat.

"That's the spirit," the racist Chief answered with a smile, reaching in his shirt pocket for a plug of chewing tobacco.

"Here Paul, have some spray deodorant," remarked the doctor as he climbed in the bus, handing an aerosol bottle of Lysol air freshener to the driver.

"You smelly niggers, put all the windows down," ordered the doctor, while Petersen drenched the area with Lysol air freshener.

Each zombie nearest a window slid a window down.

"Excellent," remarked Fowler, satisfied his monsters were obeying him to the letter.

"Do you have a can of that stuff for me?" called Murphy from his bus.

"Sure," replied the doctor, stepping from the first bus and walking to the other.

"Down with the windows niggers," Fowler ordered, handing a bottle of Lysol air freshener to George.

"Thanks," a grateful George Murphy replied, pressing the nozzle as his cadaverous passengers obediently moved the windows down.

"Don't mention it," Fowler answered as he stepped from the vehicle and headed to his Lincoln Continental with Marie.

Starting his car and moving the power window down, Fowler remarked to the group, "Okay folks, let's roll."

\* \* \*

Turning off headlights as they arrived in a secluded spot behind the sewage treatment plant at 3:00 AM, the buses and other vehicles came to a stop.

A smug Dr. Fowler and Marie Abbott stepped from his dark blue Lincoln, as George and Paul opened the exit doors to their buses, crickets chirping in the background on this nearly moonless night.

"Grab the bags of guns from Andy's truck, then hand one and some extra ammo to each of those dead niggers," the doctor announced as the pair stepped from the buses.

The policemen nodded and headed toward the chief's truck to pick up the weapons; Thursbee and Andy Pritchard walked up to Fowler.

"Those coons are really gonna get it tomorrow night," the coroner observed.

"That's an understatement if I ever heard one," a chuckling Fowler replied.

Suddenly, a vicious nigger crackhead came up on our heroes, intent on robbery, rape, or who knows what.

"Wha be you whiteys doin' out here in da 'hood, mafuka?" the fearless nigger asked smartly, eyeing Marie for a moment and reaching into a pocket.

Not waiting for the nigger to make his move, Pritchard pulled a silenced Beretta 9 mm from a holster like greased lightning and shot the jig down in cold blood, putting two subsonic wadcutter slugs through his forehead.

"That takes care of his black ass," the chief remarked dryly, spinning the pistol on his finger and returning it to its holster like an expert gunslinger.

"Damn, that was fast," an impressed Albert Fowler stated, looking to the racist chief.

"Country boys can survive," a smiling Andy retorted, narrowing his steel-blue eyes while he looked contemptuously toward the dying nigger sprawled on the ground, hot blood pouring from his head onto the concrete.

"I reckon," Thursbee remarked, equally impressed with the chief's skill with a handgun, a stunned Marie standing there, never having witnessed anyone, even a nigger, being killed before.

"I figured he might try to rape you or something ma'am," Andy explained politely after noticing the shocked expression on her face.

"Yeah, thanks officer," Marie answered with a weak smile to the duly sworn policeman, the evil nigger crackhead lying dead on the ground.

"Our motto and duty is to protect and serve ma'am – regarding white people that is," Andy added with a quick wink, Dr. Thursbee breaking into a smile.

An unfazed, uncaring Fowler climbed aboard each bus and ordered his murderous nigger zombies from the vehicles.

"Out niggers, and stand in a pair of lines to receive your guns," the doctor intoned – the obedient dead simians quickly leaving the vehicles, almost enthusiastically.

Two by two, the silent, rotting nigger zombies were armed by vengeful white men, and given extra ammunition that they stuffed into pockets.

The dead nigger from the bar was wearing a holed and bloodied army jacket, and took two hundred round drums of .223x39 ammo for a full-auto AK-74 and silently strapped them to his sides, another drum mounted in the receiver.

"We have a few extra guns left here doc," a confused George Murphy observed after he and Paul had passed out various weapons – the gamut running from Thompson subs, UZI's and AKs, to a .50 caliber Browning M60 machine gun from the Korean War, complete with several yards of bandoleered ammunition.

"Hand the rest of 'em to the last few niggers standing in front of you," Fowler remarked, the men passing the remainder to the waiting zombies, their other weapons slung over their shoulders.

