Willard's Protégés A Southern Love Story by Thomas Paine

Every man has his breaking point. Edward Harriman's case was no exception; he had played the game, abided by its ever-changing rules, and in the end he had still gotten fucked. He had always suspected things could go awry, deep inside, but had always maintained self-control and a positive attitude with regard to any given situation. For a time he had reaped the rewards of his dedication and discipline, and life had treated him well.

In his younger years he had ignored the unfair favoritism shown to "minorities," in a society where guilt-ridden white apologists were attempting to elevate every piece of vermin they could find to equal status with those who had superior abilities. Even when he was a student at Southern University, he had watched as stupid niggers that wouldn't make a good bump on a veterinarian's ass were allowed to graduate with a 2.0 GPA, and apart from other students, graded on a curve and passed.

This had penetrated his psyche when he graduated, and he shuddered when he thought that these incompetent, unqualified token students would be allowed to practice medicine. This occurred while he had maintained a 3.88 in his studies, and had entered pre-med with a 1460 SAT. At the time it hadn't mattered to him; he was determined to be a Doctor of Medicine, as had been his father, and a good one.

Edward graduated summa cum laude from medical college with trepidation. He had wanted to be a GP like his father or perhaps a practicing surgeon, but his unreasonable fear of losing a patient had compelled him to pursue biochemical research. He figured he would leave the task of caring for patients to those who didn't have his oversensitivity to this peculiar fact of medical practice, or perhaps didn't value human life in the fashion he did.

Instead, he applied for and received employment from Allan-Scott BioTech Research Incorporated, and moved up rapidly to the position of Chief Doctor of viral pathology at the laboratory. Edward devoted his carrier to finding a cure to that scourge of mankind, HIV, or AIDS.

For fourteen long years he pursued the goal of eradicating this monstrous malady. He had succeeded in infecting Norway rats with the virus and had been pursuing the elimination of the virus from his host rats. AIDS didn't seem to bother his little subjects; they simply carried it, and if he could devise a specific procedure using chemical therapy to remove it from the creatures, this could possibly be utilized to cure human sufferers.

We move to the present, and on a early fall evening Dr. Edward Harriman was working in his lab, inoculating 10 of his 400 HIV infected rats with his latest concoction, labeled antiviral specific D-201-C, a proteinase enzyme inhibitor. Ten other infected rats would serve as control subjects, which he knew wouldn't mean much since the virus didn't bother them anyway. If this therapy worked, by blocking certain enzyme receptors on the cell membranes, the virus wouldn't have the ability to infect new T-cells entering the rats' bloodstream – the virus would be thwarted and destroyed by their immune systems, making them free of HIV. He had achieved partial success with antiviral specific D-201-B, and the new version of the antiviral seemed to counteract the virus in an even more aggressive fashion.

Satisfied with the results, Edward was preparing to leave after a hard day's work to head home to his family, his wife Anne and daughter Laura. He finished the inoculations, looking forward to enjoying a fine meal and the company of his family. He had met his wife in graduate school; she had acquired a Ph.D. at the remarkable age of 24 in the field of synthetic chemistry.

After having married, she had become pregnant two years later and decided to devote her time to raising their daughter, while working as a consultant for Lee Chemical. Edward and Anne had a good marriage, and had lately been contemplating the idea of a new addition to their family, as Edward had begun to desire having a son to carry on his name.

As he was removing his lab jacket, a cry came from his secretary's office.

"Doctor Harriman come quickly!" shouted Nancy Dexter, holding the handset, "Dr. Wells from City Memorial Hospital is on the phone and says it's urgent."

Edward took the receiver.

"This is Ed, what's going on?

"Ed," came the reply, "I don't know how to tell you this, but Anne and Laura have just been brought into the ER, and you must come immediately."

"What happened?"

In the background shouts were heard, "Code Blue, Dr. Smith in Pediatrics, come to ER, stat."

Edward's heart filled with fear.

"I've got to go Eddie, please get here as soon as you can."

"Jerry!" Edward yelled, "Jerry, what's wrong?"

Dead air and then a dial tone was the only response.

Edward composed himself for the moment and hung up the phone. He turned to Nancy, stating in a monotone, "Call the guard in the parking garage and tell him to have the gates open. Then close the office and lab for me, Nancy, immediately please. I have to go to City Memorial Emergency, and don't forget to set the alarm."

"What's wrong?" asked Nancy.

"I don't know, Anne and Laura are in the Emergency Room, probably an auto accident or something of that nature." He frowned and added, "Jerry sounded worried. I have to go."

He put on his sport jacket, turned on his heel and proceeded to the elevator.

Troubled by worry, he reached in his pocket, activating the remote starter and unlock control to his Cadillac Eldorado.

In the parking lot, the Cadillac responded instantly; the Northstar V-8 started and idled smoothly, an automatic solenoid unlocking the driver's side door.

The elevator reached the parking garage, and Edward ran to his car. He entered, threw it into reverse and floored it. The Cadillac's front wheels spun backwards, white smoke and the accompanying smell of burning rubber pouring from the wheelhouses as he quickly backed out. Then into drive, and the Cadillac roared toward the exit of the parking garage. As he arrived at the exit, the security gates swung open and he drove through, sparks flying from the chassis as he drove over the speed bumps. He left BioTech and headed to City Emergency on Interstate 101.

He flew up the freeway at eighty miles an hour, heading north toward exit 8.

Even at this speed, it would take 20 minutes to arrive at City Emergency.

Hopefully no cops were on patrol; he needed to be near his wife and daughter as soon a possible. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, he neared the exit, the familiar blue and white international sign "H," meaning hospital, looming on the overhead sign. He signaled right and turned onto the exit ramp at a speed exceeding the safe margin for such a maneuver. The usually nimble Cadillac fishtailed sideways, the sound of crumpling metal coming from the left rear quarter panel as it contacted the concrete Jersey wall with a heavy thud.

"Shit!" Edward exclaimed, turning the wheel sharply to the left. He maintained control of the vehicle, a smashed fender the least of his worries, and muttered, "That's what I pay the insurance premiums for."

At the end of the ramp he ran a solid red at forty miles an hour, almost broadsiding a Dodge mini-van and narrowly missing a Lexus sedan. In the opposite lane, a White cab-over semi-trailer locked up its wheels, narrowly missing the speeding maroon Eldorado. Tires screeching and horns blaring everywhere, Edward Harriman floored the car through the intersection and proceeded at 70 up Broadway.

Two blocks to go, he thought as he approached Monroe Avenue. He stood on the brakes; took a hard right at 40, and the red letters spelling "Emergency" came into view.

He parked the battered Cadillac and ran to the Emergency room.

All was confusion as physicians were calmly addressing several life-threatening situations, Friday evenings usually being the worst. Edward looked about for his wife and daughter.

They were nowhere to be seen.

He walked up to the duty nurse and said breathlessly, "I'm Doctor Edward Harriman. Dr. Gerald Wells said to meet him in Emergency."

A pained look crossed the nurse's face, and she replied, "I'll page him for you." She pressed the switch to the PA and said, "Doctor Wells, please call ER line 2."

The phone rang, and Jerry Wells, friend of the family and former classmate of Edward at Southern was on the line. The nurse informed him Edward was at the nurse's station, and passed the receiver to him.

Edward was expecting the worst.

"Jerry?"

"Yes Ed, please come up to my office immediately."

"What the hell's going on?" Edward asked curtly, "How are Anne and Laura?"

"I'll tell you everything when you arrive," he replied. "Please Ed, listen to reason, I need to talk to you personally, in private."

"Very well," replied a subdued Dr. Harriman.

He walked to the elevator and pressed the "up" button. He looked at the indicators; the closest elevator was on the twelfth floor.

"Fuck!" he exclaimed. He ran to the staircase and quickly arrived on the third floor, at the office of Doctor Gerald Wells, M.D., F.A.C.S.

He opened the door. His friend Jerry was sitting at his desk, looking troubled and exhausted, staring at a fluorescent x-ray viewer mounted on the wall. The film in the viewer showed a severe skull fracture with possibility of subdural hematoma. At the bottom of the film was the patient's name: Harriman, Anne M.

Dr. Wells quickly switched it off and said, "Come in Ed, and sit down please."

Edward seated himself, Wells continuing, "I have terrible news, Anne is in critical condition on life support with a skull fracture in Schultz's ICU, and Laura is not expected to live through the night due to serious internal injuries. Both patients are unconscious; Laura is presently sedated in Ben Smith's operating theatre, and Anne is in a deep coma." He looked down at his desk and added, "I'm very sorry to be the one who had to tell you."

"My God," Edward choked, holding back tears, "What happened, an accident?"

"It was no accident," Jerry replied, his face flushing with anger, "A nigger gang from the east side of the city attacked and robbed them at the Rockbridge Mall and left them for dead. The

police are interviewing witnesses, but so far they have no leads, and it seems they don't even care, with the exception of a certain Lieutenant Mudd, who also wants to see you."

"Were they – "

"Raped?" Jerry finished for him in a resigned tone, "Yes, according to Lt. Mudd, several times, as other niggers egged them on like animals, and while other people in this callous society of ours simply ignored the situation." He looked at Edward sadly, and repeated, "I am so sorry to break this horrible news to you, I swear the staff and I will do everything we can to save them. Dr. Benjamin Smith in pediatrics is a damn good surgeon, if anyone can save Laura, he can."

Edward had met Drs. Schultz and Smith on several occasions, and knew his wife and daughter were in the very best of hands. His panic, worry and emotions would do nothing to better the situation, so using all his strength and control, he left it up to God and the attending physicians to pull his wife and child through, if it was possible.

He sat for a few moments, praying and reflecting, the office in total silence.

"Laura is only ten," he said sadly, his voice cracking, "What kind of a monster would rape a little girl?"

"I don't have a god-damned idea Ed; what kind of a man would rape any woman?" replied Jerry, "Those nigger bucks have no respect for life, property, women or anything else for that matter, and they behave like common animals. Christ, you should see what they do to each other; my interns sew them up in the ER while their ape relatives badger and swear at me, calling me whitey and bigot as we try to save these murderous savages – you'd think they belong in a fucking zoo!"

"I've always despised those black bastards," Edward spat through gritted teeth, "They've caused nothing but trouble across the years, killing, rioting, complaining and sitting on their asses on welfare expecting us to give them everything as if they deserve it. I've seen on the news how they behave – now they do this. I'm trying to save the world and them from HIV, and this is how they repay me."

Jerry sighed and observed, "I don't care for them either Ed, but what can we do? The government promotes those shitskins as if they're God's gift, and allows them to sue us, Denny's, or Texaco if we even look at those bastards wrong. Further, the assholes in Congress hand those pickaninnys truckloads of money and they won't give a white kid a dime. In addition, if a white criminal kills a nigger it's a "hate crime," and if niggers kill whites it isn't; the whole goddam country's upside down!"

"If those fucking gorillas want hate, I'll give them hate," Edward said darkly.

Jerry prepared to respond, the phone interrupting him.

"Yes," Wells said into the receiver. "Yes, yes, I see, thank you doctor," he replied resignedly and hung up, a pained expression on his face.

"That was Dr. Smith, the injuries were too severe, Laura passed away five minutes ago, they did everything humanly possible."

Edward Harriman sat there, silent, a lone tear rolling down one cheek.

Weeks passed, and Edward Harriman went through the motions of life, a changed life, as he attended a solemn funeral for his only daughter, visited his comatose wife and had his Cadillac repaired at the dealership. One week after his egregious loss, he resumed his duties at BioTech, much to the surprise of his colleagues, who had expected him to at least take a month off.

Expressions and notes of condolence were sent, flowers were sent to his wife, and his office became a shrine to his beloved daughter Laura, her pictures and school papers tacked to a small cork bulletin board on his office wall.

Doctor Harriman to all observers seemed outwardly to be the same man, albeit in mourning, and he continued to monitor his rodent specimens with the same finesse as always. He found using antiviral specific D-201-C definitely dropped serum HIV in his specimens, but the results were still disappointing; the virus was reduced but not eliminated. This annoyed him, yes, but a new use for his infected rodent friends was forming in his tormented mind, induced by the events of the past month.

Inwardly Harriman was not the same man. He had changed, his mind assailed endlessly by vivid visions of his wife and little blonde daughter being mauled and raped by the gang of monstrous, amoral, greedy, animalistic and apelike niggers. Night after night, nightmares tormented him, with terrifying hallucinations of being at the scene of the crime, helpless to assist his wife and daughter. Twice he had dreamed of his daughter's ghost visiting him, demanding revenge, and that she would hold him responsible if he did not avenge her death.

He had woke up many times during the following months, alone, screaming in terror, and had taken to using alcohol and sleeping pills to quiet his tormented mind. Using these substances seemed to ease the nightmares, and he was still able to easily perform his duties at BioTech. However, this was only a panacea, a stopgap, that in the end failed to quench the fires of insanity that were growing steadily in Harriman's mind.

His friend Jerry called many times over the months from City Memorial Hospital, and had conferred with Dr. John Schultz, and a neurosurgeon named Dr. Francis I. Kerrey. All three agreed that although Anne Harriman had been weaned from life support and was breathing on her own, she remained in a persistent vegetative state, and this condition was probably irreversible. C-T scans and EEGs apparently confirmed this diagnosis; only a miracle from God could revive her. Edward was informed of this, which only added to the pain he felt but accepted stoically.

Lieutenant Mudd visited him on several occasions, reporting any leads that seemed promising, but finally admitting the trail was growing cold. During this time he had befriended the lonely, heartbroken doctor, and often came to his home to check on him and visit, they now were on a first-name basis. Mudd, a just man, had grown up in the city and in his younger days had been taught to be open-minded regarding race relations by his white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant, middleclass family. But, as could have been predicted, years on the police force had forced him to change his views, and he had grown to despise the niggers as much as Dr. Harriman and his friend Jerry Wells did.

Thus, the seeds of a sinister conspiracy were planted. On a cold fall night in late November, Dr. Edward Harriman, Dr. Gerald Wells and Lieutenant Timothy Mudd conferred regarding the implementation of their plans. They had agreed to meet at Harriman's home that evening to discuss the details of the revenge that the men had decided, after much discussion, the niggers deserved.

We now join the conversation that took place that night.

"I must admit, using rats as a transmission vector for HIV infection is a hell of a novel idea," remarked Jerry, smoking a pipe and nursing a Stoly martini on the rocks. I've reviewed the experimental data you've compiled regarding the rats being utilized in this manner, but I am not yet convinced. Further, how can we get them to attack only niggers? Regardless of your postulations, some whites could be attacked and that would be unfortunate."

"That small problem has been solved using Pavlovian conditioning," Edward replied, downing his malt scotch in one gulp, "I've been training my rats to eat only nigger meat when it's available. Otherwise they revert to being omnivores, consuming grain, insects or animal flesh I provide for them. In addition, I've trained the beasts to become irritated and enraged at the shades of brown to black that niggers have, and they will savagely attack such a target at will. I have achieved this condition by using reward and punishment, using pork, dyed brown, black or leaving it the natural pink, and have used electrical stimulus to assure they attack only the darker shades. Also, perhaps as a side effect from the conditioning, merely the scent of niggers can induce them into a mad feeding frenzy."

"Fascinating," observed a bemused Dr. Jerry as he relit his pipe, "So that's what you wanted those crackhead nigger mammy and buck carcasses for."

Harriman nodded and continued, "The rats are intelligent, much more so than dogs, and learn very quickly to attack only black flesh, ignoring the lighter shades. Even if hungry, my specimens, when placed in an arena containing only white flesh, simply appear confused and do not attack, and I've fed them grain from my open palm during these tests. In addition, they will obey my verbal commands to attack, or simply bite, to the letter. Unlike humans, the AIDS virus is contained in rodent saliva in massive quantities. One bite and the Negro victim is instantly infected with HIV. Conversely, regarding lighter shades of color, they remain docile, and to prove this I handle my HIV infected rats with my bare hands, and they have never so much as nipped me, in fact, they're quite affectionate."

He turned to Lieutenant Mudd, smiling, and added, "Nancy has seen this at the lab. Tim; my carnivorous rats are harmless to Caucasians and even Asians. They will only attack niggers, and will either eat them, or if sated, will simply bite and infect them with AIDS."

"I'll take your word for it, Ed. Wear thick gloves and do what you've asked me to," remarked Tim wryly. "Have you unleashed any of your beasts on a real nigger yet?"

"Yes," replied Edward, "Not a live one, but they did have their first taste of nigger flesh over a month ago. Jerry had a couple of nigger carcasses brought down in a hearse to my home, stolen from City's morgue. I placed the carcasses on palates in my basement lab, and released 1,000 of my rats into a secure area. The ravenous beasts attacked and devoured them quickly, within five minutes. If left to their own devices, my rats will even devour the nigger bones, within half an hour."

"Excellent, that can get rid of any remains quite effectively," remarked Dr. Wells, "How many rats do you have on hand at present Eddie? We'll need a hell of lot of them, you know."

"36,000," replied Edward, pouring another malt scotch, "8,000 at the lab and 28,000 in my basement in cages. I've taught Tim the procedures of viral inoculation, and for the last month and a half he has been of immense help in creating HIV infected, nigger flesh eating Norway rats. By the way Jerry, it's costing an arm and a leg to feed those hungry critters, \$1,500 this month alone. Can you send some more money, grain or maybe a truckload of dead jigs?"