"Right," answered George.

"Alright apes, go find dumpsters to hide in until tomorrow evening," an arrogant Fowler ordered, his charges marching off into the night.

"Boy, you really hate niggers Al," a chuckling Andy Pritchard stated dryly, spitting a spent wad of Copenhagen on the ground, while the group stood together, watching their murderous charges heading toward the projects.

"What gave you the first clue – let's get the hell outta here," Fowler retorted with a vicious smile to the murderous chief, each vehicle splitting up after vacating the area behind the sewage plant, the dead nigger with the ventilated skull left lying where he fell next to a manhole cover.

\* \* \*

All was quiet on a sunny, hot summer Saturday until the sun slipped below the horizon.

Then, akin to bloodthirsty vampires, the obedient nigger zombies crawled from dumpsters around the projects, some monsters stained with filth from the garbage they had buried themselves in while hibernating during the day – grease, decaying food, used motor oil, sheetrock chips and even sawdust.

Silently walking into the projects, the small army of zombies split up, automatic gunfire erupting while the murderous monsters acquired their targets, a basketball court filled with teenaged nigglets and young bucks the first victims – the simian with the AK-74 the expressionless exterminator.

Having been more aggressively programmed by Albert Fowler and his equally vengeful assistant Marie Abbott, this batch of zombies took a more proactive stance with their attack on the black section of town – breaking down doors of apartments and "Murphy Homes" and slaughtering the inhabitants with brutal efficiency.

Strangely, perhaps as an after effect of the enhanced conditioning, several nigger zombies had teamed up while approaching the projects, using hand and head gestures to communicate with each other.

An uncaring Fowler had noticed this remarkable phenomenon occurring among his creations during their last day at the lab while administering the counteragent to each, stating to Marie and Thursbee that he couldn't care less as to how the zombies could accomplish such a feat, as long as they carried out their job of killing the niggers.

His friends shook their heads at Fowler's remark, knowing that with his absolute, white-hot hatred of all niggers, it was pointless to argue with him.

A pair of the lifeless monsters making their way to Mount Zion AME church, they burst into the rectory, training rifles about the room. They walked past empty pews toward a doorway marked "Black Pride Fellowship Hall," noises of activity coming from within.

Cleofus M. Smith, mulatto preacher, was running his mouth extolling the virtues of "Mawtin Lufa King" and "Reverun Jackson" to the crowd of 250 chimplike niggers sitting on folding chairs in front of his lectern.

"And Mawtin Lufa King done be's da greatest mava dat evah lived on dis here earph – and now he be's standin' at da right han' o' da lawd, nex' ta Jeezus himself!" Cleofus exclaimed, his arms out wide.

"Amen bruva!" cried a fellow simian, while a choir of white-gowned, blue-gummed gorillas sung praises to Martin Lucifer Coon, their one true god.

"An da lawd in heaven is gonna judge all dose white honkeys too, fo' dose mavafuckahs enslavin' us, and nots givin' us all dere shit fo' dere sins agains' us!" another monkey, an elderly deacon, sitting next to the reverend, exclaimed.

"Gods be a black man, fuck dem devil honkeys – and Jeezus be black too!" a chimplike nigger with buckteeth exclaimed to the group.

"Dat be da truph, dere gonna pay fo' what dey done ta us," agreed Cleofus the nigger preacher, reaching for a pair of collection plates to enrich himself.

\* \* \*

One zombie, trying the knob, motioned the other toward the closed and locked door.

Understanding the gesture, the other walked up.

The first zombie moved the muzzle of his weapon toward the doorknob for a moment, then put its hands out flat in the air, indicating a pushing motion with its rotting hands.

The second nodded in understanding, each pulling the bolts back on their automatic rifles.

Firing bursts at the offending lock, both hurled themselves through the steel doors.

"Jesus Christ – what the fuck is that, I'm getting out of here!" the terrified "reverend" exclaimed, looking to the open doorway, his ebionics strangely disappearing as the murderous zombies crashed to the floor.

Quickly rising, the programmed cadaverous monsters aimed their weapons and fired into the crowd while the reverend and his deacon ran down a hall, taking a right at a hall leading to the parking lot.