Jerry laughed and replied, "I'm doing the best I can, I sent you 1200 pounds of corn two weeks ago!"

"Screwing with the Doc's rats really gives me the fuckin' creeps Dr. Wells, but I do my duty," Tim interjected, finishing a Budweiser and lighting a cigarette. "By assisting Dr. Harriman I'm helping to destroy the niggers and saving my race."

"Truly the words of a white patriot, and for Christ's sake call me Jerry," intoned Wells. He turned to Harriman and added, "I'll send you money, bags of corn or some unclaimed nigger carcasses from City Memorial's morgue to feed your hungry rats, when I can get them. How many rats are now infected, and how soon will we employ them in the city?"

"24,600 according to the Macintosh," stated the ever more deranged Edward, glancing at the figures displayed on his Apple laptop, "I figure we'll need at least 100,000 to wipe out the jigs in this city alone. Soon we will unleash our vengeance, in the name of my beloved Laura and Anne, probably in the early spring."

"To Laura and Anne, and our revenge," declared Tim, uncapping another ice-cold Budweiser. Edward poured another Glenlivet single malt, joining him, and Jerry raised his Stoly martini in the toast.

"To our white race," added Jerry, and the Three Musketeers toasted victory.

The winter passed uneventfully, with Dr. Harriman pursuing his legitimate research at BioTech piecemeal while concentrating obsessively on his carnivorous, AIDS infected, nigger flesh eating Norway rats. The good Dr. Wells sent him money, embezzled by fellow sympathizers from accounts controlled by City Memorial, which was used to buy even more rats, and purchase meat or grain for the existing ones. As a treat for Harriman's rodents, Wells sent him the occasional halfrotted, unclaimed bullet-ridden or overdosed nigger carcasses, pilfered from the morgue and quietly delivered late at night to Harriman's home. This additional simian protein helped satisfy the insatiable appetites of Dr. Harriman's ever multiplying, carnivorous, HIV infected, trained rats.

Timothy Mudd did his part when he could, such as inoculating newly acquired Norway rats at the doctor's house with the AIDS virus. Tim also assisted in training them to attack only objects that were black, and by using his influence to thwart investigations regarding embezzlement or the theft of rotting nigger carcasses from the morgue of City Memorial. He accomplished these tasks by destroying incriminating evidence, assisted by fellow officers who were sympathetic to his cause. After all, the money, grain and otherwise worthless dead jigs were needed for a worthier endeavor. The embezzled money was used to buy more rats, and feed Harriman's voracious, nigger flesh eating, AIDS infected rats he was creating from the normal rats he purchased.

These wonderful animals had to be fed with corn, pork, beef or nigger carcasses, to prepare them for the onslaught on the coons coming in the spring.

Harriman, now as mad as a hatter, continued to create his stockpile of infected rats – at BioTech and in the basement of his home throughout the winter, while his wife Anne vegetated further at City Memorial.

Dr. Jerry called one fine day and informed him of the dreadful news that his wife had been infected with syphilis and gonorrhea from her nigger rapists, which they had failed to diagnose in preliminary tests when she had been admitted. Only after several attending nurses had shown up with the clap and syphilis had they traced it to Harriman's hapless wife, a brain-dead, barely alive disease vector, loaded with bacteriological infection and covered with oozing bed sores, lying motionless in Schultz's ICU.

Several intravenous ampoules of penicillin and sulfanilamide prescribed by Dr. Schultz addressed this vexing problem, and Anne Harriman resumed her dubious role of persistent comatose vegetable without further infectious complications.

Meanwhile, the deranged Harriman, Lt. Mudd and Dr. Wells worked tirelessly through the winter, and by March, the goal of 100,000 HIV infected rats had been achieved. The cost of maintaining the creatures had become enormous, over \$5,000 per month, together with the laborious tasks of cleaning cages, disposing of waste and the like. Luckily, various sympathizers had been recruited by Wells and Mudd for their cause, and their assistance was greatly appreciated by the mad but functional Dr. Harriman.

On March 14, a meeting of the white patriots at his home was called by Harriman. Preparations were being made for the releasing of his rats after intensive training, together with the good news that the doctor had, in his leisure time at the lab, found a cure for AIDS.

We now join our heroes during their meeting.

"The city's population is 975,000," remarked Tim Mudd, looking at a police map, "Of which approximately 62,000 are niggers. Most are concentrated on the east side near the river in

their ghetto. Releasing the rats in this area, using my brother's tractor-trailers should achieve the desired effect, the eradication of this racial pollutant from our city."

"That's almost two rats for every nigger; at least they won't be hungry for a while," Dr. Jerry observed.

"Yes, and it will only require three semis," Tim's brother Carl replied, "And I've recruited loyal drivers for each truck. They can release the rats by using remote control to open the rear doors of the trailers, activated by a switch on their consoles as they sit safe in their cabs."

"This will assure they don't have to touch the infected beasts, not that the rats would hurt them," Edward added. "But most people are squeamish when it comes to rats. Then, I'll open the cages in the trailers with my remote."

Carl Mudd, trucking company owner and brother of Tim, together with sympathetic staffers from City Hospital and the police department had joined our Three Musketeers in December of the year during the Christmas holidays. All hated the troublesome, uncontrollable, apelike niggers, and were determined to excise them from the city for good.

"Dispersing the rats will be simple, that is true," spoke up Jerry, "But what do we do when they run out of niggers to eat, they have to eventually you know."

"Who cares," remarked the alcoholic, ever more insane Harriman, swallowing a seventh shot of malt Scotch, "They only eat nigger meat or grain; after they're finished I suppose they'll march out of the city, across the country, devouring any spooks they encounter. In addition, our rats are not invincible, if we encounter unforeseen problems, warfarin anticoagulant drops the beasts as easily as mice. Also, I've discovered that antiviral specific D-202-A eradicates HIV from my specimens, and can be given orally to any surviving rats by using meat or grain impregnated with D-202-A, in bait. This will render any survivors that consume the bait harmless."

"Can your antiviral specific be used on humans?" asked Jerry.

"Clinical tests are still in the future," replied Harriman, "But my notes and viral pathology extrapolations are in the Macintosh and on CD-ROM in my safe deposit box. According to my projections, the antiviral serum should work on humans with no side effects. D-202-A blocks the enzyme receptor on rodent, simian, and human T-cells, thus preventing infection of them by HIV. In a human victim, given serum therapy within the proper time, the patient's lymphocytes will destroy the deactivated virus and the host will be freed from the affliction."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Jerry, "Even if the rats spread, the white population will be spared from possible infection by HIV."

"They can't spread, Jerry; all my rats are sterile," explained Edward, "I anticipated that contingency. They'll all die within five years without reproducing and the threat of possible HIV infection by any stray carnivorous rats will be gone."

Tim asked, "If that is so, how will we get rid of all the niggers on this planet?"

"By constantly infecting other host rats with the virus and training them to attack only nigger targets, while keeping the cure for HIV a secret from the jigs," reasoned Jerry as the method dawned on him. "This can be facilitated by dispersing the infected rat specimens into areas infested with niggers. The rats will quickly kill and eat, or simply bite and infect any coon they encounter, eradicating them from the target area."

"Exactly," replied the drunken Edward with a smile, who even as he was beginning to lose contact with reality, outwardly appeared normal to all observers. "Also, my enzyme therapy only works in the primary stages of the disease in humans, that is the asymptomatic victims. In other words, those whose immune systems have not been compromised by the virus. After the virus reaches the secondary stage, with victims exhibiting pneumonia or Kaposi's sarcoma, HIV moves

to the tertiary stage. Like rabies or syphilis, the prognosis then becomes hopeless, and death of infected niggers follows quickly."

"Quite right. This action is immoral, Eddie, but unfortunately seems necessary," said Jerry in a subdued tone.

"Correct," replied Harriman coldly, "If there is a God, may He forgive us for what we must do."

"If there is a God?" asked Jerry. "I thought you were a Missouri Synod Lutheran."

"I don't believe in God anymore," said Edward stoically, staring out a bay window at the glow of the city on the horizon, gulping down more malt scotch.

Jerry forebodingly looked at Edward as Tim finished another Budweiser.

Over the next weeks the preparations were finalized, and the rats were "chaffing at the bit" so to speak. Harriman and Mudd had been cutting the rodent's rations to assure at their release they would be famished, and would attack and consume any niggers they encountered with impunity.

April fifteenth arrived – the date Harriman had selected for the release of his rodent soldiers' maniacal vengeance upon the niggers. At nightfall, three empty tractor-trailers pulled out of Mudd Trucking. One proceeded toward Allan-Scott BioTech Research at exit 2 of Interstate 101. The others headed down US route 240 to Harriman's five-acre estate, seventeen miles south of the city.

At BioTech, the guard opened the gate, and a Peterbilt tractor with a Fruehauf box trailer carefully backed toward the Receiving door at the facility. Nancy Dexter opened the automatic door in receiving, and the Fruehauf lightly touched the rubber bumpers, accompanied by a loud hiss from bleeder valves on the truck's air brakes. Its automatic door opened to accept its deadly cargo.

Nate Travers, a Musketeer, stepped down from the tractor and called to Nancy, "We only have an hour, get those rats loaded as fast as possible, we have to be at the launch site at 9:00 PM!"

Officer Timothy Mudd was at her side, and barked like a Marine drill sergeant to his union stevedores, "Get those rats loaded fast boys. Let's get this show on the road now!"

Fellow Musketeers, teamsters using Clark forklifts, quickly lifted 33,800 HIV infected, nigger flesh eating rats that had resided at BioTech in cages for so many months on palates. They loaded them at breakneck speed, while Nancy dutifully checked off the lot numbers.

At Harriman's house, an International with a Dorsey on, and a Ford 9000 cab-over with a Fruehauf on backed in tandem toward the double garage doors leading to the basement.

The Musketeer truckers greeted their allies, Carl, Edward and Jerry, standing next to the garage. These men, our heroes, were there to supervise the teamsters, as they, using Clark forklifts, loaded cages filled with 66,700 HIV infected, nigger flesh eating rats into the trailers quickly, Dr. Harriman checking off the lot numbers.

The union job boss, a sympathizer, had been watching his teamsters loading the cages, and asked Edward, "How will you open the cages so the rats can escape?"

"With this," replied Edward, producing a radio frequency, one channel digital remote control from his pocket. "When the truckers arrive at the target, they'll call me over their CBs when they are in position. Then they'll open the rear doors and I'll activate this remote control. Each cage has a solenoid controlled, spring-loaded door powered by a lithium battery. The cages will open and my rats will be free to perform their task."

"Oh," replied the uncomprehending job boss.

The semis were loaded and each tractor-trailer left with their deadly cargoes, heading north on I - 101, superchargers wailing, toward the launch site, exit 5, a rest stop. Each arrived, parked and idled their Allison and Cat 400 diesels.

Approximately 15 minutes later, a maroon Cadillac Eldorado pulled in, followed by a brown Mercedes, a gray Lincoln Continental and a black and white City Police Ford Crown Victoria.

Each man exited his vehicle, and the Musketeer truckers stepped from their cabs and walked to our heroes.

"Greetings my brothers," exclaimed a sober but insane Edward.

Each man acknowledged in turn.

"All of you know the plan," said Harriman. "You will proceed to exit 7, Martin Luther King Jr. Boulevard, then you will pull up to the projects on Central, East Broadway and Lincoln. Once you're in position, call me on SSB Channel 40 with confirmation of your arrival. Stand by until I call you to open the cargo bay doors simultaneously. I will then open the cages with the remote and the rats will do the rest. The creatures will quickly exit the trailers and disperse within five minutes. Do you understand?"

"Yes sir," answered the truckers in unison.

"After you've released the rats, close the doors. Return the rigs to Carl's dispatch office, drop the trailers, and await further instructions at the dispatch office from Carl."

"Good luck boys," remarked Carl.

"Yes sir," all replied, turning and dutifully climbing into the rigs.

As the semis left the rest stop, smoke pouring from their stacks, Dr. Jerry, looking at the night sky, asked, "Do you think it will work?"

"What do you mean, Jerry? It has to," answered Tim.

"It had better," echoed Carl.

"It will," declared Edward. "I promise you, those black bastards will pay for what they did to my wife and daughter."

"I hope so, at least for your sake Eddie," replied Jerry, "Perhaps applied science will work where reasoning didn't."

"What?" asked Tim.

Dr. Gerald Wells, standing at a chilly rest stop, becoming morose at the realization of the unfolding situation, replied, "Never mind, it doesn't matter; with luck the coons will soon be dead."

Ten minutes later the three semis signaled and exited to Martin Luther King Jr. Boulevard. They proceeded at thirty miles an hour to the east side of town, a dilapidated filthy war zone that even the police entered only when necessary. Stripped, junk cars littered the streets and garbage bags containing only knows what seemed to be everywhere. Junked refrigerators, mattresses, ghetto blasters and destroyed television sets were piled at the curbs, as steam poured from the sewers and newspapers blew across the streets. It was a chilly night for mid-April, and the streets were deserted.

The trucks split up and assumed their positions at dark, deserted curbsides on Central, East Broadway and Lincoln.

At the rest stop, Edward waited impatiently in the Eldorado for the signal.

Jerry, Tim and Carl had driven back to Harriman's house and were relaxing, drinking beer, as a 60 inch Sony played in the background, tuned to the local 10 o'clock news. Nancy Dexter had closed up BioTech and had driven to the estate to wait for the doctor's return.

The teamsters and their job boss had vanished. All was quiet at BioTech, Mudd Trucking and Harriman's, a full moon rising over the city.

Nate Travers called over the CB to the doctor. "This is B, in position at my 10-20, awaiting instructions."

"This is A, acknowledging," replied Harriman into the mike. "C and D call in with status." "D in position at area two, standing by," came a voice over the speaker.

"This is C at my 20, in position," came a third detached voice.

"Thank you," Harriman said politely into the mike, "Proceed to step two."

At the target, the tractor-trailer's rear doors automatically opened, and the men called in with confirmation.

"All bomb bay doors open," snickered Nate Travers over the air.

"Acknowledged," replied Edward, and pressed a button sending a digital RF signal to the receivers mounted on the cages. The cage doors instantly opened, freeing 100,500 HIV infected, hungry, nigger flesh eating Norway rats, some as big as small cats. They flooded from the trailers at a fantastic rate, surveying their new surroundings and sniffing the night air for the scent of niggers. They caught the scent, the horde rapidly heading toward the dilapidated houses, apartments and projects in search of their food.

"Rapidly dispersing," Nate called in.

"Very well," replied Harriman, "Once dispersed, leave the area and return to base. This ends our communication, A out."

"10-4," came the replies.

Edward started the Cadillac and proceeded south on Interstate 101.

Back at the east side of the city, the last floods of rats poured from the Dorsey and Fruehauf trailers, and the doors closed. The rigs pulled away, heading back to Mudd Trucking.

As Nate let out the clutch and pulled from the curbside, a beat-up Caprice station wagon came up behind him at full throttle, engine roaring.

The out of control wagon rammed the left rear of Nate's semi-trailer with a glancing sideways blow at 50 mph, the wrecked car bouncing off the moving Fruehauf's tires. Nate, in an automatic reflex pushed in the clutch, the semi drifting down Central for a moment.

The sharp crack of a ruptured high-pressure radial tire pierced the air, and the Chevy, almost rolling over, crashed headlong into a telephone pole. The force of the impact cracked the pole in half, and it came crashing down onto the roof of the wagon, sparks flying everywhere as the power lines snapped. The still live transformer on the pole exploded and burst into flames when it hit the street. Rats were everywhere, following the car, then converging madly upon the smoking wreck, totally ignoring the explosion and fire.

Nate, stunned, realized what had happened. A nigger had been driving the vehicle, carrying a carload of other coons, evidently with a window open, and the hungry rats had leapt into the moving car and had attacked their quarry ferociously. The spook behind the wheel had either lost control of the vehicle, or was already dead at the time of impact.

Nate shuddered and again looked at the car.

There were now so many rats piling onto the vehicle that he could barely make it out; it had begun to appear to be a giant pile of rats.

"Goddam!" exclaimed Nate.

He let out the clutch and the slightly damaged semi pulled away, ignored by the rats, and Nate proceeded back to the dispatch office.

In the rearview, he watched in silent horror as the rats were dispersing from the wrecked Chevrolet, filled only with nigger bones, and were quickly moving in a seeming formation in an eastern direction. A disarticulated right ulna and humorous clattered to the street from the passenger side of the wrecked Caprice as Nate was pulling away. The sounds of gunfire, yelling and screams began to emanate from the east side, and Nate attempted to ignore the terrifying noises as he shifted into sixth.

"Jesus Christ!" he exclaimed, "Those murderous critters stripped those carcasses in less than three minutes, I'm sure glad I'm not a nigger!" As he proceeded down Central, four police cars moving at high speed from the opposite direction passed, heading toward the projects. More police cars, lights flashing, together with fire trucks and ambulances, approached in the distance.