Spent brass ejected from the weapons in torrents. The niggers in the auditorium were quickly and efficiently mowed down by nigger zombies equipped with .45 caliber Thompson submachine guns, each reloading once with a fresh one hundred round drum.

"Da do' be locked!" the frightened deacon exclaimed, he and the reverend at an exit door at the rear of the church.

"I'll get those nigger motherfuckers, if they ever run out of ammo," the preacher replied ironically, pulling a loaded .44 magnum revolver from a shoulder holster covered by his robes.

"I's thought you said guns be evil reverun'," the dim-witted, apelike deacon remarked as he stared at the powerful, chrome plated Smith and Wesson smokewagon.

"I'm a hypocrite, sue me," the fake preacher retorted in perfect English as he tore off his robe. Actually he was a well-spoken mulatto Yankee that had only moved down south from Chicago to make easy money from stupid, blue-gummed tar babies.

The nigger zombies, having spent another drumful of lead drilling coons, reloaded, and moved toward the hall, as Cleofus M. Smith, actually named Charles Michael Smith, fired six shots from his weapon at the door lock, kicking open the door as the silent zombies rounded the corner in pursuit.

"Move your ass before we get killed!" Smith yelled, pulling the old nigger through the door as bullets impacted with the doorframe.

"I's thoughts you wuz gonna fights 'em," the brainless deacon remarked as they pinned themselves against a concrete block wall.

"They've got machine guns – are you insane?" Smith spat as he checked his weapon with the efficiency of any policeman, gangster or hit man.

Dropping spent brass to the pavement, Smith reached in a vest pocket and reloaded the magnum with dum-dummed wadcutter shells from a speedloader.

"How's do you – "

"Shut up you goddam idiot!" Smith whispered tersely, snapping the wheelgun's magazine shut with a quick movement of his wrist.

Looking about like the savvy Northern predator he was, Smith made sure it was clear in the lit parking lot, but for a moment, like Lot's wife, had to look back in the hall.

Bullets erupted from the oncoming nigger zombies, barely missing Smith.

"Let's get the hell out of here!" Smith exclaimed, the pair running toward a yellow Mercedes-Benz 450 SL coupe.

"Get in!" Smith yelled as he started the engine and switched on the headlights.

Reaching for the door and opening it, the deacon was mowed down on the church parking lot, as the phony preacher, seeing his passenger had been eliminated, floored the vehicle, the door slamming shut and the rear window blasted out by a hail of .45 slugs.

Making it to the street and taking a hard left, the Mercedes slid sideways and then flew at full speed up the brilliantly lit Martin Luther King Avenue, a stunned Smith noticing more of the incredible monsters firing weapons at fleeing jigs.

"It's like a scene from the Terminator – get the hell out of my way you asshole!" Smith yelled as the car neared 70, running over a teenaged nigglet fleeing a burly nigger zombie sporting the .50 caliber M60, the Mercedes losing a passenger side window from another hail of bullets, the rear quarter panel now looking like so much Swiss cheese.

"Insurance never covers things like this!" the greedy, cunning mulatto exclaimed as the car roared on, not caring in the least that he had run down a fellow nigger.

Heading toward the entrance ramp of Interstate 22 east, Smith noticed yet another armed nigger zombie at the intersection of Frederick Douglass Boulevard, having locked on to his blackness due to programming and firing in his direction.

"Goddamnit!" he exclaimed, ducking toward the console as a half dozen slugs hit the windshield and put out the right headlight, barely missing the radiator.

"You dirty son of a bitch, you're mine!" Smith yelled, angrily aiming the big Mercedes at the uncaring nigger zombie, hitting him with the passenger side fender, the cadaver bouncing upward over the roof and landing behind the speeding vehicle in a mangled heap.

Finally making it to the on ramp for I-22 east, the badly damaged but still serviceable Mercedes-Benz sped from the city, the "Reverend" Cleofus M. Smith never to return.

\* \* \*

Back at his mansion, Drs. Fowler, Thursbee and Abbott gleefully watched as a quartet of murderous nigger zombies, displayed on television at the vicinity of Harriet Tubman Street, wandered about this section of the city, slaughtering all spooks in their path.

Police cars, ambulances and a news crew were on the scene, with a close-up of another rotting zombie, Kalashnikov rifle in hand, mowing down a group of nigger police officers that were firing it its direction, the hail of slugs passing harmlessly through the lifeless cadaver and ricocheting off nearby walls.