"They'll have their hands full tonight," Nate remarked cynically, turning onto the entrance ramp of Interstate 101 and accelerating, as the whine from the Air Research turbocharger grew louder. Five miles up the highway, the Fruehauf threw the blown tubeless tire casing, the remains landing in the median strip as the 18-wheeler continued on toward the dispatch office.

Edward was driving down US route 240 south in his Cadillac at a leisurely pace when his cell phone rang.

"This is Doctor Harriman," he answered in a detached tone.

"Ed, this is Tim, I just got a call from the department, there's a dire emergency over on the east side. I won't be able to attend the party tonight."

"That's terrible Tim," replied the psychotic Harriman, "Do they have any idea what the problem is?"

"I was told a riot's going on, so I'd best get moving. Carl, Jerry and Nancy are here, waiting for you, and all is well."

"Hand me over to Carl, and be careful Tim."

"Right."

Tim handed the phone to his brother.

"Ed?"

"Yes Carl, have the men reported back to dispatch?"

"Yeah, they unhitched the trailers from the fifth wheels in the storage yard. One was hit in the ass by a car and it blew one of the tires, but he made it back to dispatch with no problem. My men are dealing with the contents of the trailers and mounting a new tire on Nate's Fruehauf. All three tractors are operational and are hauling new loads, proceeding out of state at this moment using other drivers. The manifests are in order, and my deliveries will be on time. Our drivers are waiting at the dispatch office for your call."

"Thanks," replied Harriman, "I'll call them now, and will see you and the others in a few minutes. Make sure Nancy has a double scotch waiting for me when I arrive."

"Okay Ed."

Harriman hung up and called Mudd Trucking. Nate answered; he and the two others invited by the insane Edward to come to his home for a bizarre celebration party. At his home, he told Nate, they could view the spectacle on television, and would also be interviewed by Harriman in a debriefing.

"We'll be there in an hour," replied Nate as Harriman pulled into his garage at 11:05.

He entered his home via the garage entrance and walked into his spacious, rather opulent, but not ostentatious, living room.

"Hi Doc," greeted Carl, a beer in his hand, "You should see what's on the TV!"

"Where's my double scotch?" asked Edward.

"In the kitchen next to the microwave," answered Nancy without looking up. Jerry and Nancy were seated in leather armchairs, intently watching the big Sony. Channel 12 was reporting live from the east side. Police cars, fire trucks and ambulances were on the scene, and helicopters with spotlights were circling the area. Then an incredible scene of ferocious rats attacking black police officers, firefighters and paramedics, while completely ignoring white ones, was shown. Fires and wrecked automobiles were all over the place, and niggers, covered with attacking rats, were running about wildly, then falling in their tracks as even more rats descended upon them.

"I told you it would work," remarked Harriman conceitedly, returning from the kitchen, "Let's see if the national networks have picked it up."

Harriman walked over and inserted a blank videocassette into a VCR and pressed record. "I want to record this for posterity," Edward explained.

Jerry took the remote and switched the DBS satellite to CNN, which had a reporter on the scene, then to FOX, that did as well, and then to MSNBC, which was running the same video that was on Channel 12. Headline News with Steven Frazier promised coverage at the top and bottom of the hour.

"Switch it back to twelve Jerry, they'll have the best local coverage."

Jerry switched to twelve, and Tim Mudd, in riot gear, briefly appeared on the screen as the rats were attacking black policemen, firefighters, mulattos and just plain old niggers.

"Did you see my brother?" asked an excited Carl.

"Yes," replied a detached, transfixed Harriman, watching a coon holding a video camera to the very end become enveloped by a ferocious cloud of Norway rats.

"It works perfectly," Edward muttered with stoic satisfaction.

The jig's camera evidently had a direct feed to the studio, and briefly the camera showed a close up of an angry rat, yellow teeth bared.

The camera hit the ground, showing asphalt pavement and a nigger hand being obliterated by gnawing rats, together with running niggers, fleeing in the background. The studio switched to another feed, wisely from a helicopter this time, the screen displaying what was rapidly becoming total confusion.

"Die you evil black bastards, die!" yelled Harriman, tears streaming down his contorted face. "Tear 'em to pieces my rats!"

Jerry and Nancy looked up at the insane Harriman, while Carl was glued to the screen, oblivious, drinking beer and trying to catch another glimpse of his brother.

At the scene, the police didn't know what to do – they couldn't use their guns for fear of hitting the jigs, or any other weapon to defend the niggers against the unstoppable hordes of carnivorous rats that seemed to be everywhere. There were just too many, and the collective realization quickly dawned on most that nothing could be done to stop the malevolent beasts that seemed to attack only blacks.

This bizarre phenomenon, broadcast on television, was occurring as Caucasian and Asian law enforcement personnel, paramedics, firemen and cameramen stood incredulous among the stampeding rats, not attacked or even noticed by them at all.

Fire trucks, ambulances and police vehicles were shown pulling away from the scene as panic was setting in, with several niggers attempting to climb aboard the retreating units, covered with nigger flesh eating rats. Some were kicked off the moving emergency vehicles, rolling across the pavement like duckpins and landing in a heap; hungry, vicious rats still attached to them.

These victims of Dr. Harriman's maniacal rage had been pushed from the retreating vehicles by black cops, paramedics and firefighters running for their lives, that had somehow managed to avoid being attacked.

Other niggers stubbornly hung on to the chassis or clung pathetically to the rear axles while eaten alive by the rats, but let go as they realized they were being dragged to death by the accelerating vehicles. The furious rats converged upon the hapless nigger carcasses rolling in bloody heaps to the curbside, like furry, four legged piranhas, and quickly stripped the carcasses to the bone.

"You were right Eddie, your beasts attack only blacks; it's incredible," remarked an awestruck Jerry as he stared at the television.

Edward said nothing, having a strange, almost satanic glint in his blue eyes that Jerry failed to notice.

On the east side, the situation was becoming a rout. The unstoppable beasts were voraciously starting to attack anything that even seemed to be black, including a few unfortunate dogs, cats and even squirrels that happened to have dark pigmentation on their underlying skin, or perhaps in some way smelled similar to niggers. The vicious beasts were now attacking even blackness, not just blacks, as these hapless creatures also fell before the onslaught.

The last of the police cars pulled away, defeated by the rats, at 12:30 AM. It had become plain to all there was no one and nothing left to defend. The screams had died down, there was no more gunfire and nothing seemed to be left at all – except for burning buildings and wrecked, and sometimes burning automobiles.

The dwellings were left to burn to the ground, and the auto fires died out of their own accord. Harriman's victory was complete! His carnivorous rats had penetrated every nook and cranny of the ghetto, and the incredible hungry beasts were beginning to gnaw viciously on the remaining nigger bones, finally cracking them with their incisors to get at the choice, nutritious marrow inside.

Not wishing to show the defeat of governmental personnel, the network feeds quickly stopped, and Channel 12 went off the air for the first time in years, citing technical difficulties. CNN and Headline News mentioned nothing further about the rat attack upon niggers at all, as did MSNBC. Only FOX seemed to persist, Bill O'Reilly attempting to re-establish contact with their affiliate in the city, that was also, for some reason, experiencing technical difficulties.

At Harriman's residence, Nate and his fellow truckers pulled up in a '91 Chevrolet Camaro Z-28, followed shortly by a black and white City Police Ford Crown Victoria.

Nancy, acting as hostess greeted each man at the door, as the mad Dr. Harriman was engrossed in a lively discussion with Dr. Jerry and Carl regarding their next moves. The Sony, muted in the background, was tuned to FOX News channel, where O'Reilly was still trying to establish a connection with their affiliate in the city.

"Ed – Nate, Tim and the others are here," announced Nancy.

Edward, momentarily lured from the discussion, said, "Come in gentlemen."

He shook each man's hand vigorously.

"I have recorded a videocassette for each of you to watch at your leisure, and am recording another one as well. We have apparently achieved total success; the ghetto has been abandoned by the police and is burning down. The tape I made of the extermination is rather graphic, but I'm sure you'll appreciate and enjoy viewing the fruits of your labors."

Edward finished his extolations and implored, "Now, please sit down my friends; I would like to hear how the dispersal of my rats proceeded. By the way, would any of you fellows like a beer?"

"Most definitely," replied a still shaken Nate, joined by requests from the others.

The truckers sat down, Nate Travers, Jim Schmidt and Bobby Van Horn. Ice-cold Saint Pauli Girls were clutched in their hands. Over several beers, they told Edward, Jerry, Nancy, Tim and Carl of the horrifying details of their exploits. "You should have seen it Dr. Harriman, it would have blown your mind. The rats poured out of my trailer like a waterfall, it was unbelievable," explained Jim Schmidt. "They immediately began attacking the niggers even before I had closed the door and pulled away. As I was leaving, some coons blundered out in front of my rig, covered with rats. Not knowing what to do, I just ran over them. I figured they were dead anyway with the rats and all, so it didn't matter, and then I headed for the dispatch office."

Edward was listening intently, in complete satisfaction. He said reassuringly, "It didn't matter Jim, it never did."

"At least that's all you went through Jimmy," countered Nate. "A carload of niggers being attacked by the rats in an old station wagon hit my truck in the ass as I was pulling away. The car bounced off on two wheels and clipped a telephone pole dead center, and damned hard too. The pole broke, and the lines came down. Then the transformer blew up and started burning when it hit the street. I've never seen anything like it – those fuckin' rats ignored the fire in their frenzy to get at those niggers. They covered that wrecked car in seconds and ate up those coons in minutes flat."

"Oh yeah?" asked Bobby Van Horn. "You think you had it bad, I had a hell of a time trying to get off East Broadway and back onto MLK."

"What happened?" asked Tim. "East Broadway's the main thoroughfare on that side of town."

"I haven't got a clue," Bobby replied, "Those rats moved out of my truck like greased lightning. By the time I was closing the door, I heard shrieks, gunfire and screams, and saw around 20 cars barreling up Broadway like a bat out of hell. Then the cars began to crash into each other and some of 'em drove straight into buildings and blew up. I was in the process of pulling away and in front of me, a Ford van doing at least eighty hit an old Nissan Sentra broadside and ran right over it, flattening it like a beer can. The van rolled over on its roof, and slid toward my truck at what seemed to me like a hundred miles an hour. I hit one corner of it with the Navistar's bumper at about 30 and made it spin around like a goddam top. The niggers inside flew out covered with rats – those motherfuckers wouldn't let go for anything! Jesus Christ, if you think killer bees are bad, try and screw with those vicious monsters! In all my life, I've never seen anything like that!"

Edward and Tim burst into laughter, Jerry shook his head, chuckling, and Nancy smiled.

"Is the bumper on the Navistar okay?" asked Carl, not realizing the dark, macabre humor of the situation.

Edward could no longer stand the ridiculous irony. He fell to the floor, clutching his sides, laughing at the top of his lungs, gasping for breath, and Tim roared in a leather chair, laughing until his sides hurt.

"Not a scratch, those Internationals are as tough as nails," replied Bobby, breaking into laughter with Nate and Jim.

Even Carl broke into laughter.

After they had calmed down, Nate observed, "That's more than I can say for the Fruehauf fleet-flyer, that old wagon bent the step bumper underneath the chassis and blew out one of the tires on the tandem axle. She threw it on I-101."

"Yeah," snickered Carl, "Those God-damned Michelins cost \$400 each, what a bitch!

"What's the matter with you Carl, you sound like a greedy fucking Jew!" exclaimed Tim.

"Yeah – you're right," conceded Carl, admonishing Nate, "It's a wonder the fucking DOT didn't pull you over for that blown tire. Man, the shit would have hit the fan then! If those pricks had found the cages in the back – fuck!"

"I was just lucky I guess," replied Nate.

"Carl, are the cages being disposed of in the way we discussed?" asked a concerned Harriman.

"Being disposed of, they are disposed of for Chrissake," replied Carl, "Just what kind of idiot do you take me for? I may not have your degrees and doctorates, and all that other shit, but I am intelligent. By this time they're at the landfill, buried by my brother-in-law Larry, using a Cat D-9 like we planned."

"I'm sorry Carl, I didn't mean to offend you," apologized Edward, "I just wanted to make sure our asses are covered."

"No problem Doc, it's been a hard night on us all," Carl replied, "Hey – is there any more beer around?"

"I've got cases of the stuff, and plenty of whiskey too," announced Edward.

Carl rose and offered his hand to Harriman.

"It must be nice Doc."

"It was," replied Edward.

No one seemed to notice Harriman had spoken in the past tense.

The party lasted a few hours longer, and at about 2:30 the revelers made their way to their homes in varying states of inebriation. Bill O'Riley had finally given up trying to reach the FOX affiliate in the city, and was replaced by a rebroadcast of Hannity and Colmes.

In the morning, the rats were again in the news, returning as quickly as they had disappeared. Reports were coming in confirming the savage rat attacks on the east side, but not a single live rat remained in the city. Channel Twelve was again on the air, reporting that several thousand rat carcasses were littering the streets, after having been run over by cars, or had been trampled or burned in the conflagration. Disarticulated nigger bones were strewn everywhere, and the horrified mayor cordoned off the east side so the coroner's office and sanitary department could clean up the grisly mess and prevent the spread of disease. Fire trucks returned at 7:00 AM, manned by white crews, and extinguished the remaining fires.

Police officers moved from house to house, looking for survivors, but found nothing but shredded clothing and gnawed bones wherever they looked. It was incredible, the rats had viciously destroyed almost every nigger in the town, much to the amazement of the officials.

But where had the remaining rats gone? This question was being asked over and over by the anchormen on the morning news, estimates of the total amounts of the beasts ranging from 50,000 to a million.

Their questions were quickly answered. As soon as nightfall returned, the nocturnal beasts rose from their slumber and proceeded toward the next town, sniffing the air and catching the scent of more jigs like tiny bloodhounds. Forty miles from the city, another town experienced a replay of the previous night's events, with the merciless slaughter of the black part of the population, and the attendant fires, wrecked vehicles and rampant confusion.

The next day, Dr. Harriman called Dr. Jerry and Tim Mudd over to the lab for a meeting at BioTech, handing Jerry copies of his notes on infecting Norway rats with AIDS virus, training them to attack only blacks, and data regarding the cure for HIV. Also, he gave Jerry an attendant CD-ROM displaying the molecular structure of antiviral specific D-202-A. He explained that he wanted to make certain someone else would have access to the cure for the affliction. He also wanted Jerry to have the ability to assist in the creation of even more carnivorous, nigger eating rats in additional areas, as he realized the task was simply too big for one man to complete. He had also found the egregious losses of rats in the field had been greater than he had originally anticipated.

He began to talk of the past two days events.

"As I see it," Edward began, "At each target, we're loosing between 3,000 and 8,000 rats during each attack. That means a three to eight percent attrition rate from the original 100,500 rats released. Therefore, virtually no carnivorous rats will exist at all after a fourteen day period."

"So the half-life is approximately seven days for any given population of specimens in the field," remarked Jerry, "This is going to take a lot more work that we originally anticipated. I figured the originals would last for several months at least."

"So had I," said an amazed Edward.

Tim spoke up, "I suspected this would happen after I saw them in action. Unlike normal rats, these creatures seem to have no fear of death. In their feeding frenzy, I watched them follow running niggers right into burning buildings, which then collapsed on top of them."

"I'll have to experiment with the idea of strengthening their survival instinct, by teaching them to avoid impossible situations," mused Edward. "Also, the authorities will undoubtedly devise methods of counterattacking my rats, once they figure out what they are dealing with, and will increase the attrition losses to an even greater figure, which is already unacceptable. The problem is that we don't have enough people to create a new batch quickly enough."

"I think I have that problem solved Eddie," replied Dr. Jerry. "As you are aware, Ben Smith and several other members of my staff are sympathizers and have been assisting us since December in arriving at our goal. Dr. Smith expressed interest in the data you had given me, and suggested in March that he join in the inoculation and training program. I told him the trial phase was nearing completion and that his services would not be needed at the time. However, I told him we would probably need him in the future, and he informed me yesterday that he and his assistants are quite ready to help. Further, his wife Mary, also a sympathizer, is an animal Psychologist, and has worked with rodents as a graduate student and as a professional."

"She could be of immense help in training my rats," Edward nodded, "I've studied psychology but am no expert in the field, perhaps I did make a mistake in making the animals so incredibly vicious. This apparent personal contempt for death by the creatures is probably a side effect of my training."

"Carl has suggested that we move to and use an empty 100,000 square foot warehouse on the north side of the city," offered Tim. He owns it, it's totally secure, and Jerry says we could create at least a million of the creatures there in a six month period."

"Good," remarked Harriman, "I have additional news for you regarding the rats; Doctor Adams, chairman of BioTech, has devised a time release sub-cutaneous antiviral dispersant unit which can be implanted under the skins of the rats at the time of inoculation. His team has assured me that any rat living in the field for more than six months will be rendered biologically harmless by D-202-A released into their bloodstreams. That renders the sterilization procedures unnecessary, eliminating a time consuming step. From my calculations, only one percent will be left by that time anyway, and they'll probably revert to being omnivores since the reinforcement training is stopped."

The meeting ended, and Harriman drove to his home, his mind filled with the visions of the attacking rats.