Pausing to miss a white policeman, the programmed monster resumed the attack as it fired on an oncoming police car manned by another pair of niggers.

With speeding slugs flying through the windshield, the vehicle went out of control as the driver was killed by a bullet to the head, rolling over several times and crashing into the steel pole of a traffic light; the signals crashed to the street in a hail of sparks as the pole gave way.

"Christ, look at those things I created, they're almost invincible!" Fowler exclaimed with a vicious smile as the bullet-riddled monsters, having no more niggers to kill in the immediate vicinity, turned on their heels and walked away from remaining white officers firing at them.

"They are indeed efficient, and very accurate shots too," Marie spoke up, sipping a strawberry daiquiri while sitting next to the doctor on the couch.

"Yeah, they're somethin' to see," an impressed Thursbee agreed while he put out a cigarette, watching as the group of animated carcasses split up and headed into garbage filled alleys out of direction of the camera.

"Your morgue is going to be filled up tomorrow," an ironic Marie observed, Thursbee sitting across from the pair in a leather easy chair.

"That's the truth, I reckon we'll have to hire temps just to haul the bodies from the scene," Thursbee replied.

\* \* \*

Police Chief Andy Pritchard was on duty at the station, busy with a dispatcher coordinating squad cars that were rapidly closing on the area, making a half-hearted attempt to set up a perimeter.

The phone in his office rang, and he walked in and picked up the receiver.

"First precinct, Chief Andrew Pritchard speaking," the duly sworn peace officer spoke into the receiver in a very professional voice.

"Hello Andy, this is Al," the doctor greeted.

"Yeah, what's going on with you?" the officer asked, looking toward the squad room for a moment.

"Larry, Marie and I are watching TV; how are things going over your way?"

"I guess it depends on who you are," the chuckling chief answered, closing the door to his office and pulling down the shade.

"Really," a laughing Fowler retorted, "I saw ambulances on the tube, have they picked up any casualties yet?"

"No, as no one is truly aware of the scope of this situation," the officer replied in a vague response, "Honestly, from what we've seen so far, there's no point in picking up bullet riddled corpses in an ambulance anyway."

"I can agree with that, I'd use hearses to save time – keep me posted as to the uh, situation, if you would please," Fowler requested.

"Sure, I'll call you if anything unusual happens," the chief answered.

"Unusual, you're killing me!" Fowler blurted, laughing.

"Right, I've gotta go," the chief remarked, almost laughing as he hung up the phone.



"What did Andy have to say?" Thursbee asked as he poured a stiff shot of bourbon at the dining room bar.

"He sort of said he and his men were on top of the situation," Fowler answered.

"Sort of?" a smiling Marie asked.

"Yeah, meaning they're aware of it but are powerless to do anything about it I guess," the doctor answered plainly, Thursbee chuckling in the background.

The sounds of gunfire continued on into the night, many zombies becoming severely damaged as they were riddled with slugs from police and living niggers defending themselves.

Some were ran down by automobiles, others were damaged by exotic weapons like crossbows and flamethrowers; one idiotic nigger set an entire block on fire while spewing flaming, jellied gasoline at a hapless nigger zombie that drilled him anyway.

Interestingly, the hail of slugs from the zombie perforated the fuel canister of the flamethrower and caused it to explode, blowing the bullet riddled nigger holding it into pieces; chunks of flesh landed over thirty feet away from where he had been standing.

Flaming wildly, the zombie waved its weapon around while firing, slaughtering another 26 niggers standing in the street before the magazine emptied.

Having run out of ammo, its cadaver vision severely impaired due to scorched corneas, the zombie dropped its gun to the street and set about finding a dumpster to dispose itself in, while a group of dilapidated tenement houses owned by greedy jews began to burn down.

A cadre of the more severely damaged monsters made their way to dumpsters in the early hours of the morning, leaving their emptied weapons behind.

One severely damaged, helpless zombie lying at a curbside, run down and mangled by a speeding car, motioned another over and handed its still loaded rifle and extra ammo to its fellow cadaverous monster. Cooperating with its fallen comrade, the serviceable zombie helped the damaged one to a dumpster.

Crawling in, the wrecked zombie nodded to its fellow, closed the access door and began burying itself in a mound of stinking garbage, shutting down forever shortly thereafter.