Alone at his home, he constantly replayed tapes of the attacks over the Sony, watching drunk in his armchair, laughing at the top of his lungs. He also recorded smaller attacks that were being reported over the news, as some rats had reached distances of over 200 miles from the city, proceeding in a northeasterly direction toward the niggers in the big cities.

At times Edward lamented that by the time they had crossed the distance, most of his furry monsters would be dead from attrition or counterattack – the big cities, teeming with niggers, beyond the range of the creatures.

He had become obsessed, his mind rapidly degenerating into total psychotic insanity, and he walked alone about his house babbling about niggers and his rats until he would collapse in his armchair in front of the Sony.

The next morning, apparently rejuvenated, he would eat, shower, shave and drive to BioTech in his Cadillac and pursue his malevolent obsession in a sober condition. He reported to his office every morning, and then would leave shortly thereafter and drive to Carl's warehouse, as Nancy Dexter and Dr. Adams would cover for him.

At City Memorial Hospital, Dr. Jerry had remarked to Tim that he noticed Edward was becoming bizarre, an obsessed recluse who now only seemed to converse about rats, his hatred of blacks and little else. Edward was spending most of his time at the warehouse, inoculating, implanting, training and requisitioning, with Dr. Smith, his wife Mary, Nancy Dexter and Carl Mudd, who was almost as fascinated with the creatures as Harriman was.

The amount of rats at the secluded warehouse had grown from zero to 625,000 in only three months. During that time, all were inoculated and had sub cutaneous time-release antiviral D-202-A implants placed under their skins by Edward, Nancy or Tim. Sometimes, Dr. Smith would come over from the hospital during his free time and would assist them in the evenings.

His wife Mary, an animal Psychologist, was training the creatures in a fashion similar to Edward, but at the same time was reinforcing their survival instinct, which made them twice as deadly and dangerous to their prey. Nigger meat had become hard to come by in the city, as very few, if any, resided there anymore, and to assure proper conditioning, Dr. Jerry had to resort to having them imported from other morgues up to 500 miles away. Maintenance of the creatures was topping \$40,000 a month, Carl covering most of the tab, as his trucking company over the years had made him a millionaire.

Their goal was the creation of one million creatures, with the release planned for late October, in a northeasterly arc 500 miles long, and 500 miles from the city, using 30 of Carl's tractor-trailers.

Dr. Mary Smith, a true genius, had also trained the rats to not even need cages, so the semis on their return leg would return totally empty, after being swept out by their drivers at the side of a deserted road. They would march on her or Edward's orders right into a trailer, and would leave it in a rapid but orderly manner when the door was opened. Tim and the others had learned the rats really were harmless to them, as Edward had insisted and Mary Smith concurred with. As a safety precaution, if they were nipped, Dr. Harriman had several ampoules of D-202-A on the premises, which in a private clinical test conducted by Dr. Jerry, had been proven completely safe and effective in humans.

October came quickly. The final weeks passed uneventfully, with Harriman barely holding on to reality, but still working tirelessly to achieve his final solution to the problem of the niggers that had destroyed his life. His wife Anne had finally succumbed to pneumonia in July, never awaking from her coma, and she had been buried in a private service next to his daughter Laura.

After that had occurred, Edward had taken a leave of absence from BioTech so he could concentrate uninterrupted on the rats that had become his life.

The fires of bitter hatred helped to support what was left of his sanity, and he had even stopped drinking after July. He now relied on barbiturates and methamphetamine to function, and it amazed his colleagues when he would work with his rats for days at a time.

Finally, the release date arrived, which Harriman and the other Musketeers had chosen as October 31, Halloween night. At 12:30 PM that day, a total of 30 Diamond Reo, Navistar International, Ford and Peterbilt tractors pulled out of Mudd Trucking, with Dorsey, Challenger, Fruehauf or Utility 53 foot box trailers attached to their fifth wheels. They headed rapidly up Interstate 101 in a loose convoy to Carl's warehouse in the north of the city.

Our heroes were at the warehouse as the semis pulled up in the parking lot.

Nate Travers was aboard a Peterbilt, slowly backing a Fruehauf toward one of the five loading docks. It stopped and the automatic door opened.

He stepped from the truck and walked into the warehouse.

"Hiya folks," Nate greeted with a smile, shaking Dr. Harriman's hand.

They exchanged greetings, Carl asking, "Are Bobby and Jimmy on the roster for today's work, I need my best drivers."

"They're here," replied Nate, "Bobby's in his International and Jimmy's in the Ford cabover; we wouldn't miss this for the world!"

At that moment, Bobby's Navistar with a Dorsey on was backing up to loading dock three, as other drivers backed their trailers to the remaining three docks.

Other tractors idled in line, waiting to load. The sharp sound of bleeder valves hissing came from the trucks as they stopped at the docks, automatic doors opening, waiting for their deadly cargo.

Mary Smith walked out, a whistle dangling from her neck. Edward looked to Nate and said, "Watch this."

In the warehouse, separate lots of 38,000 rats each were standing by in separate small corrals. From these, they were shuttled to the holding pens by Tim. Edward opened the five doors, and a calm troop of obedient carnivorous rats awaited their orders.

Dr. Mary Smith pursed her lips, and blew one short blast from the whistle. In straight lines, the first group of 190,000 rodent troops marched quickly into the five trailers and waited there.

"It's time to take off Nate, we have a schedule to meet," admonished Carl as the other trailers were closing their doors.

"Damn, that was fast, exclaimed a surprised Nate, "No teamsters, forklifts or anything. I'll see ya later Doc," he added, walking to the rig.

The automatic door closed and Nate pulled away from the dock. Five more semis backed in and were quickly loaded. The entire loading operation only took an hour, and by 2:00 PM, 1,140,000, nigger flesh eating Norway rats began to proceed 500 miles north on I-101. Each truck had been instructed to leave the Interstate as quickly as possible and drive to the dispersal sites on lesser-used highways, and as they reached the target areas, back roads. The rats would be released separately on the trucker's own volition eight hours later at 10 PM in secluded areas, and the rats would use their sense of smell to reach the niggers close by in the cities and towns.

Harriman and Smith had agreed it was unnecessary to release them directly at the targets, as the original rats had found their own way to other cities from the east side. This method of dispersal would protect Carl's drivers from the problems they had encountered before, and they could sweep out their trucks at the release site and return home to the city by 6:00 AM.

After the rats were loaded, our heroes, the Musketeers, split up, closed the warehouse, and drove to their homes. As before, Edward proceeded to his home, and had invited Dr. Jerry, Tim, Nancy and Carl to come by his house at 10:00 PM, which was the time that the rats were to be released.

Edward had hired a caterer for the small party and he arrived with his delivery truck at 9:30 PM. The caterer set out hors 'd oeuvres, black caviar and several delicious entrées. Coffee, cold beer on ice and liquor were also there, having been set out with the food on tables.

Shortly after 10:00, Harriman's friends arrived, greeted by Edward at the door. The Sony was on, tuned to FOX, and the VCR had a fresh blank tape loaded in it.

At the dispersal areas, 500 miles away, the automatic doors on 29 trucks opened, and the rats quickly exited the trailers. Each man quickly swept out the trailers and began his journey back to the city. The lone exception was Jimmy Schmidt, one of the last to leave the warehouse. He had been stopped by a DOT official on a deserted back road only five miles from his dispersal site at 9:50 PM.

Jimmy stepped from the tractor as the DOT official walked up briskly. At first he thought it was a cop, which would have been a disaster. After he saw what walked up from the Chevrolet with the flashing lights, Jimmy couldn't believe his eyes; the official was a lone black male, and he tried hard to keep a straight face.

The official was nothing but a smartmouthed nigger that had landed his job as part of a government quota, and walked up, feeling important, flashing his DOT badge. He demanded in a gruff voice, "What the hell do you think you're doing driving a 40,000 pound tractor trailer down a back road?"

"I'm lost I guess," Jimmy replied with a weak smile.

"You guess?" asked the livid nigger, "The bridges on this road aren't rated to carry the weight of a tractor-trailer; you're in a lot of trouble. What are you hauling?"

"Um, box springs and mattresses," Jimmy stammered, "They're pretty light, you know." "Open it up."

"I don't think that's a very good idea," Jimmy replied.

"I don't care what you think you stupid hillbilly, I want to see your manifest and I want that trailer opened now!"

"Okay, whatever you want," replied Jimmy, "The manifest is in the cab, come with me and I'll show it to you. The door opens automatically from the cab, then you'll see what the contents are."

The nigger followed him, holding a bright flashlight, watching Jimmy reach for the manifest.

"Here spook, read it and weep," a smirking Jimmy said, handing it to him and reaching for the trailer door switch.

"There is nothing written in this manifest," the nigger replied, ignoring the slur, as the back door of the Dorsey trailer began to open.

"Very perceptive nigger," said Jimmy as he closed the cab door, leaving the coon standing alone in the street.

The jig looked up at Jimmy angrily, and was set upon by the vicious, nigger flesh eating Norway rats. Without so much as a cry, the rats quickly dispatched the vindictive, nosy nigger and stripped him to the bone in less than a minute. Then they ran off, heading toward the lights of a town in the distance.

Jimmy stepped from the tractor and picked up his metal covered manifest book, looking unbelievably at what was now only a pile of bones. The nigger's flashlight, still shining, had rolled into a culvert, and Jimmy walked over and picked it up.

"A Mag-lite!" Jimmy exclaimed, "I've always wanted one of these!"

He put the flashlight in the cab along with his manifest, then shut the idling Chevrolet off along with its flashing lights. He took the keys with him and swept out the trailer. Afterward, he climbed into his rig.

He looked down at the remains of the DOT official and said, "Who's stupid now, nigger?"

He let out the clutch and drove off. He headed to the Interstate, the Ford 9000 cruising effortlessly at 70.

"I'll never know why most truckers don't like Fords," Jimmy chuckled, patting the Ford on the dash. He pulled out his forged manifest from behind the seat, in case he encountered other officials, threw the nigger's keys out the window and proceeded back to the city without incident.

At Harriman's house, he and guests were enjoying the catered food and making conversation. The others tried to talk about something else for a change, but all that Edward could talk about seemed to be his rats, as he glanced at the Sony while holding the VCR remote in one hand, a caviar and cream cheese hors d' oeuvre in the other.

On the Sony, Drudge droned on and on until 11 PM. Then Hannity and Colmes came on.

"Goddamit!" exploded Edward, "The rats should have attacked by now; why isn't fucking O'Reilly on, running his mouth!"

"Maybe you should try CNN or MSNBC," replied Jerry, sitting in a leather armchair smoking his pipe. "FOX got burned last time; maybe Murdoch and his boys are playing it safe."

Carl reached for the remote, and switched the satellite to CNN.

"Jesus Christ!" Carl exclaimed, holding a plate of fried oysters, as video of attacking rats appeared on the screen. A city up north was being attacked, and the rats were scurrying about, devouring niggers while avoiding light, fires and other dangerous obstacles. Wrecked, burning vehicles were everywhere, as helicopters circled, with police cars in the foreground.

Edward pressed record and remarked while eating a plate of sushi, "Mary's training worked, look how my rats avoid danger. Switch to MSNBC."

Carl switched to that network, and the scene was again the same city, which was the largest within range of the rats. Running crowds of niggers covered with attacking rats were dashing wildly about, as the police were again paralyzed by the phenomenon.

Apparently, the hordes of rats were beginning to move in one direction, as a map came on the screen showing cities and towns along a 500 mile arc being attacked by Harriman's nigger eating rats, moving in an easterly direction.

"At this rate they'll be in New York in a week," remarked Tim, drinking a beer.

Edward smiled and laughed maniacally, the insane satanic glint returning to his eyes. "My rats will destroy the niggers all over the world!" he shrieked. "Nothing can stop them!"

Edward left the room abruptly and returned with a fifth of Glenlivet single malt. He began drinking it straight from the bottle.

Dr. Jerry and Tim looked at each other, and then to Edward, who was glued to the screen as it showed retreating police cars, fire trucks and ambulances, commandeered by fleeing niggers, plowing over their fellows and white officials as well in their attempt to escape.

A speeding hook and ladder fire truck, lights flashing, slid sideways over bodies and rats and plowed into a crowd of niggers. In the midst of the crowd it rolled on its side and onto its roof, and then over again twice, landing, a smoking wreck, on top of a camera crew feeding video to MSNBC.

The last video from the camera showed the side of the fire truck coming down on the camera. The camera jarred, showed a glimpse of the pavement, then the picture froze for a second. After that the screen went blank.

"Goddam, did you see that?" exclaimed Carl, "I'm glad we got it on tape!"

He switched the Sony to CNN, which was showing the now burning fire truck from a helicopter. The cab had broken through the wall of a building and was beginning to set it on fire. The rats were leaping from the truck, saving their lives, and were pursuing niggers running from the scene.

"Die you rotten bastards, all of you!" screamed Edward in tears, "You'll never hurt my wife or child again!" He staggered from the room and collapsed in a heap in the kitchen.

His friends heard the empty scotch bottle shatter on the floor.

Jerry leapt from the armchair and ran to the kitchen, followed by Tim, Nancy and Carl.

Edward was lying on his back, an arm slashed open, staring vacantly at the ceiling. "The rats, the rats," he was repeating, "Nothing can stop the rats."

"Eddie!" yelled Dr. Jerry.

"The rats, the rats, the rats," he kept repeating.

"Tim, get my bag from the Mercedes please," Wells asked as Edward babbled incoherently in the background.

"Sure," said Tim, walking to the garage.

"What's wrong with Ed?" asked Carl.

"He's in shock," remarked Jerry, "That's why his arm isn't bleeding that severely. I also believe the events of the past year have driven him insane," he added sadly.

Nancy Dexter, who had grown to love the lonely Dr. Harriman, began to cry, and Carl helped her from the kitchen.

They went into the living room, where the Sony was still showing gruesome scenes from the same city, together with new video coming in from yet another. In that city, the rats were only beginning their attack, the same carnage repeating itself there.

Out of curiosity, he switched the satellite receiver to FOX.

They had finally gotten into gear, a bloodbath in another metropolis was being shown on the screen, with the rats everywhere.

Carl sighed and switched off the Sony.

Tim returned with the doctor's bag, and Wells quickly stitched up the arm of the now unconscious Edward Harriman.

As he performed this task, he said to Tim, "Please call an ambulance, Eddie's in bad shape. If he makes it out of Emergency, I want to have him admitted in the psychiatric ward at City Memorial."

Carl, from the living room, overheard and said he was placing the call.

"You don't think he's going to make it do you Doc?" asked Tim.

"If he does, he'll probably spend the rest of his life in an institution," replied Jerry. "He's a heartbroken man whose family was murdered by animals. Those bastards on the television are getting exactly what they deserve, and it took someone like Ed to finally do something about them."

The ambulance arrived, and Dr. Harriman was rushed to the hospital.

Dr. Wells followed the ambulance in his Mercedes to the hospital, as did Tim in his Crown Victoria.

Edward Harriman made it out of the ER and was admitted to the psychiatric ward.

Carl drove with Nancy to the dispatch office, where the semis began returning at 4:30 AM. During the next hour, the tractor-trailers returned, the drivers sadly informed by Carl of the breakdown and collapse of Dr. Edward Harriman, MD.

Over the weeks that followed, the rats did their job and vanished as quickly as they came, only lasting about six weeks – a few small, sporadic attacks occurring as late as eight weeks. They never made it to New York, but in several cities the niggers were completely wiped out. The government conducted investigations, but no one could explain where the rats had came from, or even why.

Dr. Kerrey diagnosed Edward Harriman as suffering from passive schizoid paranoia, and he simply lay there in the ward. Then, after he had physically recovered, he was transferred to a padded cell, where he sat, occasionally screaming, or babbling and muttering incoherently.

Immediately after his collapse, the remaining Musketeers had a meeting at Carl's warehouse. Their action had worked, but would have to be suspended for the moment, as Jerry and Dr. Smith were in no position to carry on Harriman's work, at least for the moment. Tim and Carl agreed, Tim observing they were lucky to have accomplished successfully what they had done.

The years went by, and Dr. Jerry, for the time being, kept the fact of antiviral specific D-202-A a secret, as did Dr Adams at BioTech. This assured that the next batch of rats, if even needed, would still be as effective as the first two had been, as nigger survivors from the cities attacked had begun to come down with AIDS.

No one bothered to work out the ratios of rats to niggers killed yet, but it was plainly obvious that the ratio was higher than one to one, as the deaths of niggers recorded from the rat attacks alone had been greater than 1,240,500.

Our heroes, the Musketeers, in their city, a few years after the first attacks, began planning for the final onslaught. It would be led by Dr. Jerry, Dr. Smith, his wife Mary, Nancy Dexter, Tim Mudd and his brother Carl -- but that can be left for another story.

A great Southern Gentleman, Dr. Edward Harriman, MD, would always be remembered as the one man who had found the strength to stand up and finally do something about the niggers, but in the end it had destroyed him and his brilliant mind forever. However, on the bright side, he had left a wonderful legacy in the city he had grown up in and had loved, for it was the only town in the south that had been totally freed from the plague of the uncivilized, savage, apelike niggers.

THOMAS PAINE

THE END

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