Staring at the dumpster a moment, the other zombie turned, recocked the rifle and set about searching for more niggers to transform into carcasses.

Not having to search for very long, a group of addle-brained monkeys with motorcycle chains in hand, feeling they were bulletproof thanks to body armor, headed toward the hapless zombie in the alley.

"We got's armor nigga – you cant's touch us mafucka!" yelled a stupid simian, beating on his chest like King Kong, forgetting that both his head and legs were completely unprotected.

"Yeah, jis' try to shoot us," yelled another idiotic gorilla, swinging a chain as he walked toward the reanimated carcass.

Unable to utter a word in response, the zombie changed its angle of attack, aiming the muzzle of a HK assault carbine at their heads and firing a short burst of .308.

Dropping to the ground thanks to massive brain damage inflicted by flying bullets, the vanquished niggers were put out of commission, the silent and uncaring zombie stepping over the dying apes in search for more victims.

As morning approached several hours later, the remaining serviceable nigger zombies, 29 in all, made their way with weapons to dumpsters and buried themselves in garbage, resuming hibernation for the day.

\* \* \*

"We have absolutely no idea what was going on at the east side last night ma'am," a lying Andrew Pritchard stated to Sandy Rogers on WEGA channel 8 the following morning, appearing very professional.

"Do you think it's a gang war?" Sandy asked, a backdrop behind her plastered with "CRAZED AFRICAN-AMERICAN GUNMEN KILLING FELLOW AFRICAN-AMERICANS."

"If it were a gang war I don't think we'd have so many casualties on our hands," a frowning Pritchard replied, folding his hands on the desk and keeping his personal satisfaction to himself.

"All of the assailants were identified as being african-american, is that correct chief?" Sandy inquired.

"Yeah, they were indeed all black – if they were Americans who knows; we haven't been able to verify much else," the chief answered, looking to the reporter sitting across from him.

"How many assailants were spotted last night?" then asked the anchorwoman.

"That's hard to say, a few eyewitnesses said perhaps twenty or so, but others have alluded to over a hundred," the chief answered, knowing personally that 76 nigger zombies had been deployed by Dr. Fowler, himself and the other heroes.

"Have any been spotted today?" was the next question.

"No ma'am, they seem to have vanished," Pritchard replied.

"Some reports state that as many as 10,000 african-americans may have been killed last night," Sandy Rogers remarked in her best politically correct diction, glancing at a nearby teleprompter displaying the figure.

Personally, she didn't like niggers either, but was nonetheless very happy to have a job that paid her nearly \$250,000 a year – for that kind of money, she figured when she signed the contract, she'd say practically anything, as long as it was of no personal cost to her.

"More like seventy-five hundred or so, the men are still picking up bodies for identification," the chief answered, WEGA 8 showing video of stake body trucks, piled high with nigger carcasses, heading toward a temporary morgue set up at City stadium.

"7,500 is a lot of people to be killed in one night," the reporter observed darkly.

"I know it is madam," the frowning Chief retorted, "But they're being killed by their own fellows for whatever reason."

"That is very true. What is your force doing regarding this terrible situation?" asked Sandy politely, not pressing very hard.

"My men are following leads, collecting evidence and picking up bodies," the chief replied, the interview closing a few minutes later. Channel 8 video showed policemen and morgue personnel, wearing biohazard suits, carrying more nigger carcasses on stretchers to another waiting truck.

As it was the weekend, it seemed the FBI was enjoying a holiday, but a team was scheduled to arrive in the city on Monday morning.

Later that afternoon, Drs. Fowler, Abbott and Thursbee, along with Andy Pritchard, met at his mansion to discuss their future plans.

"Drawing from the first deployment, I venture the attrition rate of the zombies is well over fifty percent after the first evening," Fowler related to his friends.

"It was a twenty percent survival rate if I recall correctly," replied Thursbee.

"Meaning we should still have at least 15.2 functional nigger zombies operating in the field," Fowler answered, figuring the math in his head with Andy Pritchard shaking his head over the decimal point.

"Death toll is 8,104 and climbing," Thursbee added, "With probably 98% of the carcasses havin' been collected already."

"Meaning each zombie has slaughtered perhaps 106.6 niggers on average," Fowler observed.

"Yes, much lower than our original estimate I'm afraid," a frowning Marie spoke up.

"We should still have at least fifteen left in the field; the final number may come more in line with the predicted stats tonight," Fowler replied hopefully.

"How long before they deactivate?" asked Thursbee.

"They'll revert to carcasses tomorrow morning at 5:00 AM or thereabouts. I figured FBI would be down here by the droves on Monday. That's why I activated them for only three days; furthermore, garbage pickup around the city is at 6:00 AM, removing the evidence from prying eyes forever," Fowler stated with a broad smile.

"Every contingency anticipated," a smiling Marie observed, very proud of her brilliant Albert Fowler.

\* \* \*

As nightfall returned, police cars set about cruising black neighborhoods, advising over their P.A. systems for all still alive to remain in their homes with doors locked. This advisory struck many as rather silly, with the police privately conceding among themselves that this dubious suggestion would not prove to be any real protection from savage, determined negro assailants seemingly appearing from nowhere, armed with machine guns.

Some of the wiser among the black residents took this suggestion as a bad omen, and had left the city for elsewhere. This was an integral part of Fowler's ingenious plan –many surviving niggers, scared shitless, would leave the city in search of greener or at least safer pastures.

With half the of negro police force of the local precinct having been killed during the previous night, it seemed ridiculous for black police officers to be patrolling the area, as the assailants seemed to be killing only niggers – not one white, asian or spick being harmed in any way.

So, with reckless bravado, and not wanting to be considered cowardly or racist, oblivious to the real danger, they continued to do so.

White police officers were on the scene, one none other than George Murphy, who wanted to get a chance to see the incredible nigger zombies in action.

His wait didn't last long, as the burly nigger zombie with the M60 appeared on the corner of Frederick Douglass Boulevard and MLK, firing a fusillade of .50 caliber slugs into a pair of police cars that were passing by, killing four more niggers, the driverless vehicles crashing into buildings.

"There's one, get him!" the negro precinct chief shouted through a megaphone, several of his men firing automatic weapons at the uncaring nigger zombie, hitting him in the torso and legs with at least thirty FMJ slugs.

Staggering backward and falling against a brick wall, the nigger zombie regained its footing and cut loose with a hellish hail of slugs as it returned fire in the direction of the nigger policemen, killing several more within seconds.

Murphy instinctively ducked as bullets rained down in his direction, shattering the windows in his cruiser, a nigger cop beside him completely riddled and falling to the pavement dead.

"Why isn't he going down?" a fellow white officer exclaimed from behind another bullet pockmarked cruiser, both firing handguns in the direction of the approaching nigger zombie as it moved in the direction of the remaining nigger cops.

"I don't know," a lying Murphy yelled, as the zombie, ignoring the white policemen and their weapons, fired a burst into a group of nigger cops running from the scene with their chief, hitting them in their backs and dropping them to the street in heaps.

Turning and heading toward the two white men, the nigger zombie paused, assessing the situation as it trained the muzzle of the M60 about, having over a yard of belt ammo left in the gun, and another bandoleer of .50 caliber ball slugs slung over its shoulder. Seeing no living niggers in the area with its cadaver vision, following programming, it turned on its heel and left for parts unknown.

"Holy shit – it's as if he didn't even see us," the other officer remarked, stunned they were still alive.

"I guess we were lucky," Murphy replied with a heavy sigh, having been scared shitless as the zombie approached, thankful that Fowler's programming had worked so well.

Continuing on, the remaining murderous nigger zombies, as if determined to outdo their work of the previous night, exterminated the black membership of the police force over the next hours, along with breaking down doors of apartments and "Murphy Homes," slaughtering all niggers within.

The zombie armed with the Browning M60 proceeded to Harriet Tubman Street, walked across a garbage strewn parking lot and kicked the door down of a high rise project, two other zombies joining him.

Ignoring the elevator as they exterminated coons on every floor, the burly nigger zombie finally ran out of ammo for the M60 as it reached the top floor hallway.

Throwing the empty weapon to the floor, it switched to a drum fed Chinese AKM it had picked up from a badly damaged zombie on MLK that was making its way to a dumpster, still firing at fleeing niggers as it went.

Undaunted, the burly nigger zombie moved the selector of the new rifle to full-auto, pulled the bolt back and headed for the next apartment door, continuing in its cold, mindless exterminations.

Toward midnight, the attrition rate of the murderous zombies climbed as more resourceful niggers, determined to survive at all costs, wrecked several more in various from rooftops and then heaving Molotov cocktails at them.

Turning around and firing in the direction of the rooftop niggers, several flaming zombies showed incredible marksmanship, hitting nearly a dozen of them before they ran out of ammo, some victims falling to the sidewalks from as high as five stories up.

Retiring from service, the damaged zombies made their way to dumpsters; some crawling, others walking, and disposed of themselves.

Toward five AM, a lone nigger zombie, the very one that had helped his fellow zombie to a dumpster, emptied its last mag of .308 into a group of niggers hiding in the basement laundry room of an apartment complex.

Slugs having riddled most of its rotting body and having blown out one eye, this zombie, the last surviving one, using its remaining cadaver vision, made its way to a dumpster and crawled in, shutting down and de-animating at 5:13 AM Monday morning.

With that, a strange stillness descended over the benighted east side of the city.

As this occurred, the airwaves were filled with news of the latest carnage, a tired Sandy Rogers called to the studio early to continue coverage of the unbelievable event.

Coming on at 6:00 AM, as garbage trucks set about emptying dumpsters across town, the newswoman reported that as many as 3,500 more niggers may have met their demise during the night, video again showing the black section of town.

Piles of bodies, wrecked cars and trucks of all types, and several burning buildings were displayed in rapid succession, punctuated by commentary from Sandy and the typical, garden variety corny morning weatherman joker sitting at her side.

Major networks had picked up the story, practically every channel devoted to covering the incredible carnage. FOX News and CNN set up direct feeds from local affiliates.

As bulldozers forever buried the remains of the nigger zombies at landfills, most of our heroes, with the notable exceptions of Andy Pritchard and Lawrence Thursbee, were presently occupied with blissful sleep, pleasant dreams of a nigger-free society dancing in their heads.

\* \* \*

Waking in the late morning, Dr. Fowler and Marie ate a leisurely breakfast of hot cereal, whole-wheat toast, orange juice and coffee.

The phone rang as the doctor was finishing his coffee, he picking up the receiver and remarking, "This is Doctor Fowler speaking."

"Yeah Al, this is Larry, I reckon ya already know they're using the stadium as a morgue; seems about 3,800 more niggers got it last night."

"I heard," Fowler answered, "Do they have any leads as to the perpetrators?"

"None at all; FBI stopped by earlier to examine some of the bodies, but that's about it," Thursbee replied.

"What did they want with those?"

"Who knows, I reckon they needed to do somethin'," Thursbee answered dryly.

"While I'm thinking of it, Andy's dropping by this evening, can you come over tonight Larry?"

"I'll head over after my shift's done – I swear Al, it'll probably take a week for my people to catalog all these bodies – they'll have to dig trenches," a chuckling Thursbee related, looking about his morgue, filled with bullet riddled cadavers from floor to ceiling.

"I'll see you tonight," Fowler answered, hanging up the phone.

"What did he have to say?" Marie asked brightly.

"Basically that he's hip deep in nigger carcasses," Fowler replied.

"How many?"

"The tally isn't finished yet – I'm figuring around twelve thousand coons were killed in total," Fowler answered, glancing at the morning paper plastered with a shrill headline reflecting the weekend's events.

"That means the average was only 157.8 niggers killed per zombie," a frowning Marie observed, she also a whiz at mathematics, "Damn, we didn't reach the last average of 162.2."

"I wouldn't worry about it Marie, statistically the difference is insignificant, a deficit of only 4.4 niggers per zombie," an unconcerned Fowler answered, still perusing the paper.

"But that means 334.4 extra of those black bastards are still walking about the city, that didn't get it," Marie retorted spitefully, she despising niggers as much as Fowler, Larry Thursbee or Andy Pritchard did.

"It's early yet Marie dear, maybe the death toll will rise. Will you get me another coffee please?" Fowler stated hopefully, his face buried in the paper.

"Sure," a defeated Marie replied, taking a mug from the absorbed doctor.

\* \* \*

Arriving at the mansion in the early evening, Lawrence Thursbee parked his Lexus sedan and entered the domicile, Marie greeting him at the door.

"How's it going Larry?" asked Fowler, sitting in the living room enjoying cold beer with Andy Pritchard.

"I have a lot of work to do over the next few days, I'll say that," Thursbee answered wearily, removing his Stetson.

"Care for a beer?" asked the doctor, reaching into a small refrigerator next to the couch as Marie took a seat next to him.

"I reckon I could use one," the coroner replied with a smile.

Talking of the weekend's events, the group listened as Larry told them of the stadium being used as a temporary morgue, his morgue stuffed from floor to ceiling with bullet riddled cadaverous jigs.

"It's a damn shame we can't use some of them for another mission," Fowler declared, "The way things are now, we'd best ease up a bit and let things die down."

"I agree," remarked Andy Pritchard, "We've got rid of over half the niggers in town at no cost to us, including all those affirmative action niggers on my force, there's no point in pressing our luck."

"Maybe the rest of those coons will get the message and leave," a chuckling Thursbee observed.

"By the way Larry, what's the death toll?" asked Marie.

"A few stragglers are being hauled in by the meatwagons; by 5:00 PM today I had logged in 3,938 more, with perhaps a hundred more carcasses left in the field," Thursbee answered.

"So that's about maybe a hundred –" the chief started.

"158.4 niggers killed per zombie," Fowler volunteered, uncapping a beer.

"A overall deficit of 3.8, compared to the first five we deployed," added a dour Marie.

"What are you saying?" asked the smiling chief, looking to Fowler.

"That's the difference in niggers killed per zombie from the two deployments we made," Fowler clarified.

"Oh, meaning that the first small batch was more efficient than the second, larger bunch," remarked Andy.

"But only by only 3.8 more – statistically insignificant if you ask me," Fowler added, looking to Marie, while she, hating niggers with a passion, grabbed a beer from the armside cooler.

Dr. Thursbee, sitting in a leather easy chair, burst out laughing, joined by Fowler and Marie.

"What's so funny?" asked the chief.

"How's this – we slaughtered twelve thousand niggers in the span of two months, and have gotten away with it completely," Fowler answered, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes.

"That is rather funny, it's like we're killing cockroaches, only bigger," Andy answered, breaking into laughter.

After the laughter died down, Thursbee looked to Fowler, intent on making plans for the future.

"So Al, when's the next deployment to occur?"

"I'd say sometime next year, there's still around 8,000 jigs left in this city, not mentioning the thousand or so kikes bothering us," Fowler speculated.

"Don't forget about those greasy spicks and the gooks," Andy spoke up.

"I reckon I'll have to save up some croaked Arabs for ya to unleash next time," Thursbee observed, leaning back in the easy chair.

"And spicks too; bring 'em here with the dead niggers when you get some, I'll freeze them for use later," Fowler replied.

"Don't forget those gooks," Andy repeated.

"I won't," Dr. Thursbee replied.

"We're vicious bastards aren't we?" the chief asked, a hint of irony in his voice.

"I don't know about that Andy, we've put up with those interloping, thieving, murdering parasites for decades. Unless we do something about it, there won't be any of us left in the end – just a bunch of goddam jews and their freaky mixed blood mulatto stooges," Fowler replied.

"Maybe we should go after the politicians too," suggested a thoughtful Thursbee.

"Yep – they're next, after the jigs, jews and spicks," a nodding Fowler agreed.

"And those damn gooks," the police chief reiterated.

"Yes Andy, for Christ's sake," a laughing Fowler retorted, reaching for the door of his couchside refrigerator.

\* \* \*

The city having been cleansed of over 12,000 savage simian beasts, our exhausted heroes took a well-deserved break. All looked forward to the coming onslaught scheduled for the following year – their version of "The Final Solution," with programmed zombies of various ethnicities blundering about the city, armed with machine guns, killing any remaining niggers infesting their city, along with spicks, gooks and jews.

The doctor, obsessed as ever, now spent time acquiring suitable video and photographs of spicks, gooks and jews – to be used for programming his next batch of resurrected monsters.

Thanks to applied science and bitter determination, yet another southern city was being freed from the viselike grip of the evil jews, and their allies, the apelike niggers.

**THOMAS PAINE**

**The End**

14-88!  
Hail White victory!

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